

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The WARNER BROS logo hangs in the sky.

A TROPICAL BIRD shoots past us between the letters of the logo. The camera follows, dropping down through the clouds towards the infinite green canopy of the PERUVIAN RAINFOREST.

The bird skims the treetops, moonlight glinting off its feathers. Suddenly an upturned COATHANGER is thrust into its path. The bird twists through it, narrowly avoiding a collision, losing a feather in the process.

We tilt down - following the feather - to discover the coathanger is a makeshift antenna. We tune in to hear:

BBC ANNOUNCER

Good morning, good afternoon or good evening wherever you are. This is the BBC World Service.

The time signal PIPS as the camera pushes down through the branches along a pole made of rods and broom-handles.

At the bottom, a small cluster of SHACKS have been made of rubbish: corrugated iron, tin advertising hoardings. A sturdy, roguish old bear wearing dungarees - UNCLE PASTUZO - finishes rigging the aerial.

INT. PASTUZO'S SHACK - NIGHT

Inside, AUNT LUCY - a frail, elderly bear wearing pince-nez glasses and a poncho - rocks a cradle.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Here is the news from London.

AUNT LUCY

(smiling, strong accent)
London.

UNCLE PASTUZO comes in. He speaks in BEAR LANGUAGE: a cross between animal grunts and that of an unknown Amazon tribe.

UNCLE PASTUZO

Is it working?

AUNT LUCY

(in English)
Yes it's working. But speak English.
He needs to learn.

She turns her attention to a creased old TRAVEL MAGAZINE and starts cutting out a PICTURE OF LONDON.

Pastuzo reaches into the cradle to tickle a BABY BEAR. He makes funny faces. The tiny bear laughs.

UNCLE PASTUZO

(in English)

I'm sorry. I forget. Are you sure this is all for the best?

AUNT LUCY

It was his mother's wish. He will see things we never dreamed of.

UNCLE PASTUZO

But it's such a long way. And he's so small and so (smelling) stinky.

AUNT LUCY

(serious)

We promised her, Pastuzo. When that bear grows up, he will go to London.

Aunt Lucy pins the PICTURE OF LONDON to the wall.

INT. PASTUZO'S SHACK - DAY

Five years pass.

The cutting is gradually joined by dozens like it. The camera pans across pictures of landmarks, buses and taxis. Among them is a image of evacuees, torn from a history book.

Outside, we see a small community of bears singing a happy WORKSONG while they make marmalade.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Half a dozen bears are up trees harvesting oranges, throwing them to others who catch them in their hats. Some chop and juice while others gather herbs and spices, all of which are fed back to head chef AUNT LUCY.

She cooks over a fire while quizzing her nephew - now a scruffy brown five year old with black ears.

AUNT LUCY

What do you do when you meet a stranger?

YOUNG BEAR
(in perfect English)
Raise my hat. I haven't got a hat.

AUNT LUCY
You'll have a hat. Everyone in England
wears a hat. Now?

Aunt Lucy offers a spoonful of marmalade to the Young Bear.

YOUNG BEAR
(pointing to a spice)
That one.

AUNT LUCY
(adding it in)
Cinnamon? All of it? [he nods] The
stranger will raise theirs in turn, at
which point you...

YOUNG BEAR
Comment on the weather.

AUNT LUCY
Good. The English are obsessed with
weather, even though they have very
little of it. Better?

She offers him another taste. He nods, happy.

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
Really? Is finished?

He nods again. She tastes the syrupy liquid and her face tells
us it is delicious.

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
You have your mother's nose.
Everybody! It's ready! The first
marmalade of the season!

The other bears gather round, cheering and throwing their hats
in the air. The Young Bear smiles as Pastuzo sneaks a jarful of
marmalade from the bubbling pan.

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
Pastuzo! What are you doing?

Pastuzo hides the jar behind his back.

PASTUZO
Just going to get some more cinnamon.

AUNT LUCY
Good. All of you: back to work!

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

Far from the village, the only noise is that of the forest.

UNCLE PASTUZO clambers through the branches of a high tree. He sees the TROPICAL BIRD and raises his hat in greeting. He takes the jar out of his pocket and settles down to eat.

Suddenly, sensing danger, the bird SQUAWKS OFF in fright. Uncle Pastuzo stops eating and sniffs the air.

INT. PASTUZO'S SHACK - NIGHT

The YOUNG BEAR has fallen asleep to the sound of the shipping forecast while Aunt Lucy decants marmalade into glass jars.

An urgent crackle of STATIC interrupts the broadcast for an instant. Aunt Lucy looks up, switches the radio off - and listens.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

PASTUZO climbs up to look across the tree-tops. Birds take flight while beasts run in terror from a deep menacing RUMBLE. In the distance, trees are falling.

Scared, he drops the jar and starts to climb down.

INT. PASTUZO'S SHACK - NIGHT

Hearing the same rumble, AUNT LUCY instinctively knows something is wrong. The YOUNG BEAR opens his eyes as crockery starts to rattle in the shelves.

AUNT LUCY
Get up. Now.

YOUNG BEAR
What is it? An earthquake?

A tree crashes to the ground, much nearer.

AUNT LUCY
Run.

EXT. RAINFOREST / VARIOUS - NIGHT

-- Aunt Lucy and the Young Bear flee through the forest.

-- Uncle Pastuzo races towards the shack.

-- Trees crash to the ground. Birds screech. Animals run.

-- Other bears hide in the forest.

-- Aunt Lucy trips and falls.

-- The Young Bear doubles back to help his Aunt.

-- Pastuzo reaches the shack and finds it empty.

-- Aunt Lucy shields her nephew as a tree falls across them.

Blackness.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAWN

The fallen tree shifts. With great effort, Aunt Lucy manages to move the branch lying across her and the Young Bear.

They peer out, apprehensive. The rainforest looks as though it has been hit by an earthquake, the little community of homes destroyed.

Aunt Lucy runs through the devastation, calling for Pastuzo. Hearing her, other bears emerge from their hiding places in the forest.

AUNT LUCY
(desperate)
Pastuzo?

Another bear shakes his head and hands her all that is left of Pastuzo: his hat.

The rest of the community remove their hats in grief as the Young Bear clings to his Aunt. It begins to rain.

EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

The bears sing a LAMENT as they dig through the rubble, each household salvaging what it can from its shack, each preparing to leave.

Aunt Lucy finds clothes and an old coffee tin containing money. The young bear takes a brown leather suitcase and fills it with jars of marmalade.

The various households of bears hug each other goodbye. They set off in different directions through the forest.

EXT. RAINFOREST PATH - NIGHT

AUNT LUCY and the YOUNG BEAR trudge through the forest, alone. She holds an umbrella and Gladstone bag while he drags his suitcase through the mud.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

They wait by the side of the road. A crowded minibus arrives, its destination LIMA.

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

They sit on the back seat, the only two bears on the bus. They are now entering the world of people.

EXT. LIMA DOCKS - EVENING

The YOUNG BEAR waits at the end of a pier looking up at a vast CONTAINER SHIP. Nearby, AUNT LUCY haggles with a dodgy-looking SAILOR in Spanish, offering him money from her tin.

The sailor shrugs and walks away. Aunt Lucy calls him back. He returns, and she hands him the entire tin.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

AUNT LUCY lifts the YOUNG BEAR into one of the ship's lifeboats.

AUNT LUCY
Keep out of sight until you reach
London.

YOUNG BEAR
I want to go home.

AUNT LUCY
London will be your home now.

She starts tying a label around the Young Bear's neck.

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
Your mother told me there was once a
war in England. Thousands of children
had to be sent away for safety - and
unknown families took them in.

(MORE)

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
 They will not have forgotten how to
 treat a stranger.

The YOUNG BEAR nods, scared but being brave for his Aunt. We read the label: 'Please Look After this Bear. Thank you.'

With solemnity, she pulls his UNCLE'S HAT over his head and hands him a SANDWICH.

AUNT LUCY (CONT'D)
 Keep this under your hat. It's a wise
 bear who knows where his next
 marmalade sandwich is coming from.

YOUNG BEAR
 Do you think the Queen keeps a
 sandwich under her hat?

AUNT LUCY
 Perhaps one day you will be able to
 tell me. Now be brave, little one. You
 may be small, but you are capable of
 great things.

She kisses his nose and turns away from him, her eyes filling with tears as soon as she is out of his sight.

EXT. DOCKS - DAWN

Aunt Lucy watches the boat head out into the dawn. The camera drops as she walks out of shot and there, written on the rim of a life-preserver, are the words:

Warner Brothers Present...

TITLES / TRAVELLING MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- The Bear creeps out of the lifeboat at night. He walks past a container with a credit painted on the side.
- The bear sneaks a loaf of bread from the kitchen. A credit is revealed in the flour dust on the breadboard.
- A deckhand is bemused by paw-prints on the deck. He mops them away, the trail of water briefly forming a credit.
- The boat in a storm at sea. A credit in the radar screen.
- The bear ekes out his marmalade ration. He idly spells a credit out of orange peel.

- The navigator marking progress on a chart. A credit in the legend on the map.
- The Boat arrives into BRISTOL DOCKS. A credit on a crane.
- The Bear drops unseen over the edge of the lifeboat and heads towards the gangplank - on which a credit is painted.
- Before he gets there he is nearly caught by a docker. He has nowhere to hide - so conceals himself in his OWN SUITCASE. The deckhand picks it up and tosses it overboard onto the back of a luggage van (with number-plate credit.)
- The Bear's suitcase travels along various conveyor belts. An unseen baggage handler checks the label on the suitcase: London. The next suitcase label is a credit.
- The suitcase is loaded into a baggage van of a train. A credit on the door as it closes.
- The bear breathes on the window as he watches the countryside whizz by. A credit in the condensation.
- The suitcase is taken off the train at the other end and pushed on a cart past a credit graffitied on the wall.
- The suitcase falls off the side of the cart near the luggage office. The opening hours conceal a credit.
- The catches are opened from inside and the bear peeps out. The final title - that of the film - is the sign for the station where the bear finds himself: PADDINGTON.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - MORNING

The YOUNG BEAR waits for... well he doesn't quite know what. He just waits, sitting on his suitcase. People swirl around him, too busy to notice the strange creature in their midst.

