

"London Fog"

Story by
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Screenplay by
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Based on a true story

FADE IN:

INT. ALLAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness.

Thunder and lightning CRASH outside, rain THWACKS against windows.

The room LIGHTS UP, illuminating a bland, barely furnished bedroom.

And AGAIN, longer this time, casting light on a MAN in bed, wrapped in covers like a mummy. His feet hang over the edge. Beside him, an old fashioned clock sits on a night stand.

MADELYNN (O.S.)
(whispering)
Watch it! Stop stepping on me!

DANIEL (O.S.)
(whispering)
Sorry! I can't even see *my own*
feet.

From around a corner, the SHADOWY FIGURES of two children appear.

One is covered with glow-in-the-dark spaceships and the other carries a flashlight.

The Figures creep clumsily across the room.

CRASH!

A flash of light hits MADELYNN (10) and DANIEL (8), their faces show eyes wide with fear. They freeze.

The covers rustle.

MAN UNDER COVERS
(talking in his sleep)
Yes please, one more slice of pie.

DANIEL
(whispering)
There's pie?!

Madelynn shakes her head disappointedly and grabs Daniel's arm. She drags him to the door of an adjoining room. They pause.

DANIEL
(whispering)
This was your idea. You go in
first.

Madelynn reluctantly leads them into...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The Kids stand in darkness. Large, shadowy blobs of stuff surround them.

Madelynn turns on the flashlight and light bounces around the room.

Half finished model airplanes, a half painted self portrait, half a ship in a bottle, a bike, half assembled and a partially grown Chia Pet, are just a few of the partially finished items in this room.

Against the wall, a huge bookshelf (half assembled), overflowing with books.

DANIEL
It's a museum of unfinished
everything!

Madelynn's flashlight scans the bookshelf.

MADELYNN
Hmmm. Now where's that book?

Suddenly, SOMETHING runs across the top of the bookshelf. The Kids jump.

Madelynn immediately gets herself together.

DANIEL
(to Madelynn)
Whatever.

He strolls half-confidently towards the bookshelf. Madelynn crosses her arms, glares at him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'm not afraid, see.

The THING tears across the shelf again.

Daniel freaks and loses his balance, grabs onto the bookshelf and falls into a pile of empty boxes. Books tumble down all around him.

Madelynn notices a thick, glass dome teetering on the edge of a shelf, targeted right at Daniel's head.

It starts to go. She dives for it, catches it in mid-air and lands right on top of Daniel.

DANIEL
Get off! Get off!

The light comes on.

KIDS
(simultaneously)
Ahhhh!

The FINGER on the light switch belongs to ALLAN RACKET (31, blue eyes, bad "trying to hide thinning hair" haircut) wearing tacky, plaid pajamas.

He stares at the Kids disapprovingly. They both get up.

In the light, Madelynn looks way too smart for her age. She wears a long, night dress and glasses. Daniel, her clownish brother, wears the pajamas patterned with glow-in-the-dark spaceships.

MADELYNN
(lying)
We were scared, we couldn't sleep.

DANIEL
No we weren't, you wanted to read
Uncle Allan's magic book.

Madelynn gives Daniel a dirty look, while he pretends to be interested in his pajama buttons.

ALLAN
Magic book? I've told you every
time you've visited, that there's
nothing in this room except mice.

The shelf monster, a little WHITE MOUSE, runs down the side of the bookshelf and into a hole in the wall.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
See?

DANIEL
But what about all this great
stuff?!

ALLAN
(resigned)
It's just... junk.

MADELYNN
It's not junk, it's just not
finished.

Allan avoids her glance, notices what she's holding.

ALLAN
Can I see that?

Madelynn hands the glass dome to Allan. He brushes away a thin layer of dust. A flood of memories washes over his face.

Inside is a very well made CLAY SCULPTURE: a man with striking blue hair and eyes, wearing a whimsical BLACK OVERCOAT.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
His name is London Fog. An old...
friend gave it to me. He was an
artist. He made a lot of these.

Allan notices a small, LEATHER JOURNAL on the floor. He tries to hide it with his foot. Madelynn's eyes widen.

MADELYNN
The magic book!

She tries to wrench it out from underneath Allan's foot.

DANIEL
Can we play with London Fog?

ALLAN
(struggling)
Sorry Danny, it's too fragile.
Maddy!

Madelynn wins; the journal disappears behind her back.

MADELYNN
We want you to read to us. Right,
Danny?

Daniel automatically nods without paying attention.

Allan CLEARS HIS THROAT.

ALLAN
(rambling)
I have a lot of other books, some
of them are really interesting...

Madelynn grabs onto the JOURNAL, won't let go. Daniel tries to get the half-ship out of the bottle.

MADELYNN
We want you to read us *this* book.
Right, Danny?

DANIEL
(distracted)
Yeah, okay, sure.

(BEAT)

ALLAN
Alright. Alright.

INT. STUDY - A WHILE LATER

The RAIN has calmed.

The Kids lie on the floor, propped up on their elbows, surrounded by candles. The JOURNAL sits next to them. LONDON FOG is back on the bookshelf.

Allan crosses off one of the dates, on a calendar attached to the door.

Satisfied, he puts the calendar away and plops down next to Madelynn and Daniel. He opens the book, stares at it.

Daniel looms over his shoulder as he flips through the first few pages.

ALLAN
I started writing this story a while ago about this friend I once knew, not too long ago. Let's just say that he had quite the imagination. He met this girl who had a magic house. Well, I don't want to ruin it for you.

MADELYNN
A magic house!

DANIEL
What was his name?

ALLAN
His name was Bob Sparkle.

FADE TO BLACK.

ALLAN (V.O.)
London Fog, The Story of Bob Sparkle.

Sound of a PAGE TURNING.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob Sparkle was a little boy who lived in a little town. He loved monsters more than any other kid in the world.

DANIEL (V.O.)
More than even me?

ALLAN (V.O.)
More than even you.

INT. TOYLAND - DAY

BOB SPARKLE, a nine-year-old, sparkly blue-eyed tow-head with an unusual haircut, stands mouth gaping, eyes bulging, in front of a giant, mechanical toy display.

The demonstration features an OCTOPUS-LIKE CREATURE with five eyes battling a CENTAUR.

A few disinterested KIDS saunter by in the background.

When all is clear, over-excited Bob jumps into the live scene and tries to climb on the CENTAUR's back. This causes the Octopus-like Creature to malfunction, arms flailing everywhere. Bob runs away.

ALLAN (V.O.)
While his family slept, Bob stayed up well into the night drawing monsters, reading books about monsters and counting the money he made that day cutting grass or shoveling snow - money that he saved up to buy *more monsters*.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A toy train, with monster and creature toys hanging out of the cars, makes it's way on a track around the room.

Bob counts change at a wooden desk. Bunk beds and SNORING CHILDREN are in the background.

Bob counts the last penny and does a quiet cheer. He circles a picture of a SEA CREATURE TOY on a magazine beside him.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob was like a walking monster encyclopedia. He knew the history of every creature and monster ever created, invented or seen. From the Loch Ness Monster to Remco's nineteen eighty, nine inch glow-in-the-dark Universal Monster Series, Bob knew them all.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Swing sets, a jungle gym, etc.

Bob sits on a swing surrounded by KIDS of all ages. Beside him, a Santa Claus size bag filled with creature and monster toys.

He takes them out one by one and EXPLAINS them to the intrigued children.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob was an expert. But
unfortunately, as he grew older,
his world around him started to
"clash" with his interest.
(pause)
As a matter of fact, he grew up not
too far from here.

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - MORNING

On a large chunk of land, an unusually symmetrical house sits on top of a perfectly manicured lawn.

This is perhaps the most uninviting house you've ever seen.

Two giant, gaudy pillars sit on either side of the front door that sits aside a circular driveway.

All of the houses on the block are almost identical. The same *everything*: lawn ornaments, porch furniture... except for the pillars, even down to the cars in the driveways; all similar looking, the same bland color. A slightly surreal version of Levittown.

INT. SPARKLE DINING ROOM - MORNING

A large dining room drowned in gaudy floral patterns and tacky, wood paneling.

Sitting at an impeccable breakfast table, all in their "plain Sunday best", the Sparkle family:

MOTHER (34, pinned up curly hair, pretty underneath caked on makeup) with her hand over her eyes, shields the sun from her newspaper that she repeatedly folds in half.

FATHER (38, with a permanent "know-it-all" facial expression and a comb-over) yawns, covering his mouth.

Pudgy, priggish, eleven-year-old BILLY listens to headphones, hands over his ears. He wears a fancier suit than the rest of the boys.

Beside them, two fidgety, light-haired boys: BRANDON (six), nose as red as a clown's; BURLY (four), smiling from ear to ear and their one-year-old sister BECKY, pink dress on, who methodically sticks her fingers into the boys' plates and flicks food onto the floor.

All of the Boys have the same bowl-cut hairstyle.

The plates, silverware and glasses are peculiarly large and generic. The salt and pepper shakers say "salt and pepper" in huge letters. A painting of flowers on the wall says "flowers" underneath it. The whole room is set up like this. It looks like a set from a 1950's tv show like Father Knows Best or Leave It to Beaver.

BILLY
(forced)
Je vais a la maison. Repetez, Je
vais a la maison!

MUFFLED FRENCH comes out of the headphones; a French book on the table.

Bob Sparkle enters, hair standing up all over, wearing a blue and green striped Polo-type shirt and dress pants. His backpack overflows with various monster and creature toys.

He stops at the table. All six of his Family Members look up in unison.

Billy takes off his headphones and begins shoving food in his mouth. Mother shuffles over to Bob.

MOTHER
(robotic, in a Midwestern
accent)
I just don't understand why your
hair won't behave.

She licks the palms of both her hands and dives into Bob's hair. She tries to mold it but it doesn't work.

FATHER
(in a thick, Midwestern
accent)
See that big, yellow ball in the
sky?

He points out the window to the sun.

FATHER (CONT'D)
That's the sun. Yunno, that thing
that we wake up to in the morning?

Bob looks at a clock on the wall that reads 6:00 AM.

BOB
I must have been extra tired last
night from all of the...
(eyes shifting nervously)
studying. I'll try harder to get up
earlier from now on.

He sits down, putting his backpack on the table. Monsters
spill out everywhere.

BILLY
Yeah, I'm sure you were *studying*.
Not.

BOB
(under his breath)
Shut up.

Billy tries to take more food but Mother stops him.

MOTHER
Billy, when you get Bob's grades
then you can talk.

Father notices an alien monster floating around in his
cereal. He gives Bob dagger eyes, holding the toy up by one
of its numerous legs.

FATHER
(yelling)
How many times do I have to tell
you, no monsters at the table!

Bob gathers the toys into his backpack. He addresses the
table, holding up the alien monster.

BOB
I'll bet you all didn't know that
this is a collector's item. It's a
Vintage Micronauts Kronos Alien
that was released in 1980 at the
end of...

BILLY
No one cares nerdatron, now shut
your cake hole and sit down... like
a *normal* person.

Burly bursts out LAUGHING.

BRANDON
That's a good one! Nerdatron...

Brandon SNEEZES.

FATHER
Enough! Bob, new rule. No monsters -
collector's items - in the dining
room, period. Every time you bring
those in here it causes trouble.
(sincerely)
You're getting too old for them
son. Your brother is right about
one thing - it's not *normal*. Don't
you want to be normal?

BOB
I don't know.

Father gives him a "it's okay, kid" look. Billy smirks.

MOTHER
What kind of conversation can we
have that we can all participate
in? Let's talk about something
important, like what we're going to
have for lunch after church.

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

We hear the SERMON in the background. A typical Midwestern
church crammed full of similarly dressed worshipers.

Everyone glows with perspiration. Some of the men have their
shirts partially unbuttoned. Women fan themselves with
booklets. The church has no air conditioning.

The Sparkle Family sits in perfect formation, sweating
profusely.

All of the Boys wear identical ties, except for Bob's polka-
dotted bow tie.

Everyone joins in prayer. Burly reaches over and pokes Bob at
the tail end of it.

BOB
(whispering)
Hey!

BURLY
(whispering)
How did you get away with wearing
that tie?

They Both SNICKER. Bob starts to undo his tie. Father sees him and grabs it in mid-loosen. Bob freezes.

FATHER
Don't think I didn't notice. Now
leave it on tight, that's what you
get for making us look bad.

Father shoots him a look and Bob re-tightens it.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Bob's face has turned an alarming shade of red. He looks around at his Brothers.

Except for Billy, the rest stare, bored to death, at DRONING, stone-faced REVEREND JONATHON. Billy watches the sermon with extreme interest.

BOB
Dad?

FATHER
(under his breath)
No!

Bob slinks back down in his seat, looking over his shoulder at two ALTAR BOYS shutting the church doors. Reverend Jonathon raises his arms.

PASTOR JONATHON
All rise. Let us turn to page 317
of our hymnals. In the Garden of
Eden.

The Sparkle Family rises along with everyone else, taking a pamphlet from behind the seats.

Bob's hands shake as he opens the booklet. He passes out.

LIGHTS OUT.

BOB'S DREAM - DAY

Bob stands alone in a large room. It's foggy, but there is an air of pleasant calm.

Something WHIZZES by him. He turns around but it's gone. A weird BUZZING SOUND fills the room.

He squints, trying to make out things that are moving around behind the fog; walking, flying.

Six large FIGURES emerge from the haze. Bob whips around.

BOB
Hello? What's going on?

Light hits the figures - A GORILLA-LIKE MONSTER with purple eyes, a green, horned SASQUATCH MONSTER, a fanged JACKALOPE, identical SHARKBOY TWINS, (one wearing a hat) and a BUTTERFLY GIRL.

SHARKBOY TWINS
(simultaneously)
Don't be afraid, Bob.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
We just want to play.

SHARKBOY TWINS
(simultaneously)
You seem like someone we could have
fun with. You do like monsters
don't you?

Bob stumbles backwards.

The Gorilla Monster starts BAWLING uncontrollably.

BOB
Oh I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt
your feelings. It's just that...
how did you know my name?

JACKALOPE
(in a female voice)
It's okay, we're mostly used to it.
Oh, lucky guess, maybe?

SASQUATCH
(in a young, male voice)
We're sorry too. All we want is to
learn to play like you, but
everyone's so afraid of us.

The Sasquatch puts his arm around the Gorilla Monster and he calms down.

BOB
I think something is going on at
the church. I want to come back.
How do I return?

JACKALOPE
It's easy Bob, it's all in your
head...
(echoes)
head... head...

Bob starts to come to. The Jackalope's voice turns into Mother's.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Head. I think he hit his head. What
if he cracked his head open? What
if he's brain damaged? What if...

FATHER (O.S.)
Oh, just stop your flap-jawing! He
didn't crack his head open for
Christ's sake.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Bob opens his eyes, shutting them quickly after seeing his Parent's disturbed faces. A group of worried CHURCH MEMBERS loom over him.

A HAND appears under his nose, holding something, and Bob sits up straight.

BRAZIL
(in a British accent)
I told you that would work.

Standing over Bob is an eleven-year-old girl, BRAZIL, dressed from head to toe in royal purple. She has light brown hair with a purple braid down the side, and holds a small arrangement of frankincense under his nose.

He notices a BIRTHMARK in the shape of a daisy on her hand.

Bob's Parents are too busy ARGUING to notice any of this.

BRAZIL
You were talking to monsters.

BOB SPARKLE
(blushing)
I was? I'm so embarrassed... You
talk funny.

Brazil GIGGLES.

BRAZIL
I talk to cats sometimes, horses
too. They all have really
interesting things to say.

Bob looks confused, but before he can respond, an eccentric looking woman, ONGYIE (31), holding hands with a five-year-old CHILD, approaches Brazil.

ONGYIE
 (in a British accent)
 C'mon Brazil, we'll be late for
 your brother's dance lesson.

SLOW MOTION. Brazil waves at Bob as she is being dragged off by her Mother. Bob stares back, intrigued and puts his hand up.

ALLAN (V.O.)
 Bob Sparkle never forgot Brazil or
 the strange dream that he had in
 the church.

FATHER
 (annoyed)
 Hippies.

Back to NORMAL SPEED. SOMETHING buzzes by Bob, leaving with the Girls before he can lock his eyes onto it.

He gets distracted by a lump in his sock. He wrestles a Creature from the Black Lagoon out of it and lightens up.

As the Crowd disperses, Bob's Father and Mother ARGUE and GRUMBLE in the background. Bob continues to stay focused on his hidden treasure.

ALLAN (V.O.)
 He looked for her every Sunday at
 church.

SHOT OF Bob sitting in church amongst his Family, looking around. Father gives him a dirty look and he slinks down in his pew.

ALLAN (V.O.)
 But she never came back.

