

MISS PEREGRINE'S HOME FOR PECULIAR CHILDREN

Written by

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Based on the novel by Ransom Riggs

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The sun hangs low over a single-lane highway on a narrow strip of land. Ocean on one side, intracoastal waterway on the other, HOUSES on both. A suburban beach community.

Palm trees, tropical shrubs and novelty mailboxes line the curb - a menagerie of resin MANATEES, FLAMINGOS, SEA TURTLES.

A VERY OLD LADY coasts by slowly on a MOBILITY SCOOTER.

Further down the highway, standing alone, is a large, ugly Walmart-style STORE, a block wide. Its sign reads: SMART AID.

Over this we hear the voice of JAKE, 17.

JAKE (V.O.)

I guess I felt nothing would ever
change. You leave footprints on the
beach, and tomorrow they're gone.
Like its just today over again.

A group of tanned, toned TEENS cross the lot towards the store, laughing and flirting. Girls in dresses that cling to their damp bikinis. Boys shirtless, carrying BOOGIE BOARDS.

But Jake isn't one of the kids outside. He's in here, wearing a terminally unflattering uniform tabard with "SMART AID" on the back, apathetically stacking a display of ADULT DIAPERS.

JAKE (V.O.)

Like nothing I did was ever going
to matter to anybody.

Jake looks up to see the teens spill in noisily. They walk up Jake's aisle, the PRETTIEST GIRL leading the way.

She stops right by Jake's display. He's surprised, pleased.

JAKE

Hey, Amy? Jake! I'm in your math
class.

But she's not even listening. She grabs a box of the diapers, turns away and throws it playfully at the PRETTIEST BOY.

PRETTIEST GIRL

Don't forget your adult diapers!

Everyone laughs. Jake joins in politely. The boy struggles for a decent comeback, but his mind isn't his greatest asset.

PRETTIEST BOY

Yeah! Right! And don't... Don't
forget your mom's adult diapers!

More laughter as the boy hurls the box back at the girl, missing and knocking over most of Jake's display.

The kids move off down the aisle, shrieking and jostling. Jake calls after them cheerfully.

JAKE

Have a great summer, you guys! See you in August!

No one looks back. Jake starts picking up the fallen boxes. Nearby, a LARGE LADY in a Smart Aid tabard approaches.

LARGE LADY

Jake!

She makes the hand signal for "telephone".

3 **EXT. SMART AID STORE - DAY.**

3

Jake bursts out, pulling off his tabard as he sprints to the employee spaces where his CAR is parked.

JAKE (V.O.)

Then, that day, everything changed.
And I had a chance to matter.

He climbs into his car, slams the door, fires up the engine.

4 **INT/EXT. JAKE'S CAR/BEACH SUBURBS - SUNSET.**

4

The car pulls onto the highway. The sun is starting to set.

Inside, Jake talks into his cell phone as he drives.

JAKE

Grandpa? It's Jake. My dad called me. I'm on my way, okay?

5 **INT. ABE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SUNSET.**

5

The room is furnished in a bland, quasi-tropical style and looks like its been ransacked. Which it has. Possibly by Jake's grandfather ABE, 80s, who is ranging around, an empty DRAWER in his hand, kicking at clutter on the floor. He shouts into a cordless phone in a heavy East-European accent.

ABE

Feh! I didn't want him, anyway - I wanted you. Why you're not answering your phone?

From here, we intercut between Abe's place and Jake's car.

JAKE
I was at work. What's --

ABE
Someone's been here, and now the
key to my gun cabinet is gone!

JAKE
No one's been there, grandpa. Dad
took it. For... safe keeping.

ABE
Your father wants that I should
fight them without a gun?!

JAKE
Did you take your medication today?

The phone goes dead. Jake sighs, tosses it onto the seat.

6 **INT/EXT. JAKE'S CAR/GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT.** 6

The car pulls in to a pretty-but-sterile gated community.
Jake drives through the deserted streets.

Ahead is a hunched FIGURE, silhouetted in the dim light. *

As Jake passes, his head-lamps illuminate it: a creepy old *
man. We'll come to know him later as MR LAMONT. He looks up.
His eyes are heartbeat-skippingly milky white.

Jake startles. Drives on. Uneasy.

7 **EXT. ABE'S HOUSE - NIGHT.** 7

A single-storey house with a neat front yard. Jake jumps from
his car, walks to Abe's front door and rings the bell.

No reply. A rising sense that something is wrong. Jake fishes
out some keys, opens the door and hesitantly steps in.

8 **INT. ABE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT.** 8

Jake reacts in dismay as he surveys the ransacked room.

JAKE
Grandpa?

He opens Abe's BEDROOM door, flicks the light. No one here.

He wanders back to the kitchen area, closes the fridge door.
Through the window, something catches his eye:

A small POOL OF LIGHT, low on the ground, in the distance.

Jake moves to open the screen door... And sees something that gives him queasy pause: the netting has been SLASHED.

9

EXT. ABE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT.

9

Jake creeps nervously towards the pool of light. It's pitch dark out here, and silent beside the CICADAS and the sound of the WIND CHIMES that hang from the back porch.

Here's the source: A FLASHLIGHT, abandoned by the back fence.

As Jake picks it up, the fence is illuminated and we see that the yard backs onto a swathe of swampy woodland, untamed palmetto and palms towering high above.

...And a jagged, yawning HOLE has been smashed in the fence.

With dawning unease, Jake realizes something else. He moves the flashlight to his left hand and shines it onto his right.

His hand is stained with BLOOD.

Shocked, Jake drops the flashlight. As it hits the ground, it switches off. Total blackness now. Then suddenly:

A loud GROAN. From somewhere beyond the fence.

Jake scrabbles on the ground for the flashlight, breathing hard. He turns it on, shines the beam through the hole.

Just a tangle of foliage, almost a jungle.

Jake steels himself and climbs through the hole.

JAKE

Grandpa? Are you there?

10

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT.

10

Jake thrashes through the darkness of the underbrush, urgently sweeping the flashlight beam around.

On one pass, we glimpse something nasty in the greenery. A flash of colors. Especially red. It looks like A BODY.

Jake sweeps the light back again... And now we see: Abe. Lying face down. In one hand, he clutches a bloody FORK.

Jake drops to Abe's side, turns him over. Abe GROANS.

Abe's eyes are MISSING.

Jake fumbles for his phone, stabs at the screen. Dials 911.

VOICE FROM THE PHONE (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

JAKE

I need paramedics, NOW. Oh my god.
Two forty Palm Circle. My grandpa --

Suddenly, Abe's hand darts up and grasps Jake's wrist, hard.

ABE

I can't go! Not yet... My work
isn't done...

JAKE

It's okay, it's okay, the ambulance
is coming, let me just --

ABE

No! Listen! Please. Go to the
island. Take the little key with
you. The one with purple string.

*

VOICE FROM THE PHONE (V.O.)

Is he breathing?

ABE

Find the loop. Behind the old man's
grave. They'll explain everything.
Are you listening?

*

VOICE FROM THE PHONE (V.O.)

Sir? Can you hear me?

ABE

(harder to breathe now)
Emma. You need her help... Take the
key. He has a cigar... The artifact
is there. Bring it back here and we
can be together again, Tygrysku.
And I can finish what I started. Do
you understand?

*
*
*
*
*

JAKE

(desperate, humoring him)
Yes.

VOICE FROM THE PHONE (V.O.)

Sir! Is your grandfather breathing?

Abe's hand goes limp. Jake's face falls, tears spring to his
eyes. He picks up the phone.

JAKE

No.

Suddenly: a loud, woody CRACK. Jake looks up. His eyes widen.

Something SHIFTS. Something we've taken all along to be a
tree now seems to be: a horrific MONSTER. Impossibly tall and
thin, stick-like arms grazing the ground. It's eyeless. A
mass of tentacles spill from where its mouth should be.

11

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.

11

Jake, now wearing willfully unconventional vintage clothes - his preferred attire - sits with his shrink, DR GOLAN, 50s. A name-plate on the desk between them says "DR. GOLAN".

DR GOLAN

Wait, we're talking about the nightmare now?

JAKE

The nightmare plays out just like it happened. Except for what I saw.

DR GOLAN

Which was?

JAKE

A man, I guess. The man who did it. It was too dark to see his face.

DR GOLAN

He was a psychopath. A monster. It's normal for your subconscious to draw images from a movie, or --

JAKE

It's from a story my grandpa used to tell me. When I was little.

DR GOLAN

So, what happened next? In reality.

JAKE

What happened next? I had my chance to actually matter, and I ran away from it. I got scared and ran like a stupid chickencrap idiot, and now that man is still out there.

DR GOLAN

There's nothing stupid about survival instinct.

JAKE

My grandpa wouldn't have run. He was brave. How many eighty year olds would chase an intruder into the woods armed with a fork?

Doctor Golan smiles.

DR GOLAN

Were you very close?

12

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

12 *

YOUNG JAKE, 6, wearing pyjamas, and a younger-looking Abe sit on the floor poring over a large MAP OF THE WORLD.

ABE

Puerto Rico. Here? There's lake
where the water glows in the dark.

Jake's eyes grow huge. He peels a STAR STICKER from a sheet of stickers and presses it onto the map. Abe grins.

JAKE (V.O.)

After my mom died, my dad joined a
local rock band. So my Grandpa used
to baby-sit me a lot.

The sound of a KEY in the door. Then Jake's Dad, FRANK - 40s, mid-life crisis clothes - enters with a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN.

FRANK

Dad... It's, like, eleven o'clock.
What's he doing up?

YOUNG JAKE

I'm gonna be an explorer! Grandpa's
helping me plan my first voyage.

But Frank's fixing drinks now, replies without looking back.

FRANK

Everything's already been
discovered.

Young Jake's lip trembles. Abe strokes his hair, whispers.

ABE

Pay no attention to your father. He
knows bupkis. Come, Tygrysku. Bed.

13

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

13

Young Jake lies in bed. Abe tucks him in.

YOUNG JAKE

Tell me a story?

ABE

The usual? Okay. Once upon a time,
there was a little boy called --

YOUNG JAKE

With the pictures!

Jake dives under his bed and retrieves an old TIN BOX. He hands it to Abe. Abe opens it, takes out a set of OLD PHOTOS.

ABE

So. Once upon a time there was a little boy called Abe.

YOUNG JAKE

That was you!

ABE

And he lived in a lovely children's home on a little island near Wales, where the sun shone every day. The headmistress Miss Peregrine was very clever. And she smoked a pipe!

YOUNG JAKE

And she could turn into a bird!

Abe nods and shows Jake the first photo, A formally dressed woman smoking a pipe, a BIRDCAGE beside her. MISS PEREGRINE.

ABE

It was a home for special children. Like Bronwyn and Victor. They were both as strong as ten men!

The next photo shows a teenage boy, VICTOR, holding up a laughing little girl - BRONWYN, 6 - with one hand.

The next is more disturbing: A boy's face covered in BEES.

ABE (CONT'D)

And there was Hugh. He had bees living inside him.

YOUNG JAKE

And Emma! What about Emma!

Abe smiles, searches the stack, and shows a photo to Jake.

A girl stares at us: EMMA, 17. She's barefoot, holding one shoe in her hand. And striking enough that it may take a beat before we notice that she's floating a foot above the ground.

YOUNG JAKE (CONT'D)

She could float.

ABE

She was lighter than air. She had to wear special shoes made of lead to keep her from floating away!

Jake reaches out, takes the picture from Abe. Stares at it.

YOUNG JAKE

Where is she now?

ABE

Still in Wales, I think.

YOUNG JAKE
Is Wales in Poland?

ABE
No! It's joined to England.

YOUNG JAKE
But you're from Poland.

ABE
My Mama and Papa sent me to Wales,
to live with the special children.
And now, Tygrysku, time for sleep.

Abe gently takes the photograph. Jake looks at him earnestly.

YOUNG JAKE
Why did they send you away?

ABE
It wasn't safe in Poland. There
were monsters.

Jake sits up, petrified. Over this, we hear:

JAKE (V.O.)
He used to call me "Tygrysku". It's
Polish for little tiger. Couldn't
have picked a less appropriate
nickname. I was always chicken.

YOUNG JAKE
What kind of monsters?

ABE
Huge ones! With long arms and no
eyes... And tentacles! Like this!

Abe waves his arms madly, rolls his eyes back and makes a
monster noise. Jake SCREAMS in terror.

14

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

14

TWEEN JAKE, 10 - in odd vintage clothes even then - clutches
the tin box. He takes a photo out and shows it to the class.
The photo is of a BOY IN A FEDORA by a FILM PROJECTOR SCREEN.

JAKE (V.O.)
The dumb thing was, for years I
actually believed his stories.

TWEEN JAKE
This is Horace. He can't remember
his dreams but he can project them
like a movie.

A few of Jake's CLASSMATES giggle. His face falls. Defiant, he selects another photo. It's CLOTHES and a HAT arranged to give the impression that they're being worn.

TWEEN JAKE (CONT'D)
This is Millard. He's invisible.

Now the class laugh. Jake holds up the picture of Emma. Before he can even speak, the class are hysterical.

15

INT. JAKE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY.

15

Tween Jake hands the tin box of photographs to Abe.

TWEEN JAKE
My teacher said they were trick
photographs.

ABE
And did you believe her?

Tween Jake looks away, sad.

TWEEN JAKE
My dad said you probably found them
in a junkstore someplace when you
went travelling.

ABE
I would never lie to you, Tygrysku.

TWEEN JAKE
But you did. About the children's
home. The monsters. My dad told me.

ABE
Told you what? He knows very well
that I lived in a children's home!

TWEEN JAKE
He said there really were monsters
in Poland, just not the kind with
tentacles. He said you got sent to
Wales because there were bad
people. People who wanted to kill
anyone who was Jewish.

ABE
Let's not talk about this any more.

TWEEN JAKE
He said the children were special,
but not the way you said. They were
special because they survived.

Abe looks at him sadly. Jake throws his arms around him.

16 **EXT. COASTAL FLORIDA SUBURBS - DAY.** 16 *

A SCHOOL BUS stops. HIGH-SCHOOLERS alight, talking, laughing. *
 Jake gets out last. Weirdly dressed, alone, unhappy. *

JAKE (V.O.) *

After that... we were even closer. *

Suddenly, Jake breaks into a smile as he sees: *
 Abe. Sitting on a wall, waiting, a COOLER and FOLDING CHAIRS *
 at his feet. He grins and holds up a long BEACH-FISHING POLE. *

17 **EXT. BEACH - DAY.** 17 *

As the High-Schoolers run, play and flirt, Abe and Jake sit, *
 the pole between them, beach-fishing. Peaceful and happy. *

JAKE (V.O.) *

Because I understood. Everything *
 about my grandpa made sense. *

18 **INT. ABE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY.** 18

Jake looks in ABE'S GUN CABINET. Full of HUNTING RIFLES.

JAKE (V.O.)

His anxiety. His need to protect *
 people. And... all the trips he *
 took alone when he was younger. *

Jake peruses TOURIST SOUVENIRS on Abe's shelf. SNOW-GLOBES *
 and STATUES from various places, each with a cheerful label: *
 "MARRAKECH", "LONDON", "BUDAPEST", "BUENOS AIRES". *

19 **INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY.** 19

Jake taps away at his computer. A WIKIPEDIA PAGE comes up.

Its heading is "NAZI HUNTER." The first line reads: "A NAZI-
 HUNTER IS A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL WHO TRACKS DOWN..."

JAKE (V.O.)

When I asked why he travelled so
 much, he used to say...

20 **INT. ABE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY.** 20

Close on Abe's smiling, playful face.

ABE

There are monsters everywhere.

Jake turns away from the photographs with a start. Abe is *
 behind him now. Jake looks him in the eye, serious. *

JAKE (V.O.)
Then one day, I asked right out:

JAKE
Is that... what you did? After the war? You looked for monsters?

ABE
In the war, after the war... What's the difference?

JAKE
You never told me about what happened when you left the home. You joined the army?

ABE
You want I should tell you a story? Like when you were little?

Jake nods, apprehensive.

21 **INT. BARN - FLASHBACK - DAY.**

21

A WOMAN and a group of CHILDREN hide behind some hay bales.

ABE (V.O.)
Special people tried hide. But it didn't help. Bad people led the monsters to them. But sometimes... I got there in time to save them.

In the middle of the barn is YOUNG ABE, 19, in his army uniform, a RIFLE aimed at us. He FIRES.

A CLOUD OF DUST billows as a NAZI SOLDIER falls to the floor.

ABE (V.O.)
I killed the monsters... And the bad people, too.

On an upper gangway, a FARMER is running for safety.

Aiming for up at the gangway, Young Abe FIRES again.

22 **INT. ABE'S HOUSE - DAY.**

22

Jake puts his arm around Abe and points to the souvenirs.

JAKE
And after the war? When you went to all these places?

ABE
I had to get rid of them all, Tygrysku. I had to keep going.

23	<u>INT. MANSION - FLASHBACK - NIGHT.</u>	23	*
	In a hallway, TWENTYSOMETHING ABE raises his rifle and FIRES.		*
24	<u>EXT. RANCH - FLASHBACK - DAY.</u>	24	*
	In a field, MIDDLE AGED ABE raises his rifle and FIRES.		*
25	<u>EXT. EUROPEAN ALLEYWAY - FLAHBACK - DAY.</u>	25	*
	In a quaint alleyway in an East-European town, OLD ABE raises his rifle and FIRES. Then he lowers it, squints ahead.		*
	At the top of the alleyway, a MAN lies motionless, face down. Abe walks over, prods him with his rifle. He doesn't move.		*
	ABE (V.O.) I couldn't stop until all they were all gone.		*
26	<u>INT. ABE'S HOUSE - DAY.</u>	26	*
	Jake stares at Abe, trying to hide his discomfort.		*
	JAKE Does... Dad know about this?		*
	ABE Only you.		*
	Jake puts his arms around Abe, hugs him tightly.		*
	JAKE I'm so glad you could tell me.		*
	ABE You understand, don't you? That I had to do it protect everyone? (off Jake's solemn nod) I had to get the artifact. To stop them from destroying everything.		*
	JAKE Huh?		*
	ABE Can you imagine? People with the most evil intentions, using the powers of the occult to cheat death? To make an invincible army? Their leader <u>had</u> that artifact. (sly, cheeky) But not any more.		*

JAKE

Grandpa, I... You might be thinking
about Raiders of the Lost Ark. We
watched it, do you remember? The
guy with the hat, and he's like --

ABE

No!

Jake gently steers Abe away from the shelf of souvenirs.

JAKE

Forget it. C'mon, let's go watch
TV. I think it's shark week.

27

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.

27

Dr Golan nods sympathetically. Jake stares at the floor.

JAKE

I guess I never really knew whether
I should play along or... I mean,
the stories got more mixed up after
the dementia set in, but it was
what he'd always done, you know?

DR GOLAN

It's not uncommon. Using fantasy to
cope with a brutal truth.

JAKE

Is that what I'm doing? With my
dream about the monster?

DR GOLAN

Exactly. And your Grandfather
brought up the stories that night.
So your mind makes the connection.

JAKE

No, I mean, yeah: the island. Emma.
But mostly it was... his mind was
going. The Indiana Jones stuff...

DR GOLAN

That troubles you. You made him a
promise to fulfil his dying wish,
but because it was a product of his
dementia, you can't keep it.

Jake's eyes fill with tears. Golan hands him a kleenex.

JAKE

But... What if it wasn't?

Golan smiles, gently teasing.

DR GOLAN

You think he maybe took the Ark of
the Covenant from a Nazi and left
it in a children's home in Wales?

*
*
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*

Jake rolls his eyes, not in the mood for levity.

*

JAKE

What if there really was something
important to him? Some souvenir
from the war, I don't know. Don't I
owe it to him to consider that?

*
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*
*
*

DR GOLAN

If you feel that working through it
will help you to process what
happened, Jake, then maybe it will.
Meantime, I'm going to prescribe
you something for anxiety, okay?

28

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY.

28

The room is full of BOXES. Frank packs one, while Jake rifles
urgently through another. Frank watches him, concerned.

FRANK

Awesome breaks at the inlet today.
Four footers. You should head down.

JAKE

Haven't surfed since I was seven.

FRANK

Half your class was there. I think
there's some big beach party later.

JAKE

I'm not invited.

Jake throws his box aside angrily, starts searching another.

FRANK

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

JAKE

No! Doctor Golan said --

FRANK

I'm starting to think we should
have gone with the other guy. The
guy the cops suggested.

JAKE

They didn't care. They were just
hoping their shrink could make me
remember what the man looked like.

Frank stops packing, looks at Jake seriously.

FRANK

Jake, there's been... some news.
They don't think anybody broke in.
Nothing was taken.

(a beat)

They think Grandpa turned the place
over trying to find the key to the
gun cabinet and forgot he'd done
it. It's common with dementia. He
must have panicked and run out back
looking for an imaginary intruder.

Now Jake stops going through the box. Looks at him aghast.

JAKE

An imaginary intruder?! Who
imaginarily poked his eyes out?!

FRANK

The coroner says he had a heart
attack. And the blood on the
fork... turns out it belonged to a
dog or something, not a person. You
must have scared it off.

JAKE

This is insane!