YOUNG BEAR
(raising his hat)
Good morning. Morning. Hello there.
What a glorious day. Looks like it's
set fine.

HENRY BROWN, a somewhat uptight man in his early 40s, dressed in a trilby, knitted tank-top and jacket, is putting his wife on a train. She is something of an eccentric, dressed in a woolen jumper and plus-fours.

MR BROWN
Goodbye darling. I hope you find what
you're after.

He walks away past the bear who greets him.

YOUNG BEAR
Good day.

MR BROWN
Oh. Um. Hello.

Mr Brown seems surprised but nevertheless leaves the station.

From a high angle, we see the bear alone in a sea of people.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME - NIGHT

The station is closing: shutters are down, a cleaner rides an on-board polisher. There is no-one for the bear to greet.

He seems apprehensive - and cold, gazing up at a poster of a beautiful chef in a warm house. "COME HOME TO PRUNELLA FLAX. Britain's Best Marmalade Available Soon."

He looks to where the last train has just come in and spots MR BROWN - meeting his wife off the train.

MR BROWN
Bang on time. How was it, love?

MRS BROWN
Amazing. We got to grow our own lunch.
I ate mould!

MR BROWN
(clearly disgusted)
Wow. Is that safe?

MRS BROWN
It was a mushroom, Henry. And it was
delicious, thank you.

MR BROWN
Oh, right, I see. Yes, well quite.

They walk past the bear - who politely raises his hat as ever. Mr Brown notices him and whispers to his wife.

MRS BROWN
A bear? What bear?

She looks back to see the Young Bear doff his hat. They have a brief discussion - which Mrs Brown wins - and walk over.

YOUNG BEAR
Good evening.

MRS BROWN
Hello.

YOUNG BEAR
Rather bracing, isn't it?

MR BROWN
Er... yes.

This seems like the end of the conversation.

YOUNG BEAR
May I help you?

MRS BROWN
As a matter of fact, we were wondering
if we could help you.

MR BROWN
Are you meant to be meeting someone?

YOUNG BEAR
I think so. But I'm not sure who.

MRS BROWN
You're very small to be at Paddington
Station all by yourself.

YOUNG BEAR
(confidentially)
I'm not really supposed to be here at
all. I'm a stowaway.

MR BROWN
(nervously)
A stowaway?

MRS BROWN
Where have you come from?

YOUNG BEAR
Darkest Peru. I hid in a lifeboat. And
I ate marmalade. Bears like marmalade.

The bear opens his suitcase. There is only a SINGLE JAR left -
and it is almost empty.

YOUNG BEAR (CONT'D)
I'd offer you some, but there isn't
much left and what there is tastes of
seaweed.

MR BROWN

What are you going to do for food,
then?

PADDINGTON

Oh, I shall be alright. I expect.

MRS BROWN looks at his label. "Please Look After This Bear.
Thank You." She is not someone who would ignore such a plea.

MR BROWN

Don't look at me like that, Mary.

MRS BROWN

I'm not leaving a hungry young bear
alone on Paddington Station. Imagine
if he were one of our children.

Mr Brown relents.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)

Would you like some tea?

YOUNG BEAR

Oh yes please. Only... will it be very
expensive?

MRS BROWN

It'll be our treat- I'm sorry, I don't
know your name.

YOUNG BEAR

I've only got a bear one. It's very
hard to pronounce.

MRS BROWN

Well we'll need to think of one.

MR BROWN

How about 'Bear A?'

The bear gives him a HARD STARE. Mr Brown gets flustered.

MRS BROWN

Well, we found you at Paddington
station; how about Paddington?

YOUNG BEAR

Paddington. It seems a bit long.

MR BROWN

I'd say it's rather distinguished.

YOUNG BEAR
Really? [grandly] Paddington.
Paddington. Yes, I think I like it.

MRS BROWN
Well we're Mr and Mrs Brown, and we're
very pleased to meet you Paddington.

INT. TEAROOM / PADDINGTON STATION - NIGHT

Paddington sits at a linen-clothed table in a smart English tearoom. Mr Brown puts two cups and a selection of buns on the table. He wipes his seat with his hankey before sitting.

MR BROWN
How's that to be going on with?

PADDINGTON
Very nice thank you, Mr Brown.
Would you mind pouring some into the
saucer? Cups are rather tricky with
paws.

MR BROWN
Um yes. S'pose it's clean enough.

Paddington climbs onto the table and slurps from the saucer. He tucks messily into the cake.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)
Gosh. Yes, now I'm not sure that's
really hygienic...

Just then, Paddington sees MRS BROWN through the window. He stands on the table and waves his hat enthusiastically.

PADDINGTON
In here, Mrs Brown.

He steps back into Mr Brown's teacup which gets wedged on his foot. As he tries to prize it off, he loses his balance and falls into his cake.

MRS BROWN
Henry! What are you doing? He's
covered with jam and cream.

MR BROWN
But I-

MRS BROWN
I thought I told you to look after
him. He hasn't even got a napkin.

Paddington guiltily ties the white linen around his neck. Over the following dialogue he struggles to pull the cup off.

MR BROWN

Right. No, um- did you find anyone?

MRS BROWN

Everything's shut for the night. He'll have to come home with us.

MR BROWN

Oh no now come on, what? Really?

MRS BROWN

He'll freeze, Henry. [gentler] It's only for one night.

MR BROWN

Alright. But look, don't get too attached. First thing in the morning, we're going to find the proper people to deal with him.

MRS BROWN

Thank you, Henry. Paddington?

Paddington looks up just as he prizes the teacup off his foot. It pings across the cafe, landing with a distant crash.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)

Would you like to sleep at our house tonight?

PADDINGTON

That would be very kind. If it's not too much trouble.

MRS BROWN

You're no trouble at all. Come on.

Paddington follows them out. Unfortunately, the linen he tied round his neck turns out to have been the table cloth rather than a napkin. Unbeknownst to him, he drags the entire contents of the table behind him.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

MUSIC: London is the Place for Me.

As they drive through London, the Browns point out various places to Paddington. Amazed, he tries to poke his nose out of the window. He bangs his head against the glass.

They pull into Windsor Gardens, one of those beautiful Portobello streets where each of the houses is painted a different colour.

MRS BROWN

And this is our home, Paddington.
Paddington?

But Paddington is asleep.

INT. MR CURRY'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

MR CURRY a greasy, weasely-looking sixty year old with a comb-over is watching a cookery show on television featuring the same chef we saw on the poster at Paddington Station.

PRUNELLA FLAX

Look at the way the creamy filling
just oozes out of my gorgeous éclair.
Yummy.

He hears the taxi drive up and peers through the curtains to see Mr Brown carrying Paddington into the house next door. He shakes his head, suspicious and disapproving.

INT. BROWNS' HOUSE / ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

The Browns tuck the still sleeping bear into a zed bed.

MR BROWN

I wonder how he's going to go down.

MRS BROWN

You worry too much Henry. The children
would never have forgiven us if they
knew we'd left him shivering on a
platform.

MR BROWN

It's not the children I'm worried
about. It's Mrs Bird.

Mrs Brown looks genuinely nervous.

INT. BROWNS' HOUSE / VARIOUS - NEXT MORNING

SLAM!!! The fearsome septuagenarian battle-axe that is MRS BIRD brings a cleaver down onto a side of bacon.

Two rashers hit a frying pan. We follow the smell as it rises from the pan out through the door...

...up the stairs passing the parents' room as an alarm goes. Mr Brown wakes and unlike his wife, is immediately up and at 'em. He walks onto the landing.

MR BROWN

Bang on time, Mrs Bird!

We follow him upstairs to the bathroom. Next to the door is a ROTA and a PUNCH CLOCK. He punches his card and enters. The camera keeps heading upstairs to Paddington's attic room.

Smelling the breakfast, his nose twitches. He wakes and heads downstairs, immediately hungry.

Paddington reaches the landing as Mr Brown leaves the bathroom, passing his wife on his way to breakfast.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)

Eight minutes dear.

MRS BROWN

Mm hm. Ah, Paddington. Sleep well?

PADDINGTON

Yes thank you, Mrs Brown.

MRS BROWN

Mrs Bird's making breakfast. Look, why don't you get yourself cleaned up a bit before you meet her? Don't tell Mr Brown I said this but she can be a bit of a witch. If she catches you in that state, she's liable to make mincemeat of you.

Paddington looks terrified. Witch? Mincemeat? Mrs Brown punches her card but ushers Paddington in instead.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

It immediately becomes clear Paddington has never been in a bathroom before. He looks around, baffled.

He opens the lid of the toilet, hops up onto the seat and gingerly puts a paw inside the bowl. He tries pulling the flush. And falls back, startled, as his feet are soaked.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The Browns walk downstairs.

MR BROWN
Ready to face the music?

MRS BROWN
Can't you tell her? She's your aunt.

MR BROWN
And Paddington was your idea,
remember?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paddington has discovered the bath. He sits on one of those bridge-type things you put soap and flannels in and reaches for the taps on the wall.

He turns one on, discovers it is cold. He turns the other one on. That's hot. He puts his paw back under the cold one.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MRS BIRD is at the cooker, flipping eggs. We still have not seen her face. A pile of steaming toast is next to her.

Mr Brown comes in affecting jollity.

MR BROWN
Morning Mrs Bird. Sleep well?