GRAPHIC: FIVE YEARS LATER

EXT. AQUILA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A timeless era; a picture perfect high school scene.

TEENAGERS picnic on the lawn, all wearing red and white uniforms. A trio of FEMALE CHEERLEADERS lounge on concrete steps, GIGGLING and GOSSIPING.

A macho, FOOTBALL PLAYER shows off by skipping steps on his way up the stairs. A CHEERLEADER shyly twirls her hair at him, nearly sending him into the door.

A BELL RINGS. Most of the teenagers pile into the building, LAUGHING and shoving each other playfully. A few lag behind.

ALLAN (V.O.)
 As Bob got older, he tried to turn his fascination with monsters and creatures into something that he could create and be passionate about. But, he had a rough time of it.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A door shuts behind MR. PICKLES as he enters the room. He is an older, graying man with tiny glasses that make his head look large.

He starts for the chalkboard, passing a chipper FACE that's appeared in the door's glass window.

Mr. Pickles unlocks the door. It's BOB SPARKLE, now a handsome fourteen-year-old who glows with happiness. He wears a red and white uniform and his hair sticks up all over.

MR. PICKLES
 (with a lisp)
 Well Mithter Sparkle, do you
 alwayth live a life of no rethpect
 for other peoplth's time?

BOB
 I'm sorry sir, it won't happen
 again.

Mr. Pickles SLAMS the door, then motions at something in Bob's hand.

MR. PICKLES
 What is *that*?

Bob stands confidently in front of a classroom full of attentive, uniformed TEENAGERS. He's holding a WIRE SCULPTURE that's kind of in the shape of a monster. It looks terrible.

He holds up the sculpture and the arms fall off. The Kids LAUGH.

BOB
 (unaffected)
 I'm sure your all wondering what
 this is.

Blank looks. He bends down to pick up the arms and accidentally steps on them.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Dangit!

SNICKERING in the background as he makes several unsuccessful attempts to re-attach the flattened limbs.

He notices Mr. Pickles getting anxious and quickly digs a werewolf and voodoo queen toy out of each pocket.

BOB (CONT'D)

(speeding up)

I was lying in bed awake at three in the morning and the thought came to me: what if I combined "Werewolf" and "Voodoo Queen" in a wire sculpture? The rest is history.

BULLY

You're a dork, Sparkle!

The Kids burst into LAUGHTER. Mr. Pickles SMACKS a ruler on his desk and the room goes silent.

MR. PICKLES

Thith display of yourth is all very interesting except that thienth (science) is based on fact. Consequently, it runths the world. While this fictional, voodoo, wolf thing that you thspeak of ith not real. You see where I am going with all of thith, mithter Sparkle?

BOB

(disappointed)

Yes.

Bob shuffles down a narrow aisle and sits down.

EXT. SPARKLE FRONT YARD - DAY

Bob wades through a mountain of colorful, fall leaves as he makes his way home. The leaves shimmer in the afternoon sun.

A series of angry CRUNCHING SOUNDS rushes up behind him. Suddenly, he's on his back.

BILLY, now an overweight teenager, looms over him. He flashes Bob a silver grimace - mouth full of braces.

BOB

(struggling)

What's wrong with you?

BILLY
I'm tired of these stupid leaves.
Dad told you to rake them two days
ago.

BOB
What do you care? They're
beautiful. Anyway, people should
just leave them alone.

Bob gets loose from Billy's grip.

BILLY
You're such a sissy!
(makes finger quotes)
Oh I forgot, you're a "straight A
student". Somehow this excludes you
from chores that everyone else has
to make up for. Your little
vacation isn't going to last long.

Bob dusts dirt off himself as Billy gets to his feet. Billy
carefully checks his fancy suit for any stray leaves or
smudges.

BOB
Don't be so dramatic. I'll get to
it. I always do.

They both get distracted by a moving truck BLOWING into the
driveway next door.

BILLY
Great - noisy neighbors. Dad will
love this.

He opens his mouth wide.

BILLY
Daaaaaaaaaad!

And proceeds to run like a tattletale all the way to the
house. Bob shakes his head in disgust.

Bob picks up a shimmering leaf, turning it in his hand as he
watches a FAMILY of THREE; a brightly dressed, middle-aged
WOMAN, a long-haired YOUNG MAN and a GIRL about his age,
wearing a purple bandana and sunglasses, pile out of the
moving truck.

The Girl jumps onto a beach cruiser and rides it into the
house.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob sits at his desk, frustrated, comparing his mangled wire art project to the werewolf and voodoo queen figurines.

The room has hardly changed from his childhood. The desk and chair are the same, now way too small for him. He shifts uncomfortably.

He stands. The chair comes with him.

BECKY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

He turns around to see BECKY (6), staring at him from the doorway, pink dress on, lollipop hanging from her mouth.

Bob shimmies out of the chair, drops it.

BOB
How am I suppose to make monsters
if I have no talent? I can't draw
and it's obvious that my wire
sculpture making days are coming to
an end.

She shrugs, offers him her sucker.

BOB (CONT'D)
Thanks, but no thanks. I think I
saw that same sucker stuck to the
living room carpet earlier.

BECKY
Maybe you just need a friend.
Last week at school, I was bored
trying to make a macaroni welcome
sign.

BOB
So?

BECKY
My friend Mary came over to me with
her licorice welcome sign, and then
'cause she was there I wasn't so
bored no more so I finished mine.

She smiles.

BOB
(sarcastically)
Wow that was really enlightening
Becky, thank you.

Becky skips off. Bob stares at the pile of junk in front of him.

BOB
(to himself)
I'll find some way to make this all work.

INT. SPARKLE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Sparkle Family walks in formation around the table, scooping up lumps of food.

BECKY'S braids are so tight they look painful.

The BOYS, all teenagers now except for Burly, still have the same haircut. Not one thing has changed in the room.

All sit down and bow their heads.

FATHER
Bob.

Brandon elbows Burly and he returns the favor.

BOB
(rushing)
Hi God thanks for the grub see you later bye.

Brandon and Burly LAUGH, Billy scowls.

FATHER
I can see you thought that one out for a long time.

BILLY
(under his breath)
What a loser.

A burst of LOUD LAUGHTER comes from outside. Father's eyebrows furrow.

FATHER
Those neighbors are going to be trouble. What are they laughing about anyway, it's six o'clock at night?!

Bob gives Billy an angry side-glance and begins scarfing down his food.

BOB
(mouth full)
I have an idea for my ar...

BOB(cont'd)

I mean science project and I'm
anxious to start on it.

BILLY

Science project my...

Father SLAMS his fork on the table.

FATHER

God darnit Billy, can't you stop
heckling your brother for more than
thirty seconds! Now what were you
going to say Bob?

BOB

(resigned)

I can't remember.

Billy opens his mouth to say something but then changes his
mind.

Brandon, who has another cold, sneezes dramatically all over
the table and then explodes into LAUGHTER.

MOTHER

Cover your mouth!

FATHER

If this nonsense doesn't stop, none
of you will be going to the
Halloween party tomorrow night!

Brandon freezes in MID-SNEEZE.

MOTHER

Let's talk about something else. So
Bob, what is your favorite dinner
item this evening?

BOB

The tuna casserole is my favorite
tonight.

Everyone relaxes.

INT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - THE FOLLOWING EVENING

Bob stands in the hallway in plain pajamas, watching his
Parents wrestle his Siblings into Halloween costumes.

He SNEEZES, wipes his nose.

BILLY

I think you're faking.

He's obviously not.

BOB
(furrowing his brows)
I hate you.

The POUNDING of DRUMS comes from outside.

Bob approaches a little stained-glass window, looks outside.

BOB'S POV: Cars pull up to the Neighbor's place. PEOPLE run around stringing lights on trees.

Happy PARTIERS lounge on the porch with drums.

FATHER
Bob, go upstairs to bed before you
catch pneumonia!

Bob can barely pull himself away.

BOB
Yes, Father.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - A WHILE LATER

Bob lies in bed, clutching his wire monster that's now decorated with aluminum foil; it looks worse.

He COUGHS and sits up. A tissue box and some cold medicine sit beside him.

Bob hears VOICES outside the window. He gets up to see what's going on.

On the way to the window, he gazes around his room; no pictures on the walls, no decorations.

Outside, it's sprinkling and the ground is covered by a thin blanket of half-frozen rain.

Bob watches Father slip and slide all the way to the car, YELLING at Brandon and Burly the whole way. The Boys wear cheap pirate costumes and pound on each other with plastic swords.

Billy wears a suit and is at Father's side, mocking the two, while Becky sullenly follows Mother.

After a moment Becky disappears, wings flapping, into the green Continental.

BOB'S BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

BOB'S POV: From sleep; NOISE and LIGHTS.

Beside him, Brandon, eye patch on all askew, sleeps face planted in the previously empty bed.

Bob YAWNS and shuffles over to the window. He pulls back the drapes.

Next door, there's an odd PURPLE HAZE around the house that seems to come from nowhere. Bob rubs his eyes.

The neighbor's Halloween party has spilled over onto the Sparkle's lawn.

Father stands on the lawn in a tacky robe, ARGUING LOUDLY with a GUY wearing dreads.

GUY
(in a Jamaican Accent)
Just caaallmm down, mon.

FATHER
Don't you tell me what to do mister
snake hair, now shut down these
shenanigans before I call the
police!

Bob's eyes move to one of the upper level windows.

BOB'S POV: The Neighbor Girl, along with two other pretty TEENAGE GIRLS, are wearing long, flowing dresses and dancing in a circle. They see him and wave.

His face falls as he realizes he's been spotted, but he waves despite his embarrassment.

The Girls stop dancing. The Neighbor Girl beckons him to come over.

He thinks it over...

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob, huddled and buttoning up a shirt, sneaks through the night to his neighbor's back door, successfully avoiding Father who continues to ARGUE with the dread-lock Guy.

The door opens. He timidly enters the house.

INT. BRAZIL'S HOUSE - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

He is instantly face to face with the mysterious Girl, taken aback by her beauty. He steps back.

BOB
Sorry, I'm a little sick.

Unaffected, she reaches out her hand.

BOB'S POV: He notices the familiar BIRTHMARK.

His face lights up.

BOB
Brazil?

BRAZIL
(in an British accent)
Do I know you?

She steps back into a pool of light. Her hair is a striking shade of purple.

BOB
You woke me up.

BRAZIL
I wake up a lot of people.

DRUMMING and TALKING rumble from another room.

BRAZIL
Wait... are you the boy from the church... from years ago?

BOB
You told me I was talking to monsters.

Brazil studies him.

BRAZIL
You look exactly the same - five years older. I think you're even wearing the same shirt.

He is - a larger version of it.

BOB
(stumbling)
It's not the same *exact* shirt, I mean... why did you come to back Romeo, Michigan?

Brazil smiles.

BRAZIL
My family moves around a lot. My mother is a professor that speaks at universities all over the world. Come with me.

She takes his hand. He melts... and then SNEEZES.

BOB
I should really go, I've got a
cold. I just came over to...

BRAZIL
That's okay, you'll be feeling
better in no time.

She drags him down a hallway towards a big, open room.

Glittery thicket and hanging vines are attached to the walls
and floor, and PULL BACK to allow them through as they move
along.

Colorful flowers bud, popping from vines remarkably fast.
Bright RED, BLUE and YELLOW HUMMINGBIRDS whiz around their
heads and tend to the flowers.

Bob stops - stunned.

BOB
That sound... it's so familiar.

SHOT OF Bob in his church dream, listening to the BUZZING
sound.

BRAZIL
They must really like you.

A PURPLE BEE checks out Bob as he moves along cautiously.

BOB
This is... okay, too much cold
medicine, that has to be it.

INT. BRAZIL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brazil leads him into a very large room, larger than a room
could possibly be in this house. The ceiling is thirty feet
high. The floor is made of sand. A drumming circle is taking
place.

Every wall displays paintings and every corner sculptures;
all breathtaking.

A large group of WILD PEOPLE, all wearing spectacular
costumes, dance in the center of the room.

In a large, open area FIRE DANCERS spin with flaming Hula
Hoops.

Around the edges, DRUMMERS beat on marvelously adorned drums
accompanied by graceful BELLY DANCERS; one of them being
ONGYIE (Brazil's mother).

A large drum is occupied by a MONKEY, who happily WAILS AWAY. People play other percussion instruments as well; tambourines, wooden sticks, etc.

COSTUMED CATS and DOGS run around. EXOTIC BIRDS swing from swings attached to a giant apple tree that sways with the music.

Brazil begins to dance, dragging Bob in the middle of the mix. She points to a young FIRE DANCER.

BRAZIL
That's my brother Vincent, isn't he great?

Bob pulls Brazil off to the side.

BOB
(whispering fiercely)
Is this really happening?

BRAZIL
(whispering back)
What do you think?

BOB
Why are you answering a question with another question?

BRAZIL
Interesting thing to ponder... What is your take on it?

Bob SIGHS; he's shaky. He grabs a glass of blue liquid off a table and slams it.

BOB
I think I overdosed on cold medicine. I'm quite unsure of what is going on right now.

Blank look from Brazil.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding, I might have to go to the hospital. Not to mention, the drink I just gulped was Kool-Aid.

Brazil shrugs.

BRAZIL
Something has to be normal.

She picks up a glass of red Kool-aid, takes a sip.

BOB
This is really great what you have
here, but I think I'd better go. If
my father sees me in here...

His attention is caught by something outside the window.

BOB'S POV: An angry-faced PUMPKIN sits on his front porch.
Suddenly, the pumpkin turns into the face of his Father and
scowls.

BOB
On second thought... can I trouble
you for a pop?

Brazil smiles from ear to ear.

MONTAGE

Bob dances with Brazil, aware of all the odd things around
them.

Bob has an animated conversation with TWO DRUMMERS.

Later, Bob is in the musician's circle wearing a jester hat
and DRUMMING. He blissfully watches the euphoric scene around
him.

INT. BRAZIL'S LIVING ROOM - MIDNIGHT

The party is winding down. Ongyie and Vincent stand at the
door, hugging People as they make their way out.

Bob and Brazil sit on bean bags in the center of the room.

BOB
So, you're an artist?

BRAZIL
Most of us are. Those are all mine.

She gestures to the wall behind her where eight beautiful
ACRYLIC PAINTINGS of animals are displayed.

BOB
(fascinated)
Artists. Wow, that's a cool hobby.
What kind of degree are you going
to go for in college?

BRAZIL
I'm not going to college.

BOB
(taken aback)
Don't you have to?

She looks at him questionably.

BRAZIL
Did you say "have to"?

BOB
Yeah, we have to, at least that's
what my parents taught me.
What else would we do, wander
around like children the rest of
our lives?

She LAUGHS.

BRAZIL
That's what I'm planning on doing.
(smacks him playfully)
You're weird.

Bob gestures to the Monkey that now has the drum over his head. Brazil bursts into LAUGHTER.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
Okay, you got me.

They look into each other's eyes... for too long. Brazil breaks the connection.

Bob stands.

BOB
I really should go.

They walk side by side to the back door.

In an unusually free moment, Bob flings his arms around Ongyie and Vincent.

BOB
I had such a great time!

They LAUGH at his awkwardness.

Bob freezes in front of Brazil. Ongyie nudges Vincent and they go into another room.

BOB (CONT'D)
Are you going to be around
tomorrow?

Brazil shrugs.

BRAZIL
I dunno.

BOB
How about the next day?

BRAZIL
I'm not a big planner.

They embrace clumsily. Bob walks outside, watching her watch him as she disappears behind the door.

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob successfully makes it to the back door. He carefully opens it and sneaks inside.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob shuts the shades to his window, wearing monster themed pajamas. A big grin stretches across his face.

He turns his attention towards Brandon, who tosses and turns in his sleep, tangled up in his Halloween costume.

BRANDON
(sleep-talking)
No more Mr. nice guy!
(makes laser gun sounds)
Pew! Pew! Pew!

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bob lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. He closes his eyes, turning into...

MATCH CUT TO:

BOB'S DREAM - DAY

Bob opens his eyes. A cloud of fog hangs above him. BUZZING fills the air. Something ZIPS by him.

JACKALOPE (O.S.)
(cheering)
Brazil! Brazil! Brazil!

Bob sits up; he's in a different version of his childhood church dream.

The Six Monsters step out from the haze.

SHARKBOY TWINS
 (crossing their arms)
 You're late to visit tonight.

Bob shrugs.

BOB
 Sorry.

He stands. The Gorilla Monster's eyes start tearing.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
 Oh no, not this again.

The Gorilla Monster bursts into tears. The Sasquatch comforts him.

BOB
 Did I hurt his feelings somehow? I
 didn't mean to be late.

JACKALOPE
 No, he's crying because he's so
 happy for you.
 (whispering)
 He may not seem like it, but
 inside, he's very emotional.