FRANK

There are a lot of strays in the
neighbourhood. And that's what dogs
do when they find an injured
animal. Go for the soft parts.

JAKE

Soft parts? Do you even give a crap
about Grandpa? He was your dad!

Jake gets up and storms into Abe's bedroom. SLAMS the door.

29

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - ABE'S BEDROOM - DAY.

29

Jake flops back on the bed, tearful, angry. He stares at the
ceiling. And notices -- A HATCH.

30

INT. ABE'S ATTIC - DAY.

30

Light floods in as the hatch is slid aside from below. Jake
hauls himself up and scans the space.

JUNK. Junk. More junk... wait: Jake's old WORLD MAP. Jake
takes it, unfolds it. He runs his fingers between the star
stickers, tracing an imaginary route, his spirits lifted.

They lift further when he spots: The old tin box.

He snatches it up, opens it. AN ENVELOPE falls out.

Inside the envelope: a POSTCARD. It shows a picture of a little ISLAND and the word: CAIRNEHOLME. He turns it over.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
My dearest Abe, I hope this card
finds you well. The children and I
yearn to hear your news.

31

INT. ABE'S HOUSE - ABE'S BEDROOM - DAY.

31

Jake drops through the hatch onto the bed, clutching the box and card, as Miss Peregrine's VO continues.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
Little on the island has changed.
But orderly and uneventful is the
way we prefer things!

He opens the tin box. The old photographs are still in here. Dusty. Miss Peregrine at the top. Jake picks it up for a closer look, revealing the photo of Emma in the pile beneath.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
I do hope you will visit us again
soon, we should so love to see you.

Poking out from under the photos, he spots: A TINY RUSTY KEY. He picks it up. It's hung on a faded purple silk cord.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
With admiration, Alma Peregrine.

Jake ties the cord on his wrist like a friendship bracelet.

32

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.

32

The postcard of Cairnholm and the envelope it came in. A hand turns them over, showing the POSTMARK on the envelope. The hand belongs to Dr. Golan.

DR GOLAN
Only two years ago. I suppose it's
possible she could still be alive.

He hands the card and envelope to Jake, who sits opposite, wearing his key bracelet, excited. Frank sits beside him.

JAKE
And if she's real, and the key was
real, maybe he really did... leave
something at the house. And I could
get it, like he wanted.

*
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*
*

FRANK

Jakey, c'mon, you're a smart kid -
even if he did, you know nothing's
actually gonna bring him back.

*
*
*
*

JAKE

Dad! I'm not five. The point is, I
promised him. And if I get to keep
my promise, that'll help me get
better. Tell him, Doctor Golan!

*
*
*

FRANK

(to Doctor Golan)

But this Miss Peregrine -- what if
she's... gone? Couldn't that be
distressing? Set Jake back?

*

JAKE

She mentioned the other children --

FRANK

She must have meant new kids at the
home. I don't wanna pee on your
tacos buddy, but Grandpa's pals...
They'll have either moved away or
gone into the fertilizer business.

JAKE

Come on, dad. Wales'll be peaceful -
you could write some new songs!

DR GOLAN

You know, just the fact that Jake's
been so proactive, asking me to
discuss this trip with you -- it's
a sign of emotional recovery.
Whatever the outcome, I do feel it
could give him some closure. De-
mystify his Grandfather's past.
Give him a chance to say goodbye.

33

EXT. FERRY - DAY.

33

Birds circle the ISLAND OF CAIRNHOLME. It's just like the
postcard, but the late afternoon sky is considerably greyer.

Jake and his dad stand on the windy deck of a small FERRY as
they approach. Jake, wearing a vintage bowling shirt, shivers
in the wind as he reads from a book - WALES TRAVEL GUIDE.

JAKE

Cairnholme. Population: ninety two.
One hotel - ooh, that's us. Best
known for: proximity to the final
resting place of the cruise liner
Augusta, which sank in 1915.

FRANK

Woulda been more useful if they'd mentioned the weather. Did you pack a coat?

JAKE

We live in Florida, dad. I don't own a coat.

A FALCON swoops past them.

FRANK

Wow! A peregrine falcon!

JAKE

Peregrine? Like the headmistress?

FRANK

I guess that's how Grandpa came up with the turning-into-a-bird thing.

Jake looks down at his key bracelet, fond memories returning.

JAKE

If he was here, he'd probably tell us that was actually her!

(waving at the bird)

Hi Miss Peregrine! Please don't crap on us, Miss Peregrine!

They both laugh. Jake's Dad puts an arm around him, glad to see Jake happy. Seems like this trip was a good idea.

34

EXT. VILLAGE STREET/PUB - DAY.

34

Jake and Frank wheel their suitcases up a village street. The island is a little less picturesque close up - PYLONS, UGLY CARS, SATELLITE DISHES. The wind howls noisily.

They stop outside a PUB. Its sign reads: "THE PRIEST HOLE".

Outside, a group of HARD-FACED TEENAGERS in garish sportswear lark around, smoking, flirting, laughing. They don't even glance at Jake. *Plus ça change...*

Frank looks doubtfully at the SCRAP OF PAPER he is holding, then back at the pub. This is the place.

35

INT. PUB - DAY.

35

The pub is dingy. And deserted. On the tobacco-stained walls, framed PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS document local history.

FRANK

Hello?

No response. He wanders further inside. Jake remains in the entrance alone, starts to peruse the pictures.

AN ANCIENT NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. It says: "Luxury Cruise Liner stricken! Two torpedoes hit RMS Augusta, 894 lost."

A PHOTO of German bombers streaking across the sky in WW2.

AAARGH! Holy shit, what is that??! A photo of a TERRIFYING FACE. Desiccated, skeletal. Hollow eye sockets, gaping mouth.

Jake rears back in alarm, bumping into a man in a wheelchair, who is now behind him. This is OGGY, 70s. Florid and laughing heartily at Jake. As is the man pushing Oggy: MARTIN, 50s.

OGGY

The old man give you a scare, son?

Before Jake can respond, his dad is calling over.

FRANK

Any idea where I can find the manager of this place?

MARTIN

That's me. Sorry to keep you, like. Just helping uncle Oggy to the loo.

He indicates Oggy, wipes his hands on his pants, then trots over to meet Frank. Alone with Jake, Oggy nods to the photo.

OGGY

Oldest bog body in Europe, that is. They found him in the marshes here. Die in a bog, you get preserved, see? 16 A.D., they reckon.

JAKE

Did you just call him The Old Man?

OGGY

Well the young man wouldn't be a very good name for him, would it?

Oggy barks with laughter that descends into a coughing fit.

FRANK

Jake! Come help with the bags?

JAKE

Can't we see the room later? It'll get dark soon. We should look for the children's home before it does.

OGGY

The old children's home? It's on the way back to mine. I'll show you, if you'll give us a push.

Frank sighs and walks to join them. He takes Oggy's chair.

At the entrance, they pass a VERY OLD MAN, hanging up his BRIGHT YELLOW RAINCOAT on the COAT-STAND. He looks at Jake.

VERY OLD MAN
You got a coat, lad? You'll freeze!

FRANK
That's what I said.

JAKE
I'm fine.

OGGY
No, you'll want a coat out there.

From over at the bar, Martin chips in.

MARTIN
Oooh definitely. Can't go out in this with no coat.

FRANK
He doesn't have a coat.

JAKE
I don't need one!

VERY OLD MAN
Take mine, sonny. I won't be needing it for a few hours.

FRANK
That's very kind of you sir.

JAKE
Dad!

36 **EXT. PUB - DAY.**

36

Frank exits the pub pushing Oggy. Jake follows wearing the Very Old Man's yellow coat. He looks absurd. And miserable.

The loitering Teenagers see him. They stare, amused. One whispers something to the others and they burst out LAUGHING.

37 **EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY.**

37

It's drizzling. Jake, Frank and Oggy make their way up a steep country lane, Frank pushing Oggy's wheelchair.

OGGY
See? Raining now. Aren't you glad?
(Jake forces a smile)
Now, over there's the bog.

He indicates a MARSHY field to the east. A path curves around it, leading to a rockface with an enticing CAVE ENTRANCE.

JAKE

That where they found the body?

OGGY

Aye. "The old man's grave." Steer clear of it, though. You'll be up to your ears in a blink... And here it is: the old children's home!

They've reached the brow of the hill. A red POST-BOX here. Jake and Frank peer ahead, excited. Then their faces fall.

Over the hill is a crumbling, dilapidated RUIN, choked with ivy. Half of the roof and one entire side wall is missing.

JAKE

What... happened to it?

OGGY

German air-raid. Bomb landed right on the roof. September 3rd, 1943, it was. I remember it, cos the next day was when I fell off a cliff.

He gestures cheerfully to his wheelchair, but Jake and Frank are still distracted and confused by what they've just heard.

JAKE

So... where did they go after that? The headmistress? All the children?

OGGY

Not one survivor. Poor little buggers. Lovely, they were.

JAKE

That's... impossible. Dad, when did Grandpa leave?

Frank looks traumatized. Worried how this will affect Jake.

FRANK

I... He turned eighteen that summer. Joined the army. Let's get Ogy to his house, then we can talk about this, okay? We'll call Doctor Golan, if you need to.

Oggy looks concerned now. Frank turns the chair to leave.

JAKE

No. I mean, this has to be wrong. The card! The postmark said --

FRANK

The postmark was on the envelope.
Maybe someone found the card two
years ago. Mailed it. Jake, I'm --

JAKE

You take Oggy. I want to stay here
a while. Meet you back at the pub.

FRANK

I understand... But not inside,
okay? It's not safe. Promise me?

38 **EXT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY.**

38

The rain is heavier now. Jake sits on the crumbling doorstep
of the destroyed house, toying with the key at his wrist.

Then he stands decisively. Walks to the side of the house.

The side wall is missing. Jake picks his way across checkered
stone flooring strewn with TWISTED METAL and SMASHED GLASS -
once a conservatory. A tall pile of collapsed BRICKS blocks
the way in to the house. Carefully, Jake starts to climb it.

39 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - PARLOUR - DAY.**

39

Everything in this room is smashed and charred, and nature
has crept in, moss and weeds. Jake notices a broken PERPETUAL
DESK CALENDAR on the ground. The dials read: SEPT 3 1943.

On the surviving wall are a scorched PROJECTOR SCREEN and a
soot-covered GROUP PHOTO: Miss Peregrine and her charges.

Jake studies the photo. YOUNG ABE is in it, seated, looking
much like Jake. Jake wipes away some soot to see him more
clearly. Then lovingly traces Abe's face with his fingertip.

JAKE

You lost your real family and then
your new family, too. No wonder you
made up stories.

Jake wipes more soot away from Abe. Somebody's arm is draped
around Jake's shoulder. Jake wipes again, more urgently now.

The figure sitting beside Abe is a girl. In fact... EMMA. The
floating girl from the old photograph of Jake's childhood.

Jake reacts in puzzlement. Wipes away more soot, revealing:

The boy with the bees. The invisible boy. Terrifying bald
TWINS in clown-make up. Their mouths seem to be painted on to
smooth flesh, as if they had no mouths of their own at all.

LOUD FOOTSTEPS coming from within the house make Jake jump.

He moves towards the collapsed doorway. The darkness beyond.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hello?

40 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - LOBBY - DAY.**

40

The lobby is intact but dusty. Double-height ceiling, a grand staircase leading to a balustraded landing above. We hear HEAVY FOOTSTEPS again. Are they coming from behind that door at the back of the lobby? Jake creeps towards it.

He listens at the door. Nothing. Gingerly, he opens it.

41 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY.**

41

Besides smashed windows, the kitchen seems unaffected by the blast - just covered in dust and cobwebs. No one is in here. On a table in the centre of the room stands a tin of COCOA, a box of SUGAR CUBES and a neat row of ELEVEN EMPTY TEACUPS.

Jake hurries past - as if trying to evade the wave of sadness unleashed by this poignant sight - towards an open door.

42 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - PANTRY - DAY.**

42

A windowless storeroom. Lit only by light leaking in from the kitchen. Jake gazes at the shelves of TINS, BOXES and --

JARS CONTAINING DEAD ANIMALS?? SQUIRRELS. RATS. SNAKES. All perfectly preserved, floating in some kind of clear fluid. Jake's breathing gets louder. He turns fast, wanting out.

Behind him, there's now a girl in the doorway. It's EMMA. She's wearing 1940s clothes. She smiles, awestruck.

EMMA

...Abe?

Jake screams. Then Emma screams. Then Jake runs.

43 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - LOBBY - DAY.**

43

Jake thunders across the lobby, pursued by Emma. She's slow, and her footsteps are ridiculously loud, heavy. Like her shoes are made of lead. Which they are.

44 **INT. WRECKED CHILDREN'S HOME - PARLOUR - DAY.**

44

Jake runs for the open wall. Emma's heavy footfalls RESOUND.

He scrambles onto the pile of bricks blocking the exit. Too fast. Bricks give way under his feet, he gets nowhere.

JAKE
 Nope. No. This isn't happening.
 Just need my meds, that's all.

*
 *
 *

Emma bursts in to see Jake scrabbling up the collapsing pile.

*

EMMA
 Be careful, you'll --

The pile of bricks shifts under Jake, sending the top ones
toppling down. One falling brick STRIKES HIM on the head.

Everything goes black.

45

EXT. ROCKFACE - DAY.

45

On the path by the marsh, Jake comes round to find himself
 being dragged by his arms. One held by Emma, the other by
 MILLARD, 13 and INVISIBLE - a moving hat, clothes and shoes.

Jake cranes back and looks from Emma to Millard, traumatized.

JAKE
 You're Emma. And you're... Millard!
 And you're dead. You're both dead!
 You, you're invisible and dead!

MILLARD
 Neither of us are dead.

JAKE
 Oh my god, am I dead?

EMMA
 No.

JAKE
 Wait, you called me Abe. In the
 house. Why did you call me Abe?

EMMA
 You looked like him. Just for a
 moment. Before you started
 screaming and running away and
 concussing yourself. Come on. Miss
 Peregrine's expecting you.

*
 *

We're at the mouth of the cave. They pull Jake inside.

46

INT. CAVE - DAY.

46

Damp and dark. Dripping sounds. The change brings Jake to his
 senses. He yanks his hands free, scrambles up and runs out.

*

Emma looks to Millard -- this is not good.

*

47 **EXT. ROCKFACE - DAY.**

47 *

The sun shines brightly now. The sky is blue, cloudless. Jake runs out... And straight into the bog. His foot sinks into the marshy ground, ankle deep in an instant.

He pulls his foot free, stumbles to the path and runs madly for the village, not even noticing the HORSE AND CART nearby.

48 **EXT. PUB - DAY.**

48

Jake dashes in through the open door of the pub.

49 **INT. PUB - DAY.**

49

Jake runs in to the middle of the bar room, then stops dead.

The pub looks... different. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air. OLD MEN and VARIOUS WOMEN in 1940s attire stare at Jake. A SOUR-FACED WOMAN leaps up in alarm. The BARTENDER points.

BARTENDER

Who the bloody hell is that??

SOUR-FACED WOMAN

A spy!

The pub patrons leap up and encircle him, shouting. A BIG MAN grabs him. Jake is confused, terrified.

Suddenly, a BOTTLE flies from the wall and SMASHES on the ground. Then another. And another. Everyone reacts in alarm.

Now, GLASSES start flying from the shelves, hitting the pub patrons. One of them hits the Big Man. He lets go of Jake.

A stunned smile grows on Jake's face. Is he doing this?

PLATES lift off tables slice through the air, showering food, smashing. People run to dodge them. It's utter chaos.

Much as he's enjoying it, Jake takes the opportunity to run.

50 **EXT. PUB/VILLAGE STREET - DAY.**

50

The HORSE AND CART is now outside the pub. Emma sits atop it.

EMMA

Get on! Quick!

Jake leaps on just as the pub patrons run out after him. They seem angry but relieved to see Emma. They stop running.

SOUR-FACED WOMAN
He's one of those damn devil-spawn
children from the home! A new one!

Emma yanks the reins and they're away, the horse's hooves
clattering as they move into the village.

Jake can't stop grinning. He tugs excitedly at Emma's sleeve.

JAKE
Emma! I'm special! I'm special too
and I never realized it!
(off Emma's eye-roll)
I'm serious! Just now, in the pub --

MILLARD (V.O.)
No, that was me.

Jake looks behind him, confused. He's alone in the cart.

JAKE
Millard?

MILLARD (V.O.)
Yes.

JAKE
Oh.
(a beat)
Are you... naked?

Emma tosses Millard's CLOTHES back to him over her shoulder.

51 **EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY.**

51

The cart clatters up the lane. Millard is getting dressed.

JAKE
How is this... I don't... A bomb
dropped on you in 1943.

*
*

EMMA
It is 1943.

MILLARD
September the 3rd, 1943.

*
*

EMMA
All day, every day. Its our loop.

They reach the post box. Jake reacts in wonderment, seeing:

The CHILDREN'S HOME. It's intact. More than intact, it's
beautiful. The front yard filled with trees and flowers, the
air filled with the sound of BIRD-SONG and CHILDREN at play.

52

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

52

Jake, Emma and Millard walk down the sunny path that leads to the front door of the children's home.

Emma is about to knock when the door opens to reveal: MISS PEREGRINE. In a long dress and starched apron, a nurse's FOB WATCH pinned to it. She's smoking a PIPE.

She lifts her watch to glance at it, then shakes Jake's hand. Miss Peregrine speaks quickly. Madly so. Precise and self-assured: fast-talking film noir sleuth meets dowager duchess.

MISS PEREGRINE

Right on time. Miss Peregrine.
Delighted to meet you.

(to Emma and Millard)

I do hope I'm not going to have the pub landlord knocking on my door with the police again. I've had to kill them twice this month, it's been terribly inconvenient.

EMMA

Millard broke a few things, that's all. They were going to hurt Jake.

She gives Emma and Millard a mildly disapproving look and ushers them in past her as she looks wistfully at Jake.

MISS PEREGRINE

Look at you. A young man. The last time dear Abe sent me a photograph, you were a tiny tot. Well, don't just stand there -- come in, come in. Your tea is getting cold.

53

INT. LOBBY - DAY.

53

The same lobby as before, now bright and clean. Miss Peregrine hangs Jake's coat, then heads towards the kitchen.

JAKE

How did you know about the pub?

MISS PEREGRINE

I saw you arrive on the ferry and sent Emma to get you. She returned for assistance one hour and three minutes ago. Bronwyn could have carried you, but she was busy, so I sent Millard.

JAKE

I think I'm missing something...

MISS PEREGRINE

You weigh approximately one hundred and nine pounds. Correct?

JAKE

Yes... How did you --

MISS PEREGRINE

It would take Emma and Millard thirty eight minutes to drag you to the cave, through the loop and back to the house. But there was no sign of you. Therefore you must have come round and bolted instead. Where would you bolt to? Back to the imagined safety of the pub. Emma and Millard would have been only moments behind on the horse and trap, travelling at eight point three miles per hour. Factoring in some sort of kerfuffle at the pub and the return journey with your added weight, you would arrive here at thirteen minutes past three.

She shows him her fob watch as she shoulders open the kitchen door. The time is 3:13 exactly.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

Now then, do you take sugar?

54

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

54

Jake sits at the table. Overwhelmed. Miss Peregrine stands at the counter, puffing at her pipe as she fusses with a TEAPOT.

From the pantry, a tall, handsome boy emerges. This is ENOCH, 17, and he's carrying several JARS CONTAINING DEAD ANIMALS.

Jake stares. Enoch stares back, unfriendly, as he exits.

MISS PEREGRINE

I'm so sorry for your loss, Jake.

JAKE

You know because... why else would I be here. I get it.

MISS PEREGRINE

Quite. Though I'm curious to know why you chose to deliver the news in person when a simple letter would have sufficed.

JAKE

Y... Yes. My grandpa left something here. Locked away with this key.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (displaying the key)
 And if everything here is as weird
 as it has been so far, I think it
 might actually be... something
 really important.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

MISS PEREGRINE
 I've no idea. Never seen it before.
 Shall we take our tea outside?

*

She thrusts a cup into Jake's hand and heads towards the open doors to the garden. Jake follows her, frustrated.

55

EXT. KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY.

55

Jake follows Miss Peregrine into a walled vegetable patch.

JAKE
 He said you could explain
 everything.

MISS PEREGRINE
 That's absolutely true. There are
 very few things I can't explain.
 (then, realizing)
 Oh I see. Yes. We're what's known,
 in common parlance, as "Peculiar".

A little girl runs up to them. FIONA, 10, willowy. And worried. Miss Peregrine taps the face of her fob watch.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
 Fifty one seconds late, Fiona.

FIONA
 Sorry, Miss Peregrine. How many
 carrots do you need for supper?

MISS PEREGRINE
 Well, since we have a guest... Two?

Fiona runs to a vegetable bed, kneels beside it and holds her hands over a tuft of CARROT LEAVES. The tuft begins to GROW. She coaxes it like a snake charmer. It grows higher.

Jake is transfixed. Miss Peregrine continues, nonchalant.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
 As I was saying, some people are
 Peculiar. It's a recessive gene.

The carrot leaves are now taller than Fiona.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
 And, alas, Peculiars can't live
 freely among regular people. Hence
 we live in places like this.

JAKE

...Wales?