He reaches for a piece of toast. Without looking, MRS BIRD slaps his hand with a fish slice.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Now, Mrs Bird, there's
something we've got to tell you.
Well, ask you, obviously. We wouldn't
just tell you anything.

MRS BROWN
We're having a guest for breakfast.

She stops flipping. A woman of very few words, she manages to strike terror into the Browns with a simple pause.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bath is reasonably full. Paddington stands on the soap bridge thingy to avoid getting his paws wet and reaches for the taps.

But the steam has made the side of the bath slippery and the soap bridge thingy slides back along the bath.

Paddington lunges for the taps and manages to grab the shower/bath lever between them.

He is stretched out full, inches above the water. Slowly the lever slides across, and Paddington is SOAKED by the shower.

PADDINGTON holds on with one paw while he pulls at the shower hose with the other. Eventually, managing to pull himself upright.

Just as he regains his balance on the soap bridge, the shower hose comes away from the wall. It bucks like a wild beast.

Paddington wrestles it but is eventually overcome, tumbling into the water. He flounders for a moment then starts bailing out water with his hat.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan Brown, 10, loud, dishevelled, a fan of explosions, bangs on the door.

JONATHAN

Judy. Judy. It's my slot. JUDY!

Judy, 13, appears behind him. In three years, she will be a goth.

JUDY

What?

JONATHAN

You're not in the bathroom?

JUDY

Well done Einstein.

JONATHAN

Then who is?

JUDY

And what are they doing in there?

They peer under the door but can't see anything.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paddington has managed to bail enough water out that there is only a few inches left in the bath. The problem is that there is now three feet of water in the rest of room.

The bath - one of those claw-foot affairs - starts to float. And the water level is still rising.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The children arrive and start eating.

JUDY
Who's upstairs?

MR BROWN
Chew your food, Judy.

MRS BROWN
We were just telling Mrs Bird. That's Paddington. He's a bear.

Mrs Bird tuts and shakes her head. The children are both about to speak when Mr Brown rebukes them.

MR BROWN
Longer. Longer. Bit more. Swallow.

JUDY
A bear?

MRS BROWN
Yes.

JONATHAN
Cool.

JUDY
There's a bear in the bathroom?

MRS BROWN
Yes.

MR BROWN
He's in the bathroom?

JUDY
Chew your food, Dad.

MRS BROWN
Don't fret so much Henry. What's the worst that could happen?

Mr Brown rushes out of the kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paddington is now six feet up in the air, and very worried.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

MR BROWN
Paddington?

PADDINGTON
Help! Help!

MR BROWN
I'm coming. There's a life jacket
under the sink.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JUDY
So I'm not allowed roller skates but
you can bring a bear home.

Mrs Bird Hmpfs sympathetically.

MRS BROWN
It's only for a day or so. I'm sure
he'll be no trouble whatsoever.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Mr Brown turns the bathroom lock with a screwdriver, stands back
and opens the door.

A torrent of water crashes into the landing, carrying the bath
with it down three flights of stairs and into the kitchen.
Paddington comes to a halt perfectly in his place at the
breakfast table.

MRS BROWN
Mrs Bird. Jonathan. Judy. This is
Paddington.

Mrs Bird stares at him - and growls.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Paddington sits alone, examining his breakfast skeptically.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

Dear Aunt Lucy. I have arrived in London and am staying with the Brown family. I hope they like me. Mrs Brown says I have already made quite an impression.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Mr Brown carry the bath upstairs.

JONATHAN

That was so cool.

MR BROWN

That was not cool, Jonathan. If there's been any more water in there, the floor would have collapsed and then where would Paddington be?

Judy passes them on the stairs.

JUDY

In your bedroom?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs Bird comes in to mop the floor, glaring at Paddington. Nervous, he pretends to eat, making "yum" noises.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

They live with a witch who would have turned me into mince if I hadn't undergone something called Bath: a sort of British Drowning Ritual. Her breakfast smells nice but could be poisoned.

As Mrs Bird leaves, Paddington spits the breakfast back onto his plate. MRS BROWN comes in.

MRS BROWN

Come on Paddington. We're going on a shopping expedition. I've got to pick up some bits and I think it might be best if we get out of Mrs Bird's hair for a while.

Paddington gets up to leave.

MRS BROWN (CONT'D)
You'd better clear your plate or
she'll have your guts for garters.

Paddington gulps. That doesn't sound good.

PADDINGTON
(v.o.)
The witch may also make clothes out of
her victims' innards. Am taking no
chances.

Paddington opens his suitcase and POURS his breakfast inside.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
Love from Paddington. PS That is now
my name.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Mrs Brown and her children walk ahead of Paddington. A piece of
BACON is sticking out of his SUITCASE.

JUDY
So where are your parents?

PADDINGTON
They died when I was very young. My
Aunt Lucy brought me up, but after the
earthquake, she went into the Home for
Retired Bears and I came here.

JUDY
I can't believe you travelled right
round the world by yourself.

A YAPPY DOG starts biting at the bacon.

JONATHAN
We're never allowed to do anything on
our own. Especially with explosives.

MRS BROWN
Well Paddington didn't have a choice.
I'm sure his Aunt Lucy would have
looked after him if she could. Isn't
that so, Paddington?

The YAPPY DOG is now HANGING by his teeth from the bacon.

PADDINGTON
 (distracted)
 Hm? Oh yes, absolutely.

JUDY
 If you're having a bear, can I get
 roller skates?

MRS BROWN
 We'll see.

JUDY
 (taking that as yes)
 What? Really? No way...

MRS BROWN
 I said we'll see.

JONATHAN
 (chancing his arm)
 Can I have a gun?

Mrs Brown groans and the family start to BICKER.

Seeing they are distracted, Paddington stops and bangs his
 suitcase against a lamppost sending the dog flying.

Pleased, Paddington leaves frame in pursuit of the Browns. A
 beat later, the dog follows, not put off in the slightest.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - DAY

Mr Brown leaves the house. He is hobnailed by Mr Curry - the
 greasy neighbour from next door - who has been lying in wait.

MR CURRY
 Ah, Mr Brown. Hell of a racket coming
 from your way earlier.

MR BROWN
 I'm sorry if we disturbed you, Mr
 Curry. We've got a bear staying with
 us at the moment...

MR CURRY
 A bear?

MR BROWN
 Yes, and-

MR CURRY

(disgusted)

I thought I saw your family traipsing
along with a hairy foreigner in tow
but I had no idea it was a bear.

MR BROWN

Yes well, that's Paddington. He's just
staying with us until I find the
correct authority to handle his unique
um...status.

MR CURRY

I should start with the police.

MR BROWN

But he hasn't broken any laws, Mr
Curry. It isn't illegal to be a bear.

MR CURRY

Hm. Well perhaps it should be.

EXT. UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE - DAY

MRS BROWN shoos away the DOZEN DOGS that now follow them.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION / TICKET HALL - DAY

Mrs Brown hands out TICKETS.

Paddington watches the others as they put the ticket in the
FRONT SLOT. From his height, he can't see them take the ticket
from the TOP SLOT - which opens the barrier.

So when it is his turn, he puts the ticket in the FRONT SLOT and
walks straight into the barriers, falling over.

A stern-looking INSPECTOR pulls Paddington's ticket from the TOP
SLOT - opening the barrier - and hands it to him.

Paddington raises his hat to thank the INSPECTOR. But he takes
too long about it, and as he walks towards the barrier, it
closes on him, knocking him over again.

Giving the barrier a HARD STARE, Paddington walks through the
plastic flaps of the luggage slot instead.

AT THE TOP OF THE ESCALATORS:

Paddington looks down, too nervous to step on. Other passengers
tut and step round him. He looks at a sign.

Take Care
Hold the Moving Handrail
Dogs Must be Carried

Paddington stares at the last. Thinks. And leaves frame.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCALATORS:

MRS BROWN
Where's Paddington?

The family head back up.

AT THE TOP OF THE ESCALATORS:

Paddington walks back into the station carrying the YAPPY DOG under his arm and heads through the luggage slot.

He steps confidently onto the escalator, holding the handrail with one paw and the dog with other.

Paddington passes another sign on the way down: "Stand on the Right". Guiltily, Paddington raises his left foot.

The FAMILY pass Paddington going the other way, the top of his hat poking over the top of the handrail.

JONATHAN
Paddington! Over here!

Paddington swivels round and spots the Browns.

He tries to run up the down escalator, crashes into the legs of a COMMUTER coming the other way and crashes to the bottom.

He looks up to see the INSPECTOR standing over him.

INSPECTOR
You again. I thought as much.

PADDINGTON
I'm not used to elesca-la-tors. We don't have them in Darkest Peru.

INSPECTOR
Well I don't know much about Darkest Peru but I do know I've got a young bear 'ere, smellin' of bacon and breachin' the bye-laws.

He gets out an OFFICIAL NOTEBOOK as the Browns arrive.

MRS BROWN

I'm sure he's very sorry, Inspector.

JONATHAN

It's his first time in London.

JUDY

(piteously)

And he doesn't have any parents.

INSPECTOR

(relenting)

Alright Miss, no need to bring on the waterworks. Normally I'd have to write this sort of thing up but seeing as the young bear is new to London - and what with there bein' a pack of wild dogs runnin' amok in the ticket hall - I'll look the other way.

PADDINGTON

Thank you very much.

The Inspector hands Paddington a GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND.

INSPECTOR

Why don't you take this if you want to learn how it all works? And you'll find plenty of leaflets around if you keep your eyes peeled. But mind as I don't catch you usin' Public Transport before you've studied the lot!

INT. MINISTRY OF IMMIGRATION - DAY

Mr Brown is in an imposing office. He is nervous.

CLERK

Don't worry, Mr Brown. We deal with all sorts of immigrants here. I just need a few details and I should be able to point you in the right direction. What's the name?

MR BROWN

Mr Brown.