The Butterfly Girl hands the Gorilla Monster a tissue. He
 BLOWS his nose so loud it sounds like a trumpet.

BOB
 What's he so happy about?

The Gorilla Monster breaks down again.

SHARKBOY TWINS
 We've been talking it over.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
 And come to a consensus.

SHARKBOY TWINS
 Brazil.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
 We love her!

(BEAT)

BOB
 But she's so... different.

The Butterfly Girl hops up to him.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
Don't you remember what I told you?

BOB
When?

BUTTERFLY GIRL
I offered you my candy, and...

BECKY (O.S.)
Who are you talking to?

BOB
What?

The Monsters disappear into the fog, GIGGLING.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

From darkness...

MOTHER (O.S.)
(frantic)
Bob? Bob, are you all right?

BOB'S POV: A sliver of light enters from underneath the covers. Becky's face meets Bobs and he jumps.

BOB
Ahhh!

Becky drops the blanket.

BECKY (O.S.)
He's still alive.

Mother stands in the doorway with Father and Billy, all with worried expressions. Bob sits up abruptly.

BOB
What's wrong? What happened? Did someone die?!

MOTHER
Honey, it's two o'clock in the afternoon. You've slept for sixteen hours straight.

BOB
Ohhh, yeah.

He pretends to COUGH.

BOB
I don't feel very well. I think I'm
worse than yesterday.

MOTHER
Awww, poor baby. I'll go run you a
nice, warm bath and fix you some
chicken soup.

Mother scurries out of the room. Billy rolls his eyes.

Bob gets up and looks out the window; Brazil's house looks
normal again.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bob makes his way down the hallway. He's intercepted by Billy
who does a mocking dance.

BILLY
I saw you over there last night
dancing around like a fairy.

BOB
What do you know?

Bob tries to enter the bathroom but Billy cuts him off.

BOB
Screw off.

BILLY
What did you say?

BOB
You heard me Billy. I'm sick of you
harassing me and getting into my
business. I'm fourteen years old
for God's sake, I'll do what I
want.

He pushes his way into the bathroom, turns around.

BOB (CONT'D)
And by the way, you might actually
enjoy your life more if you left
this prison house and met other
people. Get a life.

Bob SLAMS the door in Billy's contorted face. Billy lingers
for a moment, lost for words, and then STOMPS off pouting
down the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob stares in the mirror while methodically brushing his teeth. After a moment he stops, smiles at his triumph, toothpaste smeared over his face.

ALLAN (V.O.)
From that point on, Bob and Brazil
were inseparable; instant best
friends.

EXT. PEPPERMINT'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bob and Brazil step out of the coffee shop, LAUGHING, holding hot chocolates.

Bob squints through the bright sun, as they stroll down a sidewalk with rows of boutiques. SOMETHING WHIZZES by them.

PEOPLE hustle and bustle in and out of stores. Some are dressed in bright colors, each having a COLORFUL HUMMINGBIRD flying around their heads. They smile, LAUGH and *gleam*. Grass, trees and flowers lean into them as they pass by, almost as if to greet them.

INT. INDOOR ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Bob and Brazil wobble out onto an empty skating rink. The ice shimmers beneath their feet.

Brazil takes off confidently, soaring like a bird. Bob takes one step and falls down dramatically.

Brazil doubles back to get him. She grabs his arms and they both start LAUGHING as he repeatedly attempts to stand but fails.

ALLAN (V.O.)
What Bob liked most about their
friendship, was that for the first
time in his young life, he felt
like someone understood him.

INT. BRAZIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bob and Brazil sit cross-legged on Brazil's bed, making monsters out of origami.

The bed is covered in a patchwork quilt and decorative drapes hang from the walls and ceiling.

Bob holds up a sad excuse for a MONSTER.

BRAZIL
Is it a dinosaur vampire?

BOB
(excited)
Yes!

He holds up another one, waiting anxiously for her response. She stares at it, cocks her head to one side.

BRAZIL
Lizard... No, wait. Half lizard
half... goat, no HORSE!

Again, it's just a warped piece of paper. He throws the little pieces of paper in the air, excited.

BOB
How do you do that?

BRAZIL
What do you mean?

She hands him a yellow ORIGAMI BIRD.

BOB
I sat up with my brother Burly last night and showed him twenty of these things. He couldn't identify one of them.

Brazil smiles.

BRAZIL
I can see what your intention is.

BOB
My father would *kill* me if he knew I was over here every day.

Bob LAUGHS to himself.

BRAZIL
At least you have a father. Mine died before I was born.

BOB
Having a father isn't all its cracked up to be.

Brazil shrugs.

BRAZIL
I guess I have nothing to compare it to.

Brazil scoots closer to him.

BRAZIL
I just have to know.

Bob fiddles with a piece of paper.

BOB
(nervous)
Um, what?

BRAZIL
Why are you so intrigued with
monsters?

Bob looks down.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry did I ask the wrong
question?

BOB
No, it's just... embarrassing. I'll
tell you later, I promise.
(sighs)
I really wish I could make cool art
like you do. I guess I'm just not
talented.

BRAZIL
What?! Of course you are! You just
haven't found your "medium" yet.

BOB
I feel like I've tried everything.
Will you help me find my "medium"?

Brazil scoots closer to Bob.

BRAZIL
I can only help you by saying this:
What you're looking for is all
around you. You just have to open
your eyes.

Bob opens his eyes as wide as he can.

BOB
Like this?

BRAZIL
Good start, but it's a different
kind of seeing that I'm talking
about.

BOB

Oh.

Bob slowly lowers his eyelids.

BRAZIL

It's sooo easy. Just keep thinking about what you're looking for and I can promise you that it will *find* you.

BOB

I believe it. That's how I met you.

They smile at each other.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Bob and Brazil leave Color Me Mine, holding their masterpieces wrapped in newspapers.

The ground is covered in a blanket of snow.

Brazil stops, cold escaping from her mouth.

BRAZIL

Let's trade.

BOB

Are you sure?

Brazil nods. They exchange bags and look inside them.

Bob has Brazil's nicely done, BLUE CLAY POT with yellow stars on it. Brazil has Bob's badly painted GARDEN GNOME.

BOB

How am I ever going to be an artist? I can't even do Color Me Mine right.

Brazil smacks him playfully.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Mother folds Bob's laundry. She grabs a stack of shirts, approaches his dresser and starts to open the drawers.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - EVENING

Bob and Brazil make their way down a snowy, vacant alley. Street lamps come on, one by one, creating a circle of spotlights around them.

BOB
Why does everything seem so
different when I'm around you?

BRAZIL
What do you mean?

(BEAT)

BOB
(blushing)
Never mind, I was just being goofy.

Suddenly, a rotten apple belts him in the back of the head. He spins around to see Billy running away, LAUGHING.

BRAZIL
(yelling)
Hey, come back here!

She starts to go after Billy. Bob grabs her arm.

BOB
It's just my blockhead brother.

BRAZIL
Bob, when life pushes you, push
back!

Bob looks perplexed. Brazil glares at Billy as he disappears around a corner. She clasps Bob's hand.

BOB
(nervously)
I let him have it the other day,
he's still mad about that.

BOB'S BEDROOM

Mother places shirts in the bottom drawer. She stops, noticing something under Bob's bed.

BACK ALLEY

Brazil takes Bob's other hand in hers. He looks away, brain racing.

BOB
He's always mad about something.
The littlest thing can activate him
for days. He's like a bull.

BRAZIL
He's got a negative perspective.
It's too bad.

BOB
(half-kidding)
I have a negative perspective.

BRAZIL
Really? Well then let me ask you
something.

She moves close to him. Time seems to stop. She leans in even closer.

BOB'S BEDROOM

Mother sitting on Bob's bed, troubled, riffling through huge box of art projects: paintings, drawings, wire sculptures, origami - all terrible.

BACK ALLEY

Bob fights his desire to kiss her. The moment is gone when she bends down to pick up the rotten apple.

BRAZIL
What do you see?

She holds it in front of his face, turning it around in her hand.

BOB
Worms, weird yellow and brown gunk,
bird peckings. A dirty, rotten
apple.

He doesn't notice as the WORLD AROUND HIM loses it's brightness.

BRAZIL
I only see one thing.

The ENCHANTMENT returns.

BRAZIL
A seed that will someday turn into
an extraordinary apple tree.

She digs out the one remaining seed, drops it on the ground and buries it with her foot.

They smile at each other.

BOB'S BEDROOM

Mother leaves the room holding the box of art projects. A few drop onto the floor as she carts the box down the hall.

EXT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bob creeps along, one slow step after another, making his way to his front door.

Someone WHISTLES. Bob turns his head to see Brazil waving goodbye in her pajamas. He waves back, smiling from ear to ear.

INT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

DOOR KNOB CLICKING sounds. As the door slowly opens, a sliver of light enters the front hallway.

Bob enters, quickly but quietly shuts and locks the door behind him, and then creeps up the stairs.

CREAK, CREAK, CREAK. With every step, a held breath.

When he reaches the top, he lets out a huge SIGH of relief and then dashes towards his bedroom. As he gets closer, he notices a dim light coming from the room next door. He stops to peek inside.

Becky is sitting cross-legged on the floor eating Playdough. Just when he's about to stop her, she spits it all out.

BECKY

Yuck!

Bob holds back a laugh. He watches as she sets a few cans of dough in her lap and begins making something.

He shakes his head and starts for his door. And then... does a serious double-take.

BRAZIL (V.O.)

What you're looking for is all
around you. You just have to open
your eyes.

BOB'S POV: The clay in her hands as Becky shapes and molds it.

Bob bursts into Becky's room, scaring the crap out of her. Clay flies everywhere and she starts crying.

BECKY
(crying)
Why are you so meeeeaannn?

Bob rushes to coddle her. Her CRYING gets louder.

BOB
No, no, shhh. I didn't mean to
scare you.

BECKY
(loud)
Yes you did! If I had a sister
she'd beat you up...

BOB
I will seriously do anything right
now if you'll be quiet.

Becky stops short another round of crying.

BECKY
Really... anything?

BOB
(pained expression)
Yes. Anything.

Becky puts her hands on her hips.

BECKY
I want you to play Playdough with
me until I get tired of it.

Bob unsuccessfully tries to hide a smile.

BOB
Alright. You called it. It's going
to be rough but... I'll do it!

Becky jumps up and down.

BECKY
Yayyy!

BOB
Shhh.

BECKY
(whispering)
Yayyy!

Bob sits on the floor and picks up a big glob of blue clay.
He stares at it...

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - SUNRISE

Bob's Hands set a box down in Brazil's front doorway. The sound of his FEET run back home.

After a moment, the door opens and Ongyie steps out, keys and lunch in hand. She almost trips over the box. Picking it up, she looks inside where she finds...

Five very well made monster sculptures made out of Playdough. A note on top reads: "Brazil - You were right, I opened my eyes and it found me. Can I keep these here where I know they'll be safe? Thanks! - Bob. P.S. I used that dye you gave me.

Ongyie puts her hand over her heart, moved, and sets the box inside the door.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bob is sound asleep.

FATHER (O.S.)
Quit fooling around up there and
come down for breakfast!

Bob wakes abruptly. He's wearing a KNITTED HAT.

He makes his way to his closet, pausing at the windowsill, where Brazil's clay pot is displayed.

BOB'S POV: The box he placed in front of Brazil's door is gone.

He smiles, continuing to the closet.

As Bob is digging through his clothes, outside, a tree in front of Brazil's house wilts and dies. He doesn't notice it, but what he does notice is a piece of origami on the floor.

INT. SPARKLE DINING ROOM - MORNING

Bob sits at the breakfast table wearing a ridiculous hat with googly eyes. He is dressed head to toe in tie-dyed clothes.

His Family stares at him like he dropped out of a spaceship.

The box of art projects sits on the table.

FATHER
What in God's name are you wearing?

Billy bursts into BOISTEROUS LAUGHTER; all of the Kids follow.

Bob gives a long shrug.

Father flashes the Boys a look and all goes silent.

MOTHER
Bob Sparkle, you are *not* leaving
the house dressed like that.

Bob gives her a blank look, starts eating.

FATHER
Your mother found this box under
your bed last night. Can you please
explain what all of this stuff is?

Bob writes on a napkin.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You'd better answer me young man,
or...

Bob holds up the napkin. It reads: I took a vow of silence today.

He scribbles on a clean napkin.

FATHER
Oh for Christ's sake!

Bob holds up the second napkin proudly: I want to be an artist.

BILLY
(snickering)
This is gonna be good.

FATHER
Haven't I not said enough times, we
don't use the "A" word in this
household.

MOTHER
My cousin Marcie was an art...

Father shoots her dagger eyes.

MOTHER
...led an alternative lifestyle and
she *died*!

BILLY
Ha, ha, ha.

FATHER
I can't have a serious conversation
with you when you're wearing that
ridiculous hat... and not talking.
(raises his voice)
No hats... and vows of silence at
the table!

Bob closes his eyes. He places his middle fingers and thumbs
together, meditates. Mother gives Father a worried look.

FATHER (CONT'D)
The hat Bob, take it off, *now*.

Bob slowly opens his eyes, removes his hat. One of the eyes
on it comes unglued and falls onto his pancakes.

Mother's eyes roll back into her head and she hits the floor.

Bob has blue hair!

Father stands, cross-eyed with anger.

FATHER
Upstairs, Bob.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Father looms over Bob, who sits on his bed, shoulders
slumped, staring at the floor.

FATHER
What has gotten into you lately?

No response.

FATHER (CONT'D)
People that are artists are either
funded by their rich families or
they get lucky, neither of which
are your options.

Bob looks over his shoulder, slightly interested.

He grabs a notebook off the dresser and writes something: Why
can't I be lucky?

FATHER
Because you can't plan luck, Bob.
And no son of mine is going to run
around broke with blue hair chasing
a pipe dream.

BOB
(bursting out)
I was just going to try it for a while. You act like I've signed my life away in blood. What does it matter if I get *good* grades?

Bob's eyes tear up. Father sits down next to him.

FATHER
(sympathetically)
Look, I didn't want to have to tell you this but maybe it will help you.

Father holds up one of Bob's wire monster sculptures.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You don't have artistic talent. If you pursue this kind of lifestyle, you'll only struggle and suffer and I don't want you to have to go through that.

BOB
I was just practicing with that stuff in the box! My really good art projects are...

FATHER
Are where?

(BEAT)

FATHER (CONT'D)
Don't lie Bob. Nowhere is where they are, because they don't exist.

Bob looks resigned. Father gets up, paces back and forth. Bob picks up the WIRE MONSTER, staring at it.

BOB
Maybe you're right. Maybe I'll never be any good at this. How do I even really know if I'm improving?

FATHER
It doesn't matter whether you discover that you're the next DaVinci, we're not supporting you, financially or otherwise, unless you are intending on becoming a doctor, lawyer or engineer. No exceptions.

The door CRACKS open and Billy's head pokes in.

BILLY
(quickly)
Bob was next door at the hippies'
place on Halloween and then he
swore at me. He's been acting
mental ever since.

He SLAMS the door, feet PATTERNING down the hallway.

FATHER
Oh, so that's what's going on.

BOB
But...

FATHER
You are *forbidden* to ever go over
to that ratty place and hang out
with those weird people ever again.
And, I'm taking that box away...
for a while.

Bob follows him with mournful eyes.

FATHER (CONT'D)
This is for your own good, son. I
just want you to be safe.

BOB
Safe?

Father pats Bob on the back and leaves. Bob's eyes glisten.

ALLAN (V.O.)
That morning, Bob Sparkle cried
enough tears to fill Lake Michigan.
But that wasn't the worst of it.

MADELYNN (V.O.)
It wasn't?

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Bob, tissues surrounding him, looks mournfully out the
window. A few more trees have died in front of Brazil's
house.

ALLAN (V.O.)
The worst part was that he gave up.

(BEAT)

MADELYNN (V.O.)
Oh no!

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's not the end, IS IT?

ALLAN (V.O.)
Give me a break will ya? The pages
are stuck together. I had you for a
second though, didn't I?

INT. BRAZIL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brazil, Ongyie and Vincent wearing pajamas, lounge on beanbags in the dark. Light from the television bounces off their faces.

SHUFFLING is heard. Brazil watches as an envelope is pushed underneath the front door. It slides across the floor.

INT. FATHER'S STUDY - NIGHT

Father sits at a huge desk holding a glass of scotch; troubled.

In the background; game heads on the wall, miscellaneous sports awards, etc., very lodge-like.

He reaches for something.

BRAZIL'S LIVING ROOM

BRAZIL'S POV: Bob's feet slipping and sliding on ice as he's running away.

Brazil steps away from the front door's peephole. Smiling, she picks up the letter.

FATHER'S STUDY

Father studies one of Bob's confiscated monster paintings. He SIGHS and takes a sip of scotch.