MISS PEREGRINE

Anywhere will do if you pick the
right day. That's fine now, Fiona!

The ground RUMBLES and shifts slightly as the top of a VAST
CARROT crowns. The circumference of a trash can.

Miss Peregrine and Jake continue down the path toward a door.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

You see, I'm a type of Peculiar
called an Ymbrine. That means I --

JAKE

Turn into a bird?

MISS PEREGRINE

Well I do, yes. But that's not very
useful. An Ymbrine's main skill is
the manipulation of time. We choose
a safe place and a safe day and
create a loop. Live in the same
twenty four hours indefinitely.

They've arrived at the door. Just as Miss Peregrine opens it,
a little girl runs in past them - BRONWYN, 6, cherubic, tiny.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

Right on time, Bronwyn, good girl!
(to Jake, continuing)
That's why we Ymbrines are charged
with the care of the young.

Jake pauses in the doorway and looks back. Behind him:

Bronwyn throws her arms around the vast carrot leaf bush. It
towers over her. Effortlessly, she yanks out the HUGE CARROT.

It's far taller than her. God knows what it must weigh. But
Bronwyn picks it up in her arms and carries it toward the
kitchen as if it weighed nothing. Her only issue is balance.

JAKE

And... No one ever gets older.

MISS PEREGRINE

It's best for everyone this way, I
assure you. It's our calling. Every
Ymbrine commits herself to the
creation and upkeep of a place like
this. A home for Peculiar children.

Jake turns back again to see before him:

56

EXT. REAR GARDENS - DAY.

56

An incredible GARDEN. In it, the CHILDREN from the stories of Jake's childhood.

As she and Jake walk, Miss Peregrine points them out.

MISS PEREGRINE
That's Olive and Oliver.

The scary, bald clown-faced twins, OLIVE AND OLIVER, 8, play on a SEE-SAW. As Jake passes behind Olive, we see that she does have a mouth after all... It's on the back of her bald head. Wide open right now as she squeals with delight.

Jake's expression is a mixture of awe and alarm.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
You've met Millard. That's Hugh.

Millard - no longer wearing his hat, so now just a headless collection of moving clothes - runs across the lawn dribbling a soccer ball, pursued by HUGH, 10. Hugh looks pretty normal.

Hugh tries to tackle the ball from Millard, but trips over.

HUGH
Foul! That was a foul!

As Hugh shouts, a swarm of BEES fly from his mouth.

Millard flaps frantically at the cloud of bees, yells back.

MILLARD
No it wasn't! Referee?

Behind Jake, a rakish-looking boy in a smoking jacket leans against a tree. This is HORACE, 12.

HORACE
I don't think it was a foul. I
think Hugh just couldn't see where
your legs were.
(noticing Jake)
Good afternoon. I'm Horace.

He holds out his hand. Jake shakes it.

JAKE
Jake.

HORACE
Delighted. Are you joining us?
Super shirt, by the way.

Jake looks at his vintage shirt. But before he can answer, Miss Peregrine steers him away, calling out.

MISS PEREGRINE
Not my rose bushes, please, Wilbur!

Beside a ROSE BUSH, WILBUR, 5, adorable, looks at her saucer-eyed, pouts out his lower lip.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
Alright then, just one.

Wilbur smiles, turns back to the bush. A second later, a rose spontaneously BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Wilbur giggles, delighted.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
Wilbur's new... And Emma you know,
of course. I think that's everyone.

Emma stands under a tall TREE close to the back of the house.

Miss Peregrine glances at her fob watch, furrows her brow and heads over towards the tree. Jake follows.

JAKE
Didn't Bronwyn have a brother?

MISS PEREGRINE
Yes, Victor's upstairs. And ah,
wait -- Emma, where's Enoch?

EMMA
Sulking. Went to play with his dead
rats.

FIONA
Miss Peregrine!

Emma, Jake and Miss Peregrine look over to see Fiona dashing towards them, shouting. She arrives, breathless.

FIONA (CONT'D)
There's a policeman at the door! He
says it's about the pub?

MISS PEREGRINE
We'll discuss this later, Emma.

EMMA
Yes, Miss Peregrine.

JAKE
They were just trying to help me.
Honestly, it wasn't their fault.

Miss Peregrine considers this, then walks away with Fiona.

EMMA
Thanks. Maybe you're not as wet as
I thought.

He smiles at her. She smiles back. A moment passes between them. Then turns into an awkward silence. Jake breaks it.

JAKE

She's... not really going to kill anyone, is she?

EMMA

Not if she can talk her way out of it. Want to help me with something? Enoch usually does it, but --

JAKE

He's sulking. Sure. What it is?

EMMA

One of my daily chores. Put the baby squirrel back in the tree.

JAKE

Wait, what? What baby squirrel?

Suddenly - PLOP! - a baby squirrel plummets out of the tree above them, and LANDS directly in Emma's cupped hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That happens every day?

EMMA

Like clockwork. Right, see that rope? Can you tie it around my middle, please?

She indicates a COIL OF ROPE lying by her feet.

Jake complies, utterly confused. Reaching around Emma to get the rope around her waist while she holds the squirrel aloft proves to be awkwardly intimate. Both try to avoid meeting each other's gaze.

While trying to look away, Jake notices:

At an upstairs window, Enoch stares out, watching sourly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Perfect. Thank you. Right, promise to hold on very tight?

Jake nods and Emma slips out of her shoes one at a time. As her feet are freed, she begins to DRIFT UPWARDS.

Softly at first, then - after shoe two - worryingly fast.

The rope zips painfully through Jake's grasp --

Emma floats higher and higher, looking down in alarm.

Jake grasps the unspooling rope hard. It HURTS.

High above the treetops, Emma jerks to a stop. Relief.

Jake pulls her gently down, level with the tree. Emma pulls herself into the foliage and places the squirrel in the crook of a branch. She gives Jake a nod...

And he pulls her all the way down to him. Closer and closer. Until they're very close. He holds her by the waist to stop her from floating away as she slips back into her shoes. It's sort of romantic. And awkward.

Enoch watches jealously.

JAKE

I nearly messed that up.

EMMA

Abe did too, the first time.

JAKE

Emma, I need to ask you something, but first I need to tell you --

EMMA

He's dead. I know. Miss Peregrine guessed and she's always right. It's okay. I said goodbye to him a long time ago.

JAKE

Were you... close?

EMMA

Yes.

(off his alarmed look)

Oh heavens, no! Nothing like that. Just best friends. Boys and girls can just be friends, you know.

JAKE

So I've been told. Many times. By every girl I've ever known.

(off her empathetic look)

Actually, that's a lie. But I always imagine it's what they'd say if I asked them out. So I don't.

Emma laughs. Jake's never got this much positive feedback from a girl before, and it's freaking him out.

EMMA

So... What was the thing you wanted to ask me?

JAKE

About this key. It's for something that he wanted me to bring back.

Emma looks genuinely puzzled. No clue. She takes Jake's wrist, brings it closer so she can study the key. Another accidental moment of intimacy between them.

EMMA
What was the thing?

JAKE
I don't know. But he... kind of implied that it could...

EMMA
What?

JAKE
No, I can't even say it out loud, it sounds insane. Main thing is, he said I'd need your help finding it.

EMMA
Me?

JAKE
Yeah. And he mentioned a man with a cigar?

EMMA
I'm sorry. I really don't remember him saying anything. But it was such a long time ago that he left.

JAKE
Why did he leave? Was it because he wasn't Peculiar?

EMMA
Oh, he was Peculiar. He just didn't believe we should live this way.

JAKE
Wait... Peculiar how?

EMMA
It's... a long story. Later?

JAKE
I'm not sure how long I can stay today. This old guy lent me his coat. And my dad'll be going out of his mind.

EMMA
He won't -- time doesn't count in here. You always come out of the loop exactly when you went in.
(starting to walk away)
I'll come and find you when I've finished my chores!

57 INT. LOBBY - DAY.

57

Jake walks briskly to the large GRANDFATHER CLOCK standing here and tries his key in its door. It doesn't fit.

Next he tries the drawer in a small CONSOLE. Again, no.

He looks around. Nothing else with a lock. He heads upstairs.

58 INT. UPPER LANDING - DAY.

58

There's a CHEST here with a BIRDCAGE and a PHONE on it. Jake tries his key in both of its drawers. Still no luck.

59 INT. UPPER CORRIDOR/ENOC'S ROOM - DAY.

59 *

Jake is exploring, looking for keyholes, when he passes the open door to a BEDROOM and hears a voice.

 ENOCH
You still here?

Enoch is at a desk, surrounded by his JARS. Two are open and contain just fluid. Two DEAD RATS lie beside them. They're wet. Enoch looks up and gives Jake a saccharine smile. *

 ENOCH (CONT'D)
You must feel pretty out of place.

 JAKE
Don't worry, I'm used to it.

 ENOCH
Oh, I wasn't worried. I'm Enoch, by the way.

Jake doesn't reply, concerned now to see that Enoch has his hands on one of the dead rats. And it's TWITCHING.

 JAKE
What are you... doing?

Enoch raises his hands an inch above the dead rat. Now it begins to SHUDDER. And then to CONVULSE violently.

Finally it flips itself the right way up and stands normally, sniffing around. As if it had been alive all along.

 JAKE (CONT'D)
Did you just...?

Enoch touches the second rat, keeps chatting casually.

 ENOCH
This? Oh, this isn't even the fun part. Want to see the fun part?

The second rat bounces to its feet, sniffs at the first rat. Enoch snatches it up. It wriggles. He WHISPERS in its ear.

When he sets it down, it viciously ATTACKS the first rat.

Jake watches in dismay. Enoch seems delighted by this.

ENOCH (CONT'D)
Once I've brought them back, they
do anything I tell them.
(a beat)
It's even more fun with people. You
should have seen some of the epic
battles I used to have at my
parents' funeral parlour.

The first rat SQUEALS loudly as the second BITES its neck.

JAKE
Um... Enoch, that rat looks --

ENOCH
It's alright, they're already dead.

Jake backs into the corridor, creeped out. Enoch is thrilled. *

60

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - DAY.

60

As Jake is backing out of Enoch's room, he bumps into Emma.

EMMA
Told you I'd find you! I'm getting
changed for supper. You should too,
you're covered in mud.

JAKE
Supper? Already? What time is it?

EMMA
We eat at five thirty.

JAKE
Seriously? Don't you get sick of
being treated like a kid?

EMMA
No sense in moaning about things
you can't change.
(a beat)
You can borrow some of Abe's
clothes. His room's in the attic.

61

INT. ABE'S ROOM - DAY.

61

An ATTIC BEDROOM. Jake stands at a mirror trying to beat the dust from the old SUIT he's now wearing.

Then, with a renewed sense of purpose, he tries his key in the dresser drawers. It doesn't fit, but they're not locked. He starts rifling through them. In the bottom drawer, under some clothes, he hits paydirt -- ENVELOPES. MAPS. FOLDERS.

Suddenly, a NOISE. He slams the drawer shut, leaps up.

Emma, stands in the doorway in a pretty dress. Her hair in an up-do, two ROSES tucked behind her ear. Jake is bewitched.

JAKE

You look... nice.

EMMA

And you look... a bit dusty.

She blows gently in his direction...

It's like being hit by a gust of WIND. Jake's hair ruffles. A cloud of DUST billows from his suit. He stares at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Air. My peculiarity. Lighter than it. Tell it what to do. That sort of thing. Wait a second --

She moves over to him, takes one of the flowers from her hair and tucks it into the button-hole of his jacket.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Now you look... perfect.

Their eyes meet. Jake looks away hurriedly, shy.

JAKE

These are, uh... great clothes.

EMMA

Take what you like. I'm sure he'd have wanted you to have them. It's not like he's ever coming back now.

JAKE

Is that why Miss Peregrine kept his room? She thought he might?

EMMA

He visited once. He was sixty two. About to retire. That must be when he left all those papers you were looking at. What are they?

*

JAKE

I'm not sure.

Emma moves to the drawer, gets the papers out and sits down to examine them. Jake sits beside her and studies a large, crumpled WORLD MAP, dotted with scribbled marks and writing.

*

*

JAKE (CONT'D)
 These are all the places he visited
 after the war...

*
 *
 *

Only now does he notice Emma's horrified expression as she
 peers into a large ENVELOPE. She throws it down.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 What is it?

He reaches in and pulls out AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH:

A CHILD with a DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA. But Santa's eyes are
 completely WHITE. The photo is defaced by a thick black "X"
 drawn across it.

*

JAKE (CONT'D)
 That is creepy.

Jake stares at it, deeply unsettled. Then he tips out the
 rest of the envelope's contents. More PHOTOGRAPHS. He leafs
 through them, with a sense of rising discomfort.

*

Each is a portrait of a MAN or WOMAN with completely white
eyes. Every one is CROSSED THROUGH in black pen.

*
 *

The last is the scariest: A SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH, a circle drawn
 around the face of a cadaverous man in the back row: MR
 LAMONT. We may recognise him as the man near Abe's house.

*

Jake reacts in shock, a sharp intake of breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 I've seen this man!

EMMA
 That's impossible, he's dead!

JAKE
 Wait, you know who he is?

EMMA
 I can't... Because you're not
 peculiar. I'm not supposed to --

Impulsively, Jake grabs her hand.

JAKE
 Emma, please!

EMMA
 His name is Lamont. He and the
 others... Were bad people.

*

JAKE
 Nazis?
 (she shakes her head: no)
 Why are their eyes like that?

*
 *

EMMA

It was a mark of... The group they
belonged to. A sort of... Cult.
Lamont was the leader.

*

JAKE

He's not dead -- I saw him! Near my
grandpa's house, the night he died.

*

*

*

EMMA

If that's true... you need to tell
Miss Peregrine.

A dinner GONG sounds.

62

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY.

62

A lovely glass conservatory, full of tall, exotic TREES. They
cast shade, but the room is lit by CANDLES. BUTTERFLIES flit
around freely. The children, dressed smartly, sit at a table.
Jake between Emma and Enoch. Miss Peregrine at the head.

An incredible FEAST is laid out, including a tower of giant
carrot discs. Everyone is tucking in to their food. Jake
pokes cautiously at a tennis-ball sized PEA.

Wilbur blows out a candle. Miss Peregrine shoots him a stern
look. Obediently, he looks at the candle. It RE-IGNITES.

The Twins take it in turns to feed one another, popping food
into the back of each other's heads.

Jake is itching to ask questions, but the others monopolise
the conversation. Only Emma shares his sense of unease.

*

*

FIONA

Must be very strange for you, Jake.
Meeting your Grandfather's friends.
Visiting another century.

HORACE

Yes. I'd not have guessed you were
from that far afield. That shirt of
yours looked almost contemporary.

JAKE

Oh, no, I... I dress a little
differently to other people in my
time. I prefer the old styles.

ENOCH

Try to be different, do you? Some
of us were born with no choice.

Fiona shoots Enoch a disapproving look. Beside her, Hugh
shakes PEPPER onto his food. Too much comes out, making him
sneeze. Several BEES fly from his nostrils...

*

*

*

...Into Millard. He swats them away as he addresses Jake. *

MILLARD (V.O.)

Are there spaceships in your time,
Jake? Like the Flash Gordon books?

MISS PEREGRINE

Now, now. What did I tell you all
about not asking questions? We
don't discuss the future here. The
present is good enough for us.

JAKE

May I ask you all something, then?
If you have to live in places like
this... how come my Grandpa didn't?

BRONWYN

Because he could --

Miss Peregrine cuts in abruptly.

MISS PEREGRINE

His peculiarity made it possible.

JAKE

I still don't know what that was.

MISS PEREGRINE

He was aware when danger was near.

JAKE

What, like... bad people? Is that
why he left? So he could find
people who were dangerous?

HUGH

He wanted to fight the baddies!

FIONA

Hugh means... join the army.

BRONWYN

And he wanted to be a grown up and
meet a lady and have a nice wedding
cake and a lovely little baby!

They're clearly hiding something. Jake looks to Emma, eyes
imploring for an honest answer, frustrated. She looks away. *

JAKE

He said he had to protect everyone.
He killed bad people, and he took
something from one of them, and -- *

Miss Peregrine downs her flatware with a CLATTER, her brow
furrowed. She glances at her fob watch and stands decisively. *

MISS PEREGRINE

Jake, come to my study. Everyone
else see to the dishes, please.

*
*

63

INT. MISS PEREGRINE'S STUDY - DAY.

63

A room full of curios. Miss Peregrine sits at her desk
opposite Jake, the photographs laid out before her.

MISS PEREGRINE

You're quite sure this was the man
that you saw? It's important, Jake.

She gets up and fetches a BOOK: "A PECULIAR HISTORY." The
cover depicts an "ascent of man" vignette, but each hominid
is Peculiar. The ape has two heads, one looking right at us
with a cheery smile. The upright man is breathing fire.

She leafs through, then opens it on the desk before Jake, to
a large PHOTO OF LAMONT. His white eyes are alarming.

JAKE

Yes. This is him.
(reading the caption)
Lawrence Lamont. Who is he?

MISS PEREGRINE

It doesn't matter.

*
*

JAKE

It does if he killed my grandpa!

*
*

Miss Peregrine visibly blanches.

*

MISS PEREGRINE

How did Abe die?

*
*

JAKE

No, you tell me first. Who is he?
Emma said... he was some kind of
cult leader?

*
*
*

MISS PEREGRINE

Did she, now? These are not matters
for non-peculiar ears.

Jake stares her down. If she's not giving out information,
neither is he. Finally, Miss Peregrine turns the page.

*
*

A PHOTO: YOUNG LAMONT, 7, stares sadly from behind the glass
of a freak-show display case. A sign says: "THE AMAZING
LAMONT! YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE YOUR EYES!"

*

JAKE

Whoa. He grew up in a freak show?

MISS PEREGRINE
 As did many of our kind born in
 harsher times. But Lamont was...
 idealistic. And angry. Very angry.

64 **INT. VICTORIAN SIDE-SHOW - FLASHBACK - DAY.** 64 *

Young Lamont's POV: A crowd of grotesque faces - SIDE-SHOW
 VISITORS - press against glass, pointing, laughing. Horrible. *

Young Lamont is in a DISPLAY CASE. Something inside him
snaps. He SMASHES his hands against the glass, SHATTERING it. *

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 He grew to loathe both mankind and
 his fellow Peculiars. He blamed
 them for allowing us to become
 second class citizens. He became
 hellbent on vengeance.

As the crowd scatter, a woman in Gypsy Fortune-Teller garb,
 MISS AVOCET, 35, gently stops him. He pushes her away, angry. *

JAKE (V.O.)
 What did he do? *

65 **INT. VICTORIAN LIBRARY - FLASHBACK - DAY.** 65 *

An OLDER LAMONT sits poring over a pile of books. He's
 wearing a hooded robe, and looks deeply sinister. *

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 Devoted himself to the study of the
 arcane.

Around the room, eight ROBED CULTISTS also read silently. *

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 Gathered a group of like-minded
 Peculiars. And finally discovered a
 way to wield ultimate power: an
 ancient artifact that could return
 the dead to life. A talisman.

Now we see the book Lamont is reading: there's an
 ILLUSTRATION in it: A TALISMAN covered in WEIRD SYMBOLS. *

Lamont's hand moves to his neck and parts his robe to touch:
 An identical TALISMAN. *

66 **INT. MISS PEREGRINE' STUDY - DAY.** 66 *

The talisman is illustrated on a new page of the book. Jake
 stares at Miss Peregrine, eyes wide. *

JAKE

This... This has to be what my
grandpa stole! He told me. It's
here! He wanted me to take it home
so that I could bring him back!

Miss Peregrine snaps the book shut.

MISS PEREGRINE

So. How did he die?

JAKE

I... I think he was attacked. His
house had been ransacked. Lamont
must have been looking for it and --

Miss Peregrine gets up, starts pacing.

MISS PEREGRINE

Silence, please. I'm trying to
think. This is extremely serious.
Our community believed Lamont to be
dead. Your grandfather said he'd
seen to that himself.

Jake nods, remembering:

67

EXT. EUROPEAN ALLEYWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY.

67

The quaint East-European alleyway we saw before. OLD ABE
FIRES his rifle. This time, the fallen man wears a ROBE.

JAKE (V.O.)

He definitely mentioned the leader.
And taking... "the artifact".

Abe prods him. Turns him over. It's Lamont. The talisman is
around his neck. Abe takes it and walks away, triumphant.

JAKE (V.O.)

And he said the bad people were all
gone. He must have made a mistake.

Lamont lies where Abe left him. Suddenly, he splutters to
life. He feels for the talisman. His face fills with fury.

68

INT. MISS PEREGRINE' STUDY - DAY.

68

Jake jumps, shaken from his recollections by the sound of
Miss Peregrine opening her study door with a loud BANG.

MISS PEREGRINE

That will be all, thank you, Jake.

JAKE

Wait, I don't understand --

MISS PEREGRINE

And nor do you need to. As I said,
this is not your concern. But it is
mine. Lamont is extremely dangerous
and if he's at large, as you claim,
I must write to warn my fellow
Ymbrines in the States immediately.

*
*
*
*
*
*

69

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - DAY.

69

Jake is still protesting as Miss Peregrine shoos him out.