CLERK

Mr... Not your name.

MR BROWN

Oh. Er, Paddington. Paddington...
(searches for surname) Paddington.

The clerk raises an eyebrow.

CLERK
Paddington Paddington. Nationality?

MR BROWN
Peruvian.

CLERK
Sex?

MR BROWN
(attempting a joke)
Not now thanks. (seeing the clerk's
face) Er yes, joke, sorry. I get a bit
nervous in these... um male.

CLERK
Height?

MR BROWN
About three foot six?

CLERK
Three foot six. Eyes?

MR BROWN
(joking again)
Two. Sorry. Again. Don't know why I
keep doing that. They're brown.

CLERK
And what colour would you say the
gentleman was?

MR BROWN
Well he's sort of golden brown, I
suppose. But he's got black ears.

CLERK
(thinking that sounds odd)
Black ears... Any other distinguishing
features?

MR BROWN
Well he's rather hairy and he's got
quite a wet nose. And he's a bear.

CLERK
(screwing up the form)
Yes, we only deal with humans here.

EXT. BARKRIDGES - DAY

The Browns walk into a grand department store on Piccadilly.

INT. BARKRIDGES / CLOTHING DEPARTMENT - DAY

Paddington raises his hat to all the MANNEQUINS. He tries to shake one of their hands. The whole arm comes off.

Alarmed, he tries to hide it behind his back. A friendly ASSISTANT takes it from him and reattaches it.

A snooty SALESMAN approaches Mrs Brown.

SALESMAN
Can I help you Modom?

MRS BROWN
I'm looking for a bear's coat.

SALESMAN
Certainly Modom. Real or synthetic?

MRS BROWN
A coat for a bear. This bear.

The Salesman spots Paddington who is giving him a HARD STARE.

SALESMAN
(flustered)
Ah. Of course. Yes. My apologies.

MRS BROWN
Do you think you have something?

SALESMAN
Barkridges has a coat for every
occasion, Modom. Jeremy.

He clicks his fingers at the assistant who ushers Paddington into the dressing room. A zip noise is followed by a yelp.

ASSISTANT
(poking his head out)
No zips.

SALESMAN
No zips. Let's try this instead.

MONTAGE OF COATS. We see the Assistant try and fail with a mountain of coats, each discarded for a different reason.

ASSISTANT

No buttons. No velcro. No loose weaves
(confidentially) Gets snagged on the
claws. No tight cuts. Etc.

The montage ends as Paddington finds something he likes.

PADDINGTON

(behind the curtain)

Now this is more like it.

SALESMAN

Ah I see you're a bear of fine taste.
That's a Duffle Coat. 100% duffle with
a tartan lining, ample hood and wooden
peg buttons for ease of paw. A British
Classic.

Paddington emerges in the coat. It is BRIGHT PINK.

PADDINGTON

Have you got it in any other colours?

The salesman clicks his fingers; Paddington is whisked off.

SALESMAN

What's more, this one comes with
complimentary mittens attached to the
coat with Barkridge's finest elastic
offering a lifetime of hi-tensile
security. Well?

Angle on Paddington in his classic BLUE DUFFLE COAT.

PADDINGTON

Perfect.

MRS BROWN

Now. Do you have any waiters
uniforms...

While she talks to the assistant, Paddington spots a crowd
gathering nearby and heads off to investigate.

INT. BARKRIDGES / FOODHALL - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of a vast circular staircase a sign reads:

Here today! Prunella Flax Presents
Her New Marmalade! First Tasting!

Paddington can't see through the crowd. ARCHIE BARKRIDGE - 88 years old and probably a Viscount - addresses the throng of customers while Paddington climbs up onto his suitcase.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE

For three hundred years, Barkridge's has stocked only the finest foods, each a proud holder of the Royal Warrant and used in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace.

Even standing on his suitcase, Paddington can't see. He goes upstairs to the first floor where he can look over a central circular balcony to the floor below.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE (CONT'D)

Now many people maintain that bears make the best marmalade. But of course, that has become nigh on impossible to get hold of in recent years and the Royal Warrant hasn't been awarded for over a generation.

Paddington climbs onto the bannisters. He holds onto a decorative SASH which runs from the BANNISTERS to a CHANDELIER three floors above.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE (CONT'D)

But this year, hoping to prove them wrong, is Prunella Flax.

Among the predominantly male crowd, we spot MR CURRY, clapping even more sycophantically than the rest.

Prunella Flax is a heart-stopping beauty with a flawless complexion, perfect hair and manicured pink nails. She addresses the audience from her branded KITCHEN COUNTER.

Paddington shifts and the SASH slides along the bannister until it is resting against a HOT LIGHT. It begins to SCORCH.

PRUNELLA

Thank you, thank you. I'm sure many of you know me from television and have seen my delicious concoctions - but have never had a chance to taste them. Well all that's about to change, with my new marmalade.

The sash BURNS THROUGH and Paddington falls into space, dangling unnoticed above the presentation. He CLIMBS quickly up towards the CHANDELIER, the sash burning away behind him.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

Why marmalade, you ask? [purring]
Well, whenever I can't sleep, I love
nothing more than to creep downstairs
in my nightie and tuck into a sweet,
sticky layer of golden deliciousness
spread over a slice of moist, warm
bread. Or if I'm feeling really
naughty, I just dip my finger in and
suck the gooey mess right down. Mmmm.

Mr Curry gulps, enjoying her mime considerably.

ABOVE: Paddington is struggling to grip the chandelier. The Browns appear on the second floor, looking for Paddington.

JUDY

Up there!

PRUNELLA

And of course, if I happen to win the
Royal Warrant, well, what better way
to prove my critics wrong? Now, I've
brought the very first jar here to
share it with you. Who's wants to
taste it?

Mr Curry's is the first hand to shoot up but as she opens the jar, Paddington loses his grip and PLUMMETS head-first towards the presentation below. The Browns gasp in horror.

He lands nose-first - THOOOMP! - into the open jar.

But instead of carrying on and hitting the ground, he disappears - WOOSH! - up out of shot.

One MITTEN has caught on the chandelier. The ELASTIC has stretched out to its limit, and now he springs up and down as if on a BUNGEE.

JONATHAN

Suh-weet. Can I do that?

Relieved, Mrs Brown laughs. The crowd join them. A strong, sinister man - MR RICHMOND - stands to grab Paddington but Prunella subtly shakes her head and he sits back down.

Prunella - furious but trying to act good-natured for the sake of the audience, tries to talk to Paddington, but has to pause while he springs up and down.

PRUNELLA

Well bear - - - for better or worse - -
- you have just tasted - - -

Fed up, she grabs his paw and holds him in her steely grip.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
- the finest marmalade in the world.
What do you make of it?

Paddington speaks - but we can't tell what he says as his nose is still firmly wedged in the marmalade pot. Prunella pulls it off with a pop.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
What?

PADDINGTON
It's a bit rubbery.

PRUNELLA
What?!

PADDINGTON
I mean it's very nice - but I've had better.

Paddington reveals the sandwich in his hat.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
Would you like to try some? I'm only supposed to use it in an emergency, but I think this counts.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE
(laughing)
Well? Will you try it, Miss Flax?

Seeing the expectant faces in the crowd, Prunella has little choice. As she bites into the sandwich, her face lights up. THIS IS REAL MARMALADE! She quickly disguises her expression.

PRUNELLA
Perfectly ordinary. Rather soapy in actual fact.

PADDINGTON
That's probably because I dropped it in the bath this morning. It's normally delicious.

Prunella's face.

PRUNELLA
Well I've got better things to do than stand around eating a bear's soggy sandwiches.
(MORE)

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to have disappointed you all
- but you can look forward to seeing
my marmalade on the shelves by
Christmas.

She cruelly releases her grip on Paddington who springs back into the rafters. The Browns are outraged.

EXT. BARKRIDGES BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Prunella comes out, talking to her assistant, Richmond, a strong, silent man who clearly takes pride in dressing like security. Her KITCHEN COUNTER is being loaded into a van.

PRUNELLA
(livid)
This stuff is supposed to be the best.
I haven't gone to all this trouble and
expense to have the second best, or
one of the top ten.

She sees Mr Curry, who has been waiting for her.

MR CURRY
I wonder if I might trouble you for an
autograph, Ms Flax.

PRUNELLA
If you must.

MR CURRY
I'm sorry that wretched bear ruined
everything. Count yourself lucky you
don't live next door to him.

Prunella's eyes light up. Immediately her tone changes.

PRUNELLA
And you do? Oh, you poor thing. I do
feel for you, Mr--

MR CURRY
Curry.

PRUNELLA
What a charming name. Would you let me
to drive you home?

INT. ARCHIE BARKRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE is talking to Mrs Brown, Paddington and the children in his fifth floor office overlooking Piccadilly. In the street, a crowd has gathered.

MRS BROWN

You've been very understanding.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE

Not at all. Barkridges hasn't had a run on elastic like this since before the war. Sold miles of the stuff. Better advertising than money could buy.

PADDINGTON

I could do it again if you'd like, Mr Barkridge.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE

(hastily)

I'm not sure that will be necessary. I don't think the chandelier would take much more bouncing. But if there's anything you'd like from Barkridges, anything at all, you're welcome to it. After all, it isn't every day you get to serve a bear.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - EVENING

Paddington and the Browns enter laden with BARKRIDGES BAGS.

A limousine rolls to a stop across the street. A tinted window is wound down, revealing PRUNELLA FLAX and MR CURRY.

PRUNELLA

Such a lovely street. A shame to see it go to ruin. I doubt anyone will lift a finger to stop it.

MR CURRY

I was going to report him to the authorities in the morning.

PRUNELLA

It wouldn't do much good, Mr Curry. It's a very lax, permissive system we have in this country.

MR CURRY

Quite. I suppose I should be grateful
it's just one bear.