BRAZIL'S LIVING ROOM

Brazil's face falls as she reads the letter. Ongyie and Vincent look at each other, confused. Brazil's eyebrows furrow.

EXT. BRAZIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Purple Ugg boots stomp across the snowy lawn.

Ongyie and Vincent stand at the doorway.

ONGYIE
(yelling)
Brazil! This isn't a good idea,
you'll only get hurt!

FATHER'S STUDY

Father continues to look through Bob's art projects. KNOCKING is heard from upstairs. He looks up at the ceiling.

EXT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The front door swings open.

Brazil, hands on hips, stands ground.

INT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

On the other side; Billy in tuxedo-themed pajamas, half asleep and pissed off.

Behind him, stairs go up to the second floor.

BILLY
Look what the cat dragged in.

BRAZIL
Step aside caveman, I'm here to see
my best friend Bob.

Father approaches from behind Billy.

FATHER
Billy, go back to bed I can deal
with this.

BILLY
But she just called me a caveman.

FATHER
Just go!

Billy HUFFS away.

BRAZIL
I want to talk with Bob.

FATHER
My son wants nothing to do with you
anymore.

Brazil crosses her arms.

BRAZIL
I don't believe you.

Father tries to shut the door but Brazil catches it.

FATHER
If you don't leave, I'm going to
call your mother.

BRAZIL
My mother encourages me to stand up
for what I believe in, unlike some
parents I know.

Bob appears at the top of the stairs; hair back to its normal
color. Brazil locks eyes with him.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
Bob! You've been brainwashed!

FATHER
You are no longer to be poisoning
my son with your crazy ideas and
slacker lifestyle.

Brazil blocks the doorway.

BRAZIL
(to Bob)
Your father made you say those
things in the letter... about how
you don't want to be friends
anymore... right?

Bob looks down, slinks into his bedroom.

FATHER
See, I told you!

Brazil tries to shove past Father.

BRAZIL
(yelling up to Bob)
I got your clay monsters, they're
amazing! You found your talent Bob!
You found it!

Brazil, shaken, moves back quickly as Father SLAMS the door.

She turns around slowly. Ongyie and Vincent have been
watching from their doorway.

ONGYIE
(mouths)
I'm sorry.

GRAPHIC: A WEEK LATER

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob studies math at his desk. Outside, Brazil, Ongyie and Vincent load boxes into a moving truck.

Bob looks over at Burly who's running in his sleep.

After a moment, Bob jumps up and throws on a winter jacket.

INT. SPARKLE DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

BOB'S HAND grabs flowers out of a vase on the dining room table.

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob hides, freezing behind a big oak tree, watching Brazil put the last box into the truck.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob wanted to tell Brazil all about
what had happened with his father,
and thank her for supporting him in
finding his artistic talent.

She's about to get into the truck, when she suddenly pauses and looks right at the oak tree.

Bob cringes, closes his eyes. A couple of tears squeeze out.

ALLAN (V.O.)
But he let his fear take him over
and missed his chance.

Brazil SIGHS, looks sadly at the Sparkle house and then gets into the truck.

ALLAN (V.O.)
And as unexpectedly as Brazil
arrived...

The truck drives away.

ALLAN (V.O.)
She was gone.

EXT. BRAZIL'S HOUSE - BACK ENTRANCE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob approaches Brazil's back door.

He turns the doorknob and looks inside; the place is empty.

Bob shivers in the cold. Looking around, he notices something at his feet; a DEAD HUMMINGBIRD.

He picks it up and studies it, while making his way to a tree.

He buries the bird, placing the flowers on the makeshift grave.

As Bob walks away from the winter stillness, FLOWERS TURN BROWN. TREES SAG and DIE. TWIGS SNAP OFF and FALL to the ground.

ALLAN (V.O.)
From that day forward, Bob stopped
looking for magic in his life.

INT. SPARKLE FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Bob enters, backpack on, and SLAMS the door.

He picks up a pile of mail on the floor, sifts through it, notices an odd envelope in the mix.

The envelope is made out of homemade paper, written in crayon and addressed to Bob, it's from Brazil.

ALLAN (V.O.)
He gave up on the idea of finding
his passion.

Bob drags himself up the stairs and down the hallway towards his room.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM

Bob is slightly surprised to see the box of art projects that his father took away, right inside the door.

He throws the envelope in the box, struggling with guilt and collapses on his bed.

ALLAN (V.O.)
And he made a huge choice about his
life.

(BEAT)

Bob half sits up.

BOB
(to himself, boldly)
From now on, I'm going to be like
everyone else.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob Sparkle... lost his sparkle.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Allan, mouth hanging open, stares at a blank page.

He cringes; the book is only half done! Yet another piece of unfinished inspiration painfully discovered.

ALLAN
(clearing his throat)
Ummm.

MADELYNN
Is everything okay Uncle Allan?

Allan gets up.

ALLAN
Yes, great I just need to get a
drink of water.

DANIEL
But there's a full glass of water
right next to you.

There is. He bolts out of the room.

ALLAN (O.S.)
Oh... yes I know but I need a
different kind of water. Be right
back.

The Kids share a look.

INT. ALLAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allan rummages through an old liquor cabinet in the dark. All of the bottles are unopened, dust caked on them.

He tries to open a bottle of whiskey but it won't budge.

ALLAN
Who am I kidding?

He contemplates. After a moment, his eyes light up. He grabs a pen off of the top of the cabinet and runs back upstairs.

INT. STUDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Allan enters the room and sits down.

ALLAN
Much better, now where was I?

Pen in hand, he begins to tell the story as he's writing it.
The Kids don't notice.

ALLAN
Bob begrudgingly attended college
and became a chemical engineer. It
was the most interesting kind of
engineer he could think of, but he
still hated it.

GRAPHIC - FIFTEEN YEARS LATER ON A FRIDAY

INT. CHEESE PLANT - MORNING

MACHINE NOISE.

BOB SPARKLE (29), who is the same person as Allan Racket,
stands in front of a giant, cheese squirting machine,
checking off boxes on a clipboard. He's wearing a hard hat
and safety boots.

An old engineer, LARRY, stands next to him holding a huge mug
with no lid. Coffee stains are all over his shirt.

The machine lets out a BLAST and Larry jumps, sending coffee
flying everywhere.

BOB
(yelling over the noise)
Why don't you just get a coffee mug
with a lid on it?

Larry shrugs.

ALLAN (V.O.)
That's the only conversation Bob
and Larry ever had during the day.
If you can even call it a
conversation.

Bob glances at Larry who is cussing to himself.

ALLAN
They worked in silence in eight
hour shifts for seven years.

ALLAN(cont'd)

That's eighteen hundred and forty eight days... fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty four hours. Except for those three seconds, of course. Everything else was communicated through paperwork.

SHOT OF Bob and Larry silently handing paperwork back and forth.

INT. BOB'S CAR - NIGHT

The sound of AMBULANCE SIRENS racing by Bob's car while he's stopped at a stoplight. He cringes.

In the car next to him, an ATTRACTIVE GIRL meets his gaze. Embarrassed, he looks back, quickly taking off when the light turns green.

MONOTONOUS MUSIC PLAYS.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Bob sullenly enters a massive shopping mall.

INT. MALL - THE GAP - DAY

Bob stands in line behind ten STONE-FACED MEN that are all buying the same outfit. They all avoid eye contact with each other.

DRUMMING music plays in the background.

Bob's eye is caught by a circle of NATIVE AMERICAN DRUMMERS in the main mall area. An AUDIENCE OOHS and AHHS.

EXT. JCL COMPANY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

UNRULY TEENAGERS chuck rocks at a cockeyed banner on the side of a building that reads: JCL Annual Piknic! (Spelled incorrectly.)

Picnic tables are lined up in perfect, symmetrical formation. Happy WORKER BEES, dressed in company t-shirts, eat and drink while watching their KIDS chase each other around.

Bob is sitting next to a nine-year-old BOY that's a dead ringer of him as a child. He looks on as the Boy finishes coloring a monster.

Bob gets distracted by an OVER-EXCITED BUSINESSMAN handing an award to a numb, cross-eyed WORKER. The award says "Busy Bee of the Year". Everyone CLAPS.

ALLAN (V.O.)
The next day, it started *all* over
again.

INT. CHEESE PLANT - MORNING

MACHINE NOISE.

Bob is standing in front of the same machine, same outfit, checking off boxes like he was before. Larry stands next to him, huge mug with no lid. Coffee stains are all over his shirt.

The machine lets out a BLAST and Larry jumps, sending coffee flying everywhere. Bob shakes his head. This routine never changes.

BOB
(yelling)
Why don't you just get a coffee mug
with a lid on it?

Larry looks at him as if he's never asked before.

EXT. CHI CHI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

People mill in and out of a cookie cutter, midwest bar/restaurant. A neon sign in the window flashes: "Happy hour, come get your drink on!"

INT. CHI CHI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bob sits in a booth amongst five WORK BUDDIES who are all drunk out of their minds.

As usual, everything is overblown: PATRONS dressed alike with similar haircuts, extra large neon beer signs, beer cans have huge letters on them, etc.

The Guys, minus Bob, harass a scantily clad WAITRESS as she saunters by. She jokingly smacks one of them, egging him on further.

Bob watches a LOVEBIRD COUPLE sitting in a candlelit corner. He SIGHS, getting up.

BOB
(to the guys)
I don't feel well. I'm gonna go
home.

His so-called Friends completely ignore him.

Bob gets up, heads for the exit.

Just as he reaches the door, the scantily clad Waitress steps in front of him. He snaps out of a daze.

BOB
Oh no, did I forget to pay?

He wildly rummages through his pockets.

WAITRESS
No. You forgot your hat, your keys
and your jacket. Are... you okay?

She hands him his things.

BOB
Ahhh yeah, why?

WAITRESS
It's just that every time you come
in here you look so sad.

BOB
Really?

The Waitress puts her hand on Bob's shoulder.

WAITRESS
I think you need to shake your life
up a little. Just a thought.

She smiles, friendly, and walks away. Bob stares at his stuff.

BOB
Shake my life up...

EXT. SUBURBAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Twenty cars pull up to an apartment building in unison; all similar looking, American cars.

MEN and WOMEN, some wearing suits, some in blue collar clothes, get out of their cars at precisely the same time. They shut their doors and march like a zombie parade into the building.

Bob Sparkle is one of them.

INT. SUBURBAN APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Zombie Parade shuffles down the hallway, halts at their mailboxes and opens them in unison.

When Bob opens his mailbox, an avalanche of mail falls onto the floor, mostly junk mail.

He picks up a "you've won a million dollars" type of envelope with his name, Bob Sparkle, spelled out in huge letters.

BOB
Sparkle. What a dumb name.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bob fumbles with his over-crammed key ring as he shuffles towards his apartment.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob slouches onto his couch, beer in one hand, clicker in the other.

His living room is filled with characterless furniture. A fish tank sits on a small table, surrounded by a bazillion Sparkle Family pictures.

Crammed in a corner: The half finished model airplanes, half painted self portrait, half a ship in a bottle, the bike, half assembled and the partially grown Chia Pet from Allan's study.

A calendar sits on the coffee table in front of him. He slides it towards him and crosses off a date with an attached marker.

He goes back to mechanically changing channels, while pressing a button on an answering machine next to him.

BEEP.

ANSWERING MACHINE
No new messages.

CLICK.

The television turns off; soft glow slowly fading. Bob sits in the dark.

Suddenly, light comes in from outside a window. Bob sees...

A WOMAN painting a mural under a work light across the street.

BOB'S POV: Her hair is purple; he cannot see her face. She's painting a giant hummingbird.

BOB
(whispering to himself)
Brazil?

The Woman turns around; it's not Brazil. Bob smiles, remembering.

FLASHBACK: QUICK CUTS of Bob and Brazil as teenagers; playing in the snow, holding hands, making art.

BOB
(to the fish)
She's the last person who shook up
my life. I was fourteen years old.
Pretty sad, huh?

The phone RINGS several times. Bob snaps out of his daydream, picks up the phone.

BOB
Hel... Hello?

INT. ED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A BAD TOUPEE sticks up over a mountain of paperwork, bobbing up and down when ED speaks.

ED
(in a nasally, Midwestern
accent)
Ahh hey there Bob, it's Ed. You
flew outta work so fast I, ahh
didn't have a chance to tell you
the good news. You're going on a
business trip to London! And if it
all works out, which I'm confident
it will, you'll also be promoted to
district manager! What a great
birthday surprise, huh?

BOB'S LIVING ROOM

Bob wilts like a flower.

BOB
(empty)
Wow, that's great Ed. That's just
great.

FADE TO:

ALLAN (V.O.)
Little did Bob know that his life,
indeed, was about to be shaken up.

INT. CHEESE PLANT - MORNING

MACHINE NOISE.

Bob and Larry stand in their usual spots. Larry fights with his mug.

BOB
(not looking at Larry)
Ed is sending me on a business trip
to London. This is my last week
here for a while.

Larry's freezes, face falling.

LARRY
Who am I going to talk to?

Bob turns to Larry.

BOB
Another guy named Bob. Probably
just like me.

LARRY
(relaxing)
Oh, okay good.

The machine let's out a LITTLE TOOT. Larry blankly watches his cup spill over.

(BEAT)

BOB
Larry, can I ask you something?

LARRY
Sure.

BOB
Are you... happy?

Larry considers.

LARRY
No.

Bob smiles.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Why are you smiling?

BOB
Because I'm not happy either. I
thought I was the only one.

They smile at each other.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bob and Larry sit in airplane seats, squashed on either side of a LARGE MAN. Bob is wearing the familiar blue and green striped Polo-type shirt.

ALLAN (V.O.)
A week later Bob, and Larry, to
both of their surprise, were on
their way to London.

INT. TERMINAL 5 HEATHROW AIRPORT - EVENING

Bob and Larry stand in the middle of a chaotic airport, luggage in hand. Bob smiles freely, taking in his new surroundings. Larry looks traumatized. They walk over to a customer service desk.

AGENT
Can I help you?

LARRY
(Not understanding her
accent)
What?!

BOB
We need directions to get to
Piccadilly Circus.

She leads them to a giant map plastered on the wall where she shows them how to take the tube into town.

AGENT
There's a big parade on Piccadilly
tonight. Have fun!

BOB
Thanks!

AT THE MAP

BOB'S POV: Bob's eyes land on Piccadilly Circus.

EXT. TUBE ENTRANCE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob and Larry shuffle into the train with an IMPATIENT CROWD.

INT. TUBE - EVENING

The train takes off.

TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Larry staring out the window, looking exhausted.

TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Larry's eyelids flutter, as they struggle to stay awake.

INSERT: A map showing a little train going in a giant circle, coming back to where it started from.

INT. TRAIN - A REALLY LONG TIME LATER

Bob and Larry are fast asleep; the only people left on the train.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
(yelling)
Heathrowww aaairport!

Bob's eyes snap open. He relaxes for a second, but then all life falls from his face. He elbows Larry awake.

BOB
Larry!

INSERT: The map shows the train making its way around the circle, but this time it stops at Piccadilly Circus.

EXT. TUBE EXIT - EVENING

Bob and Larry step out onto the street. Larry immediately almost gets hit by a MIME on a unicycle. Bob pulls him back. Larry shrugs.

As they make their way down the street, MUSIC and CROWD NOISE get closer and closer, as a huge, colorful parade spills out all around them. It seems to be in total disorder, with the parade vehicles on different streets, going in all directions.

A huge crowd of ONLOOKERS and PARTIERS line the sidewalks and spill out into the streets.

A POLICE OFFICER is arguing with a trombone player.

POLICE OFFICER
Go to the end of the street! Your
band comes after the cars!

The trombone player shakes his head "no" vigorously.

But no one seems to mind the chaos. People are meandering around cheerily, drinking beer and eating cakes and meat pies from the street vendors.

Bob and Larry struggle through the crowd with their luggage.

BOB
(yelling over the noise)
We're looking for the Radisson
Hotel. It's got be around here
somewhere.

Bob and Larry back up into the street. Bob eyes the small shop window of a slightly run-down art gallery. A sign above it reads CARPE ARTE. Suddenly he freezes, doing a double take.

Sitting in the display window, in a spotlight front and center, are the five clay monsters that Bob left at Brazil's door when they were teenagers.

Bob's eyes get as big as saucers.

BOB
What the-

LARRY
Look out!

Bob and Larry have made the classic mistake of looking the wrong way while crossing the street. They are both clipped by a Mini and go down; the Mini stops... a troupe of CLOWNS piles out and runs over to Bob and Larry.

One of the clowns gets on a cell phone and an ambulance shows up shortly. After a bit of confusion, Bob and Larry are off to the hospital.