*

JAKE

But, what did the cult do? I don't
get why you can't tell me --

*
*
*

Miss Peregrine closes the door on him. Jake sighs, annoyed.
It's only now that he notices: Enoch. Lurking nearby.

*
*

ENOCH

Because we keep peculiar matters
private. And you're not one of us.
I do know someone who can get away
with breaking the rules, though.
Want to meet him?

*
*
*

Enoch smirks, beckons, walks down the corridor. Jake follows.

They pass the open door to a BEDROOM. Horace, Fiona, Millard
and Hugh are playing SNAKES AND LADDERS. Horace glances up.

HORACE

Enoch? Where are you going?

Enoch ignores him, keeps walking until he reaches a CLOSED
DOOR at the end of the hallway.

Fiona bursts out into the hall behind them and catches up
just as Enoch is about to turn the door handle.

FIONA

Enoch, DON'T. Leave Victor alone.
He doesn't like it, and it really
upsets Bronwyn.

ENOCH

Oh stop fussing, Fiona. Don't you
think Jake should meet everybody?

FIONA

He's trying to scare you away,
Jake. He was always jealous of Abe,
and now he's jealous of you. Come
and play with us instead.

JAKE

I'd... I'd like to meet Victor.

70

INT. VICTOR'S ROOM - DAY

70

The drapes are drawn. In the dim light, Jake can see a bed with MOSQUITO-NET hung around it. A silhouetted figure in it.

Enoch pushes Jake closer. Jake speaks up nervously.

JAKE

Hello? Victor? My name's Jake. I'm sorry to disturb you --

ENOCH

He can't hear you, you idiot. I haven't woken him up yet.

Enoch pushes past Jake and yanks back the net.

The person in the bed is entirely covered in a SHEET. We can see the outline of arms crossed over the chest. The chest isn't moving. He's not breathing.

Jake backs away.

Enoch pulls back the sheet and we see VICTOR, 15, and very dead. Victor's eyes are missing.

Jake runs out of the room to the sound of Enoch's laughter.

71

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

71

A feminine 1940s child's room. Jake sits on the bed, beside Emma, who seems to be in shock, too. And a little angry.

EMMA

Did you tell Miss Peregrine that Abe's eyes were missing? Or did you not want to upset her either?

JAKE

The police said it was a dog.

EMMA

What else haven't you told me?

JAKE

You can talk! At least I kept stuff from you to be kind, not because of some stupid rule.

Emma stares him down, thinking. Then looks at her WATCH.

EMMA

I suppose... I could just show you what happened to Victor.

72

EXT. FAR END OF THE GARDEN - DAY.

72

Emma's shoes are on the grass, a length of rope knotted through the straps. The rope rises straight upwards.

At the top of the rope is Emma. Floating here barefoot at the back of the garden, where a row of tall TREES grow beside a towering BRICK WALL topped with BARBED WIRE.

In the closest tree, we find Jake, struggling to climb up.

JAKE

So, what is it? Did Lamont's cult sacrifice people, or something?

EMMA

Indirectly. Hurry, you'll miss it.

Breathless, Jake reaches a branch close to Emma. He climbs on and sits down. Emma points to the vista below.

The FIELD beyond the wall leads to the CLIFFS and SEA. In the field is a PAINTED OUTLINE, as from a crime scene. But...

Whatever got painted around was about twelve foot tall. Vaguely humanoid, only the legs and arms are far too long, far too thin. The arms reach down nearly to the feet, and end in points. The head explodes into a riot of wavy shapes...

Like the monster from Jake's nightmare. He stares in alarm.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Normally, Ymbrines pick the perfect day for a loop. But Miss Peregrine had to make this one in a hurry.

JAKE

Why?

EMMA

Because the Germans were about to drop a bomb on the house. The point is, September 3rd 1943 wasn't perfect. Victor died that afternoon. And now, every day, the thing that killed him comes back.

Emma looks at her watch, then points to the field. Look.

Miss Peregrine walks into the field, heading towards the chalk outline. She's carrying an ornate CROSSBOW. She stops twenty feet away from the outline, checks her fob watch, then raises the crossbow, aiming into the empty field. *

Horrifically, seemingly impossible in this bright, sunlit pastoral scene, a LONG BLACK ARM reaches over the cliff-top. *

A second ARM. And then something is hauling itself up...

The MONSTER from Jake's nightmare. Smooth skin where its eyes should be, tentacles billowing where you'd hope for a mouth. Impossibly tall with spindly legs, trailing arms. It casts a long, thin SHADOW across the grass. *

Jake is about to scream. Emma claps her hand over his mouth.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Shhh. You'll put her off.

The monster scuttles towards Miss Peregrine, frighteningly swift as it crosses the chalk silhouette until -- THUNK! *
Headshot! The monster lets out a chilling BELLOW and keels backwards... Landing almost perfectly on its chalk outline.

Miss Peregrine lowers the crossbow and strolls cheerily away. *

Jake stares ahead, speechless. Traumatized.

EMMA (CONT'D)
It's alright, it's alright. She got it. She always gets it. She made the outline so she'd know exactly where to shoot. See the shadow?

JAKE
Nevermind the shadow! What is that?

Jake can't take his eyes off the dead creature. Emma scrutinizes him, begins to look as shocked as he does.

EMMA
Can you actually... See it?

73

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

73 *

Miss Peregrine stirs a pot of cocoa while puffing on her pipe. Jake and Emma sit at the table, Emma clearly excited. *

MISS PEREGRINE
I'm a little surprised, I must say.

EMMA
But it makes perfect sense that Jake would share Abe's peculiarity!

MISS PEREGRINE *
If he can see the monsters, I fail to understand why it's taken him seventeen years to find out.

EMMA
Abe always said in his letters that Florida was safe!

MISS PEREGRINE
Nowhere is safe.

JAKE

Could someone please explain what's going on? I'm peculiar because... I could see that thing?

*

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

They're invisible. Except to those with your particular peculiarity.

*

*

EMMA

The rest of us can only see their shadows. But if you do... chances are it's too late.

*

*

*

*

JAKE

What are they?

*

*

MISS PEREGRINE

Ancient beings who feed on peculiars. Died out long before non-peculiars evolved... But Lamont brought them back.

*

*

*

*

*

74

EXT. EXTINCT VOLCANO - FLASHBACK - SUNSET.

74

*

The talisman. It's in the hand of the Older Lamont. Wearing robes, he leads his Cultists in a trek up a steep hill.

*

*

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

He and his group made pilgrimage to a remote place... Rumored to hold the last evidence that the monsters ever existed.

*

*

*

*

And now we see: the hill is actually a huge, extinct VOLCANO. Lamont and his Cultists peer down into the mossy interior to see: HUNDREDS OF LARGE OVAL STONES, peppering the ground.

*

*

*

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

Fossilized eggs. Long forgotten.

Lamont smiles and they begins their descent into the basin.

As the Cultists reach a plateau, the first clutch of eggs, Lamont looks down to his hand: the talisman is GLOWING.

They form a circle around the stone eggs. We can't see what Lamont is doing with the talisman, but within the circle, over the eggs, a WATERY COLUMN OF SHIMMERING AIR appears.

Suddenly, MONSTROUS, SPINDLY SHADOWS fill the circle.

JAKE (V.O.)

Lamont brought them back to life?

The shadow of a long, thin arm falls over Lamont. He looks to his shoulder in alarm, excitement, feeling a touch...

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 An army of monsters. Bound to the
 cult in their gratitude. Ready to
 forge an eternal pact.

Lamont's eyes turn WHITE. The other Cultists react in wonder
 as shadows move over them... And their eyes turn WHITE too.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 The cult were marked, so that they
 may be recognized as allies. And in
 return, vowed to feed the monsters.

75

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

75

Jake stares at Miss Peregrine in disbelief.

JAKE
 Feed them... Peculiars?

MISS PEREGRINE
 We lived in constant fear. Even
 hiding in loops was no guarantee of
 safety: the cult used to raid the
 loops and lead the monsters in.

Jake remembers Abe's words, everything falling into place.

JAKE
 Until my grandpa stopped them...

76

INT. BARN - FLASHBACK - DAY.

76

The same scene Jake imagined before. Only now the huddled
 Woman and Children are wearing more old-fashioned clothes. In
 the middle of the barn, Young Abe fires his rifle.

FLOP. His target falls heavily, sending up a cloud of dust.
 Not a Nazi soldier this time, but a MONSTER.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)
 He dedicated his life to destroying
 as many monsters as he could. And
every Cultist. He ended the raids.

On an upper gangway, a robed CULTIST runs for safety. Aiming
 for the balcony, Abe FIRES again.

77

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

77

Jake struggles to take this in, as Miss Peregrine continues.

MISS PEREGRINE
 A few monsters remain. Like the one
 you saw today.
 (MORE)

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

But Lamont needs many more if he hopes to begin his plan again.

JAKE

He needs the talisman.

MISS PEREGRINE

I can only presume he's spent the last half century looking for it.

Now Emma looks anxious, realizing...

EMMA

Wait, is that what Abe hid?? Do you think Lamont will look here?

Jake winces, realizing:

JAKE

He might... He might have heard my grandpa tell me.

MISS PEREGRINE

Hence you understand why locating him is my first priority. No word of this yet to the other children please, I don't want them scared. Once they're safely tucked up after movie time, you'll post my letters to the states. But for now, you'll both go and change for bed, as if nothing is amiss.

JAKE

For... bed?

MISS PEREGRINE

You're peculiar, Jake. You belong here, now.

This hits home. Jake smiles. Never belonged anywhere before.

78

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.

78

Jake arrives on the landing wearing Abe's pyjamas, awkward. Emma is waiting for him. They head for the stairs.

As they pass the chest, the telephone RINGS. Jake jumps.

EMMA

I usually answer that. But tonight... I think you should.

Jake watches, confused, as she heads down the stairs. Then looks with trepidation to the phone. Finally, he picks it up.

79 **EXT. AIRSTRIP PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT.** 79

A phone booth on a bustling army airstrip. Young SOLDIERS in uniform everywhere. Using the phone is: Young Abe.

 YOUNG ABE
Hello, this is Abe. Who's that?

80 **INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.** 80

Jake nearly drops the phone in shock.

 JAKE
My name's Jake. I'm... new here.

81 **EXT. AIRSTRIP PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT.** 81

Young Abe smiles.

 YOUNG ABE
Welcome to the family, Jake. You couldn't hope for a sweeter bunch, you'll be very happy. Look, I know it's nearly movie time, so just let Miss Peregrine know I'm doing fine, yes? I'm being posted to England, which is perfect because my first target is in... Hello?... Hello?

82 **INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.** 82

Jake is frozen, can't find words. Finally, he just hangs up.

83 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 83

The perpetual desk calender stands on the mantelpiece. In the fireplace, a roaring fire. Wilbur is here, playing with it. *
The other children sit before a movie-projector screen. All *
wear nightclothes and everyone has a mug of cocoa. *

Jake enters, still a bit shaken. A CHEER goes up. (Only Enoch abstains.) BEES fly from Hugh's mouth as he cheers, slightly spoiling the moment. Everyone flaps them away, irritated. *

Bronwyn runs up to Jake excitedly, hugs his legs... And lifts him clear off the ground, joyfully twirling him around. *

 BRONWYN
Miss Peregrine says you're
Peculiar! Now you can stay!

Once he's back on the ground and over the surprise, Jake can't suppress a grin: this sense of belonging is nice. *

Emma is beside Enoch on a couch. She shifts away to make room for Jake. As he sits down, a cup of cocoa FLOATS towards him. With some trepidation, Jake takes it. *

MILLARD
Made it extra chocolate-y. As a special welcome. *

EMMA
Millard! Put your pyjamas on! *

MILLARD
It's boiling in here. Wilbur lit the fire. *

HORACE
Then open the window. *

FIONA
I'll do it. *

Fiona glances over at the window. Suddenly, TENDRILS OF IVY creep under the bottom of the sash window, into the room. They curl up, like fingers... And lift the window open. *

In the corner, a pair of discarded PYJAMAS is picked up by invisible hands. Fiona turns back to a dumbstruck Jake. *

FIONA (CONT'D)
Everyone misses home at first, Jake. Especially if their parents were nice. But it's for the best. *

JAKE
Oh, I'm sure I'd like it here, but I... just came to find something. I'll be going home once I have it. *

HUGH
He doesn't have to stay, Fiona. He can see the monsters. Like Abe.

ENOCH
Doesn't mean he has the guts the fight them.

JAKE
(ignoring Enoch)
I'm very sorry about your brother, Bronwyn. I didn't know.

BRONWYN
It's alright. We're so lucky to live in a loop 'cos he never goes off! I can see him whenever I want!

Miss Peregrine enters and dims the lights. Millard - now dressed - sits. Horace moves to stand opposite the screen. *

JAKE
My grandpa told me about this.
Horace projects his dreams?

EMMA
We used to listen to the radio
instead, but it gets tedious when
you know every word off-by-heart.

ON THE SCREEN: an image appears, the quality grainy and a little jerky, like an old movie.

84 **INT. TAILOR'S STORE (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.**

84

Horace is in an upscale TAILOR'S STORE, wearing a FANCY SUIT, admiring his reflection. There's audio too, albeit fuzzy.

HORACE (ON THE SCREEN)
Splendid. I'll take it.

85 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.**

85

Emma and Jake whisper to one another.

EMMA
He dreams about clothes, mostly.

JAKE
It's probably good that he'll never
get any older.

*

ON THE SCREEN: Now Horace is in the GARDENS. The Peculiar children play. Miss Peregrine shows Jake around.

BACK IN THE PARLOUR: Jake reacts, confused.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wait... When did he dream this?

EMMA
Last night. Some of his dreams are
prophetic. But mostly they're about
clothes.

JAKE
Prophetic? As in, he can see into
the future?

86 **EXT. REAR GARDENS (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.**

86

Exactly as before, Horace extends his hand. Jake shakes it.

HORACE
Delighted. Are you joining us?
Super shirt, by the way.

Suddenly the image judders and burns out, to be replaced by: *

87 **INT. MODERN AEROPLANE (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.** 87

Lamont is a passenger, asleep. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT touches his arm. He opens his eyes suddenly. They're white. Scary.

88 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 88

Jake, Emma and Miss Peregrine react with looks of unease.

ON THE SCREEN: There is now a replay of today's dinner. But the children are still unsettled by the previous clip.

HUGH *

Was that a Cultist!?

FIONA

Don't be silly, they're all dead.

ENOCH

It looked like Lamont.

The twins exchange looks and, synchronised, wipe their painted-on smiles, smearing the face-paint into frowns. *

MISS PEREGRINE

Shhh! Obviously Horace had a bad dream, that's all. Quiet now.

The children comply as the image on the screen changes to:

89 **INT. CAVE (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.** 89

Jake and Emma are in the cave. Outside, it's raining. Jake is staring at Emma, intense.

JAKE (ON THE SCREEN)

...Now I understand why.

Emma meets his gaze. Then takes his face in her hands. Moves in close, shuts her eyes. They're just about to kiss. Then --

90 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 90

Miss Peregrine turns the lights on. The image vanishes. There's an "AWWW" of disappointment from the girls.

MISS PEREGRINE

That's quite enough of that thank you, Horace.

Jake stares straight ahead, catatonic with embarrassment. Emma studies her shoes. Enoch stares at Jake. Murderous.

FIONA

Oh look -- it's nine o'clock. Not long 'til reset. May we go outside for it, Miss Peregrine? Since it's Jake's first night?

Miss Peregrine tries to mask her concern with a bright tone.

MISS PEREGRINE

I don't see why not.

She picks up the perpetual calendar from the mantelpiece as the children CHEER and run out of the room.

91

EXT. REAR GARDENS - NIGHT.

91

It's dark outside now. The children stand in a row, all wearing GAS MASKS except for Jake. He holds his, confused.

Emma puts the mask on for him, helps him fasten the straps.

Miss Peregrine, also wearing a gas mask, lifts her fob watch. Then she taps the shoulder of Millard, who stands beside her.

Behind Millard is a small table. On it, the desk calendar and an old GRAMOPHONE with a winding crank. Millard winds it.

Just the CRANKING noise now, as the children stand in their night clothes and gas masks. It's all a little sinister.

Millard's invisible hand moves the STYLUS onto the RECORD.

A crackling version of RUN RABBIT RUN begins to play.

Suddenly, a FIGHTER PLANE streaks across the sky.

Jake flinches at the noise. The others stand stock still.

Other PLANES follow. Each seemingly in time to the music.

Now, also in sync with the music, A BOMB explodes in the distance, lighting up the horizon.

Then SEVERAL MORE in quick succession. BANG BANG BANG BANG... In perfect time with the words of the song.

The sky begins to fill with plumes of white SMOKE.

The final verse is almost drowned out by the DRONE of another plane, directly overhead. Then the WHISTLE of a falling bomb.

Jake gives a muffled SHRIEK from inside his mask as he sees:

A BOMB plummeting directly towards them.

Instinctively, he grabs Emma's arm and runs. She tries to pull him back, but he's gripping too tight.

The bomb is right over the house.

Jake throws himself onto Emma, knocking them both to the ground. Survival instinct - and protective instinct too.

Silence now, just the crackling of the end of the record as the bomb reaches the roof of the house... and FREEZES in mid-air. As if time has stopped. Which it has.

Jake lies braced, one arm over his head, one over Emma. Total silence, bar the crackling. Gingerly, he hauls himself up, dares too look behind him.

The bomb is floating just a few feet above the roof.

Miss Peregrine turns the little winder on her fob watch.

Above the house, the bomb begins to DISAPPEAR. The STARS and MOON fade, the sky grows lighter, flooding with sunset hues as the SUN hurtles upwards at breakneck speed in an extraordinary reverse sunset. Time is going backwards. Fast. *
*
*
*

The WATCH HANDS spin counter-clockwise and for a few beats the watch-face reflects sunlight, fast scudding clouds, then a sunrise, before darkness returns as the hands complete two revolutions to return to where they begun: 9:07pm. *
*
*
*

The perpetual calendar FLIPS from SEPTEMBER 3 to SEPTEMBER 2.

Jake stares at sky in awe, transfixed, then - in even greater awe - looks back to the impossibly cool Miss Peregrine... *

...Who saunters away, dusting her hands with the nonchalant satisfaction of someone completing a perfectly routine chore. *

92

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT.

92

At the door, Miss Peregrine hands Jake and Emma some LETTERS. The top one is addressed to "MISS FINCH, KEY LARGO, FLORIDA."

MISS PEREGRINE
Emma, show Jake the way and watch
the entrance. Jake, once you're
back in your time, go directly to
the post box and return swiftly.

Jake and Emma nod. Miss Peregrine opens the door, and they step out into the night. She watches them go. Uneasy.

93

EXT. PATH/MARSH/ROCKFACE - NIGHT.

93

Jake and Emma walk down the path that curves round the marsh.

JAKE
I can't even describe it... I
just... I miss him so much.

*
*
*

EMMA
 Oh Jake, wouldn't it be incredible?
 If you really could get him back?
 We have to find it.

*
 *
 *
 *

JAKE
 There are still a few rooms I
 haven't tried the key in. We can do
 those first thing then try outside.

*

Emma hops off the path and onto the mud. Jake hesitates.

*

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Careful - isn't that all marshland?

EMMA
 Shortcut. Follow me and stay on the
 solid bits.

Emma hops over the marshy ground like she's playing stepping-stones. With some trepidation, Jake follows.

JAKE
 So... Do Horace's dreams always
 come true?

EMMA
 I suppose we'll just have to wait
 to find out.
 (suddenly embarrassed)
 I... I meant the part of the dream
 where he saw Lamont travelling.

Jake grins, relieved that she can't see his face right now.

JAKE
 Me too.

They've reached the path by the cave entrance. It's pitch dark in there. Jake holds out his hand to Emma. She takes it.

94

INT. CAVE - NIGHT/DAY.

94

Jake creeps forward, Emma behind him. Suddenly, the cave
 BRIGHTENS. Jake wheels round to see: outside it's now DAY.
 And raining. Suddenly there's a loud PING from his pocket.

*
 *
 *

EMMA
 What was that?!

JAKE
 (pulling out his phone)
 My phone. It's been dead the whole
 time in the loop. I guess now I'm --

EMMA
 Your phone??

Jake smiles, excited to show her something cool.

JAKE

It's a telephone. You can call people. Or send them a... like, a written message. And it tells the time -- look, 4:25pm, that's when I came in. And oh wait, okay, you'll love this. Watch.

CLICK. Jake takes a photo of Emma.

He shows it to her. She laughs, astonished and delighted.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Here, you take one. Take one of both of us.

He moves close, cheek to cheek, puts his hand over hers and guides her to hold the phone out so they're both in shot.

He indicates the camera icon. She touches it. CLICK.

Jake keeps his arm around her as she studies the photo on the screen. Suddenly, her smile fades. Her lip starts to tremble.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

She hands him back the phone, blinking back tears.

EMMA

Just... You don't have to stay here. You can live outside, just like Abe did. One day you'll grow up and get married. And you'll have children and grandchildren. And you'll show them that photograph. And... I'll still be here.

JAKE

My grandpa left because he wanted to protect you. All of you. The other stuff... Just happened.

*

EMMA

I know. I'm sure he cared about us.