PRUNELLA

Oh but it always starts with one, Mr
Curry. But before you know it, there's
a relative. And then a couple of
"friends" come round for a party. And
a handful more who you are "just
helping with some building work". But
never leave.

MR CURRY

My God.

PRUNELLA

Soon the whole street will be crawling
with them. Drains clogged with fur.
Buns thrown at old ladies.

MR CURRY

What can we do?

PRUNELLA

Can I trust you, Mr Curry? You've got
such a dependable face I'm worried I'm
getting carried away.

MR CURRY

Not at all. Ask me anything.

RICHMOND winds down the window.

PRUNELLA

Well Mr Richmond here has certain
talents. If we get the bear to him,
he'll make sure he gets sent where he
belongs, no questions asked.

MR CURRY

We can't just break into the house.

PRUNELLA

No, no. This isn't the third world. At
least, not yet. But that's where you
come in, Mr Curry. We need a strong,
reliable, handsome man like you to
watch him. Study his routine, find out
when he's alone, vulnerable. And when
the time comes, we pounce.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / SITTING ROOM - DAY

The family are happy, unwrapping presents. Judy has ROLLER SKATES. Mr Brown comes in.

MR BROWN

Where on earth did you get those?

JUDY

Paddington gave them to me.

JONATHAN

He got us all presents from Barkridges. I got bangers.

MR BROWN

(flinching at the noise)

Oh good.

MRS BROWN

He saved me a small fortune in bits and bobs for the cafe.

PADDINGTON

And this is for you, Mr Brown. It's thank-you fudge.

MR BROWN

Well that's very kind, Paddington but don't wear them in the house please Judy. It's too dangerous.

She begrudgingly removes them. Mr Brown addressed Paddington.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)

Did you get anything for yourself?

Paddington reveals his suitcase is stuffed with leaflets.

PADDINGTON

I got some bus timetables and a guide to the underground. I'm rather looking forward to these.

The family smile. Mrs Bird comes in with the tea things.

MRS BROWN

Thank you Mrs Bird.

An awkward silence ensues. Mrs Bird places their cups down gently - apart from Paddington's which she SLAMS next to him.

PADDINGTON
I got you a present too, Mrs Bird. To
say sorry for this morning.

Mrs Bird grunts grudgingly as he hands her a long, bulky parcel.
Mrs Brown smiles encouragingly.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
It's a broomstick. I couldn't see one
anywhere and Mrs Brown said you were a
real witch so I thought...

He sees Mrs Brown shaking her head, the children mortified.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
...it would help you get around...

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / VARIOUS - NEXT DAY

MONTAGE MUSIC: Reggae Merengue

PADDINGTON
(v.o.)
Dear Aunt Lucy. You'll be relieved to
know the witch is not a witch but
actually an easily-offended old lady.

We see the family getting up according to the household's strict
routine. Paddington's room is decorated with TIMETABLES and
MAPS. Paddington is now on the BATHROOM ROTA.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
I'm trying to keep out of her way -
which isn't difficult as I have had a
very busy week.

MRS BIRD gives the children their coats, glaring at Paddington
as she does. MR BROWN sees Judy is wearing ROLLER SKATES.

MR BROWN
You're not wearing those things in the
street.

JUDY
Where am I allowed them?

PADDINGTON
(v.o.)
On Tuesday, I went to school with
Jonathan.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Jonathan presents Paddington to the class.

JONATHAN

With one slash of his razor-sharp
claws, he'll slice you open from here
to here.

Paddington executes a karate move. The children are scared.
Outside we see MR CURRY watching disguised as a repair man.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Judy - wearing skates - jumps over a sleeping Paddington.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

Then I helped Judy practise her jumps.
Mr Brown is still trying to find
someone to deal with me.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

MR BROWN

I really just need somewhere for him
to stay.

CLERK

What like a cage? Or a kennel?

MR BROWN

Perhaps more like an orphanage?

CLERK

You want to put a bear in an
orphanage?

Put like that, it doesn't seem such a good idea.

EXT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

Paddington walks through HYDE PARK towards a small Victorian
garden rotunda which is being refurbished as a cafe.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

Mrs Brown is very busy getting her cafe ready for the grand opening but she says she will take me to Buckingham Palace tomorrow - as I have still not seen any proepr landmarks.

Mrs Brown emerges from inside.

MRS BROWN

I'm really sorry, Paddington but the decorators have let me down again. Do you mind waiting here while I see if I can find someone to help? Mrs Bird will pick you up in an hour.

PADDINGTON

Not at all, Mrs Brown. If there's anything I can do to help...

But she has gone.

ANGLE ON a park bench where from behind a newspaper Mr Curry (dressed as a Rastafarian) watches Paddington walk into the Pavilion. He picks up a walkie talkie.

MR CURRY

Mr Richmond? Bring the van to the back of the Pavilion in three minutes.

INT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

Paddington discovers bare plaster walls, ladders, tins of paint and brushes - but no painters. It can't be that hard. Can it?

He hangs up his coat and hat and tries to carry a large bucket of paint up the ladder - but it is too heavy.

He spots a hook in the ceiling and, finding rope, ties one end to the bucket and the other end around his waist. He heaves the bucket towards the top of the ladder.

But the bucket is too heavy for him. Near the top, his strength fails and it starts to descend - and Paddington finds himself hoisted towards the ceiling.

MR CURRY comes into the Pavilion. He looks around for Paddington but neither of them sees the other.

MR CURRY walks backwards into the room and kicks the bucket over.

As the paint leaks out, the bucket becomes lighter - so Paddington falls down and the bucket whizzes up - hitting MR CURRY hard on the chin.

Paddington lands in the puddle of white paint on the floor. Mr Curry's chin has caused the bucket to slip its knot. It falls back down and lands, completely covering Paddington.

Mr Curry gets back up to find the room apparently empty. He looks around, baffled, and catches sight of someone coming towards the Pavilion.

MR GRUBER
Hello? Mrs Brown?

Mr Curry leaps through a window...

EXT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

...straight into the path of the oncoming TRUCK, driven by RICHMOND. He is knocked into the SERPENTINE.

INT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

MR GRUBER
Hello?

BUCKET
Good afternoon.

MR GRUBER
I don't believe I have ever had the honour of addressing a bucket.
(Paddington emerges)
Ah! You must be the young bear gentleman staying with the Browns. My name is Gruber. I'm here to drop off some furniture but perhaps I'd better come back.

PADDINGTON
I was only trying to help but it's all gone wrong. Mrs Bird is going to be furious. Again.

MR GRUBER
Oh I know Mrs Bird of old and believe me, her bark is worse than her bite.

PADDINGTON
I didn't know she bites.

Paddington wipes himself against the wall. The paint rubs off remarkably smoothly. It gives Mr Gruber an idea.

MR GRUBER

If you lend a hand, we may be able to avoid any barking or biting.

MUSIC Paint Up Clean Up Time. Mr Gruber uses Paddington as bear-sized paint pad, covering the walls in double-quick time as Paddington clings to the end of a paint roller.

EXT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

Mrs Bird arrives at the cafe to find it painted beautifully.

INT. PAVILION CAFE - DAY

MR GRUBER

Mrs Bird! Are you after Paddington?

Mrs Bird nods.

MR GRUBER (CONT'D)

He must be around here somewhere He's just painted all these walls.

Mrs Bird looks surprised - and rather impressed.

MR GRUBER (CONT'D)

Covered the whole place. Quite a remarkable technique. Shall I bring him home when he um... reappears?

Mrs Bird nods her thanks and leaves. Part of the wall opens its eyes. It is Paddington - covered in white paint.

PADDINGTON

Thank you. Perhaps now she won't use my guts as garters.

MR GRUBER

(laughing)

I know things can be very confusing in a new country, but Mrs Bird is really a lovely lady. I'm sure once you see her for what she really is, you two will get along famously.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / SITTING ROOM - DAY

Paddington is in the house with Mrs Bird, who is knitting in the living room. A clock ticks. He is on best behaviour.

As he stares at her, he sees her transform into the figure of AUNT LUCY. He blinks and she turns back to MRS BIRD. An idea.

Paddington goes into the kitchen. Everything is spotless.

INT. SITTING ROOM - LATER

Mrs Bird drops her ball of wool which runs away from her. She gets up and follows it into the hall - and smells trouble.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PADDINGTON stands on top of the stove, happily cooking but creating havoc. He is so immersed in what he is doing that he doesn't register who has just walked in.

PADDINGTON

Hold that. Pass me some more of the brown one. Give that a stir... oh.

He finally notices who he is talking to.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

Sorry. I was just trying to make marmalade.

She holds up a pot of curry powder inquisitively.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

I couldn't find any cinnamon you see, so I used that instead. It's not as bad as you might think.

Mrs Bird tastes some which has spilled on the work-top. Judging from the look on her face, it is SENSATIONAL!

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

With the proper ingredients it would be a hundred times better.

Mrs Bird makes a 'come with me' gesture.

EXT. PORTOBELLO MARKET - DAY

MUSIC: The Weed

The market is heaving with fruit and vegetables from around the world. The place throngs with noise and bustle.

- Mrs Bird and Paddington select the best oranges.
- Mrs Bird buys the herbs and spices Paddington recommends
- They both haggle with the market traders
- Paddington waves to Mr Gruber who smiles back, delighted to see his two friends getting along so well.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

- Paddington and Mrs Bird wear identical aprons and hats.
- She tries to write down the recipe but Paddington, working from sense-memory, just chucks things into the pot.
- She helps him with cutting up oranges.
- She helps him avoid calamity with a blender and whisk.
- Mrs Bird begins to enjoy herself.
- Mrs Brown and the children arrive home.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - EVENING

Mr Brown comes home to hear shouts and bangs from inside. He pulls an umbrella from his briefcase and enters, cautiously.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / HALLWAY - EVENING

It looks as if there has been a burglar. Coats are strewn over the floor instead of hanging on their pegs. Shoes are all over the stairs.