INT. SOMEONE'S NICE FLAT - NIGHT

ON A TELEVISION

"BBC Evening News" scrolls across the bottom. A REPORTER reports from Piccadilly Circus, with the party still going on behind her.

REPORTER

Breaking news. Two men,
unidentified, were just taken to
hospital after being hit by...
You're never going to believe
this... A *clown* car. But this no
laughing matter. Both of these men,
although not in critical condition,
are still unconscious...
(holds her ear)

Wait, I've just gotten some more
information. The two victims have
been now identified as Robert
Sparkle and Larry Shore, both are
apparently on business here from
the United States.

CRASH! A wine glass shatters on the floor.

BRAZIL (thirty-one, brown hair, plainly dressed) sits on a
plush couch, hands over her mouth.

INT. BOB'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Brazil stands in the doorway, sadly watching...

Bob, sleeping in a hospital bed. He's hooked up to a few
machines. His chest moves up and down.

A tear falls down Brazil's cheek.

BOB'S DREAM - DAY

Bob's eyes flutter open and then close.

(PREGNANT BEAT)

BUTTERFLY GIRL (O.S.)

Wake up chump!

JACKALOPE (O.S.)

We know you're in there.

BOB'S POV: As Bob opens his eyes, blurry butterfly wings
consume his vision. Slowly, the Butterfly Girl's face comes
into focus.

Bob struggles to sit up.

BOB

Who are you?

SOFT CRYING is heard from behind a layer of dream fog.

The SIX MONSTERS step out.

As usual, the Gorilla Monster is CRYING and the others are trying to console him.

Bob is frozen with fear.

BOB
(yelling)
Help! Help!

The Gorilla Monster pauses and then explodes into tears.

JACKALOPE
(to Bob)
Now look what you've done.

SHARKBOY TWINS
(in unison)
It's not Bob's fault. We fell
asleep for fifteen years.

SASQUATCH
(mad)
We didn't fall asleep; we were put
to sleep!

GORILLA MONSTER
(sniffling)
And now he's forgotten who we are.
Boo hoo.

A look of recognition washes over Bob's face.

BOB
Wait. I remember now.
(to himself)
I had this dream sometimes... when
I was younger.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
Yes! And now we're back forever!

BOB
(dryly)
Great.
(realizes)
Wait, what just happened to me? I
think I was mowed down by a clown
car.

The Sharkboy Twins shrug.

SHARKBOY TWINS
We don't know. We're in your
subconscious.

BOB
Oh yeah, right.

Bob stands up, scratches his head. Something WHIZZES by him and then again ZOOM.

JACKALOPE
We were looking through your files
and saw that you ditched Brazil,
stopped making monsters and became
a cheese engineer.

BOB
I'm actually a *chemical* engineer.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
Whatever! Boring!

SHARKBOY TWINS
(in unison)
This was very upsetting to us.

SASQUATCH
(angry)
What the hell happened?!

Bob paces back and forth.

BOB
Life happened. Real life. I'm not
friggin' Peter Pan for God's sake.

The Jackalope faints. The Butterfly girl fans the Jackalope with her wings.

BUTTERFLY GIRL
See what happens when we go on
vacation?

The Sasquatch steps forward. Bob tenses as the Sasquatch reaches for his right arm, holds it. The scene around them grows dark.

BOB
Are you going to hurt me?

SASQUATCH
Do you want to keep playing this
game? This game where you pretend
life happens to you. This game of
sadness. This game where you *hurt*
yourself.

Bob is trembling.

BOB
(tearfully)
No.

SASQUATCH
Then take the reins.
(gets closer)
Bob. Remember the letter.

He tightens his grip. The fog consumes them.

SASQUATCH'S VOICE
(echoing)
Remember the letter. Remember the
letter. Brazil's letter...

FADE TO BLACK.

BOB (O.S.)
Ouch, my arm. You're grabbing my
arm too tight.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hospital BEEPING SOUNDS.

Bob awakens with a start: white walls, white everything.

He immediately looks at his right arm, wrapped with an IV.

BOB
Oh.

He looks around; a curtain separates a bland hospital room. Medical machines surround him. He notices a Peter Pan poster that stands out as the only decoration in the room.

As he's moving his arms and legs around, making sure they all work he sees...

One of his little clay monsters sitting on the night stand beside him.

BOB
Ahhh!

ARGUING approaches from outside the closed door. Bob holds his breath.

FEMALE DOCTOR (O.S.)
Please calm down, your son is going
to be fine. He has no major
injuries from the clown car
accident, he just bumped his head
good and hard.

Bobs eyes widen.

BOB
(to himself)
Clown car accident?

MOTHER (O.S.)
(hysterical)
What if he's brain damaged? How do
you know he's not brain damaged?!

FATHER (O.S.)
This is ridiculous. We want to talk
to a doctor!

The door knob turns. Bob slinks under the covers.

FEMALE DOCTOR (O.S.)
You *are* talking to a doctor.

BOB
(pleading to God)
Please, please don't let them in
here.

The knob stops turning.

FATHER (O.S.)
That's impossible.

ANGRY SHOES walk away. More SHOES follow.

FATHER (O.S.)
We're going to follow you until you
take us to a real doctor, not
another nurse!

FEMALE DOCTOR (O.S.)
(voice fading)
I am a doctor, you ignorant
(muffled).

Bob SIGHS, relieved. He undoes everything attached to him.
Painfully last goes the IV. He grabs the clay monster.

BOB
(suddenly remembering)
The letter! I have to get out of
here.
(looks around)
Wait, where's my bag?

COUGHING comes from behind the curtain.

LARRY (O.S.)
It was lost during the accident.

BOB

Larry!

He pulls back the curtain. Larry is laying in a bed, looking relatively healthy.

BOB (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Larry nods. They both smile at each other.

LARRY

My life is going to be different from now on. How about yours?

Bob nods, moved. He puts his hand on one of Larry's.

BOB

Bye, Larry.

LARRY

Bye, Bob.

Bob lowers the curtain.

LARRY (O.S.)

Oh, one more thing. Can you tell one of the nurses to bring me a big cup of coffee on your way out?

Bob smiles.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

RINGING TONE. Bob is standing at a pay phone, around the corner from the hospital. He has changed back into his street clothes.

BOB

(into the phone)

C'mon.

SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. SPARKLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

BECKY (now 21) stares anxiously at an answering machine, in the middle of living room decorated floor to ceiling with Knick-knacks.

Bob watches a BEEFY SECURITY GUARD escort his Parents out of the hospital. Mother swings a large basket at the Guard, who swats back at it as if it were a bee.

BECKY (O.S.)
Is that mom and dad? Are you with them?

BOB
Nnnn... Yes! Actually I am. They're a little caught up with something right now, otherwise I'd put them on.

He watches all three of them struggle down the stairs.

BOB (CONT'D)
I need you to do something for me. Please, please, pre-promise me that you won't argue with me about it for twenty minutes. It's really, really important, okay?

INT. SPARKLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Becky shrugs.

BECKY
Okay.

BOB (O.S.)
I need you to find a letter in my apartment and read it to me.

BOB'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

All of the lights are on and the place is turned upside down.

Becky sits on the floor in the middle of the mess, phone in one hand, envelope in the other.

She looks at the envelope closely: it's the same one Bob found in the mail when he was fourteen. She opens it; it's a letter. She reads:

BECKY
(into the phone)
There's been a horrible accident.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Bob is standing at the same pay phone. Drops of rain start to fall.

BECKY (O.S.)
... and I'm all alone.

BOB
What?!

EXT. ALDWYCH STREET - NIGHT

Rain pours down in sheets as Bob comes to a halt, exasperated and soaking wet.

ALLAN (V.O.)
So, Bob was on his way to Brazil.
Well, not the *country*, the *girl*
Brazil who lived somewhere in
England.

He rests his hands on his knees, looks around at a block of jumbled buildings and wayward street signs. A double-decker bus goes by.

BOB
(to himself)
I think I'm having a Sherlock
Holmes nightmare.

Someone LAUGHS. Bob looks up to see an ASIAN UMBRELLA SALESMAN approaching.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
(in an Asian accent)
First things first. Here is
umbrella.

He hands Bob a colorful umbrella.

BOB
But I don't have any...

UMBRELLA SALESMAN (CONT'D)
No, no this on me. You have nuff'
problems.

They duck underneath an overhang.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

BOB
An art gallery... and a girl. All
by foot because I have no money.
Well I do have money, I just... and
now I'm lost, I just can't seem
to...

Confusion from the umbrella salesman.

BOB (CONT'D)
Basically... I don't know where I'm going.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
Then how will you know when you get there?

BOB
(sarcastically)
Thanks.

The Umbrella Salesman shrugs.

BOB (CONT'D)
Wait! I remember the name of the street the art gallery was on... kind of. Pick a circus?

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
Piccadilly Circus.

Bob grabs the Umbrella Salesman excitedly, jarring him.

BOB
That's it, Piccadilly Circus! Where is it?!

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
Five block that way.

He points south. Bob lightens up. The Umbrella Salesman holds out his hand.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
That will be five pounds please.

Bob looks confused.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
Umbrella free. Directions five pounds.

Bob suddenly remembers his wallet was in his bag, during the chaos at his accident. He pulls his pockets inside out; nothing but lint.

UMBRELLA SALESMAN
I was kidding!

He keeps LAUGHING and LAUGHING, while walking away.

Bob shakes his head, stepping out from the safety of the overhang and opens the umbrella; it immediately collapses into a ball of metal and torn nylon.

He chucks the mangled umbrella into a nearby trash can and throws his arms up in the air, embracing the rain.

He makes his way towards Piccadilly Circus.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - NIGHT

The rain has calmed down.

Bob appears from around a corner.

BOB'S POV: A street LIGHT FLICKERS over a lonely phone booth. Buildings are packed in together like sardines; some dimly lit storefronts.

A COUPLE ride by on bikes. A YOUNG WOMAN passes him, eating fish and chips.

BOB

Excuse me, where did you get that?

The Woman points to Carpe Arte!

INT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

Bob enters the art gallery, door bells JINGLING behind him.

He is surrounded by beautiful paintings and sculptures, but all he can focus on is a huge plate of fish and chips, like an oasis, on a counter at the end of the room. The food is set out for a gallery party, but it's still early and the gallery is empty.

INT. CARPE ARTE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob stands next to the counter scarfing down food. He's the only person in the art gallery besides...

KIRSTEN, the gallery owner; a jolly, middle-aged, black woman. She eyes Bob strangely.

OWNER

(in an Irish accent)

What, you haven't eaten in a week sir?

He swallows everything in a big gulp.

BOB
Just a day. But I've been running
crazy for hours.

OWNER
Sounds like fun... or not.

Bob smiles. The owner GASPS, putting her hands over her
mouth.

BOB
(looking around)
What?

OWNER
You're one of the men that got hit
by the clown car... right out
front!

BOB
Yeah that was me. And my co-worker
Larry. We're both okay though.

OWNER (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're both put back
together!
(throws her hand out)
Name's Kirsten.

They shake hands.

BOB
Bob. I'm looking for the girl that
brought those in here.

He points to his clay creatures, still in the display window.

BOB
Her name is Brazil.

Kirsten bursts out LAUGHING.

BOB (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

KIRSTEN
She got you too, aye?

Bob looks at her inquisitively.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
(softens)
Oh I'm sorry, you must not know her
that well... yet. Men get lost
around here, looking for her all
the time.

Bob waves her off.

The rain outside starts to pick up again.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
And how long has it been since
you've seen *your* Brazil?

Bob digs his foot into the ground.

BOB
Ummm... about fifteen years.

Kirsten puts her hands on her hips and shakes her head.

KIRSTEN
If I were you I'd run back to where
you came from, fast.

BOB
(serious)
No. I have to see her.

Bob and Kirsten have a moment of understanding.

KIRSTEN
Okay, but don't come cryin' to me
when...
(notices Bob's
disappointment)
Nevermind. I shouldn't be so hard
on the girl. Speaking of the devil!

She points out the window to a WOMAN walking away from them,
about a half a block down.

The FLICKERING STREET LIGHT CORRECTS ITSELF, hitting a mane
of BROWN HAIR and a black umbrella rounding a corner down the
street.

Bob's eyes widen. He runs to the door and opens it.

BOB
(yelling out the door)
Brazil!

His words get lost in the RAIN. He turns around.

BOB (CONT'D)
(to Kirsten)
Thanks.

She smiles.

KIRSTEN
If you ever need anything else, you
just let me know.

Bob smiles at her and then takes off..

MADELYNN (V.O.)
Uncle Allan?

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Madelynn sits, arms folded, a stern expression on her face.

MADELYNN
How much longer is this going to go
on?

DANIEL
(sleepily)
Yeah, is he ever going to get to
her?

Allan scratches his head, flipping through the next chunk of
pages - they're all blank.

Daniel puts a pillow over his face and lies down
dramatically.

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - NIGHT

Bob slips and slides down the sidewalk - drenched.

As he rounds the corner, he barely catches the umbrella
disappearing into a dark building. Relief sets in.

Bob wrings out his sleeves, pulls water out of his hair. He
stops to look around.

BOB'S POV: He's suddenly in a beautiful neighborhood. Tall
shiny buildings surround a FEW BUMS who linger on a well kept
street.

Bob takes a few steps forward; fear stops him.

BOB
(whispering to himself)
I have to go up there.

The sidewalk below him illuminates. He looks up through the
rain to see a dim light on in one of the windows.

BOB'S POV: Pastel-colored walls and drapes, blow across a
wide ledge through French doors.

Brazil suddenly appears up above, while she's closing the drapes. The golden window frames her bemused expression like the Mona Lisa.

Bob is frozen with intrigue as all his efforts to dry out quickly become lost.

INT. QUAIN BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bob makes his way up a flight of stairs with newfound energy.

He comes to a sudden halt when he notices a HUGE COCKROACH standing guard on a crumbling step. He jumps over it.

As he reaches the top, candlelight flickers into the stairwell from an open door.

He takes a DEEP BREATH and enters.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Bob stops in the dark doorway, face falling.

In the corner of a elegantly decorated, candlelit flat, Brazil sits under a loft, head buried in her hands, CRYING.

But oddly enough, the flat features bouquets of dead roses and a dark painting of a "Day of the Dead" skeleton.

BOB'S POV: The SKELETON in the painting appears to move. Bob does a double take - it's static.

Suddenly, a pissed-off SCOTTISH TERRIER wearing a sweater, latches onto one of Bob's pant legs.

Bob SCREAMS and dances around as the uninvited Dog tries to repeatedly bite his ankles.

BRAZIL
(through her tears)
Leo!

Leo runs to Brazil, hiding under her legs.

Bob is panicked to the bone.

BOB
Oh my God! Oh my God!

BRAZIL
That's what you get for lurking
around like a stalker!

Bob's silhouette emerges from the pitch black doorway. As he makes his way towards Brazil, huge puddles of water merge into each other underneath his feet.

She squints, trying to see him, then abruptly stands. He stops in front of her. Her face is caked with makeup.

BOB
Why are you crying?

BRAZIL
What business is that of yours?

She wipes her tears with her coat sleeve, smearing mascara across her cheek. Bob looks around, puzzled, as if expecting something crazy to happen.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
Why are you still here?

Bob steps into a pool of light and pulls the clay character from the hospital out of his pocket. Brazil's face goes from a blank expression to one of shock and then to joy.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
Bob Sparkle?

Bob nods. Brazil looks around.

BRAZIL
I'm so embarrassed.

BOB
Of what?

BRAZIL
I didn't recognize you without all
of the tubes and machines...
(changing the subject)
You're still wearing the same
shirt.

BOB
(stumbling)
It's not the same exact shirt, I
mean...

Tears well up in her eyes. She jumps into his arms, embracing him so hard that it sends water flying in all directions.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - TWO HOURS LATER

The candles have burnt down. The door is cracked open. Leo is shredding a hot pad.

Bob and Brazil sit cross-legged on the floor, eating Chinese food.

Leo drops his victim, licks a noodle off the floor and trots away.

BRAZIL

He'll be going to a new home soon;
I'm just fostering him. I have a
feeling he'll be back though. He
bites people and destroys
everything.

Bob watches her, worried. He tries to use chopsticks but fails miserably.

Leo starts to run out the door and Brazil stops him with a stern look. He does a u-turn.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)

I'm glad you came. I'm sorry we
lost touch.

Bob looks at the floor.

BOB

Sorry? I left you... I didn't want
to.

BRAZIL

It's okay. I should of left my
information at the hospital so you
could find me easier. I just...
When we were kids, we were easily
influenced by our parents, yunno?
Everything happened so fast when...
my family died. I just ran and ran
for years. You would of never found
me back then anyways.

BOB

What happened? The letter didn't
say much.

Brazil smiles sadly.

BRAZIL

They went to a club to hear a band
they liked. There was a fire. It
was horrible. I can't even think
about it.