*

JAKE

He really did. The last thing he said was that he wanted to finish what he started. He wanted to deal with Lamont so you'd all be safe. He never stopped thinking about you... And now I understand why.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Emma meets his gaze. Then she takes his face in her hands. He stares at her. Never been this intimate with a girl before.

She moves in, closes her eyes. They're just about to kiss --
Suddenly, with a loud FLURRY OF WINGS, an AVOCET flies into the mouth of the cave, struggling to stay airborne.

Jake and Emma break apart and look just in time to see:

It hits the ground with a horrible, feathery THUD and lies there, fluttering desperately, injured.

EMMA

I think it's an Ymbrine.

JAKE

Wouldn't it, I don't know, change?

EMMA

Not if she's injured... I'll stay with her. Mail the letters, quick. We have to get her inside.

95

INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT.

95

Miss Peregrine wraps the injured bird in a TEA TOWEL and places it on a CUSHION in the open drawer of a DRESSER.

Emma and Jake watch from the dining table.

MISS PEREGRINE

Nothing broken, far as I can tell. I've administered a good strong tincture to alleviate any pain and help her sleep.

The upright part of the dresser has large double doors. As Miss Peregrine talks, she opens them to reveal: A RACK
holding her Crossbow. And below it, a thick, ANCIENT BOOK.

*
*

She flips through the book as she walks to the dining table.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

Mm. Here she is: Miss Avocet. Lives beyond a railway tunnel at Cardiff docks, on January the 2nd 1887.

JAKE

What's that? Ymbrines yellow pages?

MISS PEREGRINE

You could call it that. We call it the Book of Days.

(suddenly realizing)

Oh no. This is not good news. It's the loop where Lamont grew up.

She snaps the book shut, sits down heavily.

EMMA

You think this has something to do with him?

MISS PEREGRINE

No Ymbrine would abandon her young charges unless it was a matter of urgency... Oh mercy. We need more information, and quickly. Emma -- fetch Horace. I may have made a terrible error when I stopped tonight's film before it was over.

96 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.**

96

A sleepy Horace stands opposite the projector. Jake and Emma sit on the couch. Miss Peregrine turns off the light.

An image flickers onto the screen. Disconcertingly, it shows:

97 **INT. PARLOUR (ON THE SCREEN) - NIGHT.**

97

Creepy, seeing the very room we're in, on the screen. Emma is at the fireplace, her back to us. Motionless. This is eerie.

Abruptly, she turns. Trembling with fear and anger.

EMMA (ON THE SCREEN)

Jake... this is all your fault.

*

98 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.**

98

Jake, Emma and Miss Peregrine react, chilled to the bone. The light on their faces shifts as the image on screen changes:

*

99 **EXT. SNOWY FIELD (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.**

99

An empty, silent white expanse. Then, suddenly, EIGHT HORSES stampede across the field, terrorized.

We can still hear the clatter of their hooves as we cut to: Lamont's face. His white eyes staring as he walks towards us.

100 **EXT. SIDE-SHOW CAMPSITE (ON THE SCREEN) - DAY.**

100

Miss Avocet, in fortune-teller garb (as in the flashback to Lamont's childhood), stands in the middle of her camp.

*

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

That's her. Miss Avocet.

*

*

The horses stampede past her, but she barely reacts to them, instead staring ahead at what has made them run:

*

Coming down a hill are the SHADOWS of dozens of invisible monsters. The image judders, and burns out to white.

*
*

101

INT. PARLOUR - DAY.

101

Miss Peregrine turns on the lights. Horace opens his eyes. The sheer distress on the others' faces grips him with panic.

*
*

HORACE

What is it? What did I dream?

MISS PEREGRINE

Nothing of note, Horace darling.
Thank you. Go back to bed now.

He's entirely unfooled, but he leaves obediently nonetheless. When he's gone, Jake leaps up. He's been bursting to speak.

JAKE

What was my fault?

*

EMMA

I'd never blame you for anything, I don't know why Horace dreamed that. Even if Lamont's looking for you --

*
*
*

JAKE

If he's looking for me, why would he go to Miss Avocet's loop?

MISS PEREGRINE

An Ymbrine won't turn her back on even the worst of her children. He'd know he could trick her into letting him in by appealing to her kind nature. I believe he intended to kidnap her. Fortunately, he failed.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

JAKE

Kidnap her? Why?

*
*

MISS PEREGRINE

An Ymbrine can open any loop. He'll need one to break into ours.

*
*
*

EMMA

But... How would he find us?

*

MISS PEREGRINE

He may have taken her Book of Days. Until we find out, I can't take risks. No one leaves this loop.

*

She looks at Jake. He looks uneasy, but nods his agreement.

102 **INT. ABE'S ROOM - DAY.**

102

Jake wakes up and grabs his PHONE from the floor to check the time. The screen is black. Of course it is.

Jake reacts, tense, and hurries out of bed.

103 **EXT. REAR GARDENS - DAY.**

103 *

Fiona prunes burnt roses. The other kids play. Emma sits on a bench, watching. Preoccupied. Jake sees her, hurries over.

EMMA

You missed breakfast. Miss Peregrine was a bit cross.

JAKE

I know. I overslept.
(holding up the key)
Ready to go hunting?

*

EMMA

Very. It's time for our daily walk soon, so we'll have the house to ourselves. And there are picnic lunches. So you could eat yours now, if you're starving.

*

*

*

(looking round the garden)

*

Look at them all. They have no idea we're in danger.

*

She's right. All around are vignettes of innocence. The Twins squealing, chasing a swarm of BEES over to Hugh, who waits with his mouth open. Giggling as the bees disappear inside.

*

*

*

Fiona, now walking beside the bare rose bushes, fingertips outstretched, making ROSES bloom instantly as she passes.

*

*

Bronwyn, tossing a BALL to Wilbur, terrifyingly fast. Wilbur diving for cover. The ball LODGING deeply into a brick wall.

*

*

JAKE

Isn't that a good thing?

EMMA

I just keep thinking about Miss Avocet's poor children. We've all been so... sheltered. If anything ever happened to Miss Peregrine...

As if on cue, Miss Peregrine emerges from the kitchen garden carrying TIN LUNCH PAILS on her arms, CLANGING as she walks.

Jake and Emma approach her.

JAKE

How's Miss Avocet this morning?

MISS PEREGRINE
Still sleeping.

EMMA
When will you tell the others? *

MISS PEREGRINE
When I have no alternative option.
Until then, we'll maintain our
usual routine. No sense in
distressing them. And I'll thank
you both to be equally mindful.
Here, take your lunches.

Two of the lunch pails are RUSTY. The others shine. Emma
takes one rusty pail. Miss Peregrine hands Jake the other.

JAKE
Was this my Grandpa's?

MISS PEREGRINE
It's yours now.

As she walks away, Jake looks to Emma, his mind whirring.

JAKE
How come yours and Abe's are rusty?

EMMA
Sea water. Everyone normally goes
to the village or the cliffs. But I
used to prefer the ocean. I had
sort of a... Secret hideout.

He holds the rusty key next to the rusty lunch pail, stoked.

104

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY.

104

A LITTLE BOY stands beside the post box, eyes wide, as:

Over the brow of the hill walk the Peculiar Children. An odd
gang, with their lunch pails. Jake and Emma lag behind. *
The boy watches in awe as they go. Emma looks back, waves.

EMMA
Afternoon, Oggy!

JAKE
Oggy? Wait, I need to tell him not
to play on the cliffs tomorrow!
He's going to fall off, and --

EMMA
He won't even remember you said it.
Tomorrow is just today again. Can't
leave a mark, can't change
anything. Makes me sad, sometimes.

JAKE

I know the feeling. It's like...
 footprints on the sand. Like
 nothing you do --

EMMA

Matters. Exactly.

JAKE

Out there's no different.

*

They exchange looks. A moment rich with mutual understanding.
 The other children have paused, waiting for them to catch up.

HORACE

Hurry up, chaps!

EMMA

We're taking our lunch to the
 beach. We'll see you at teatime.

Enoch looks annoyed. The younger children make "awwws" of
 disappointment. The twins make an unidentifiable scary sound.

ENOCH

You're not coming to the village?

BRONWYN

Come on Jake, it's SO fun! You can
 be as naughty as you like!

JAKE

I'm sure. Maybe tomorrow.

Emma keeps on steering him away. Millard follows them.

MILLARD

A fine choice. You'll enjoy the
 beach much more.

JAKE

Yeah -- the locals didn't seem too
 friendly. You not going either?

EMMA

He's working on his project.
 Logging the activity of every
 person and animal on the island.

Millard's invisible hand produces a NOTEBOOK from his pocket
 and waves it proudly. He gestures to some nearby SHEEP.

MILLARD

Another month and I'll have this
 whole flock finished. So if you
 ever want to know exactly when one
 is going to poo, or make a noise,
 or even lie down, I'm your man!

Lost for words, Jake humors him with a hearty thumbs up. *
 Millard heads into the sheep field. Emma follows, beckons. *

EMMA *
 Beach is this way, too. *

The three of them cross the field. Soon, Millard slows, then *
 stops. His hat turning slowly this way and that as he looks *
 around. He scrutinizes his note-pad, then looks around again. *

EMMA (CONT'D) *
 What is it? *

MILLARD *
 These sheep are in the wrong place. *

Jake looks to Emma. Is this bad? Emma shrugs, and walks on. *

105

EXT. BEACH - DAY.

105

Jake and Emma walk along a small JETTY, Emma covering Jake's *
 eyes. She stops at the end, uncovers Jake's eyes. Ta-da! A *
 small WOODEN BOAT with an OUTBOARD MOTOR is moored here. *

JAKE *
 This is your secret hideout? *

EMMA *
 This is how we get there. *

JAKE *
 Is it yours? *

EMMA *
 The owner's in bed with measles. *
 See -- Millard's project isn't *
entirely useless. *

JAKE *
 Hey, he had me at sheep poo. *

Emma smiles and jumps into the boat. Her lead shoes make a *
 loud BANG as she lands. She unties the boat from its mooring. *

EMMA *
 Actually, in fairness, it's thanks *
 to him that we have the run of the *
 island. First thing he did was *
 track the monster's shadow. Map its *
 daily pattern. So we can avoid it. *
 (off Jake's worried look) *
 Don't worry. It's over on the north *
 side for another four hours. *

She tugs at the outboard motor cord. The motor ROARS to life. *

106

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

106

There's a vast, dark shadow below the surface of the murky water. Jake peers over the edge of the boat at it, uncertain.

Suddenly, Emma kills the motor. Jake looks up at her. Huh?

EMMA

We're here.

Jake looks around quizzically. This is an odd joke.

Emma pulls her dress over her head. She's wearing a demure undershirt and big underpants, but Jake is utterly thrown.

Emma stifles a laugh and LEAPS into the water. Jake PANICS.

JAKE

No! Emma, your shoes! Lead shoes?!

As he feared, she doesn't surface. Just keeps SINKING. Jake tears off his shirt and pants and leaps in after her.

107

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY.

107

Frantic, Jake opens his eyes and looks down to see:

A WRECKED CRUISE-LINER lies on the ocean floor. It's HUGE.

Emma is sinking towards it, a calm smile on her face.

Jake swims down towards her, frantic. Then, to his surprise:

Still sinking, Emma opens her mouth as if to speak. BUBBLES issue from her lips and float upwards towards him.

No ordinary bubbles. As they rise, they JOIN together, forming a LARGER BUBBLE. The big bubble floats closer...

And drifts towards Jake's face, as if guided there. A look of disbelief as the bubble floats closer, touches his nose...

And envelops his head, like a TRANSPARENT DIVING HELMET. Jake gasps as he realizes: he can breathe.

Below, Emma now stands on the hull of the wrecked cruise liner, beside its name plate: RMS AUGUSTA. Beckoning to him.

As Jake swims closer, she holds out her hand. He takes it.

108

INT. SHIP - COCKTAIL LOUNGE/UNDERWATER - DAY.

108

The atrophied grandeur of an early 1900s cocktail lounge, now underwater and listing at a slight angle. Emma and Jake swim into the room via the double-doors, still holding hands.

As Jake looks around in wonder, Emma lets go of his hand and pulls the doors until they are nearly closed.

Then she begins to BLOW towards the centre of the room. This time with more force, shooting a powerful STREAM OF BUBBLES.

Jake watches. How can anyone have this much air inside them?

The bubbles pool at the far side of the room, joining to form a quivering GIANT BUBBLE that reaches from floor to ceiling.

It's big enough to displace the water, washing Jake back against the wall beside the door. Still, Emma keeps blowing.

And the bubble keeps expanding... Forcing the water out through the gap in the doors. *

The bubble gets closer and closer to Jake and Emma until...

Jake's bubble touches the surface. Joins the giant bubble, then vanishes. He's in the giant bubble -- or rather, he's now in a damp cocktail lounge that is no longer underwater. He looks around in wonderment, dumbstruck. * *

Behind him, the wall of water is forced through the gap in the door. Emma pulls it shut with a dull THUD. Grins at him. *

EMMA

Welcome to my secret hideout.

JAKE

How did you...?

Jake wanders around the room in awe, dripping wet, as Emma walks casually over to the bar. She opens a JAR, pops a MARASCHINO CHERRY into her mouth, munches on it thoughtfully.

EMMA

Air. Told you. It does what I want.

JAKE

He said I'd need your help... This has to be the place. When did you last bring him here?

EMMA

When he visited. Said he wanted to see it one last time before he died. I didn't really want to come. I didn't even know him any more.

(looking away, sad)

I wish he'd told me the truth. Even just that he had to hide something. I'd have been proud to help. * *

Jake gives her a sympathetic look.

JAKE

He didn't say anything?

EMMA

He must have done it in the dining room. He went in there alone.

Emma indicates a door at the other end of the room. Jake gets up and walks towards it, unsteady on the sloping carpet.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Down the stairs. There should still be some air, or pockets anyway.

JAKE

You're not coming with me?

EMMA

I don't like it in there.

The note of fear in her voice makes Jake pause at the door. Finally, he steels himself and pushes it open.

The bubble filling the lounge bulges through the threshold, the dark water beyond rippling its surface. Jake reaches out gingerly, touches the bubble's edge. His fingers break through, but it stays intact. He looks back at Emma, afraid.

She nods to him -- it's fine. Go on.

And Jake passes through the bubble into the blackness beyond.

109

INT. SHIP - GRAND STAIRCASE LANDING/UNDERWATER - DAY.

109

A balcony at the top of a grand double staircase, entirely underwater. Its too dark to see yet what is below.

From the towering, ornate ceiling hangs a huge CHANDELIER, strands of crystal beads drifting freely like some dark, glittering sea creature.

Jake's feet leave the ground as he enters the water beyond the bubble. The bubble seals behind him, as if never broken.

Frightened, Jake looks around for any sign of an air pocket.

There's one just above him. Not so much a pocket as an odd BUBBLE, one of Emma's, trapped in a corner of the ceiling.

He swims to it, gasping as he breaks its surface. It wobbles into place, forming a perfect sphere around his head.

With trepidation, he swims down towards the stairs.

Grasping the bannister, he pulls himself down, further and further into the dark. The banister begins to curve... and Jake stops dead. Stares aghast at the sight now before him.

110 **INT. SHIP - DINING ROOM/UNDERWATER - DAY.** 110

A vast, beautiful dining room, underwater... filled with the SKELETAL REMAINS of perhaps a hundred diners. Some trying to escape. Others, surreally, still seated at tables. Their tattered evening clothes drift and float in the murky water.

Jake is terrified. His eyes dart from table to table.

Each tableaux is more unsettling than the last.

At the farthest end is a table occupied by a LONE SKELETON IN A TOP HAT and rotting tuxedo, with A CIGAR between his teeth.

111 **EXT. WOODLAND - FLASHBACK - NIGHT.** 111

Abe -- scary with his missing eyes -- lies in Jake's arms.

ABE

There... He has a cigar...

112 **INT. SHIP - DINING ROOM/UNDERWATER - DAY.** 112

Jake's eyes widen, sensing that he's hit jackpot here.

Reluctantly, Jake swims through the macabre room towards the lone skeleton, breathing hard inside his bubble helmet.

The long, wispy drifting HAIR of a FEMALE SKELETAL DINER brushes against his bare leg. Jake SHRIEKS. But carries on.

Finally he arrives at the farthest table. He swims down, level with the top-hatted skeleton. Now he can see: On its lap, clutched in a bony hand, is: A CIGAR HUMIDOR BOX. It has a small, rusted LOCK.

Jake prizes the skeletal fingers away and takes the humidor. Then he swims up and away as fast as he possibly can.

113 **INT. SHIP - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY.** 113

Emma and Jake sit at a table by a porthole. Emma watches as Jake tries his key in the humidor. It fits. He turns it...

The lid pops open. Inside, on top of a row of wet cigars, lies a TALISMAN on a chain.

Jake picks it up, studies it. It's a metal disk with faded symbols. There's an outer dial that looks like it should turn independently, but -- when Jake tries -- can't be moved.

JAKE

It's real. It's actually real. I
can't even... I mean, if I can get
a late flight, by tomorrow morning
I could... he could...

*
*
*
*
*

Overcome with happiness, he hugs her. She smiles, thrilled for him, until a thought strikes. She pulls away, concerned. *

EMMA *

But... is it safe leaving right now? With Lamont looking for you? *

He hadn't considered this. But doesn't want to hear it. *

JAKE *

Important thing is, we found it. Thank you, Emma. I couldn't have done it without you. See? Today, we both did something that mattered. *

She manages a smile. Jake beams back. But the moment is suddenly interrupted when: A MONSTER smashes the porthole! *

Jake and Emma scream in shock, tentacles whip wildly at them as the monster lunges through, water gushing in behind it.

Jake grabs Emma's hand and runs for the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Monster!

EMMA

Outside?

The monster slithers in through the broken porthole...

JAKE

No!

...And pursues them fast across the room, which is rapidly beginning to fill with water.

Unthinking, Jake yanks open the door... And A WALL OF WATER crashes in, flinging both them and the monster back. *

In seconds, the room is entirely UNDERWATER again. Jake and Emma swim desperately for the door.

The monster swims too, long spindly limbs propelling it fast in a creepy breaststroke style, like some huge water insect.

Jake struggles for breath. He tugs Emma's arm, urgent, and she blows him a BUBBLE HELMET as they swim through the door.

Emma and Jake push the door shut. A TENTACLE whips through the gap... Just pulling back in time to avoid being trapped.

They swim down the corridor as fast as they can. Emma points to an iron door at the end. A sign above reads: "UPPER DECK".

They're getting close when, behind them, the Monster BURSTS from the cocktail lounge and swims scarily fast towards them.

As Jake and Emma struggle to open the heavy door, the monster is swimming closer and closer.

They make it out with mere seconds to spare.

115 **EXT. SHIP - DECK/UNDERWATER - DAY.** 115

Out on the open deck, we can see the distant surface above. Jake and Emma swim up towards it, the monster close behind.

Emma grabs Jake's hand and blows a thin STREAM OF TINY BUBBLES behind her, propelling them both upwards...

The tiny bubbles stream into the monsters face, obscuring its view, buffeting it back down. Buying them more time.

116 **EXT. BOAT/OCEAN - DAY.** 116

The boat bobs here. Emma and Jake break the surface and swim urgently towards it.

Jake heaves himself onboard and reaches out to help Emma up.

117 **EXT. OCEAN/UNDERWATER - DAY.** 117

The underside of the boat. Emma's legs paddling frantically.

The monster is horribly close below her. It reaches up...

118 **EXT. OCEAN - DAY.** 118

Jake grabs Emma's hand, starts pulling her up onto the boat when -- YANK! -- she is pulled under, like the girl in Jaws.

Jake is almost dragged down with her, but he holds her hand tight and pulls back with all his strength.

119 **EXT. OCEAN/UNDERWATER - DAY.** 119

The monster grasps Emma's ankle. She kicks at it. With blind luck, one kick gets it in the face. It loses its grip and...

120 **EXT. BOAT/OCEAN - DAY.** 120

Jake pulls Emma into the boat. She lies on the deck, gasping.

EMMA
Start the motor! Go!

THWACK! A spindly monster arm grabs the back of the boat.

The boat dips alarmingly low into the water under the weight of the monster, who is now trying to climb in.

Jake grabs the motor's starter cord, pulls. Nothing happens.

THWACK! A second arm grabs the motor... Water spills into the dipped back end of the boat. Jake yanks the cord again, urgent. The motor sputters. Doesn't start.

The monster's terrifying face looms up into view, tentacles waving close to Jake. It's dragging itself on board.

SLITHER! A tentacle wraps around Jake's neck, when suddenly --

ROAR! The motor comes to life. And now we're aware of a horrible WET NOISE as the tentacle releases Jake...

And the monster gives a horrifying BELLOW as it is sliced up by the unseen propeller-blades and yanked under the boat.

The boat speeds off, a trail of BLACK GOOP in its wake.

Emma and Jake catch their breath, horrified and relieved.

JAKE

What happened to that thing staying
on the North side of the island!?

*
*
*

EMMA

It does! It's never been here
before. This is bad. Really bad.

*
*

JAKE

No kidding.

*
*

EMMA

Jake, I think it was trying to get
the talisman. They do Lamont's
bidding, remember?

*
*
*
*

JAKE

But... How could it have known?