There are sticky footprints all over the tiled hall floor. Loud music is playing. Mr Brown creeps forward to the source of the mayhem...

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Paddington, Mrs Bird, Mrs Brown and the children are having a FANTASTIC TIME, singing and dancing.

MR BROWN
What's on earth is going on?

JONATHAN
We're making marmalade.

MR BROWN
I don't want to be the bad guy all the time but the house is in a tip, there's god knows what all over the floor, it's a school night and really it would be nice if for once-

Mrs Brown puts her arm round him, soothing. Together they watch Paddington, Mrs Bird and the children in harmony.

MRS BROWN
Darling, darling. Isn't this what we always hoped our family would look like?

MR BROWN
(wavering)
But there's... homework and... endless trip hazards... It's our job to protect the children...

MRS BROWN
And you do it wonderfully. Maybe a little too wonderfully sometimes. Henry, there hasn't been a cross word all evening. Judy's in shoes. Jonathan's blown nothing up.

MR BROWN
Really?

MRS BROWN
Now try this.

She pops a spoon in his mouth.

MR BROWN
My god that's good marmalade.

He smiles, delighted to see his family happy. And finally lets himself go. In an echo of the scene in Peru, a community at ease with itself bonds through the making of marmalade.

The camera slides through the wall.

INT. MR CURRY'S HOUSE / CONTINUOUS

Mr Brown's house is covered in charts of Paddington's movements, listening devices, binoculars, telescopes and so on.

It's clear he has spent a fortune to impress Prunella - but so far only earned himself a black eye.

PRUNELLA
What are they doing?

MR CURRY
It sounds like they're making marmalade.

PRUNELLA
This is no good, Mr Curry, no good at all. I thought you were my rock, that you could be relied on.

MR CURRY
I can. Of course I can. I know where he'll be tomorrow night. I've got a plan. It's foolproof.

PRUNELLA
Please don't let me down Mr Curry. I should be so sorry to have been wrong about you.

INT. MINISTRY OF IMMIGRATION - NEXT DAY

Mr Brown waits in a large lobby.

CLERK
Henry Brown?

INT. MINISTRY OF IMMIGRATION / OFFICE - DAY

He finds himself in a high - but otherwise tiny - office. A bespectacled civil servant sits at the desk. Behind him is an enormously high wall of pigeon holes.

CIVIL SERVANT
How may I help you?

MR BROWN
We've got a bear staying with us. We met him at the station and I've been everywhere trying to find someone to deal with him but I haven't been able to find the right form. I was beginning to wonder if there was one.

CIVIL SERVANT
Mr Brown, this is Her Majesty's Government.

(MORE)

CIVIL SERVANT (CONT'D)

There is a form for everything. Now,
what is it exactly you wish to do with
the bear?

Mr Brown hesitates. He has a decision to make.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / HALLWAY - NIGHT

MR BROWN

Come on. Has Paddington had his bath?
We can't have him meeting everyone
covered in who knows what.

PADDINGTON

We've had a better idea.

Mrs Bird is HOOVERING Paddington. She finishes and the children
walk downstairs with Paddington. Mr Brown watches them all,
proud.

MR BROWN

Well I must say, you all look very
smart. Now let's get going or we'll be
late for your mother. She's nervous
enough as it is.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Mr Curry keeps watch through the back doors of a van. The front
door of the Browns' house opens. He raises a telescope first to
his black eye - ouch - and then to the right one.

Paddington follows the others out of the house but soon drops
behind them.

Mr Curry knocks twice on the side of the van. Mr Richmond guns
the engine and reverses towards Paddington.

Mr Curry leans out of the back of the van with a butterfly net,
aiming to grab Paddington. But as they near him, Paddington
remembers something and turns back to the house.

Mr Richmond alters course but loses control of the van.

Mr Curry's butterfly net catches on a LAMPPOST. He SWINGS out of
the van and CRASHES through his own front window.

Paddington turns back into the street and raises his hat to Mr
Curry, who is half in, half out of his house.

PADDINGTON

Evening, Mr Curry.

MR CURRY

Bear.

I/E. PAVILION - NIGHT

The Pavilion looks resplendent. The pathways are candle-lit, music is playing and the place is thronging with customers. Paddington chats to people easily, a part of the community.

Angle on Mr and Mrs Brown.

MR BROWN

How's business, darling?

MRS BROWN

Everything's selling like hot cakes. Except the actual hot cakes which are a complete disaster. But I have to admit the most popular thing seems to be Paddington's marmalade sandwiches.

Paddington - overhearing - looks delighted.

ARCHIE BARKRIDGE

Dear Bear! I've taken the liberty of entering your marmalade for the Royal Endorsement. It'll take some beating, let me tell you.

Mr Brown tings his glass.

MR BROWN

As many of you know, we have had a bear staying with us recently: Paddington. He arrived with no food, no papers and with nowhere to live. Well today I finally tracked down the right form, and have put in a request to Her Majesty's Government that Paddington become an official resident at 32 Windsor Gardens.

Everyone claps. Mr Brown shakes Paddington's paw.

MR BROWN (CONT'D)

I needed your surname for the form, Paddington, and I realised we never thought of one. I hope you don't mind - but I've called you Brown.

PADDINGTON

(choked up)

I don't mind at all.

MR GRUBER
To Paddington Brown!

EVERYONE
Paddington Brown!

The crowd clap. Paddington has finally found his home.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The family come home, glowing from their lovely evening. Mr Brown finds a LETTER, and pockets it surreptitiously as they all bid each other good night.

INT. PARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

MRS BROWN
What's the matter, darling?

MR BROWN
This came. From the Ministry of Immigration.

MRS BROWN
And?

MR BROWN
It says Paddington entered the country illegally and has to go back to Peru. They're coming to collect him in the morning.

As Mr Brown drops his bombshell, the camera heads towards a ventilation panel in the bedroom, through the slits and along the pipe behind it.

MRS BROWN
But we can't let them!

MR BROWN
I don't know what else we can do. If we harbour a criminal we'll be breaking the law, and if we ended up in prison, the children would be taken away from us.

MRS BROWN
Oh Henry, don't even say that.

MR BROWN
We've got to ask ourselves: does Paddington really belong here?

INT. PADDINGTON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The pipe ends in Paddington's room. He closes the panel so he won't overhear any more of the conversation.

Paddington sadly takes his maps and timetables off the walls and packs them into his suitcase.

He picks a marmalade sandwich off the plate by the bed, puts it under his hat. He takes one last, sad look round the room, and switches off the light.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - NIGHT

Paddington lets himself out of the front door and walks away.

INT. MR CURRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr Curry watches him leave, unable to believe his luck. He dials a number.

MR CURRY

Miss Flax? I have surprisingly good news. The bear is leaving.

PRUNELLA

Is he alone?

MR CURRY

Yes.

PRUNELLA

Well done, Mr Curry. Very well done indeed.

EXT. VARIOUS - NIGHT

PADDINGTON wanders the streets of London alone. Following him discreetly is PRUNELLA.

-- He sees a family sitting down to a roast dinner.

-- And another playing board games by a fire.

-- It starts to rain. He seeks cover in a friendly looking pub. But the doorman won't let him in.

-- Instead he heads towards the underground. But they are pulling the gates across just as he gets there.

-- In a scary street, kids shout and push each other.

-- A van nearly hits Paddington. The driver shouts at him.

EXT. ST. JAMES' PALACE - NIGHT

He walks past ST. JAMES' PALACE. He looks up at a QUEEN'S GUARD on sentry. Paddington doffs his hat. We see his POV of the SMALL EMERGENCY SANDWICH - all the food he has left.

A large, triple-decker chicken club comes into shot. We reveal that the QUEEN'S GUARD has removed his busby and taken his own sandwich from inside. He offers it to Paddington.

He then removes a THERMOS FLASK from the same hat. And finally a CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE. They eat and drink in silence

A SERGEANT MAJOR barks orders from off screen. The Guard puts his hat back on, nods a silent farewell to Paddington, and marches off. Paddington sadly goes on his way.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAWN

Paddington - soaking wet - is back where he started.

He opens his suitcase to find the label "Please look after this bear. Thank you." He ties it around his neck.

VOICE

Perhaps I could help you?

Paddington looks up to see PRUNELLA FLAX.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

An excited Paddington sits with Prunella heading west.

PADDINGTON

This is very kind of you, Miss Flax.
I've never been to a marmalade factory
before.

PRUNELLA

It's not a factory; it's my home.
People will only pay top price for my
marmalade if it's home made to my
recipe - not churned out in some
horrid sweat-shop.

The car sweeps round a corner and we see Prunella's house: a vast, beautiful manor house in Greenwich.

EXT. PRUNELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

As the car drives towards the wrought iron gates, it crosses a laser beam sensor. A pair of GARDEN GNOMES turn mechanically to face the car.

They are in fact security devices. Their arms rotate to reveal guns rather than fishing rods.

RICHMOND presses a button on the dashboard. The gates open and the GNOMES revert to normal.

INT. PRUNELLA'S HOUSE / GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Prunella leads Paddington inside through a ground floor store room where thousands of jars of marmalade are stacked.

PADDINGTON

This is all marmalade?

PRUNELLA

Not yet. These are just empty jars.
But they'll need to be filled by
Christmas. If I win the Royal Warrant,
that marmalade will fly off the
shelves.

As they head upstairs into the main part of the house, RICHMOND secures the doors behind them.

INT. PRUNELLA'S HOUSE / OFFICE - DAY

Prunella's KITCHEN COUNTER has been installed in a top floor room with panoramic views over London.