Brazil stares into the past. Bob puts his arm around her.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
(lightens a little)
And from then on... court dates,
paperwork, foster homes. I
eventually ran away from it all.

BOB
I'm so sorry that happened.

Brazil forces a smile.

BRAZIL
I picked up odd jobs here and
there. And now... it's *now*.

BOB
Odd jobs! You must be very
successful at one of them, this
place is spectacular! What do you
do for a living?

She quickly gets up and goes towards the bathroom.

BRAZIL
(nervous)
I'm going to clean up, be right
back.

Bob looks at the bathroom door, the nice furniture and the
32" wide screen television, taking it all in.

IN THE BATHROOM

Brazil washes her face in a porcelain sink. A large mirror
hangs above it.

After a moment, she stops, looks at herself in the mirror and
lets out a long SIGH.

IN THE FLAT

BOB'S POV: SLOW MOTION. Brazil's makeup mask is gone; she's
beautiful. Her hair falls over her shoulders...

FLASHBACK: like it did when she was a teenager. Brazil's
young, smiling face turns into...

Her saddened face in PRESENT TIME. END SLOW MOTION.

Bob has fallen in love with her with a look.

BOB
One time you told me that you were
going to wander around like a child
the rest of your life.

BRAZIL
(LAUGHS)
I used to say a lot of stupid
things.

BOB
That's not stupid. I have to
know... how on earth did my
creatures end up at that art
gallery?

BRAZIL
I was cleaning out my closets and
found them... thought that would be
a good home for them.
(locks eyes with him)
Bob, why did you come here?

BOB
When I found your letter it
reminded me that...

He gets distracted by Leo chewing on his shoe.

BOB (CONT'D)
It reminded me how much... I've
missed you.

They smile deeply at each other.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - THE NEXT MORNING

Bob sits on the floor on a sleeping bag, petting Leo on his
lap.

He stares out the window; sees St. Paul's Cathedral,
cobblestone streets, a wild-eyed HOMELESS MAN looking up at
him... smiles.

From somewhere outside, church bells CLANG. It's nine
o'clock. Bob looks up towards the loft.

BOB
(whispering loudly)
Brazil?

No answer.

Curious, he gets up and tiptoes over to the loft.

BOB
Brazil? Brazil, it's nine, do you
want to get up?

He slowly gets up on the first step of the ladder and peeks over the side; she's gone.

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - NIGHT

Bob is at a pay phone next to a bus stop, wearing yesterday's clothes. In the background, Brazil sulks. She has dark circles around her eyes.

Bob dials.

The phone RINGS and then his answering machine picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)
Three new messages.

He cringes.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)
First message.

FUMBLING and CLICKING SOUNDS.

FATHER (O.S.)
Hello? Is this thing on? God
dammit!

HANG UP SOUND.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)
Next message.

BOB'S LIVING ROOM

A RED LIGHT BLINKS on the answering machine.

FATHER (O.S.)
This is your parents calling. We're
in London looking for you. Why you
would leave the hospital is
anyone's guess. I hope you're not
going to buy a house out here. Call
us back we're worried sick. The
hotel wants to know when you are
coming back for your luggage.

CLERKENWELL ROAD

Brazil taps her foot impatiently.

BRAZIL
Come on, let's goooooo.

BOB
Just a sec.

BOB'S LIVING ROOM

The answering machine continues.

ED (V.O.)
(in a robotic Midwestern
accent)
Hey Bob, this is Ed from work, ahh,
just wanted to let you know, ahh,
that the car accident had no effect
on your promotion. Meredith sent a
cheese basket to the hospital.

CLERKENWELL ROAD

Bob has his head in his hands.

BOB
A cheese basket?! I get hit by a
car and they send me a cheese
basket?!

ED (O.S.)
(from the phone)
Anyway, call me back when your
starting to feel better. Oh, and
happy birthday!

CLICK. Bob puts his head in his hands.

BRAZIL
What's wrong?

BOB
Let's just go.

MONTAGE

Bob and Brazil catch up, while eating bangers and mash at the
Hush restaurant.

They wander around a book store. A bookshelf filled with
journals catches Bob's attention. He pulls out a LEATHER
JOURNAL (the one Allan Racket is reading from) and makes his
way to the cash register.

Brazil cheerily leads Bob through a boring art exhibit. He
tries unsuccessfully to look interested.

They walk within a garden maze in the rain.

Rain pours. In a thrift store, Brazil bounces up to Bob with an intriguing LONG BLACK OVERCOAT. He tries it on; it fits.

Bob and Brazil eat dinner at a nice restaurant. They TALK and LAUGH.

INT. MINISTRY OF SOUND CLUB - NIGHT

Bob dances (badly) with Brazil in a CROWDED disco. She's distracted.

BRAZIL
(yelling)
If we want to get a drink we should
leave now.

Bob shrugs agreeably. They shoulder their way through the Crowd.

EXT. MINISTRY OF SOUND CLUB - NIGHT

Bob and Brazil exit onto the sidewalk.

BOB
Where do you have to go off to?

BRAZIL
(fake-smiling)
I just don't like to get to bed too
late. I start work early in the
mornings.

Brazil speeds up. Bob trips over something.

Brazil doesn't notice as Bob reaches down and picks up the obstacle.

BRAZIL
Why do Americans walk so slow?

She turns around. Bob is holding up a rotten apple. He approaches her.

BOB
What do you see?

BRAZIL
A man about to get a bacterial
infection.

He spins it in his hand.

BOB
Remember?

A seed drops to the ground.

BRAZIL
(confused)
It's just garbage, Bob.

She turns and starts walking again. Bob stares at the apple.

EXT. T-BIRD PUB

Bob and Brazil enter the hip and happening T-Bird bar.

INT. T-BIRD PUB - NIGHT

The HUSTLE and BUSTLE of a London pub.

Bob and Brazil sit at the bar drinking beer and munching on nachos.

The band FILTHY DIVINE is on a small stage, PLAYING a laid back song.

BOB'S POV: Everything looks overblown: PATRONS dressed alike with similar haircuts, extra large spirit bottles, a huge pinball machine, etc.

His attention is taken by five WORK BUDDIES in a corner; hammered.

The Guys, minus one, harass a scantily clad WAITRESS as she saunters by. She jokingly smacks one of them, egging him on further.

Bob stares at the Singled-Out Guy until Brazil pinches him. He snaps to.

BOB
(slightly lit up)
Ouch.

BRAZIL
(slightly lit up)
What are you looking at?

BOB
Me.

Brazil looks at him strangely.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm just realizing that some things
are the same, no matter what part
of the world you're in.

BRAZIL
 (talking with her mouth
 full)
 Duh.

BOB
 (LAUGHING)
 You really haven't changed much.

Brazil SIGHS.

BRAZIL
 I wish that were true.

BOB
 What is it you do for a living? You
 never told me.

Brazil squirms.

BRAZIL
 Yunno it's really... it's just
 kinda boring. I got a big
 inheritance from my mother, so I
 just work to pass the time.

Bob opens his mouth to say something but is interrupted by a
 WAITRESS setting two beers down.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
 We've talked a lot about me. What
 about you?

Filthy Divine starts PLAYING "Lack of Friends".

BOB
 (straight)
 My name is Bob Sparkle and I'm a
 boraholic.

Brazil almost chokes on her nachos.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (holding in laughter)
 I'm a cheese engineer and I work
 for a guy named Ed, who's so
 delusional he thinks it's my
 birthday every day.

They both LAUGH so hard their eyes tear.

BOB (CONT'D)
 I go to family dinners three times
 a week and count how many times my
 father says "retirement plan" each
 time to amuse myself.

Brazil has nearly LAUGHED herself off the stool.

BRAZIL
You are a boraholic. Boring!

She grabs him mid-drink. Beer drips on the floor.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
But what ever happened to evil
Billy?

BOB
You'll be happy to know that evil
Billy is no longer terrorizing his
brother Bob, other than snide
remarks piggy-backing his father's
during family dinners.

BRAZIL
Glad to hear it.
(serious)
But seriously Bob. This isn't you.
What ever happened to your little
monsters?

BOB
They grew up and went away.

Bob and Brazil have a moment.

BRAZIL
Well you're still way ahead of me.
(takes a swig)
I was full of crap anyway when we
were younger.

Bob SLAMS his empty beer glass down.

BOB
What? No you weren't.

BRAZIL
Sometimes I get angry at my family
for scrambling my brain so bad when
I was younger. But then I remember.

BOB
Remember what?

BRAZIL
Kind of remember... being happy.

BOB
Kind of?

Brazil gives him a serious stare-down.

BRAZIL

Bob. I've learned that life isn't
all hummingbirds, roses and...
purple hair. It's pain and
suffering and loss.

Bob puts his head in his hands dramatically.

BRAZIL

(whispering intimately)
Look, I think you should stay here.

BOB

(whispering back)
Your pain and suffering speech is
really not convincing me.

Brazil's eyes plead.

BOB

But I have to... for a while
anyway. My passport was in my bag
that disappeared during the
accident. I have to wait for the
embassy to get me a new one. That
reminds me, I have to stop by the
Embassy. I can get some emergency
money to tide me over til I get my
bag back, if I ever do.

BRAZIL

No. I mean because you want to.

BOB

I do want to. It's just... Well, I
do have some sick time built up...
(laughs)
There goes my perfect, two year
running attendance record. My
father is going to *kill* me if I
don't get back to work soon. On the
other hand, getting hit by a car is
a pretty good excuse.

BRAZIL

Ever since you've been here, for a
whole twenty four hours, I've felt
like I did when we were teenagers.
(eyes tearing)
Best friends, remember?

Bob droops a bit.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)

I haven't felt this good in...
forever.

Bob perks up.

BOB
I'm quitting my job. I'm going to
call now, and quit. What do you
think of that?

Brazil gets excited.

BRAZIL
Do it. Do it now before you change
your mind. Spontaneity is a good
thing! Look, I'll help you find
something you're passionate about.
You'll at least leave London with
that.
(pleading eyes)
So you're staying then?

Bob smiles at her endearingly. As they embrace, outside the
window, Bob's Parents walk by!

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - NIGHT

Bob is on the pay phone outside Brazil's flat.

BOB
Ed?

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Brazil is asleep in the loft. Bob is in the sleeping bag on
the floor, Leo curled around his head.

BRAZIL'S FLAT - EARLY MORNING

Bob still sleeping.

Leo perks up. Bob opens his eyes. Light enters the room as
the door OPENS and SHUTS. Bob closes his eyes.

BRAZIL'S FLAT - DAY

Bob sits on the floor staring out the window. The sky is on
the edge of rain.

Leo scampers up to him.

BOB
(to Leo)
Holy crap, I quit my job.

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bob, wearing his new overcoat, bounces up WHISTLING to the art galley.

INT. CARPE ARTE - DAY

He's surprised to see the place PACKED and Kirsten running half nuts trying to keep up with everything.

Bob follows Kirsten.

BOB
(to Kirsten)
What is it, "art appreciation day?"

Kirsten multi-tasks like a pro.

KIRSTEN
Very funny Mr. Bob, but this is not my idea of a good time. We had a big ad come out this week for low-priced prints. People love them.

The Crowd grows RESTLESS. Somewhere, something BREAKS. Kirsten whips around, but it's only a glass that a CHILD was holding.

KIRSTEN
Be right there!

Kirsten moves faster, looks over her shoulder suspiciously.

BOB
Why are you looking at me like that?

KIRSTEN
I saw you and Brazil together yesterday.

Bob picks pieces of glass up off the floor.

BOB
So?

KIRSTEN
You know what they say about female black widow spiders?

An ANGRY MAN holding a poster, stands at the counter.

BOB
 (distracted)
 That they kill their mates? It's an urban legend. Like a lot of other things. And we're just friends!

KIRSTEN
 Well, at least you have your wits about you regarding that.

ANGRY MAN
 What does a bloke have to do to pay for a poster around here?

KIRSTEN
 Wait like an adult like everyone else!

The next MAN IN LINE elbows the Angry Man back. A group of ANXIOUS TEENAGERS start a juvenile CHANT.

BOB
 Okay, that's it.

Bob rushes to the counter. Kirsten barely notices as he starts ringing people's items up.

BOB
 (yelling to Kirsten)
 I could use that favor right about now. I need a job and it looks like you need an employee!

They stare at each other for a moment.

GRAPHIC: ONE WEEK LATER

Bob's Parents wander the streets of London aimlessly. They look worn out and pissed off.

FATHER
 (to Mother)
 Where the hell is Walmart?! We've been looking for days!

Mother shrugs.

MONTAGE

A book that reads "How to be a Vietnamese Cook" sits on a counter top in the kitchen area of Brazil's flat. Bob furiously stirs a large overflowing pot on the stove.

Brazil waits uneasily on the living room floor. Leo sits on her lap. Suddenly, a burst of smoke comes out of the kitchen. Leo runs away.

Brazil drops her napkin. Bob steps out, charred, holding a blackened chicken with noodles hanging off it.

They both start LAUGHING.

Bob happily works with Kirsten at the Carpe Arte. He's dressed more casually than normal.

He breaks for lunch, buys red roses from a vendor on his way to the flat. He instantly does a u-turn and trades them in for daisies.

In Brazil's flat, Bob paints a self portrait while Brazil, an old, wobbly easel in front of her, stares out the window. He notices her distraction and becomes disenchanted with his painting.

Bob presents flowers to Brazil over the side of the loft. She takes them sleepily, smiles. Bob gives her a concerned look.

Bob grabs some beads from a jewelry-making kit and starts to make a necklace, but it breaks instantaneously.

He gets up, opens the French doors and takes a deep breath.

In the stairwell, Brazil, teary-eyed, hands a SNARLING Leo over to his new owner; a sweet little OLD LADY.

Bob sits alone in a coffee shop writing in the LEATHER JOURNAL.

Bob, half asleep in the loft, opens his eyes just long enough to catch Brazil's coat going out the door.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Bob sits with five OLD LADIES in front of pottery wheels. While manipulating clay, they listen to an ART INSTRUCTOR who goes on and on.

Bob grows impatient and kicks his wheel into fast motion, sending a huge glob of clay shooting in all directions.

He reaches down to pick up a piece of clay. He ponders it in his hand.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Candles lit all around.

Bob and Brazil sit on the floor eating take-out.
He stares at Brazil; she doesn't make eye contact.

BRAZIL
(abruptly)
Is there something wrong?

BOB
(nervous)
No.

He starts eating again. Uncomfortable silence.
He puts down his silverware.

BOB
I'm just... wondering.

Brazil glares at him.

BRAZIL
Wondering what?

BOB
You get up so early. There's
nothing wrong with it, I just don't
understand where you go until seven
at night...

BRAZIL
(interrupting)
Do you want to know what I do for a
living? Do you want to know if I
have a boyfriend?

Bob perks up.

BOB
Yes! It would be nice if we could
talk about your life. I want to
hear
(clears his throat)
everything about you. I don't just
want to be roommates.

BRAZIL
I'm a... salesperson. And I don't
believe in relationships - they
never last.

BOB
Okay.

Bob SIGHS, frustrated.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm doing the late shift tonight, I
hafta go.

He gets up and makes his way to the door.

BRAZIL
I'm...

Bob turns around.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
I... I'm.

BOB
(intimately)
What?

(BEAT)

BRAZIL
Going to take a shower.

She smiles awkwardly.

BOB
Ahh, okay.

He leaves. Brazil looks after him with sad eyes.

EXT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - SIMULTANEOUS

Bob looks up at the flat, pained, then walks away.

EXT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bob makes his way up the stairs. He looks exhausted.

At the top, he turns around, noticing a door that says
STORAGE UNIT above it.

He tries the knob; it opens.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Pitch black. SHUFFLING SOUNDS.

A light comes on, Bob's hand on the cord.

Junk, cobwebs and an old motorbike. Bob turns to leave but...

BOB'S POV: Something SPARKLES in the corner.

He cautiously moves towards it.

A RAT scurries under his feet, scares him half to death, but he keeps moving.

Slowly, his eyes widen. He GASPS. He's looking at...

Five destroyed OIL PAINTINGS. Three of them different scenes from Brazil's Halloween party. He dusts them off, one by one:

The first, Exotic Birds on the swing in the apple tree.

The second, Bob and Brazil walking through the hallway of glittery thicket and hanging vines.

Next are two paintings of Brazil, Ongyie and Vincent.

The last painting is of the Fire Dancers, Vincent in the forefront, hula-hooping in the drum circle. This one is only half finished.

They have all been slashed.

BOB
(stunned)
All of that *really did* happen.

BOB'S POV: His mind shifts the pieces around, moves the colors apart. The paintings APPEAR TO HAVE LIFE.

After a moment they shift back to their original state.

INT. CARPE ARTE - DAY

No line, no customers.