EMMA

Through his thoughts? I don't
know... But it can only mean one
thing. He's near.

*

121

EXT. REAR GARDENS - DAY.

121

Emma and Jake -- wet hair, but back in their dry clothes --
run into the garden. Where Hugh, Millard and Horace were
playing football yesterday, they now sit talking in an
earnest huddle. They look up, relieved to see Emma and Jake.

*
*
*

HUGH
Thank goodness you're alright! Miss
Peregrine's been going barmy.

MILLARD
When you were late, we were --

HORACE
Millard thinks the monster might be
off course. Something's spooked all
the animals.

EMMA
We're fine.

Emma walks faster. Jake tries to keep up but The Twins run
across his path heading for the see-saw, giggling, one
chasing the other. They nearly trip Jake up. Emma looks back.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She'll be in the kitchen garden,
come on.

Seconds later, at the tree where Jake helped Emma yesterday,
there's a distant KNOCKING sound. Jake looks up to see:

Enoch, in the house, at an upper window. He taps his wrist.

JAKE
Emma wait, what time is it? Don't
you have to --

PLOP. The baby squirrel falls from the tree... It lands
heavily on the ground at his feet. It doesn't move.

Emma stops and walks back slowly, looking at it in dismay.
Nearby the twins are now on the seesaw, shrieking
delightedly, juxtaposing Jake and Emma's sombre mood.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Don't beat yourself up. At least
it'll be alright again tomorrow.

Emma nods sadly. He's right. But still. Suddenly she reacts
to something. Uneasy surprise. She points at Jake's chest.

EMMA
Jake... What's it doing?

Jake looks down to see: the talisman is GLOWING. There's a
bright RING OF LIGHT between the rim and the central disk.

He takes it off in alarm. Examines it. Reacts, stunned. The
outer ring is loose now. Jake can turn it. He does.

There's a CLICK. And suddenly, A STRANGE WATERY COLUMN OF
SHIMMERING AIR appears before them. In it, DISTORTED IMAGES:

The squirrel, FLYING UPWARDS. The twins, RUNNING BACKWARDS (although we can still also see them sitting on the See-Saw.) And just as suddenly, the column disappears.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What was that?!

Jake shakes his head in astonishment -- no idea. When he looks down at the talisman, it's no longer glowing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Where's the squirrel?

The squirrel has vanished. They look around, confused.

JAKE
I think... I think it works.

PLOP! The squirrel drops from the tree again. Emma reacts quickly, catching it. Her eyes meet Jake's.

122 **EXT. KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY.** 122 *

Miss Peregrine studies the talisman, watched by Jake and Emma. *

MISS PEREGRINE *
I'm not disputing that this
talisman can turn back the clock,
Jake. Nor questioning that it was
designed to be used at the site of
a death. I'm saying that you cannot
leave to take it back to Florida!

She heads for the kitchen. Jake and Emma rush after her. *

JAKE *
Give it back! What are you doing? *

MISS PEREGRINE *
Keeping it safe. *

123 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY.** 123 *

Miss Peregrine trots briskly through the kitchen, Emma and Jake in pursuit. *

JAKE *
No! I have to get my Grandpa back! *

MISS PEREGRINE *
If Lamont was able to influence our
local monster, it means he's close
to the island. He knows we're here. *

124

INT. LOBBY/STAIRCASE/LANDING - DAY.

124 *

Miss Peregrine sweeps into the lobby heading for the stairs. *

JAKE *

My grandpa can deal with him! *
That's what he said. He wanted to *
finish what he started. *

EMMA *

Jake's right, if anyone can catch *
Lamont, it's Abe. They can come -- *

MISS PEREGRINE *

It's too late for that. *

Jake and Emma follow her up the stairs, dogged. *

JAKE *

I made him a promise! *

MISS PEREGRINE *

I'd rather see you break it than *
risk undoing his life's work if *
Lamont gets his hands on this. *

JAKE *

It's not your choice to make! *

She reaches the upper landing and heads for her study. *

MISS PEREGRINE *

Maybe. But I cannot possibly allow *
it to be yours. There are things *
you don't know. Consequences you *
children can't begin to comprehend. *

Miss Peregrine enters the study and closes the door. *

125

INT. STUDY - NIGHT.

125 *

Jake and Emma burst in to see Miss Peregrine putting the *
talisman in the safe and slamming the safe door closed. *

JAKE *

What consequences? *

EMMA *

We're not babies! You can't shelter *
us all the time, from everything. *
Just... tell us. *

An uncharacteristic outburst. Miss Peregrine looks surprised *
by it, then hurt, emotional. It's the first time we've seen *
her anything less than perfectly in control. *

MISS PEREGRINE

Do you think we Ymbrines enjoy
being obliged to keep you in loops?
Not even permitted to explain to
you what is gained by sacrificing
your adulthood? Do you really want
to know? Do you want to understand
what it truly means to be Peculiar?

Emma and Jake nod. She makes for the bookshelf, fetches the
Book of Peculiar History and bangs it onto the desk. She
opens it to the first page.

It shows a CAVE PAINTING - a crudely drawn PECULIAR CAVE MAN
running from assorted DINOSAURS.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

Peculiars existed long before
humankind. By the time man evolved,
they'd been almost wiped out.

Emma nods, knows this bit. Jake looks confused and sceptical.

JAKE

By... dinosaurs?

126

INT. PREHISTORIC CAVE - FLASHBACK - DAY.

126

Another CAVE PAINTING: a crude depiction of A MONSTER. The
kind we've seen. Scary. Assorted DINOSAURS run away from it.

As A PECULIAR CAVEWOMAN daubs the finishing touches to it, a
MONSTROUS SHADOW looms over her. She turns, afraid.

JAKE (V.O.)

(this is ridiculous...)
Monsters wiped out the dinosaurs?
And the Peculiars?

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

Just as the monsters are invisible
to us, all life-forms beside
Peculiars are invisible to them. We
were their staple prey.

There's a horrible slippery TENTACLE NOISE and the woman
falls thrashing and struggling to the ground.

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.)

Some of our kind survived in loops.
But millions were sacrificed. With
catastrophic consequences.

The woman lies dead on the ground, her eyes missing.

JAKE (V.O.)

You keep saying "consequences"...

127

EXT. PREHISTORIC CAVE - FLASHBACK - DAY.

127 *

A MONSTER scuttles out of the cave. This one has numerous
HUMAN EYEBALLS clustered above its mouth. It stops, looks up. *

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.) *

If a monster harvests the eyes of *

enough Peculiars, it gains the gift *

of sight. *

A PTERODACTYL soars low. Suddenly, a long black arm SWIPES it *

out of the sky. *

MISS PEREGRINE (V.O.) *

It can hunt and consume anything. *

128

INT. MISS PEREGRINE'S STUDY - DAY.

128 *

The above scene is illustrated in the book. *

MISS PEREGRINE *

The ice age killed them eventually. *

But it was too late. They'd hunted *

hundreds of species to extinction. *

JAKE *

(realizing) *

Lamont didn't just want to kill *

Peculiars... *

MISS PEREGRINE *

He fed his newborn monsters on *

Peculiars because he wanted them to *

see and kill humans, too. Hiding in *

loops became a necessity for every *

Peculiar. But it also became our *

strict responsibility. To ensure *

that what happened before didn't *

happen again. *

Jake and Emma react, having different epiphanies, both huge. *

EMMA *

By protecting ourselves... *

MISS PEREGRINE *

We protect every living creature on *

the planet. Every dead Peculiar *

takes a monster closer to the gift *

of sight. *

JAKE *

But that means... When my grandpa *

killed Lamont and the cult, stopped *

the raids -- *

MISS PEREGRINE

He prevented the extinction of the entire human race, Jake.

(closing the book)

Quite a pair of shoes to fill, eh? Now then, if Lamont is as close as I fear, I'll need more information immediately. Emma -- please fetch my coffee syrup and a cold flannel. We need to speak with Miss Avocet.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

129

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY.

129

At the table, Emma and Jake watch, agitated, as Miss Peregrine pours syrup into the Avocet's beak.

Suddenly, the other children enter, curious to know what's going on. They stare at the scene, surprised and unsettled.

MISS PEREGRINE

Nothing to see here. Out you go. Get changed for supper.

Suddenly, the bird splutters... And CHANGES into Miss Avocet. She sits up and looks around, wild eyed. The children gasp.

BRONWYN

An Ymbrine!

ENOCH

Who is she?

*

Miss Avocet blinks groggily at them all.

MISS AVOCET

Miss Peregrine?

MISS PEREGRINE

It's alright. You're safe now. Children -- I said out! Shoo!

MISS AVOCET

No, they must know. You're all in danger. Lamont is alive!

The children panic. Bronwyn and Wilbur cry. Fiona hugs them.

MISS AVOCET (CONT'D)

He came and... he let the monsters in! Herds of them. Oh, to think he grew up under my care. How could he? He knew those children. Oh god, the children... Miss Peregrine, he wanted my Book of Days. He's looking for your loop! He knew of the island --

*

MISS PEREGRINE

Yes, yes, I'm aware of all that.
But did he take your book?

MISS AVOCET

Of course not, I destroyed it
before I escaped, but --

MISS PEREGRINE

Excellent. Don't worry, children,
he'll be unable to find us. Even if
he enters the cave by chance --

MISS AVOCET

No! He had an Ymbrine! She was in a
cage, he must have kidnapped her,
like the old days, when they used
to raid the loops. We must leave!

*
*
*

Miss Peregrine reacts. This information changes everything.

*

MISS PEREGRINE

We've missed the last ferry off the
island tonight. There's nothing for
it but to remain vigilant and leave
on tomorrow's first. Pack anything
of importance, then it's sandwiches
and early to bed. We leave at dawn.

More crying. Protest. The Twins make a weird howling noise.

HORACE

Leave for good?

BRONWYN

When are we coming back?

ENOCH

Never.

FIONA

(to Bronwyn, gently)
If an Ymbrine doesn't reset her
loop, it just closes. But it won't
matter: we'll have a new one.

JAKE

Wait, if this loop closes...

But no one hears him over the chaos, Miss Peregrine trying to
usher everyone out of the conservatory. Miss Avocet gathers
herself and helps, her caring Ymbrine nature emerging now.

MISS AVOCET

Come along, children, let's pack
up. Dry your eyes. It'll be dandy,
you'll see. Miss Peregrine will
find you a lovely new home.

130

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - DAY.

130

Emma throws things into a small CASE, tense. Jake paces.

JAKE

Emma, of course I don't want to
never see you again! But if I don't
go now, I'll never be able to get
back to my time! Just come with me.
Please? You'll love it, I promise.

*
*
*
*
*

EMMA

You didn't seem very happy there.

*

JAKE

And you're not happy here! Stuck as
kid forever.

*

EMMA

Regardless. You know it's not safe.

*

JAKE

But you said it yourself: once we
get my grandpa back --

*
*

EMMA

You have the same abilities! You're
the one acting like we're helpless
children! What happened to us doing
something that matters?

JAKE

But I'm not like him! I can't fight
monsters, or kill anyone, or --

EMMA

I know you're scared. And more than
anything I know you loved him and
you want him back. Please, don't
say you're doing this for us.

*
*
*
*

Jake sits down on the bed heavily. She's not wrong.

JAKE

Emma... you're right. I'm scared.
I'm scared of monsters. I'm scared
of dying. And I'm scared of living
to regret this decision for the
rest of my life.

*

He touches her hand. Her eyes brim with tears.

*

EMMA

Well... You're right, too. You
really are nothing like him.
(pulling her hand away)
The combination for the safe is
nineteen thirty four.

131 **INT. SAFE/MISS PEREGRINE'S STUDY - DAY.** 131

The talisman lies inside the safe. The safe door opens... revealing Jake. He reaches in and takes the talisman.

132 **INT. LOBBY - DAY.** 132

Jake creeps down the stairs.

133 **EXT. ROCKFACE - DAY.** 133

It's raining. We're back in present day. Jake exits the cave.

134 **EXT. PUB/VILLAGE STREET - DAY.** 134

As Jake nears the pub, he sees Frank, walking slowly ahead.

JAKE

Dad!

Frank stops and turns to see Jake... and his face falls.

FRANK

What are those clothes...?? Did you go into the house?

JAKE

Dad... We have to leave. Like, now. Tonight. It's not safe here.

*

FRANK

What's happened?!

JAKE

Dad, please, I need you to listen and I need you to promise to be really open-minded. You know how a lot of physicists say time travel is technically possible?

Frank stares, horrified, then throws his arms around Jake.

135 **INT. PUB - SUNSET.** 135

The pub is crowded with PEOPLE now. The teenagers laugh, flirt, throw potato chips at each other. It's loud in here. Jake stands miserably by Frank as he yells into a PAY-PHONE.

*

FRANK

Well, when he does call in for his messages, you can tell Doctor Golan that my son is having a goddamn breakdown. Okay?

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And if he hadn't encouraged us to go on this cockamamie trip -- hello? Hello?

Frank slams down the receiver.

JAKE

Dad, I'm not... I'm fine. You've gotta listen to me: if you want to see Grandpa again, and you don't want me to get killed by the guy who wants this talisman --

FRANK

I'm gonna sue that shrink. Coming here was a terrible, terrible idea.

JAKE

Okay, sue him. Just... call the airline. Please? I need to go home.

Frank nods unhappily, grabs the phone and dials. As he holds:

Jake gets out his own phone and looks at the PHOTO of him and Emma. But the photo makes Jake too sad. He puts it away.

To distract himself, he peruses the framed photographs on the walls. Until, with a jolt, one catches his eye:

A Victorian newspaper clipping headed "THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN!" Accompanied by the same photograph of the Young Lamont that Jake saw in Miss Peregrine's book.

Jake moves closer, squinting to read the caption. It says: "STAR OF THE SHOW: A YOUNG MAN APPARENTLY ABLE TO CHANGE HIS APPEARANCE AT WILL!"

Jake swallows hard, looks around the crowded pub at the people drinking here. Any one of them could be Lamont.

A GROUP OF MEN singing a rowdy song... A WOMAN playing a SLOT MACHINE... A TOOTHLESS OLD MAN grinning as he reads a newspaper. He looks up, stares back at Jake, still grinning.

Jake runs to the bar, urgent. Martin is drying glasses.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Excuse me? I know this sounds weird but, do you know all these people? Did anyone new arrive today?

MARTIN

Apart from you? Only the old fella who lent you his coat. Did he catch up with you, by the way?

JAKE

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Ran off after you, said he left something in the pocket. Left his suitcase here and everything. Hope he's not lost, it's getting dark.

Rising panic. Jake dashes over to his dad. He's on the phone. Jake throws his arms around him.

FRANK

Direct to Orlando? Sorry, can you hold a sec?... What is it, Jakey?

JAKE

Nothing, I just... I love you, Dad.

FRANK

Same here, buddy... Yeah, sorry, and that flight leaves what time?

Jake squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, trying not to cry. Then he points to himself, then to the door. Then, with his fingers, he mimes a little walking motion.

Frank gives him a confused thumbs-up as he listens to the phone. Jake turns. Takes a final look back. Then he runs.

136

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT.

136

Dark and stormy now as Jake sprints up the lane. A way along, he sees the silhouette of Miss Peregrine coming towards him, carrying her crossbow. He runs to her, breathless. *

JAKE

Miss Peregrine!

MISS PEREGRINE

You stole the talisman and now you don't feel safe with it in your possession. You intended to return and give it back. Not giving any thought to the fact that if Lamont sees you out here, you could lead him straight to us. Despite Horace's premonition that you were going to make a terrible mistake for which Emma would berate you. Hence my coming to you.

JAKE

No, no! I needed to warn you -- I think that already happened. There was an old man. He followed me... You need to leave the house now.

*

She cocks her crossbow with a loud CLICK. Starts walking fast back towards the house. Jake trots to keep up. *

MISS PEREGRINE
Was he carrying a bird?

JAKE
The landlord would have mentioned
it. It could be in his suitcase. *

MISS PEREGRINE
He can't get in without an Ymbrine.
He'll be returning for her now.
Only twenty six minutes have passed
in your time. Which means we have -- *

Suddenly, from the field beside them, they hear: BLEATING. *
And a thunder of HOOVES on wet grass.

In the field to their left, the SHEEP are running.

Behind them a ghastly shape is running too. Long legs
pumping, long arms swinging, tentacles undulating. A MONSTER!

Jake freezes, points. Miss Peregrine raises her crossbow. *
SHOOTS. She misses by the proverbial mile. *

JAKE
Left! Left about... fifteen feet!

She loads another bolt, impressively fast. SHOOTS again. *
There's a BLEAT. A sheep keels over. Oops.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Forget it, RUN!

And they begin to RUN as fast as they can.

More loud BLEATING as the black shape dances through the sea
of woolly white backs. It steps effortlessly over the fence
and onto the lane in one stride.

Jake looks back as he runs, breathless already.

The monster is behind them now, its long strides bringing it
closer and closer to them with every passing moment.

137 **EXT. PATH/MARSH/ROCKFACE - NIGHT.**

137

Jake and Miss Peregrine stumble through the darkness, down
the rocky path that leads around the marsh to the rockface.

The monster is gaining on them.

JAKE
Shortcut!

Jake leaps onto the marsh. Wrong bit. His foot sinks. He
yanks it out, losing his shoe.

MISS PEREGRINE
Marvellous.

Jake tries again. Trying to remember Emma's route, he hops to the next dry patch. Reluctantly, Miss Peregrine follows.

A long arm SWISHES through the air, only just missing her.

She turns and FIRES off several rounds into the dark, the monster entirely invisible to her. They all miss.

Jake hops deftly onto a dry patch of land.

Seconds later, Miss Peregrine lands on the patch.

Seconds after that, one of the monster's strange pointy feet lands in the same spot. The other foot plunges into the mud.

The monster yanks it free with a SUCKING NOISE, spraying mud.

This pause has given them a chance. The cave entrance is in sight, now. Miss Peregrine makes the last leap onto the path beside the rockface, where Jake already stands, watching as:

The monster struggles, long legs and arms mired in the marsh. It looks like a spider picking its way through treacle.

Jake and Miss Peregrine run towards the cave entrance.

The monster is waist deep now, long arms trapped beneath the surface; tentacled, eyeless head jerking from side to side in panic. It lets out a bone-chilling, other-worldly BELLOW.

At this sound, Miss Peregrine turns, SHOOTS one last time. *

The monster's head EXPLODES.

Miss Peregrine looks at him expectantly. Jake nods admiringly -- nice shot. Now they both look around. The coast is clear.

138

INT. CAVE - NIGHT.

138

Inside, Miss Peregrine stops. *

MISS PEREGRINE
This is it, Jake. The last time
this loop will open. Are you going
to give me the talisman? *

JAKE
I can't. It puts you in danger. *

MISS PEREGRINE
We're already in danger. Lamont
will come after us regardless. With
every monster in pursuit. *

JAKE

And I'm the only one who can see
them. That's why I should guard it.

Miss Peregrine looks away, emotional.

MISS PEREGRINE

You want your grandfather back. You
probably think someone like me,
without single blood tie, could
never understand. But I do. We
Ymbrines have a saying: "The bond
of family lies not in the veins.
But in the heart."

JAKE

It's true. It's why I meant... I
should guard it if I come with you.
To keep all of you safe.

MISS PEREGRINE

Jake... you'd be giving up the
chance to see him again. You know
that. It has to be your choice.

Jake thinks. Weighing up the hardest decision he's ever made.
Finally, he nods. Miss Peregrine holds out her hand. Jake
takes it. And they walk on into the cave.

139

INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.

139

The anxious children are gathered in the hall in their
nightclothes. Miss Peregrine addresses them urgently.

MISS PEREGRINE

Coats, bags, gather in the lobby.
Jake: shoes.

He looks down. He's wearing one shoe. Everyone runs for their
rooms... Except Emma. She throws her arms around him.

EMMA

I'm sorry. For what I said.

He shakes his head: no need. Their eyes meet. Then their
noses touch. Will they kiss now? Suddenly: the PHONE RINGS.

They break off, exchange looks. Emma gives him a look that
says: "you should answer it." Jake hesitates, then nods.

She heads away, to give him privacy. Nervous, he picks up.

JAKE

Hello?

ABE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello, this is Abe. Who's that?

JAKE

You don't know me, but my name is Jake. And... tomorrow you won't remember this phone call. So... I'm going to tell you something weird. Because I need you to know.

ABE (ON THE PHONE)

Alright...

JAKE

In the future, you ask me to do something, and I want to do it. More than anything in the world. But doing it would mean leaving Miss Peregrine and the children with no one to protect them.

140 **EXT. AIRSTRIP PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT.**

140

Abe listens.

ABE

And... Can you protect them?

JAKE (ON THE PHONE)

I can try.

ABE

Then that's all that matters, Jake. There's nothing in the world I want more than their safety. I know I face danger outside the loop. But I left to face it, because they're my family. And they're worth more to me than life itself.

141 **INT. CHILDREN'S HOME - UPPER HALL - NIGHT.**

141

Jake smiles. This was exactly what he needed to hear.

JAKE

Thank you.

142 **INT. AIRSTRIP PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT.**

142

Young Abe smiles too.

ABE

No, thank you. Knowing that you're there to take care of them... I can rest easy. Goodbye, Tygrysku. And good luck.