PRUNELLA

So. Paddington, I have a proposition
for you. You can stay here as long as
you want, safe from the authorities.
If you make your marmalade for me.

PADDINGTON

But I thought people would only buy it
because you made it.

PRUNELLA

It'll just be our little secret. What
they don't know can't hurt them.

PADDINGTON

I'm sorry, Miss Flax. I can't.

PRUNELLA
You mean you won't.

PADDINGTON
I wouldn't even know how. In Peru the whole village worked together to make the marmalade. Aunt Lucy said that's why it tasted so good.

Prunella rolls her eyes as this hippy claptrap.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
And in London, the family were all involved as well. So even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to do anything without a lot of help. But I don't think Aunt Lucy would like me getting involved in something like this.

PRUNELLA
I see.

PADDINGTON
I think I'd better be going now.

PRUNELLA
Of course.

He heads towards the door. Prunella calls after him.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Won't you take a cookie with you? You must be hungry.

Paddington stops in his tracks. The oven timer pings.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
They're ready now - and awfully good. Freshly baked warm cookie dough with generous chunks of real Belgian chocolate - just waiting to melt in your mouth.

Paddington is salivating.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Go on, help yourself. Just to show there are no hard feelings.

Paddington goes over to her kitchen. He opens the oven door and looks inside. Prunella sneaks up behind him.

PADDINGTON
There's nothing in here.

Prunella pushes him into the oven and slams the door.

INT. COOKER - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the cooker turns out to be the top of a tunnel. Paddington slides down.

Suddenly, he bursts out into the light finds himself falling through the air of a large bright room.

He lands painfully and loses consciousness.

INT. BROWNS' HOUSE - MORNING

The doorbell goes. Mr Brown opens the door to reveal two IMMIGRATION OFFICERS - Kenton and Briggs.

KENTON

Officers Kenton and Briggs. I understand you have an illegal alien living here.

MR BROWN

He's a bear actually. And listen here.

Jonathan and Judy come down the stairs.

JONATHAN

Dad.

MR BROWN

Not now Jonathan. You have no right to take him away.

BRIGGS

We have every right, Mr Brown, and if you impede us, we shall be forced to put you under arrest.

JUDY

DAD!

MR BROWN

Please, children. Listen to me, I intend to appeal, you hear me? I'm going to write letters and... fill in forms and... organise petitions until I've blooming well run out of stationery.

BOTH CHILDREN

DAD!!!!

MR BROWN
What is it?

JONATHAN
Paddington's gone.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The Browns sit round the kitchen table in pyjamas and dressing gowns. Red-eyed, Mrs Bird hands Mr Brown a note.

MR BROWN
"Dear Browns. I'm sorry I got you in
trubble. Thank you for all your
hospital ability. You have a nice
horse. Love from Padingtun."

MRS BROWN
Oh Henry.

JUDY
Where do you think he is?

DARKNESS.

CHINESE MALE VOICE
Is he dead?

CANADIAN FEMALE VOICE
No. He's breathing.

RUSSIAN MALE VOICE
Too bad for him.

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - DAY

Paddington opens his eyes to find himself surrounded by other bears, each wearing a hat corresponding to their nationality and a "Prunella's Preserves" apron.

VOICE
Give him some room.

Paddington blinks in surprise as the crowd of bears part and the owner of the voice steps forward. It is UNCLE PASTUZO!

PADDINGTON
Uncle Pastuzo?

The two bears stare at each other, unable to speak for joy.

RICHMOND
Back to work you lot.

OTHER BEARS
Yes Mr Richmond. Certainly.

The bears scurry back to work - apart from Pastuzo who cannot move. Richmond lashes him with the whip.

RICHMOND
I said back to work.

PASTUZO
Yes Mr Richmond.

Pastuzo finally snaps out of his amazement and goes back to work. Paddington has a chance to look around.

He is standing in a high underground warehouse where the bears work in sweat-shop conditions. Richmond patrols, whip and cattle prod at the ready.

Prunella appears on a balcony overhead.

PRUNELLA
Well Paddington, I'm afraid you left me no choice. I offered you friendship and comfort but you refused. Well, down here you should find all the help you need.

Paddington gives her his HARDEST STARE.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
You can stare as hard as you like. It won't have any effect on me.

PASTUZO
Let him go.

FRENCH FEMALE BEAR
Let us ALL go!

PRUNELLA
When I get my marmalade. With your combined talents, you should fill those jars in next to no time.

PADDINGTON
And then you'll let us go?

PRUNELLA
Of course. You have my word.

She disappears. Richmond beats the whip against the floor.

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - LATER

The whip becomes the rhythm of a sad version of the WORK-SONG, a pathetic echo of the happy community we saw in Peru.

The production line all feeds into a central pot where Pastuzo helps Paddington - now wearing an apron instead of his coat - make marmalade.

The Young Bear takes the opportunity to whisper to his Uncle.

PADDINGTON

We thought you were killed in the earthquake.

PASTUZO

There was no earthquake. Let me tell you what really happened. I was some way from the village, working hard, when I heard the noise.

FLASHBACK: EXT. CINNAMON TREE - NIGHT

As before we see Pastuzo sitting in the tree, not working hard but rather eating.

PASTUZO

(v.o.)

At first I thought like you: this is an earthquake. But then, I saw lights and I knew: this was the work of people.

FLASHBACK: EXT. FOREST FLOOR - NIGHT

Pastuzo reaches the bottom of the tree but is caught in the headlights of an army of earth-movers and JCBs. He runs.

PASTUZO

(v.o.)

I ran to warn the village, but by the time I got there, everyone had gone.

FLASHBACK: I/E. PASTUZO'S SHACK - NIGHT

Finding his house empty, Pastuzo turns back to face the machines which have come to a standstill. RICHMOND cocks a rifle, and he raises his paws.

FLASHBACK OVER

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - DAY

PASTUZO

They destroyed the whole village,
looking for Aunt Lucy. But thank
heaven they only found me. Every bear
here can tell the same story.

PADDINGTON

All this for marmalade?

PASTUZO

For marmalade and for money. They are
strange creatures, these humans.

Paddington tastes the marmalade and nods. The central pot is
poured into a trough which leads up a tube into the wall.

INT. BOTTLING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tube feeds into a bottling machine, which then pours the
liquid marmalade into glass bottles which are labelled.

Prunella's manicured hand takes the first jar.

INT. BARKRIDGES / MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Angle on the same jar on Archibald Barkridge's desk.

Prunella watches him spread some of the perfect golden
concoction on a piece of white bread. Delight washes across his
face as he bites into it.

ARCHI BARKRIDGE

Miss Flax, I have to confess I am
astonished. After that bear's
marmalade, I didn't think I would
taste anything as good for a long
while. And yet... and yet this may
even be better.

PRUNELLA

Thank you.

ARCHI BARKRIDGE

You say the bear has disappeared?

PRUNELLA

Probably left the country.

ARCHI BARKRIDGE

Pity. He might have given you a run for your money. But in his absence, I think you're going to be a very rich woman.

PRUNELLA

I do hope so.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

The bears lie on bunk-beds. The moon shines in through a single high, barred window. Paddington gazes at his SANDWICH.

PADDINGTON

Pastuzo? Is this an emergency?

PASTUZO

You keep that for when we really need it, little one.

MARTHA

(Canadian, motherly)

Oh, let him have his sandwich. The poor thing's hungry.

YURI

(Russian)

Pastuzo is right. This is just one day of many. And none of us are leaving here any time soon.

PASTUZO

Maybe we are.

A chorus of groans from the bears. A French bear:

CLAUDETTE

Not again, Pastuzo. We've been over this. Is impossible.

PASTUZO

I've broken out of tougher places than this, let me tell you.

PADDINGTON

WHAT?

PASTUZO

(busted)

I mean...

PADDINGTON
What? Like prison?

PASTUZO
No! Of course not.

PADDINGTON
What have you broken out of then?

PASTUZO
I was once trapped in the wardrobe...
and... it was like a prison.

PADDINGTON
Oh I see. Sorry.

PASTUZO
The point is we can get out of here.
Because of you.

CLAUDETTE
What can that one little bear do that
we can't?

PASTUZO
He can do what none of us can because
he is small. Listen, we all know the
door to the workshop cannot be opened
from the inside, yes?

Illustrative cutaway of RICHMOND knocking and being let out of
the factory by two guards.

YURI
But from the other side, easy.
So: the extractor fan leads to the
other side of the door. You crawl
along the duct, drop down on the other
side, open the door and there you have
him! We are free.

Cutaways of Paddington going through the vent, crawling along
the duct, dropping down and opening the door.

TAI SHAN
Even if this is true, how are you
going to get Paddington up there? That
vent is 30 feet in the air.

PASTUZO
We can do anything if we put our minds
to it... Hey! Yuri?

YURI

Da?

PASTUZO

You were in the circus, yes?

YURI

Ten years, my friend.

PASTUZO

Can you do some crazy trapeze move,
get the little guy up there?

YURI

I was a clown.

PASTUZO

A clown?

YURI

Not even a good one. You want a
custard pie in his face, you let me
know. Otherwise...

PASTUZO

What about you, Frosty? You big
hunter? You throw him up there?

FROSTY

(Polar Bear)

I'm a fisherman.

PASTUZO

Martha?

MARTHA

I can knit. Pretty fast.

It's not going well.

PASTUZO

Ok so we got fishing, knitting and
basic clowning. Anyone else?

No-one. Then a large, dopey bear pipes up from the back.

BIFFO

I'm a demolitions expert.

PASTUZO

What? Really?

BIFFO
 (sadly)
No.

 PASTUZO
What's wrong with everyone? Don't you
want to get out of here? To see your
families? Don't we all want to go
home?

The earnest looks on the bears' faces tells us they do. Apart
from Paddington, who has NO HOME to go to.

 MARTHA
Of course we do. But how?