Inside, Kirsten, hands on hips, gives Bob the stare-down.

KIRSTEN
You *have* to tell her you found the paintings.

BOB
I can't. She'll have a meltdown.
She can't handle it right now.

KIRSTEN
Let me ask you something: why did you give up your comfortable life to stay in a foreign country?

Bob throws his hands up.

BOB
I was bored.

Dirty look.

BOB
I wanted to hang out with an old
friend?

KIRSTEN
I don't think so.

She hangs a painting.

BOB
You're right.
(sits on a crate)
I came here to be saved.

Kirsten sits next to him.

KIRSTEN
Bob, you've got to stop feeling
sorry for yourself, it's selfish.

Bob looks away.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Brazil wants to be found out. She
wants you to know who she is. She's
tryin' to reach out to ya. Reach
back.

BOB
...Do you know where I can buy some
clay?

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Candles light up the room.

Bob sits cross-legged on the floor surrounded by the wrecked
paintings. Snoring ECHOES in the background.

Bob opens a box of clay and passes his hand over the rainbow
sticks. The clay SHIMMERS.

BEHIND HIM, APPEAR the Gorilla-Like Monster, the Sasquatch,
the Jackalope, the Sharkboy Twins and the Butterfly Girl from
his dreams.

They watch Bob and quietly confer, as he digs a piece of clay
out and sticks it to the half finished fire dancing painting.
It falls off.

CARIBBEAN MUSIC PLAYS.

Bob stares, intrigued, at the fire dancer painting.

BOB'S POV: His mind shifts the pieces around, moves the colors apart.

He thinks and thinks.

Feeling eyes on him, he turns around. As he does, the five Monsters VANISH.

His face softens.

MONTAGE

Same night at Brazil's flat. Clay, aluminum foil and wire are scattered everywhere. Bob sits on the floor intensely sculpting something out of clay.

Later. The sculpture progresses. Bob chisels webbed wings with a chopstick and attaches them to a dragon-like midsection.

Bob slides his creation into the oven.

The sun has risen and light spills in from outside. A few flowers bud, out of focus and pop outside the window.

Bob paints the small work of art. It's a dragon dancing with its own fire; excellently done.

Bob sets it on the loft ledge, stands back, not quite sure what to think.

ALLAN (V.O.)
After three nights of secret
sculpting.

Late morning at the flat. Bob furiously paints a sculpture. He looks at the clock: noon! He stops and rushes the paintings back into the storage space.

ALLAN (V.O.)
And a lot of support from Kirsten.

Bob hesitantly shows Kirsten the dragon sculpture. She throws her arms around him, jumps up and down.

ALLAN (V.O.)
Bob was ready for his presentation.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Shadows wait in the dark.

The digital clock reads 5:00AM.

A light above Brazil's loft turns on. Brazil's feet swing over the side of the loft, stop.

BOB (O.S.)
I want to show you something.

BRAZIL
(startled)
Why aren't you sleeping? This
better not be some sort of prying
intervention.

A bright light turns on. Brazil's half-asleep face falls.

The five oil paintings are lined up against the wall; a clay sculpture version in front of each one.

In a corner, a brand new easel and art supplies.

Brazil scrambles down the loft steps and sits on the floor.

BOB (O.S.)
Are you mad?

BRAZIL
(moved)
How could I be mad?
(looks around)
Where are you?

BOB (O.S.)
In the bathroom... hiding.

Brazil crawls to the dragon sculpture, picks it up.

FLASHBACK: A ghostly image of Vincent spinning in a ring of fire.

Brazil GASPS.

BRAZIL
Vincent.

Her wide-opened eyes glisten.

Bob cautiously comes out of the bathroom.

BOB
I was going to fix the paintings
themselves. But they were too...

BRAZIL
Wrecked. They were my last finished
pieces. I made them in art school.

They stare at the paintings and sculptures, mesmerized. Bob looks into Brazil's eyes.

BOB
Brazil. All of that really happened
when we were younger.
(whispering)
Don't you remember?

BRAZIL
Kind of.

Her eyes move over the paintings.

BOB (CONT'D)
Why did you stop painting such
beautiful pictures? Why did you
slash them?

BRAZIL
I... had to grow up.

Brazil is lost in a deep memory.

BOB
Brazil?

She comes out of it, shocked. She gets up and goes into the kitchen area.

BRAZIL
Do you want coffee?

She quickly finds two coffee mugs, then makes hot water. Bob enters.

BOB
Brazil?

Keeping her back to Bob...

BRAZIL
It was Mr. Bigshot, a famous art
collector. He came to our first
school art show. He called my art
trash.
(imitating)
"Trash I say."

Brazil turns, grins. Her tears have dried up.

Bob looks at Brazil, confused.

BOB
That's the reason you stopped
painting?

Brazil shrugs.

BOB
Mr. Bigshot is just one person in
the whole six billion people world.
He's just a jerk.

BRAZIL
(half-convinced)
Yeah, I guess.

They lock eyes. Bob wants to kiss her so bad he's about to explode.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
I wish I wasn't so messed up in the
head. I might be able to have a
relationship with a great guy like
you.

She looks directly into Bob's eyes.

BOB
You're not messed up in the head.
We all get lost sometimes.

BRAZIL
Thank you.

She kisses him on the cheek. They smile at each other.

INT. BRILL'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Bob and Brazil sit outside drinking tea. Bob writes in his JOURNAL while Brazil leafs through newspapers. PEOPLE hustle and bustle by them.

Bob slyly takes a sculpture from underneath the table, slides it towards Brazil and pretends to go back to reading his paper.

Brazil does a double take. It's a fairy with purple hair holding a bouquet of roses; it looks just like her.

Suddenly, she jumps up and hugs Bob so hard that the table almost topples over.

BRAZIL
Bob, this is incredible!

She sits down.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)
What inspired you to make this?

BOB
You.

BRAZIL
(disbelieving)
Oh, come on. Really?

A WAITRESS pours them more tea.

BOB
And last night, I remembered how
much I love monsters!

BRAZIL
Wait a minute... you promised me a
long time ago, that you'd tell
me...

BOB
Why I love them so much.

INT. KNOLLWOOD MALL - FLASHBACK - DAY

A DRAGON (a guy in a goofy dragon suit), wearing an over-sized gold crown, sits on a plastic throne, SCREAMING CHILD on his lap.

A WOMAN dressed as a PRINCESS takes Polaroid pictures.

They're in the middle of Kiddy Castle Land, surrounded by anxious CHILDREN and wearied PARENTS.

The line to sit in his lap is literally endless.

Behind Father and Mother, Bob (7), Brandon (4) & Burly (2) make their way through the Large Crowd, strung together with rope on their wrists, All wearing wool sweaters. Billy (9), sweating profusely in a dress suit, makes fun of them.

FATHER
This is ridiculous! We should just
cut in line. This is too expensive
to have a long line.

The Dragon stands up. The Princess RINGS a giant bell.

FAIRY
Even dragons have to go potty
sometimes.

The Crowd SIGHS DISAPPROVINGLY.

The Dragon pounds down the aisle, taking out several stand-up cardboard decorations with his tail. He disappears into the men's bathroom.

Father zones in on Bob.

FATHER
We might as well straighten you up
while we're waiting.

He takes the rope off Bob's wrist and drags him into the bathroom.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A dull bathroom with grey walls. PEEING SOUNDS.

Father wrestles with Bob's collar, while Bob stares at a dragon's tail that sticks out from underneath a stall.

Bob squirms.

BOB
This sweater itches and it's too
small.

FATHER
Stop your complaining. You'll wear
your brother's hand-me-downs.
Nothing wrong with being frugal.

IN THE STALL

The Dragon's attention is caught by the conversation.

IN THE BATHROOM

Father aggressively brushes off Bob's sweater.

FATHER
Do you remember what I told you?

BOB
(resisting)
No.

FATHER
Don't make goofy faces when you're
getting your picture taken. And
don't ask questions, just nod your
head and smile. And no hugs - only
girls give hugs. Do you understand?

BOB
Yes.

IN THE STALL

The Dragon's eyebrows furrow.

IN THE BATHROOM

FATHER
Stay *right here*.

Father goes into a stall. The Dragon tip-toes out of his.

Bob watches the Dragon, eyes growing bigger and bigger. The Dragon faces him, puts his finger up to his mouth.

BOB
(whispering)
It's you!

The Dragon tip-toes towards the sink, washes his fuzzy hands. Bob watches, fascinated. The Dragon turns on the LOUD HAND DRYER and then kneels down to Bob's level.

DRAGON
(in a kind, male voice)
What's your name?

BOB
(stumbling)
Bob... Bob Sparkle.

DRAGON
Bob, do you know who my favorite kinds of kids are?

Bob shakes his head "no".

DRAGON
Kids that make goofy faces when they're getting their pictures taken, kids that ask a lot of questions and most of all... kids that like to give hugs.

Bob is overwhelmed with joy. He gives the Dragon a big hug. The DRYER STOPS.

FATHER (O.S.)
Bob, what are you doing out there?

Bob gives the stall a worried look.

DRAGON
(whispering)
You're a very special little boy, Bob Sparkle. Don't let anyone tell you any different.

The Dragon winks at Bob, turns and explodes out the door.

Bob watches as the room LIGHTS UP. Dull paint TRANSFORMS... swirls into primary colors.

Father comes out of his stall. The room goes back to normal.

FATHER
Who were you talking to?

Bob only answers with a smile.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH: Bob on the Dragon's lap making a goofy face.

INT. BRILL'S RESTAURANT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brazil listens intently to Bob.

BOB
It was the only time I remember... well, except when I've been around you... feeling like I was really alive. And not... numb. If you hadn't put my sculptures in the art gallery...

Brazil has tears in her eyes.

BRAZIL
Art gallery...

BOB
Why do girls cry over everything?

Brazil looks down.

BOB (CONT'D)
I was just kidding!

BRAZIL
I'm so happy you can do something that fulfills you.
(looks up)
You're a good person, Bob.

She looks away, troubled.

BOB
You're a *brilliant* artist Brazil. You can do this too, I know it.

BRAZIL
(pained)
I don't think I... want to.

BOB
Huh?! What do you mean?

BRAZIL
Nothing.
(fake smile)
It's nothing really.

She takes a sip of tea. They sit in awkward silence.

INT BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Bob works fiercely on the gorilla monster from his dreams, as the Gorilla Monster from his dreams secretly WATCHES HIM!

He glances over at the untouched art supplies against the wall.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - THE NEXT MORNING

Into the oven the gorilla monster goes.

Back out again, sitting on the stove for a flash and then into Bob's hands, being painted.

Bob looks up, smiles. HUMMINGBIRDS, bright yellow and bright orange, fly by the window outside.

INT. BRILL'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

Bob and Brazil eat breakfast like an old, married couple. Bob periodically writes in his journal. Brazil looks wearied.

EXT. HOSPITAL STEPS - DAY

Bob's haggard Parents eat from the giant cheese basket.

Father confronts a NURSE hurrying down the stairs.

FATHER
Excuse me, do you know my son Bob?

The Nurse smiles sweetly, digging in her pockets. She pulls out some coins and puts her hand over his.

NURSE
(whispering)
You're not supposed to panhandle on the steps but here you are. God bless.

She walks away, leaving Mother and Father befuddled.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - EVENING

Bob makes his way to the flat.

As he walks, flowers bloom along the path on both sides of him.

The Gorilla Monster, Jackalope, Sharkboy Twins, Butterfly Girl and Sasquatch pop up from flower beds and BOUNCE ALONG, following him.

He sees something out of his peripheral vision, but when he looks around, the Monsters disappear and the flowers stop blooming.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - MORNING

The sun has risen. Brazil is gone.

Bob is submerged in the making of a clay sculpture.

INT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - MORNING - LATER

The sun washes over the clay sculpture as it rises in the oven.

Bob paints it; a man with striking blue hair and eyes wearing a whimsical black overcoat. It is LONDON FOG.

BOB
(to the creature)
London Fog.

When Bob is finished, he places LONDON FOG on the loft ledge next to the purple fairy.

ALLAN (V.O.)
This went on for days.

ON THE LOFT LEDGE

INSERT SHOTS of Bob's monsters and creatures appearing all around the purple fairy.

They are amazing, unique creations becoming more detailed as they appear, one by one, on the ledge.

INT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

Bob and Kirsten show people around the BUSY art gallery.

Bob finishes ringing up a CUSTOMER and then purposely bumps into Kirsten to get her attention.

BOB
It's not working.

Kirsten gestures to the cash register.

KIRSTEN
Sure it is, you just have to cancel it out and start over.

BOB
No, I mean Brazil. Me being an
(makes finger quotes)
inspired artist isn't inspiring her. She doesn't think she deserves to be happy for some reason. It's really weird.

He looks down.

KIRSTEN
You're right on track I think. I'll bet she's just about to join ya.

BOB
I hope so. And...

A WELL-DRESSED MAN approaches them. He flashes a detective's badge.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
Whoa, it's Scotland Yard! Are we being pinched for selling bad art?

DETECTIVE
(LAUGHING)
I wouldn't think of it. This is the best gallery in town. We have a flat full of your art.
(to Bob)
Bob Sparkle?

Bob nods "yes".

DETECTIVE
We found your bag. Well, what was left of your bag. But we managed to rescue the important things.

He hands Bob an envelope. Bob opens it and takes out his driver's license, passport and some credit cards and cash.

BOB

Thank you!

The Detective smiles and leaves.

KIRSTEN

You know what this means now?

BOB

I can leave the country.

(pause)

No. What I was getting at before was... I'm going to follow her tomorrow morning.

Kirsten stops what she's doing, smiles sadly.

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - SUNRISE

A liquor sign flashes, invading the London fog.

Brazil makes her way quickly down a deserted sidewalk, a long coat trailing behind her.

Just as she's nearly out of sight, Bob steps out onto the street from the stairwell - he's wearing the enchanting BLACK OVERCOAT.

EXT. RIDGMOUNT STREET - MORNING

The street is vacant.

Bob hangs back a little, as they both continue to make their way down the sidewalk.

BOB'S POV: He loses Brazil for a moment, barely catches her out of his peripheral vision entering a tall, newly built, office building. A glorious fountain sits right before the entrance.

Looking a bit relieved, he slows down his pace, taking a moment to enjoy the fountain until he sees...

His Parents leaning up against it, sleeping. PIGEONS are walking all over them and fighting over crackers in the cheese basket.

Bob's mouth drops agape. His expression of shock quickly turns to fear and he begins to scramble away.

But when he looks up at the building, something stops him. His face suddenly softens, he forces himself to stand up straight. He turns around and marches towards Mother and Father, with a look of pure determination.

He pokes his Father with his finger several times. Father squirms in his sleep for a few seconds and then opens his eyes, which immediately get as big as saucers.

Father opens his mouth to say something but is at a loss for words. He elbows Mother awake.

MOTHER

Oh my!

BOB

Hi mom and dad, just wanted to give you an update on my life. I really don't know why you're sleeping next to a fountain with pigeon crap all over you, but now is as good of time as any to do a little catching up, don't you think?

Mother and Father are frozen with astonishment.

BOB (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, just wanted to let you know that I quit my job and I'm staying in London for a while. I've been working at an art gallery, trying all different kinds of neat things and have re-connected with Brazil. You remember Brazil? Anyway, I couldn't be happier! Cheers, as they say here.

(pause)

Catch you on the flip side.

He starts walking towards the building entrance.

MOTHER

(horrificed)

Brazil?

THUMP!

Mother has passed out.

FATHER

(traumatized)

My son has lost his retirement plan!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - MORNING

Bob enters the building looking as free as a pigeon.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
May I help you sir?

A SECURITY GUARD sits at a little desk in the corner.

BOB
Yes thank you. Can you tell me
first, what kind of business
establishment is this?

SECURITY GUARD
We're JCS, a building development
company.

Bob looks a bit confused.

BOB
I'm looking for a woman named
Brazil. Does she work here?

SECURITY GUARD
(laughing)
Work here? She's none other than
the second in command. Her "suite"
is on the 3rd floor. Go ahead.

Bob shrugs and makes his way towards an elevator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - MORNING

Bob is alone in the elevator.

BOB
(to himself)
Development company.

Suddenly, the doors open, leaving Bob in what should be full
view of Brazil walking by. But her head is turned the other
way, as she chats with a MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT walking
beside her.

Holding his breath, Bob slams his back against the side of
the elevator. Brazil never sees him.

An older RECEPTIONIST gives Bob a dirty look over her
bifocals, as she enters the elevator. But just as the doors
close, he shuffles out.

IN THE OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY

BUSINESS MEN and WOMEN hustle and bustle.

BRAZIL (O.S.)
Duncan, good job on the free
clinic. It was just taking up
space.

Bob follows the sound of Brazil's voice, to a conference room
at the end of the hallway. CLAPPING spills out of the room.