*
*

143

INT. ABE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

143

Jake wipes away a tear as he enters. Suddenly, he stops dead:

The room has been ransacked. Miss Avocet stands by the chest, an empty drawer in her hand.

MISS AVOCET

Your grandfather left something important. We can't go without it.

She tails off as she sees the chain around Jake's neck. She stares at him for a beat, then LUNGES at him, grabs him. Petrified, Jake SHOVES her away, as hard as he can.

She stumbles, falls. As she lands, she CHANGES - face, hair, clothes, everything - into the VERY OLD MAN from the pub.

JAKE

Oh god... The bird, it was you. We brought you into the loop! You waited outside the cave after you followed me from the pub.

VERY OLD MAN

You really are nothing like your grandfather, are you? Now, he had instincts. I followed you much further than that.

Jake is frozen. The Very Old Man stares at him and CHANGES again... Into DOCTOR GOLAN. He smiles at Jake as he gets up.

JAKE

You... you killed him.

DR GOLAN

Oh please. A monster killed him. They tend to follow me. I was just looking for my talisman.

Doctor Golan CHANGES one final time: into MR LAMONT. His true form. Jake backs away towards the door.

JAKE

This is my fault. I led you here.

MR LAMONT

And I do appreciate it, I really do. Which is why I'm giving you the same choice. Come the revolution, you can perish with everyone else, or you can be on the winning team.

Jake turns and runs. Lamont runs out after him.

144

INT. UPPER LANDING/UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

144

Jake bolts for the stairs, but Lamont is fast. And strong: he grabs Jake in a choke hold, drags him towards the balustrade.

The Twins emerge from their room. Seeing Jake and Lamont, they drop their bags and run down the stairs, back-mouths wide open, SCREAMING. Their screams are KLAXON-like, inhuman.

In the upper corridor, Horace (carrying several HATBOXES) and Enoch (carrying a large glass jar crammed with dead WEASELS) emerge from their rooms. Enoch drops his jar in shock.

It SMASHES on the floorboards. Slippery dead weasels sail down the hall on a tide of clear fluid.

145

INT. LOBBY/UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.

145

*

Down in the lobby, Miss Peregrine, Emma, Bronwyn, Wilbur, Millard, Hugh and Fiona look up in horror as:

Lamont HEAVES Jake over the balustrade and holds him by the legs, DANGLING him perilously over the stone floor below.

MR LAMONT

Nobody move, or I let go.

MISS PEREGRINE

I give the orders in this house, Mr Lamont.

MR LAMONT

Not today.

The talisman hangs by Jake's face. Lamont yanks it, snapping the chain. Jake CRIES OUT. Lamont pockets the talisman.

MR LAMONT (CONT'D)

Now then --

MISS PEREGRINE

Shush. No traitor tells my children what to do. Children - for Jake's safety, we're going to do what this man wants. He'd like me get into the bird cage in order to take me for use as a skeleton key when he begins his plan anew, and he'd like you all to make your way to the parlour. And if we don't cooperate, he'll kill every one of you.
Correct?

*

*

*

*

Lamont stares at her, thrown. This woman is really odd.

Horace, Enoch and the twins shuffle down the stairs to join the others now filtering into the parlour.

ENOCH

You're going to let him do this?

MISS PEREGRINE

Much as you may prefer to let Jake drop to his demise, Enoch, Mr Lamont intends to open our loop to his monsters. Jake can see them. He represents your only hope.

As each child passes her, Miss Peregrine kisses them or ruffles their hair, struggling to keep up her brave front. Emma is last. She hugs Miss Peregrine, sobbing, then joins the others inside. Miss Peregrine's voice cracks a little.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

It's been my privilege to care for you all. Goodbye, children.

She closes the door, locks it. Looks up to the balustrade. Lamont opens his mouth to speak, Miss Peregrine interrupts.

MISS PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

Don't dare insult my intelligence by telling me I'd make a valuable recruit to your filthy cause. Of course I bloody would. But frankly, I'd rather die. Look after them, won't you, Jake?

And with that, she changes into a FALCON. Her FOB-WATCH and PIPE clatter to the floor as she takes flight. Soaring up... *

...over the balustrade. The Falcon flies into the birdcage. Lamont pulls Jake up. Jake slumps to the ground, dizzy. Lamont SHUTS the door of the cage and BOLTS it closed. *

146

INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.

146

The children shrink back as the parlour door is opened. Lamont, now carrying the birdcage and the talisman, pushes Jake inside. The door is slammed shut. The lock CLICKS.

Emma stands at the fireplace with her back to us, just as in Horace's dream. She turns. Jake braces himself for her anger.

EMMA

Jake... I'm so glad you're safe. Are you hurt? *

JAKE

No. Just... confused. If that was Lamont in disguise all along, how come Horace dreamt about the real Miss Avocet's loop being attacked? *

He's right. Emma thinks a moment. Then, realizing: *

EMMA

It can't have happened yet. Maybe
that's where Lamont's going next.
If he's leaving his monsters here,
he'll need to gather more from the
mainland. And he'll want to feed
them first. Her loop's the closest.

ENOCH

Never mind that, he's getting away!
What are we waiting for?

JAKE

You heard what Miss Peregrine said:
he's going to let the monsters in.
Outside, you won't even see their
shadows. In here is the only place
we stand a chance.

147 **INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT.**

147

Action stations. Jake grabs the CROSSBOW and BOLTS, and
slings the bow onto his back by its shoulder strap.

In a corner, Enoch finds GARDEN TOOLS. He hands Hugh a HOE
and Emma a SPADE, and keeps the PITCHFORK for himself.

148 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.**

148

Horace, Fiona and the twins latch the window shutters.

The Twins have face-paint crayons and are drawing sad, down-
turned mouths onto one another's faces, echoing their back-
mouths, which are now set in expressions of concern.

Jake, Hugh, Emma and Enoch return. Bronwyn stands by the
conservatory door, carrying a COUCH. Jake shuts the door...

And Bronwyn drops the couch with a loud CRASH, blocking it.

Hugh, Enoch and Millard push another COUCH across the parlour
door. Suddenly, it CATCHES ON FIRE. Emma crossly bangs out
the flames with a cushion.

EMMA

Wilbur! That's not helpful.

Wilbur looks sheepish.

149 **EXT. ROCKFACE - NIGHT.**

149

Lamont emerges from the cave, carrying the bird cage.

Moments later, A MONSTER bursts from the mouth of the cave.
It scampers up the rock face. Shortly followed by ANOTHER.

150 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 150

Jake, Emma, Enoch and Hugh ready their weapons. Wilbur and the twins hide under the couch. There's a tense silence. *

Suddenly, the film projector bursts noisily into life! *

SCREAMING, SIRENS, CAR HORNS. And on the screen: *

151 **EXT. MODERN CITY STREET (ON THE SCREEN)- DAY.** 151 *

Lamont stands in the middle of a modern-day street full of CRASHED AND ABANDONED CARS. *

152 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 152 *

Everyone jumps in shock. Horace is slumped against the wall, eyes closed. Emma shakes him. The others yell his name. *

FIONA *

He's nervous. He can't control it *

when he's nervous. Horace! *

ON THE SCREEN: PEOPLE run and scream as dozens of TALL SHADOWS streak along the buildings and sidewalks. *

A gaping hole appears in the roof of a COP CAR. Moments later a SCREAMING COP is yanked out through it by invisible arms. *

PEOPLE cower in a COFFEE SHOP. The window shatters. A TERRIFIED BARISTA is pulled into mid air legs first, and whisked out of sight. *

IN THE PARLOUR: Emma shakes Horace violently. *

EMMA *

Horace, stop, they'll hear us! *

Horace's eyes snap open. The screen falls dark again, silent. *

Everyone reacts with relief. *

153 **EXT. REAR GARDENS - NIGHT.** 153 *

TWO MONSTERS stalk their way towards the house. Reaching the back wall, they stand still. Menacing.

Tentacles brush against the glass of the parlour window. A long arm draws back...

154 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.** 154

The focus on Horace is interrupted by the sound of GLASS BREAKING. Then a CRASH as a set of shutters SPLINTER and a LONG ARM whips into the room. The children SCREAM. *

The long arm THRASHES around, sweeping the room, knocking over furniture, sending pictures flying from the walls.

Jake pushes everyone back. All stand on the couch against the parlour door, only barely out of the arm's reach, panicking. *

From everyone else's POV, the arm is invisible - it looks like a deranged poltergeist is at work in here. *

Jake shoots a bolt. THUNK. It lodges in the floor. He fumbles for another. The arm sweeps past, knocking it from his hand. *

As Jake scrabbles for the dropped bolt, Enoch, Hugh and Emma jab blindly with their tools. None connect with anything. *
Suddenly, Enoch's pitchfork flies from his hand as the arm wraps around him, tentacle-like, whips him off his feet... *

And SMASHES him against the wall. Then the floor, the ceiling and the opposite wall. The children SCREAM.

Enoch panics as he is whisked round the room. Jake takes aim. *

ENOCH

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Another window explodes, GLASS and SPLINTERED WOOD, and a SECOND MONSTER begins to squeeze its huge body into the room.

JAKE

Out! We need to get out! *

He rattles the handle of the locked door. Bronwyn clambers onto the couch and, using Jake for support, KICKS the door. *

The door comes away from its hinges and crashes out onto the lobby floor with a loud BANG.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Go go go! Attic! My room!

Jake pushes everyone out, over the back of the couch, through the gap in the now-open doorway. Fiona looks back, panicking.

FIONA

What about Enoch?

FIONA'S POV: Enoch is writhing in mid air. A shutter BREAKS. *

Desperate, Jake raises the bow again and aims into the room. *

JAKE'S POV: the second monster is now in the room, huge body entangled and jostling for space with the monster who is holding Enoch. This monster is now halfway into the room too.

A tangle of spindly limbs and waving tentacles in here now, broken furniture, crouched torsos, eyeless heads bobbing. And in the midst of it all, Enoch. Screaming. Tentacles wave above his face. Two hover above his eyes. *

Jake FIRES a bolt into the monster maelstrom. *

By a miracle, it strikes, lodging in the shoulder of the one holding Enoch. It gives a horrible BELLOW and DROPS Enoch. *

Quite a height. Enoch lands heavily, scrambles to his feet and runs towards Jake's outstretched hand, pursued by both monsters, stooped in here, scuttling like spiders. *

155 **INT. LOBBY - NIGHT.** 155

Jake and Enoch make it into the lobby and RUN for the stairs.

Behind them, the monsters struggle to force themselves through the gap between the top of the couch and the top of the door frame, a mad tangle of whipping arms and tentacles.

156 **INT. UPPER LANDING - NIGHT.** 156

At the top of the stairs, Jake and Enoch can see the others ahead, piling up the small staircase leading to the attic.

157 **INT. LOBBY - NIGHT.** 157

One after the other, the monsters tumble out of the parlour doorway, right themselves, and streak towards the staircase.

158 **INT. ABE'S ROOM - NIGHT.** 158

Jake LOCKS the door. Enoch pats him on the arm, gives him a smile of respect and gratitude. Jake smiles back, pleased.

Outside, there's a loud RUMBLE as the German BOMBERS begin their nightly fly-by. Jake moves to the window, realizes:

JAKE

Oh crap. If Miss Peregrine doesn't do the reset...

Everyone reacts. They need to get OUT. Fast. Everyone runs to join Jake at the window. He opens it, grabs for Fiona.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fiona, go first - can you do something with that tree?

She nods and climbs out of the window onto the sloping roof.

159 **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT.** 159

Fiona inches her way to the edge of the roof. Behind her, we can see Hugh starting to climb out of the window. At the roof's edge, Fiona reaches out towards the closest TREE.

IN THE TREE'S BRANCHES: The Baby Squirrel looks alarmed as it sails sideways. The branch it's sitting on is STRETCHING.

We hear CREAKING as the branch EXTENDS towards Fiona's hand, new LEAVES and TWIGS sprouting into existence as it moves.

Enoch climbs out of the window, carrying Wilbur piggy-back. Horace and The Twins are out already, and making their way down the sloping roof, towards Fiona. It's perilous.

160

INT. ABE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

160

In here you can hear ominous THUDDING downstairs. Getting closer. Jake and Emma exchange frightened looks.

Millard helps Bronwyn onto the window sill.

161

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT.

161

The extended branch is now resting on the edge of the roof. Fiona, Hugh, Horace and The Twins sit astride it, crawling forward to make space for the others waiting behind them.

A German bomber SOARS past overhead.

Jake is the last out, crossbow on his back. As he moves down the roof, he sees something below that makes him blanch. *

DOWN IN THE REAR GARDENS: There's A THIRD MONSTER.

BANG BANG BANG BANG - bombs are dropping nearby. Then a loud CRASH issues from the attic room. Enoch (carrying Wilbur) clambers onto the branch. Just Emma and Jake on the roof now, Jake staring down in alarm to see: *

The third monster is preparing to climb the tree-trunk.

Jake aims his crossbow down at it. SHOOTS. *

The bolt lodges in the tree trunk. The third monster looks up... Then LEAPS onto the side of the house, scales the wall. *

BANG BANG BANG BANG - more bombs drop. Lighting up the sky.

Jake reaches for another bolt... It's his last one. *

SMASH. The attic window shatters, LONG ARMS wave out.

EMMA

Fiona go! Just go!

The children on the branch SCREAM as the branch begins to hurtle away, leaving Emma and Jake on the roof.

The third monster hauls itself up onto the roof. The first and second monsters are out now too.

BANG BANG BANG BANG - Jake has to yell over the bombs to be heard while he fumbles with the crossbow. *

JAKE

Emma, no! They're --

The monsters loom up behind them. Emma grabs Jake, kicks off her shoes, and THROWS herself - and him - off the roof.

Jake clings on tight as they DRIFT down gently. Floating.

Overhead, A GERMAN BOMBER. Its DRONE deafening. So close that we can see its payload doors opening.

A BOMB falls. WHISTLING as it drops.

Emma sings nervously as they float down.

EMMA

So run rabbit, run rabbit, run,
run...

The monsters on the roof look up at the bomb.

BOOM! It LANDS, OBLITERATING the roof and half of the house.

The HUGE EXPLOSION buffets Jake and Emma.

They land on the grass, surrounded by smoke. Jake sits up, starts to laugh. Emma laughs too. Momentarily, they both realize, with some alarm, that she's rising up again.

Jake grabs her ankle and pulls her back down.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh no... My shoes.

They look back through the cloud of smoke at the home. Roof and wall DESTROYED. Surrounded by RUBBLE and BROKEN GLASS.

162 **INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT.**

162

The parlour looks much as it did when Jake first saw it. The PERPETUAL CALENDAR lies in the rubble. It reads: SEPTEMBER 3.

163 **EXT. BEACH - NIGHT.**

163

Horace, Hugh, The Twins, Bronwyn, Enoch, Millard, Wilbur and Fiona stand on the sand, the water lapping at their feet.

Emma and Jake approach from further up the beach. Like a kid with an elaborate helium balloon, Jake holds the belt of Emma's coat as she floats beside him. *

ENOCH

He must have had a boat.

EMMA

So now what?

Jake stares down in silence, thinking. He sees his FOOTPRINTS *
on the moonlit sand. A wave sweeps in, washes them away. *

JAKE

If you're right, he's going to *
Cardiff. I say we follow. *

FIONA

Try and get her back?

JAKE

And deal with Lamont. Now he has *
the talisman and an Ymbrine, he can *
start his plan all over again. *

EMMA

There are things we need to tell *
you all. What you saw just now in *
Horace's dream? That's what happens *
if we don't stop Lamont. *

HORACE

But we can't hope to catch up. The *
next ferry's not for hours. *

JAKE

Emma has a boat.

ENOCH

That little one she's always
nicking? We'll never make it to the
mainland in that.

EMMA

I think he means... my other boat.

164 **EXT. WRECK/UNDERWATER - DAY.**

164

The wreck of the Augusta lies on the ocean bed.

Moonlight filters through the surface of the water as the
Peculiar Children swim down towards it. Each wearing one of
Emma's strange AIR BUBBLE diving helmets, as Jake did before.

165 **INT. SHIP - CABIN CORRIDOR/UNDERWATER - NIGHT.**

165

Emma floats here, blowing a powerful stream of BUBBLES.

166 **INT. SHIP - CABIN/UNDERWATER - NIGHT.**

166

Jake clings to a ceiling light above the bed, buffeted by a
violent rush of water gushing out through the open porthole.

At the open door, a BUBBLE of air bulges into the room... Suddenly the room FILLS with air, the remaining water in the room swirling out of the porthole.

Jake's air-bubble helmet vanishes and he KICKS the porthole firmly shut, before jumping down onto the bed.

167 **INT. SHIP - CABIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT.**

167

The corridor is now dry and filled with air. Jake emerges from the cabin and gives the "thumbs up" signal and a smile.

Moments later, Bronwyn, Hugh, Horace, Enoch, Fiona and the The Twins emerge from the adjacent doors to other cabins. They give thumbs up signals of their own.

Emma, floating against the ceiling at the end of the corridor, a little breathless, gives a nod of satisfaction.

168 **INT. SHIP - SERVICE CORRIDOR/HOLD/UNDERWATER - NIGHT.**

168

Enoch and Jake, in air bubble helmets again, peer through a doorway into the hold. This is where the ship took the force of the torpedo that sunk it. There's a DEEP TEAR in the hull.

They exchange looks, back out and close the heavy IRON DOOR.

In the dark corridor, they work together to turn the door's heavy lock. Their work done, they turn and give the nod to:

Emma. She begins to blow another stream of BUBBLES.

169 **MONTAGE: INT/EXT. SHIP/VARIOUS/UNDERWATER - NIGHT.**

169

The ship SHIFTS, rising a little from its resting place.

In a corridor, Emma blows another stream of bubbles.

In a cabin, A PORTHOLE is slammed shut.

Another porthole is slammed shut. And then another.

The ship RISES again. Suspended above the seabed now.

170 **INT. SHIP - DINING ROOM - NIGHT.**

170

The creepy dining room is no longer under water. Fiona, Hugh, Bronwyn and Horace are here, among the skeletons in tattered finery. Horace picks up A STEAK KNIFE from one of the tables. *

Fiona pries a WALKING STICK from the hand of a skeleton. *

Bronwyn pulls at a CEREMONIAL SWORD mounted on the wall... *
The entire mount comes away along with a large chunk of wall. *

171 **INT. SHIP - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT.** 171 *

This room is not underwater. Enoch and Millard stand in front of a huge BOILER with three FURNACES, Enoch holding Wilbur. Wilbur looks to him expectantly. Enoch nods. Wilbur grins.

WOOF! The first furnace LIGHTS UP.

Then WOOF! WOOF! The other two light in quick succession.

172 **EXT. SHIP/UNDERWATER - NIGHT.** 172

The Augusta has four rear PROPELLERS, each choked with seaweed. Slowly, they begin to TURN, seaweed spinning away.

173 **INT. SHIP - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT.** 173

Bronwyn, Fiona, Hugh and Horace sort through the WEAPONS. *
Nearby, the Twins draw small smiles onto each other's faces. *

Emma clings to a chair as Jake takes PEBBLES from a PLANT POT and heaps them into the pockets of her nightgown. With each handful, she sinks lower. Her feet graze the floor. *

Jake pops one more pebble in her pocket and she sinks again. Standing normally now. She tries taking a few steps.

EMMA

Perfect. More comfortable than the
lead shoes, actually.

Jake smiles. She smiles back. Suddenly, the whole ship JOLTS. *

Everyone reacts. Outside the sealed portholes, we can see WATER RUSHING past. The ship is MOVING. Upwards and ahead.

174 **EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.** 174

The still, moonlit ocean. Then suddenly, movement. WAVES...

The Augusta BREAKS THE SURFACE. Rises. It's spectacular.

She's listing to one side, but she's AFLOAT. And, somehow, impossibly, forging ahead.

175 **EXT. SHIP/OCEAN - NIGHT.** 175

The children run onto the sloping deck, wind in their hair. The younger children jump about joyfully. The older ones hug.

176

INT. SHIP - WHEEL ROOM - DAWN.

176

The first rays of sun shine weakly through the window of the wheel room. Jake studies a map. Emma is at the wheel.

EMMA

You know an awful lot about maps.

JAKE

I wanted be an explorer. But my dad told me everything had already been discovered.

She raises her eyebrows at him. Jake smiles.

EMMA

You were amazing, by the way. Back at the house.

JAKE

I was about the least amazing person there. You saved my life.

EMMA

I just did what I could.

JAKE

But I promised Miss Peregrine and Abe I'd look after you guys. And if it hadn't been for all of you, we'd never have got out. That's hardly gonna make anyone feel safe.

*

EMMA

Abe made us feel safe. So did Miss Peregrine.

JAKE

Yeah. Exactly.

EMMA

But you made us feel brave, Jake. That's even better.

Jake reacts, glad. Then the view outside grabs his attention: On the horizon we now clearly see: LAND.

*

177

INT. SHIP - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY.

177

Wilbur is fast asleep, curled up on a chaise longue. The room around him is a riot of activity, children gathering weapons.

Bronwyn, holding her huge sword, shakes him awake.

*

BRONWYN

We're here!

178

EXT. SHIP/DOCKS - DAY.