The door is cracked open. Bob hunches over, peeking through
it.

BOB'S POV: In a sterile-looking environment, TEN BUSINESS
EXECUTIVES, backs facing the door, are sitting around a large
table. Brazil stands in front of them referring to a map with
a laser pointer.

BRAZIL
We have two more establishments to
take down, to complete this trio of
condominiums; that crappy little
string of clothes shops on Carnaby
and the Carpe Arte art gallery on
Piccadilly Circus.

The Executives nod their heads in agreement.

BOB
(quietly)
What the f...

ALLAN (V.O.)
Beeeeeeep!

(V.O.) Madelynn and Daniel CHUCKLE.

Bob jolts back, surprised, like he's taken a blow.

He pauses, hurt, and then looks again. Brazil, hands on hips,
is looking *right at him*.

BRAZIL
(to the Executives)
Let's take fifteen minutes. It
looks like I have an unexpected
visitor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Brazil face off.

BRAZIL
(through her teeth)
What...on earth...

BRAZIL(cont'd)

were you doing spying on me in my
place of business?!

Bob is exasperated with anger.

BOB

I'm so angry with you right now I
can't even see. I don't think I've
ever been so angry.

BRAZIL

Angry with me? I'm the one who
should be angry!

BOB

You're a hypocrite!

BOB

(yelling)

Talking about "Brazil's guide to
the universe" and here you are,
bulldozing people's lifelong dreams
for a living, just for money. What
the hell? You used to create
beautiful things, now you take them
down!

BRAZIL

(yelling back)

You have no cause to interrogate
me, you're not my boyfriend.

BOB

Well that's a good thing for me!
Guess what? I'M GOING HOME!

Brazil's eyes widen, pain in her expression.

BRAZIL

Bob...?

BOB

(really mad)

I have tried and tried... to
understand you. To support you. And
all you do is avoid me and act
aloof, WHY?!

Silence.

BOB (CONT'D)

See. You don't even care enough
about me to answer.

BRAZIL

(eyes watering)

Not true!

BOB

Then why, *why* didn't you start painting again after we had that discussion about Mr. Bigshot? And why do you ignore me? I thought we were going to support each other!

BRAZIL

Vincent and Ongyie died... because they refused to grow up. Because they refused to give up a little (makes finger quotes) freedom and accept that the world isn't such a great place after all. I don't want to be like them! I just want to be normal... and safe!

BOB

(unusually calm)

Yunno what, I don't think I even believe that's the reason! You've lied about everything else up to this point!

BRAZIL

Leave!

Bob starts to get himself together.

BRAZIL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I ever got you into this mess in the first place, thinking that if you follow some pie-in-the-sky dream, you'll be happy. I don't believe in you. I don't believe in any of this. I *hate* art!

BOB

Don't you remember what you used to create? Magic! And I wanted to create it with you again. I *know* you wanted that just as much as I did.

BRAZIL

Don't you get it? I didn't create that magic for you, *you* did. You don't need me.

Bob stares at her.

BOB

Let me ask you something, did you ever consider loving me?

Dead silence. Bob walks over to the door and opens it.

BOB (CONT'D)
I didn't think so. It's too bad
because I...

Bob shakes his head, SIGHS deeply, leaves.

The door SHUTS.

BRAZIL
(whispering)
I love you too, Bob Sparkle.

Her eyes fill with tears.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - MORNING

Allan sleeps, dried tears on his cheeks. The journal rests on chest.

The Children have fallen asleep somewhere along in the story, at what point we don't know.

EXT. SPARKLE HOUSE - DAY

Dull fall leaves blanket the front lawn. Bob, wearing the BLACK OVERCOAT and holding a box, stands staring at the Sparkle house from the driveway.

He takes the LEATHER JOURNAL out of the box, stares at it.

Sound of a clock TICKING.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ALLAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The old-fashioned clock TICKS on the night stand. The soft glow of morning sunlight seeps through the window.

ALLAN'S DREAM - MORNING

Allan's eyes open: the familiar foggy dream scene. Except this time it's Allan instead of Bob.

JACKALOPE (O.S.)
You're doing a great job, son.

Allan stands.

ALLAN

Son?

The fog clears.

SASQUATCH

We're so excited that you read your
story to your niece and nephew.
You've kept it alive!

SHARKBOY TWINS

(in unison)

Bravo! Bravo!

BUTTERFLY GIRL

And we have something to show you.
A gift of sorts.

GORILLA MONSTER

(crying)

We didn't mean to lie about who we
were all this time, honest.

The fog surrounding them is changing colors; green, purple,
blue.

The Monsters transform into Bob Sparkle's family from the
story. The Gorilla Monster is Father. The Jackalope; Mother.
The Sasquatch; Billy. The Butterfly Girl; Becky. And the
Sharkboy Twins transform into Brandon and Burly.

Allan just stares at them, mystified, as they All start to
disappear behind the haze.

INT. STUDY - MORNING

Allan eyes snap open.

He turns his head and takes a long, contemplative look at the
clay figure, LONDON FOG.

One of LONDON FOG'S eyes TWINKLES.

The Children awaken.

ALLAN

It's morning. Did you have a good
sleep?

Daniel rubs his eyes.

DANIEL

I dreamt about Bob Sparkle all
night.

MADELYNN
Me too. I made up the rest of the story, cause' I fell asleep before the end.

Allan slowly closes the JOURNAL.

ALLAN
What was the end that you dreamt?

MADELYNN
(proud)
Bob became Prince Phillip from Sleeping Beauty and kissed Brazil after she fell into a long sleep.

ALLAN
Did she wake up?

MADELYNN
Yes, but when she did she found that he had run away. Then they were alone again; apart. Prince Phillip and Sleeping Beauty wanted to be together but neither of them knew it.

DANIEL
Barf! What really happened?!

ALLAN
It's not finished.

DANIEL
Aw man, what a gyp!

Allan stands, stretches.

ALLAN
Why don't you two get dressed and we can go have pancakes at grandma and grandpa's house.

MADELYNN AND DANIEL (IN UNISON)
Yay!

Madelynn takes off, tripping over her nightdress on the way out the door. Daniel skips after her.

Allan takes LONDON FOG out of its protective dome.

INT. ALLAN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Allan's living room is the same place as Bob Sparkle's living room.

Allan and the Kids, now dressed, make their way to the front door. Allan stops to pick up the box Bob Sparkle was holding, that's sitting on the couch. He sneaks LONDON FOG inside.

A smile creeps across Allan's face as they All pile out the door.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MORNING

The alley is the only thing that separates Allan's apartment from his parent's house - a less exaggerated version of the Sparkle residence.

As Allan and the Kids shuffle down the alley, they marvel at a beautiful apple tree, that's in full bloom on the side of the road.

Passing Brazil's old house, they watch as a GRUMPY OLD MAN drags crawling vines out from inside. His GRUMPY OLD WIFE waits in the driveway with an open trash bag.

GRUMPY OLD MAN
Why do these stupid vines grow
INSIDE OUR HOUSE?!

Allan thinks he sees the vines wrap around the man's legs. He squints, unsure. Either way the man does a face plant in the grass, followed by a TEMPER TANTRUM.

Allan and the Kids SNICKER.

EXT. RACKET FRONT YARD - DAY

Madelynn and Daniel wade through a mountain of colorful, fall leaves. The leaves SHIMMER and SPARKLE.

INT. RACKET FRONT ENTRANCE - MORNING

The front door opens. Mother stands flustered in a floral nightdress, hair up in curlers.

MOTHER
Oh, didn't expect you so early.
Come in.
(hugs Children)
Happy Thanksgiving!

INT. RACKET DINING ROOM - MORNING

Again, a toned down version of the Sparkle house (and family).

Father and William (Billy) sit across from each other, reading newspapers, wearing identical robes.

Barbra (Becky) braids her hair in front of a mirror on the table; pink dress on.

Barry (Brandon) and Barton (Burly) heckle each other while playing chess.

They All look up as Allan and the Kids enter.

The Kids immediately glom onto William. Madelynn gives him a kiss on the cheek.

DANIEL

Hi Dad.

Mother enters carrying a tray with juice and coffee.

FATHER

Why don't you sit down?

ALLAN

I have to catch a flight... to London.

Uncomfortable pause.

MOTHER

Honey, what are you talking about?

Madelynn's eyes widen. She elbows Daniel and he catches on.

WILLIAM

(eyes rolling)

Are you *really* going back to London, I mean...

MADELYNN

(smiles knowingly)

Is there really a Bob Sparkle?

Allan smiles at her, while headed towards a closet in the hallway. Daniel crosses his arms.

DANIEL

What's going on here?

William starts LAUGHING. RUSTLING sounds are heard from the hall closet.

WILLIAM

Who's Bob Sparkle?

DANIEL
The guy in Uncle Allan's book, but
it's not finished.

FATHER
(not looking from his
paper)
Typical.

Allan reappears in the dining room doorway. He is now wearing Bob Sparkle's BLACK OVERCOAT. He stands there with a big smile on his face. Madelynn and Daniel recognize it immediately. They start jumping up and down.

ALLAN
I'm Bob Sparkle, and for the first
time in my life, I'm going to
finish something I started.

Madelynn goes crazy. She runs to Allan and bear hugs him.

DANIEL
Wow, cool!

ALLAN
Dad, mom, everyone. I don't expect
you to understand, but I'm going
back to London to get my life back.

Allan makes his way around the table.

He takes SOMETHING out of the box, places it in front of Father.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
I finally know what I really want
and I have to go to London to get
it back.

He places SOMETHING in front of William.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
I won't leave my life here in chaos
or disappear, but...

Puts SOMETHING in front of Mother. Keeps making his way around the table.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
I just need to do this... for all
of us.

He hands Barry and Barton SOMETHING each.

It is revealed that all of Allan's gifts are his creatures: the clay Gorilla Monster, Jackalope, Sasquatch, two Sharkboys and a Butterfly Girl.

All sit in front of who they were made to represent.

After a short pause, the Family marvels in unison over the small works of art.

FATHER
 These are magnificent, Allan.
 (picks up the Gorilla
 Monster)
 Wait, this isn't suppose to be *me*
 is it?

Allan looks worried for a second, but then relaxes at his Father's huge smile.

EXT. CLERKENWELL ROAD - NIGHT

Allan makes his way down Clerkenwell Road, WHISTLING an uplifting tune.

The street is empty.

ALLAN (V.O.)
 I decided to go to the place I
 first went to - to start over.

As he continues towards Brazil's old flat, dead trees glimmer, sprout leaves and lean into him. An entourage of brightly colored BIRDS and FLYING INSECTS follow him.

EXT. BRAZIL'S FLAT - NIGHT

Allan sadly looks up at Brazil's old flat that's now boarded up with graffiti all over it. A notice on the building shows the whole block going to be redeveloped into luxury flats and office space.

EXT. TUBE EXIT - NIGHT

Allan steps onto Piccadilly Circus and immediately stops to listen to faint PARTY NOISE coming from down the street.

ALLAN'S POV: Up ahead, a dim light and a CROWD of about twenty people, some holding wine glasses, are standing in front of Carpe Arte; the art gallery is now three shops long!

ALLAN (V.O.)
 It was the light at the end of the
 tunnel, so to speak.

ALLAN
It's still here!

He starts running towards it.

EXT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

The outside of the gallery is all fixed up and newly painted.

Allan approaches the Crowd. Most are dressed eccentrically and admiring something behind an open display window outside.

Allan approaches a YOUNG WOMAN wearing cat-eye glasses. He SAYS SOMETHING to her.

YOUNG WOMAN
(repeating the question)
What are we looking at? Let me show
you.

She takes his hand and pulls him towards the gallery. She leads in parting the Crowd so Allan can see.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
We're admiring the little monsters
in the window. Look, aren't they
great?

Allan peers through the open window, freezes in shock.

All of the CLAY CREATURES and MONSTERS he made at Brazil's flat are behind the display window! And in the center is... the purple fairy.

He CLEARS his throat.

ALLAN
Yeah... ahh... I haven't seen
anything like them in a long time.

The Young Woman gives him a quizzical look and goes into the gallery. Allan watches the Crowd admiring his little Monsters. He too, is puzzled.

A YOUNG GIRL calls her GRANDMOTHER over from the sidewalk. Grandmother comes over, looks up, smiles from ear to ear.

A group of TEENAGERS start to ride by on bikes. One of them doubles back to look in the window. His Friends follow, rubbernecking to see over all of the heads.

People's faces are beaming as they LAUGH and TALK.

Allan has tears in his eyes. He slowly removes LONDON FOG from his pocket and looks at it. The Young Girl sees him and excitedly whispers to her Grandmother.

The Grandmother looks at Allan, then at London Fog and then back to Allan. She approaches him.

GRANDMOTHER
Well, young man, I think you have
some explaining to do.

Some of the other Guests now see him holding the new figure and crowd around Allan, shaking his hand and offering their congratulations.

GALLERY GUEST #1
We all asked the owner about these
and she didn't say a thing.

GALLERY GUEST #2
You must tell us. What's the story
behind them?

ALLAN
Well, it's a long story.

Suddenly Allan is being pulled towards the door. He looks down to see Leo hanging off of one of his pant legs!

ALLAN
Leo! You're back!

He picks up Leo who licks him all over the face.

INT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

Inside, a TRENDY CROWD mingle in a cocktail party atmosphere.

Brazil, hair back to purple and dressed like a movie star, is talking to a potential ART BUYER. She is standing in front of a painting, blocking it, her back to the front of the gallery.

She hears the Crowd get louder and a bit of CLAPPING. She turns to the window to see what all the fuss is about. Through a break in the Crowd, she sees Allan holding London Fog. She GASPS.

Tears well up in her eyes. She tries to maintain her composure, but isn't doing very well at it. She wipes a tear from her eye.

BRAZIL
(to her buyer)
I'm sorry, I just saw an old
friend. I...I've got to go say hi.

Brazil rushes to the front of the gallery.

EXT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

Brazil stops in the doorway. Allan locks eyes with her. They move towards each other. Everyone stares at the two of them, wondering what will happen next.

A tear falls down Brazil's cheek. She jumps into his arms. Allan holds her tight as the crowd LAUGHS and CHEERS.

BRAZIL
It's so... amazing to see you. All
this...you... helped me. You don't
know how much you helped me... be
free again, I...

ALLAN
You didn't tear down Carpe Arte!

BRAZIL
I quit my job shortly after you
left.

Bob's face beams.

ALLAN
It took me a while to realize that
you had delivered on your promise -
to help me find my passion. And to
realize that being happy meant
being with you...

Allan looks down at his creations. They all seem to be looking back up at him.

ALLAN
And with them.

Brazil give him another big hug.

BRAZIL
I want you to see something.

Brazil grabs his hand and leads him into the art gallery.

INT. CARPE ARTE - NIGHT

Inside, flowers bloom in pots and let go of their buds. CATS and DOGS run around freely. Most PEOPLE have a HUMMINGBIRD looking after them.

Brazil's slashed paintings, now restored, are displayed on the walls. All of them SHIFT and MOVE - alive. Most have a "sold" sign next to them.

ALLAN
(to Brazil)
Someone very wise once told me
something that I've never
forgotten.

BRAZIL
What?

ALLAN
"That when life pushes you, push
back."

They kiss passionately; soulmates.

MAGICAL MUSIC PLAYS.

The world transforms, comes alive.

Outside, dead trees sparkle, sprout leaves and lean into the art gallery. Vines come up out of nowhere. Flowers explode into bloom.

Inside, BRIGHTLY COLORED BIRDS, FLYING INSECTS and HUMMINGBIRDS circle above their heads. A RAINBOW HUMMINGBIRD hangs around Allan.

Allan's hair turns blue and ripples. His eyes twinkle, glowing with recognition. He resembles his character, LONDON FOG.

INT. LONDON WEDDING CHAPEL - NIGHT

Beams of light pour through stain-glassed windows in a beautiful, old London chapel.

About TWO-HUNDRED GUESTS are in attendance at Allan and Brazil's wedding, including Kirsten and the Umbrella Salesman.

Allan stands at the end of the aisle, wearing an electric blue tuxedo. He's in front of a PASTOR, whose back is to the assembly.

The Congregation turns to look down the aisle.

Brazil makes her way down wearing an extravagant, silver wedding dress with a long train.

As she reaches Allan, the Pastor turns around: it's William Racket! (Billy Sparkle.)

The rest of the Sparkle family sits in the front pew, silently rooting them on.

DISSOLVE TO:

PULL BACK, out through the chapel windows. The bright, RAINBOW HUMMINGBIRD stops to look at us before we continue to PULL BACK, disappearing into the starry, night sky.

ALLAN (V.O.)

Brazil once said: "choose to follow your heart, even if you don't know what it is you're following. I did-and I found Brazil-and I found myself."