178

The Augusta is docked at a grim 1940s DOCKYARD.

On the listing deck, the children stand at the railings, squinting in the sun as they survey the dockyard beyond. Jake wears Miss Peregrine's crossbow slung over his back again. *

ENOCH

Miss Avocet's loop must be through one of those railway arches.

MILLARD (V.O.)

Hmmm. Problem is - which one.

Beyond the dockyard there are FOUR RAILWAY ARCHES.

Jake stares out too, with a look of sheer distress.

JAKE

I know which one.

JAKE'S POV: The leftmost arch is surrounded by around TWENTY MONSTERS. Pressing against each other, fighting to get in.

EMMA

Are there...?

JAKE

Yeah. A lot of them.

BRONWYN

That's great! If they're out here, it means he hasn't opened the loop yet - the children inside are safe!

HORACE

What's he doing in there, then? *

ENOCH

Probably trying to kidnap Miss Avocet. In case Miss Peregrine escapes. *

FIONA

I hope she's been giving him hell. *

JAKE

Guys, you're not getting it. Inside or out, there are too many of them and not enough of us. *

EMMA

We don't stand a chance.

JAKE

Unless... Enoch? Come with me.

179

EXT. DOCKYARD - DAY.

179

CLANG! The ship's metal GANGPLANK hits the ground.

At the top of the gangplank: THIRTY SKELETONS IN ROTTED FORMAL WEAR! They stand shoulder to shoulder, holding STEAK KNIVES, BROKEN BOTTLES and KITCHEN IMPLEMENTS. One has Bronwyn's SWORD. The weirdest, and possibly most awesome, army battalion we've ever seen.

*
*

The children stand behind them. The twins have snarling mouths painted on for battle. Enoch raises a FIRE POKER.

*
*

ENOCH

Charge!!

With a deafening CLATTER, the skeleton army surge down the gangplank, followed by the children, yelling BATTLE CRIES.

The skeletons charge across the docks towards the left-most railway arch, weapons at the ready, the children behind.

Moments later, Jake stops running.

JAKE

Hey! HEY!

The battle cries cease abruptly. Everyone else stops and turns to look at Jake - the skeletons too.

JAKE (CONT'D)

They're not there any more.

Everyone turns back to look at the railway arches.

Beyond each we see grass. Except the left-most: On other side of it, we can clearly see: SNOW ON THE GROUND. And if we look closer: MARKS in the snow, left by scores of POINTY FEET.

*
*
*

180

EXT. RAILWAY ARCH - DAY.

180

Jake and Enoch lead the way through the arch, the other children and the skeleton army following close behind. Behind them, in the dock, the blue sky is still visible.

Ahead, beyond the tunnel, the sky is white. A blast of cold wind wafts into the tunnel, carrying SNOWFLAKES.

181

EXT. HILLSIDE/HILLTOP SUMMIT - DAY.

181

Jake and Enoch emerge first. The ground slopes upwards, obscuring the vista beyond. With trepidation, they follow the pointy foot-marks, the others following.

*

Everyone looks cold, vulnerable in their nightclothes in this cold landscape, even with coats on. Emma is barefoot.

*

Suddenly, a CLATTER of HOOVES: A brace of terrified HORSES gallop over the peak of the hill! Just like Horace's dream.

The children react. Watch them go. Then continue onwards.

At the peak of the hill they look down to see:

182 **EXT. SIDE-SHOW CAMPSITE - DAY.**

182

Just like Horace's dream. SHADOWS of invisible monsters dance on the snowy ground. The closest CARAVAN lies on its side.

Further away, past a large SHOWMAN'S WAGON, a LARGER CARAVAN rocks, shadows looming over it, SCREAMS issuing from within.

In the middle of the camp, a girl in a fancy Victorian dress and ringlets (LOUISA, 12) struggles in mid air, one of her arms STRETCHED impossibly long, as one invisible monster tries to pull her away from another.

183 **EXT. HILLTOP SUMMIT - DAY.**

183

Everyone is aghast. Jake turns to Enoch. *

JAKE

Send them in.

Enoch turns to the skeletons, who are waiting patiently.

ENOCH

GO!

184 **EXT. SIDE-SHOW CAMPSITE - DAY.**

184

Louisa SCREAMS and writhes in mid air. Suddenly, she is DROPPED to the ground. Confused, she looks in the direction of a loud RATTLING that seems to be getting closer...

The skeleton army pour down the side of the hill.

The Peculiar Children run down after the skeletons.

ENOCH

GET THEM!

The skeletons run into the centre of the camp.

And now we finally see Jake's POV: Thirty-odd skeletons and twenty-odd monsters face off... And the skirmishes commence.

A skeleton in an evening gown buries a BROKEN BOTTLE into the eyeless face of a monster. It keels over.

A monster strikes a skeleton in a tuxedo, sending it flying.

BY THE LARGER CARAVAN: The top-hatted Skeleton leaps onto the back of a monster who is rocking the caravan, and stabs it at the base of its skull with a butter knife. The monster collapses, sending up a flurry of fallen snow.

Another monster flails its long arms at a skeleton in a waiter's uniform, knocking his skull clean off his spine.

The skull lands on the ground by Louisa, who now sits in the middle of the melee, frozen in fear.

AT THE FALLEN CARAVAN: Jake, Enoch and Emma have climbed onto the top of the fallen caravan. The others are in the process of climbing up to join them. Fiona calls out to Louisa.

FIONA

Come here! Come to us!

From the children's POV, the centre of the camp is a bizarre riot of madly fighting skeletons, monsters' shadows, and sprays of snow that explode upwards every time an invisible monster drops to the ground.

Behind Louisa, a skeleton in a tattered gown SHATTERS into pieces, bones flying everywhere.

Louisa scrambles to her feet, and RUNS.

185

EXT. FALLEN CARAVAN - DAY.

185

Jake and Emma help Fiona and Louisa up onto the caravan.

FIONA

This is Louisa. Her friends are trapped in the other caravan. We have to help them!

JAKE

Where's Miss Avocet? *

LOUISA

In the wagon. Hiding from the man.

Jake looks to the wagon. He cocks his crossbow, moves to go. *

EMMA

What about the monsters?

JAKE

At least I can see them. We can't risk letting Lamont getting away. *

MILLARD (V.O.)

I could try and get the other children? I can't see the monsters, but they can't see me either.

EMMA

And I can stay out of reach.

Millard takes off his pyjamas -- now he can't be seen at all. *
Emma hands him the belt of her coat and starts to empty the *
pebbles out of her nightgown pockets. She FLOATS up.

186 **EXT. SHOWMAN'S WAGON - DAY.**

186

We can hear the skeleton/monster battle raging as Jake inches towards the entrance of a large SHOWMAN'S WAGON. A garish painted sign promises: "HUMAN ODDITIES!"

Portraits depict: "AMAZING LOUISA - MADE OF INDIA RUBBER!"; "THE TINIEST BOY IN EUROPE"; "A LIVING MERMAID!", "ARMADILLO GIRL" and "PIERRE". What Pierre does is anybody's guess.

Jake enters the wagon.

187 **INT. SHOWMAN'S WAGON - DAY.**

187

A narrow walkway runs beside a row of elevated compartments, each concealed by a pair of red velvet theatre curtains. It's quiet in here, except the faint sound of FLUTTERING.

Jake yanks open a curtain. Just an empty compartment. A garish mural of an EXOTIC JUNGLE painted on the back wall.

188 **EXT. SIDE-SHOW CAMPSITE - DAY.**

188

The battle continues. A huge number of monsters lie dead. But there are a worrying number of bones scattered around too. We're down to six monsters and five skeletons.

They tussle in pairs, except for: two monsters versus a skeleton in chef's clothing. One monster has the legs of the skeleton chef trapped in its tentacles. The long, pointed arm of the other monster snakes inside the skeleton's rib-cage.

The skeleton chef, wielding a MEAT TENDERIZER and a HATCHET, flails wildly at both monsters, trying to land a blow.

The second monster whips its arm and the skeleton chef snaps in half, his upper torso sailing off into the sky.

The first monster spits out the bottom half and both turn back to the battlefield, ready for their next assault. *

Neither notice: Emma. Now floating above the larger caravan.

189 **INT. SHOWMAN'S WAGON - DAY.**

189

Jake opens the next curtain to discover: a giant FISH-TANK decorated with CORAL and ROCKS. For the mermaid, we presume.

190 **EXT. LARGER CARAVAN - DAY.** 190

Behind the caravan, all we see is the belt of Emma's coat in Millard's invisible hand as he knocks on the back window.

Three little faces approach the window and peer out, terrified. We recognise them from the paintings on the wagon: ARMADILLO GIRL, 8, a beautiful MERMAID, 17, and PIERRE, 12.

191 **INT. SHOWMAN'S WAGON - DAY.** 191

The fluttering is coming from right behind the curtain Jake stands before now. He takes a deep breath and pulls it open.

A BIRD. It rears back, slams against the back wall. As it hits, it CHANGES into MISS AVOCET, staring at him in terror. Jake aims his crossbow at her. *

MISS AVOCET
Don't hurt me!

Before Jake can respond, there's a NOISE from behind:

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WALKWAY: Lamont bursts from the curtain of the most distant compartment, holding Miss Peregrine's cage like a shield, white eyes fixed on Jake.

Jake turns his crossbow on Lamont instead. *

MISS AVOCET (CONT'D)
No! What if you hit her?

The falcon in the cage goes into a flurry, as if to agree.

Jake RUNS at Lamont with his full force, knocking him to the floor. The cage FLIES from his hand, LANDS on the walkway.

Miss Avocet SCREAMS.

Jake scrabbles to get up and get a grip on his crossbow, but Lamont gets to his feet faster. He grabs Jake by the hair, bangs Jake's head against the wall. *

192 **EXT. SIDE-SHOW CAMPSITE - DAY** 192

Carnage. Only two monsters and two skeletons left standing. *

Monster One has a tentacle through each of Skeleton One's eye sockets and is using its grip to repeatedly raise the skeleton into the air and dash it against the ground.

Eventually the body flies away, leaving the monster holding only the skull. The tentacles slither free from the eye sockets and the monster drops the skull, disinterested.

While Monster Two and the last Skeleton fight, Monster One looks around. It cocks its head. Seeing something.

BEHIND THE SHOWMAN'S WAGON: Emma is floating along.

And now, emerging from behind the wagon, we see Millard followed by Armadillo Girl and Pierre, carrying the Mermaid.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD: The Last Skeleton is the one with the sword. He whips it through the air, slicing through the legs of Monster Two. Monster Two crashes to the ground. * *

Monster One begins to move towards the children, fast, but the Last Skeleton is close behind.

The Last Skeleton swipes at Monster One with his sword, chopping off a single tentacle. The final battle commences.

193

EXT. FALLEN CARAVAN - DAY.

193

Enoch, Fiona and Louisa help Emma, Millard and the new children up onto the top of the fallen caravan.

From up here, we can vaguely see the outline of heaps of dead invisible monsters, thanks to the dusting of snow on them.

FIONA
Is that everyone?

LOUISA
Where's Edgar?

ARMADILLO GIRL
In my pocket.

She opens the pocket of her pinafore to reveal EDGAR, 13. He's about four inches tall. He waves cheerily at everyone.

Suddenly, a FEMUR lands on top of the caravan at their feet.

The Last Skeleton is dead... And the shadow of Monster One is heading straight for them.

194

INT. SHOWMAN'S WAGON - DAY.

194

Jake and Lamont struggle on the narrow walkway, Lamont's hands around Jake's throat. Jake's crossbow is hanging at his back. Desperate, he reaches behind him and gropes for the trigger. He squeezes it... * * *

The bolt sails into the fish-tank behind him. TING. It bounces off, leaving only a tiny chip in the glass... * *

Jake gasps for breath, losing hope, unaware that behind him -- *

Thin cracks begin to spiderweb out across the glass until... *

The glass EXPLODES! A WALL OF WATER floods down, knocking Jake and Lamont apart and off their feet. *

Drenched but not deterred, Lamont grabs a SHARD OF BROKEN GLASS and crawls across the wet floor back towards Jake...

...Who grabs a ROCK that has fallen from the broken tank. He hits Lamont with it, hard. Lamont goes down.

JAKE

That's for my grandpa.

Jake runs to the fallen birdcage, opens it. The falcon stares at him. Doesn't move.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're safe now, Miss Peregrine.
You can change back.

MISS AVOCET

She can't. She's hurt.

Jake retrieves his crossbow bolt from the ground, then kneels beside Lamont and begins to search his pockets. *

MISS AVOCET (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

She kneels by Jake, feeling for a pulse in Lamont's neck. Jake looks at her, querying. She nods solemnly. *

Jake breathes a sigh of relief as he produces the talisman. It's glowing. He handles it carefully as he stands to go. *

195

EXT. FALLEN CARAVAN - DAY.

195 *

Its stressful and crowded on top of this caravan, as Miss Peregrine's Peculiar children and Miss Avocet's Peculiar children try to defend themselves against the invisible whipping arms and tentacles of Monster One.

Armadillo girl turns her back and shields the closest children. Now we see she has a HARD CARAPACE on her back.

Emma BLOWS towards the monster as hard as she can.

Long TRACKS appear in the snow as the monster is blown back.

Bronwyn RIPS the CHIMNEY from the caravan roof and HURLS it.

The chimney connects, bounces off the invisible monster. It's not deterred, though -- pointy FOOT-MARKS appear in the snow as it keeps on coming, closer and closer.

Louisa STRETCHES her leg out several feet and KICKS at it.

Hugh SCREAMS, sending a jet of BEES flying out towards it.

Fiona, standing next to Pierre, looks at him hopefully.

FIONA
Please tell me you can control
lightning or something.

PIERRE
I can manipulate cloth.

Fiona sighs. Beside her, Enoch lifts Wilbur.

ENOCH
Wilbur -- now!!

Wilbur smiles, delighted.

Suddenly, the monster is no longer invisible - its shape is revealed by a BURNING MASS OF FLAMES.

It lets out a hideous HOWL as it drops to the ground and rolls in the snow, flaming limbs and tentacles waving, making the biggest and most grotesque snow angel we've ever seen.

Finally, the flames go out. The monster's shadow lies still.

The children CHEER. Then Emma and Louisa see:

EMMA	LOUISA
Jake! Miss Peregrine!	Miss Avocet!

Jake and Miss Avocet run towards the caravan. Jake holds the talisman in one hand, the bird cage in the other, triumphant.

They arrive at the caravan. Jake glances at the HIDEOUSLY BURNED MONSTER lying beside it, then looks up in time to see:

The children's expressions change from jubilation to alarm.

Confused, Jake looks behind him to see:

HIMSELF. Running close behind. We'll call this JAKE/LAMONT.

JAKE/LAMONT
That's not me! That's Lamont!

The children shrink back. Jake gapes at them.

JAKE
No I'm not! Miss Avocet, tell them!

Miss Avocet looks from one Jake to the other, dumbstruck.

JAKE/LAMONT
Don't listen, she's in on it! He took my crossbow and the talisman and Miss Peregrine and now they're going to get away!

*
*
*

JAKE

If I was Lamont and I'd recruited Miss Avocet, I wouldn't need Miss Peregrine any more, would I?

The children are utterly confused.

JAKE/LAMONT

I grew up in Florida! I wanted to be an explorer! I wanted a chance to do something that mattered!

Emma reacts, now convinced that this must be the real Jake.

JAKE

I told him all that! He was my psychiatrist!

Now Jake notices: the talisman is GLOWING. Jake/Lamont takes advantage of this moment of distraction to snatch it away.

Jake lunges for it. Now they're both holding it, tug-o-war. Then suddenly, Jake's expression changes. He talks softly.

JAKE (CONT'D)

They'll know you're not me.

JAKE/LAMONT

Because they're your friends? How sentimental.

JAKE

No. Because I can do something you can't. I am like my grandpa.

Behind Jake/Lamont, there's now a A STRANGE WATERY COLUMN OF SHIMMERING AIR. In it, SNOW FALLS UPWARDS. Then it's gone.

Jake lets go of the talisman. Jake Two stumbles backwards... Losing his balance as he bumps into something invisible.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can see the monsters.

JAKE'S POV: The hideously burned monster is getting up. And Jake/Lamont has just walked right into it, looking not like a Cultist, but a Peculiar child.

Pointy arms loom over Jake/Lamont. Tentacles wave behind him, forming an undulating corona around his head. He turns...

LAMONT'S POV: a dusting of snow reveals a faint outline of the monster, two tentacles pointing at his eyes.

JAKE/LAMONT

No! I'm not one of them, I'm --

Too late. The tentacles dive into his eyes! He SCREAMS.

THE CHILDREN'S POV: As Jake/Lamont writhes and claws at the barely visible tentacles, he CHANGES back into Lamont.

A flurry of snow showers from the invisible monster as he shakes the now-dead Lamont free. Lamont drops to the ground.

Jake aims his crossbow at the monster. He shoots. THUNK. *

A cloud of snow puffs up as the monster falls to the ground.

Emma jumps from the caravan, runs to Jake's side, hugs him.

Miss Avocet moves past them both and kneels beside the dead Lamont. She takes the talisman from his fist.

Jake breaks off from Emma, holds out his hand to Miss Avocet.

JAKE

I'll guard it. It was my Grandpa's responsibility. And now it's mine.

To our surprise, she clutches it closer to her, and kisses Lamont's forehead, misty-eyed. Then she stares at Jake. *

MISS AVOCET

He was right. I should have listened, when he was young. The world was ours once, and we just let mankind take it. Peculiars like you. Content to hide away, to keep things the way they are. *

(to Lamont, softly) *

I can bring your supporters back to life. We'll return for you. Protect you. Your work can begin again. And this time I'll be at your side. *

Until now, Jake has been frozen in shock, but seeing the talisman glow in her hand, he lunges to grab it -- *

Too late. Miss Avocet CHANGES into a bird -- the talisman grasped in her claws -- and TAKES FLIGHT. In moments, she's soaring high above them, out of sight. *

196

INT. LARGER CARAVAN - DAY.

196

A small STOVE is open. Spontaneously, the coal in it IGNITES.

Wilbur steps back to admire his handiwork. Fiona, holding a KETTLE, nods approvingly before placing it on the stove.

The inside of the caravan is cosy but spacious, a large table with bench seating and three little bunk beds on each side.

At the table, Hugh, Millard and Edgar play CARDS, Edgar standing on the table, holding his cards in both hands, obscured by them - they're roughly as tall as he is.

Hugh puts down THREE SEVENS. Then Millard's invisible hand places his cards down - a FULL HOUSE. Finally, Edgar puts his down with a grin, and no little effort. A ROYAL FLUSH.

Hugh and Millard applaud politely, impressed.

At the back of the caravan, Pierre holds the hem of Horace's pyjama shirt. It TRANSFORMS into a fabulous FROCK COAT.

Horace reacts, utterly delighted. Pierre grins.

In a bottom bunk, Bronwyn and Louisa play with DOLLS.

In the bunk above, Armadillo Girl reads a BOOK to the Twins. *
Their back mouths grinning joyfully, matching the equally *
happy smiles they've drawn onto the front of their faces. *

In the top bunk sit Enoch and the Mermaid. In Enoch's open palm is a DEAD MOTH. He delicately touches a fingertip to it. It flutters to life.

The mermaid is enchanted. She smiles at Enoch and he smiles back. A little moment passes between them.

197

EXT. CARAVAN/COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.

197

A pair of HORSES snort and toss their manes as they trot along, their exhalations making clouds in the cold air.

Now we see that they are harnessed to the LARGER CARAVAN, their reins held by Emma, who sits huddled beside Jake on the front step. Their breath makes clouds too.

The birdcage, now empty, hangs on the front of the caravan.

Jake has a large OLD BOOK propped in his lap, is studying it intently. The cover reads: "BOOK OF DAYS". Miss Peregrine - in bird form - perches on the top edge of it. Jake sighs. *

JAKE

This would be so much easier if we
had my grandpa's map. He'd marked
every place he'd killed a cultist. *

Miss Peregrine pecks insistently at a page.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I get it, I get it!

EMMA

What's she saying?

JAKE

She's showing us the London loop. I know he definitely went to London. *
It's the closest, too. Miss *
Avocet's bound to go there first. *

Miss Peregrine bobs her head, like she's nodding. Jake studies the page.

*
*

JAKE (CONT'D)
London. September 1666.

EMMA (V.O.)
Jake... That's when the great fire started.

JAKE (V.O.)
Good, I'm freezing.

Jake snaps the book shut. Miss Peregrine hops off and flies up to perch on the roof of the caravan.

JAKE
Seems like she's getting better.

EMMA
What if she doesn't, though. What if she can't change back?

JAKE
We'll be okay, Emma. We're getting older. You said it yourself: we don't need someone to make us feel safe when we're with people who make us feel brave. We've got each other. And whatever we have to do, we'll do it together.

EMMA
You know when I said you were nothing like Abe?

JAKE
Yeah?

EMMA
Well... It's absolutely true. And I think that would have made him really proud.

Jake reaches for Emma's hand. They hold hands tightly. Then she leans in and they kiss. Finally.

In a wide open vista of snowy fields, the caravan moves down a long, straight road that runs all the way to the horizon. Carrying Jake, Emma and the Peculiar children towards a future yet to be discovered.

FADE TO BLACK.