 PASTUZO
Sh! I just remembered something. A
plan we once made to get out of the
prison. I mean, the wardrobe.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family reconvene after a day spent searching.

 MR BROWN
Any word?

 MR GRUBER
I've been up and down the market. No
one has seen him.

 MR BROWN
Mary?

Mrs Brown shakes her head and shows him the LABEL.

 MRS BROWN
I found this at the station.

 MR BROWN
That means someone must have him.
Paddington would have waited there
forever if we hadn't found him.

 JUDY
Wouldn't they call to let us know he
was safe?

 MR GRUBER
I'm afraid that all rather depends on
whether their intentions were good or
not.

Mrs Bird nods, sagely.

MR GRUBER (CONT'D)

Mr Brown seems to me a very trusting young bear who might not always be able to tell good people from bad.

MRS BROWN

But who would take a bear?

JUDY

And why?

JONATHAN

And how can we find him?

MR BROWN

We keep looking. After all - he's part of this family.

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - DAY

The BEARS work in silence as RICHMOND patrols. At eleven o'clock, seeing everything is well, he heads over to the door, knocks twice, and is let out by two guards.

MARTHA

Tea break.

TAI SHAN

We've got six minutes.

-- He starts a stop-watch.

-- The bears take off their APRONS and hand them to MARTHA.

-- TAI SHAN removes a strip of dowel from one of the benches.

-- BIFFO sticks a screw trough the lid of a marmalade jar

-- Martha swiftly KNITS the apron strings together to form a line.

-- Pastuzo forms a makeshift fishing rod from the lid, dowel and line.

-- Frosty uses it and hooks a light in the middle of the room

-- Pastuzo climbs up the line - and then starts to swing, building each time.

TAI SHAN (CONT'D)

Four minutes.

PASTUZO

You ready? Go!

He does a huge swing, sweeping Paddington off the floor and aiming towards the Extractor Fan's VENT.

Just as they are about to crash into the vent, YURI throws a plate - just like a custard pie. It hits the catch on the vent, allowing Pastuzo to deposit Paddington safely inside.

PADDINGTON

I don't know if I can do this.

TAI SHAN

Three minutes.

PASTUZO

Of course you can. You've travelled round the world. You've had a bath. And lived. Do you know how many bears can say that? One. And it's you. This? This is a piece of cake.

Paddington smiles - but he doesn't really believe.

PADDINGTON

I'll try.

PASTUZO

See you on the other side, kid.

And Paddington disappears inside the vent.

INT. VENTILLATION SHAFT - DAY

At the far end of the ventillation shaft, there is a fan, through which Paddington will need to crawl.

The plan is to slide an empty jar between the blades.

First try... BANG! The jar is spat back out towards him.

And again... BANG! But third time...

CRRUNCH! The jar wedges between a blade and the side of the fan. The motor strains, trying to dislodge the obstruction.

Gingerly, Paddington crawls forward towards the fan.

The jar shifts. A crack appears in the glass.

Just as Paddington is about to put his head between the blades, the jar disintegrates.

Suddenly the fan starts up and Paddington is BLOWN BACK along the ventilation shaft and through the hatch.

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - DAY

Paddington tumbles through the air and lands painfully on the floor. The bears gather round, concerned.

YURI
Are you okay?

PADDINGTON
I'm sorry.

MARTHA
Don't make him do it again.

Pastuzo sees his hopes dashed.

PASTUZO
No. You're right. Let's just... let's
just get back to work.

I/E. TIME PASSING MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- The Bears make marmalade, sadly.
- The number of jars in the store room increases
- The children go around town putting up 'Bear Missing' posters on lamp-posts and letter boxes.
- Mr Brown asks people in the street about Paddington
- Mr Gruber puts a poster in his shop
- Paddington lies awake in bed at night, sadly reading his London Transport timetables.

PASTUZO
You must know every word of those!

- Mr Curry puts up a sign saying "Congratulations. You are now living in a bear-free neighbourhood.
- Autumn turns to winter. The leaves fall from the trees.
- Mrs Brown sits in Paddington's empty room watching snow fall outside the window
- Paddington lies in his bunk, looking through the barred upper window where the same snow falls

- A Royal Official sends out invitations to the final of the Royal Warrant Competition.
- Prunella receives hers with delight.
- Mrs Bird receives the same invitation. She is saddened.
- The posters get wet in the rain.
- Pastuzo sits in the sweat-shop, gazing at the vent.
- One poster falls off a telegraph pole and is blown along the street. It feels like the end of the campaign.

INT. FACTORY / SWEATSHOP - DAY

Prunella appears at the balcony as Richmond sounds a hooter. The Bears stop work and wearily look up at her.

PRUNELLA

Well my fluffy little workers, I have an announcement. You have just filled your 10,000th jar.

PADDINGTON

Can we go, then?

PRUNELLA

Not just yet. You see, tomorrow night I shall win the Royal Warrant and we start selling. I'm going to need an awful lot more to keep up with demand, and seeing as you're doing such a good job, I thought why not keep you on?

The bears are too broken even to protest.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

But as a mark of gratitude, I have decided to give you the afternoon off. Use it well. You have a lot of very long days ahead of you.

INT. MR CURRY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr Curry looks into the mirror and straightens his tie. He has made a considerable effort to make himself look attractive - with no apparent success.

MR CURRY

Come on, Curry. Be a man. You're her rock, remember? Let's do this thing.

He attempts a manly karate pose and smashes the mirror.

INT. DORMITORY - EVENING

The bears are relaxing in the dormitory. Some play cards, others lie on their bunks. A piece of paper is blown against the bars of the upper window. Tai Shan spots it.

TAI SHAN

Hey Paddington. I think that's you.

The paper blows through the bars and lands on the floor. The bears gather round to read it.

MISSING

A Bear Called
PADDINGTON

Greatly Missed by the Brown Family
Please Help This Bear Get Home

MARTHA

Aw...

TAI SHAN

Those people really love you.

YURI

You are lucky to have friends like
that, Paddington, no?

They look around.

TAI SHAN

Paddington?

He has gone.

INT. SWEAT-SHOP - EVENING

Paddington is standing on a piece of wood laid over a barrel, creating a see-saw. The other bears burst in.

MARTHA

Paddington. What are you doing?

PADDINGTON

Going home.

PASTUZO leaps down from the balcony and lands on the other end of the see-saw. Paddington is HURLED up towards the vent and lands perfectly.

YURI

My god that's quite a move.

PASTUZO

I always knew he could do it.

INT. VENTILLATION SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Paddington throws the marmalade jar between the blades and this time it sticks straight away.

In no time at all, he is climbing between the blades and scaling down the wall on the other side.

INT. FACTORY / CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Paddington lands in a corridor. He looks right and left and heads back towards the door to the sweatshop.

He sees his COAT and SUITCASE hanging on a rack by the door.

Suddenly, Richmond appears from round a corner.

RICHMOND

You. Bear. Stop!

Paddington grabs his possessions - and runs.

INT. PRUNELLA'S OFFICE - EVENING

MR CURRY nervously addresses Prunella.

PRUNELLA

Yes, Mr Curry. What can I do for you?

MR CURRY

I rather hoped that you might allow me to escort you to the Palace this evening for the Royal Warrant.

PRUNELLA

And why should I want to do that?

MR CURRY

Well, because I helped you... with your little problem, I thought...

PRUNELLA

You thought what? Mr Curry. Look at me. And then look in the mirror. I'm a celebrity. I can't possibly be seen with someone like you.

You might almost feel sorry for him.

Before he can reply, an ALARM goes off.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

Now you'll have to excuse me.

She presses a button on her desk. A wall opens behind her to reveal CCTV screens, showing every inch of the factory.

Mr Curry stares. He takes in the sweatshop, the dormitory, the jars of marmalade, and bear after bear after bear.

MR CURRY

I thought you were sending him home.

PRUNELLA

He's far more useful to me here.

MR CURRY

But this is... barbaric.

PRUNELLA

I don't have time to deal with this now, Mr Curry. I've got a bear on the loose. I suggest you keep your mouth shut. You're in this up to your eyeballs.

She spots Paddington on the CCTV and leaves the office.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

Paddington races up the staircase, pursued by RICHMOND.

He sees Prunella heading DOWN towards him.

He flees through the only door available.

INT. BOTTLING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paddington bursts in and locks the door behind him.

He looks around. The room is bare apart from the BOTTLING MACHINE which is churning out jars of marmalade.

A knock at the door.

PRUNELLA

Open the door, bear. I'm not cross.

Her desperate hammering belies this.

Paddington tears up his APRON and stuffs the strips under the door, in the air vents, sealing the room tight.

Paddington presses a button so the machine stops producing jars. As a result, the marmalade begins to build up inside.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

RICHMOND works through a set of keys, trying to find the right one for the bathroom.

PRUNELLA

Come on. Faster.

INT. BOTTLING ROOM - EVENING

The pressure has reached danger point. The machine is shaking. Rivets ping around the room.

Paddington cowers behind his suitcase. Something's going to give.

And it does. The valve finally breaks and like a geyser a great torrent of liquid marmalade spurts out into the room.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

PRUNELLA

Out of the way.

She attacks the door with an AXE.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - EVENING

TAI SHAN

Where is he?

YURI

The pressure's dropping.

PASTUZO

I think I know. Make marmalade.

CLAUDETTE

You crazy? Is our only day off.

PASTUZO

Just make it. He's got a plan.

INT. BOTTLING ROOM - EVENING

And it seems that Paddington does have a plan. The marmalade is filling the room, in an echo of the bath he had when he first arrived at Windsor Gardens.

Paddington sits on his suitcase, floating on a sea of marmalade which is now a few feet above floor level. He remembers Mr Brown's words:

MR BROWN

Any more water and the ceiling would
have given way.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

Prunella attacks the door.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - EVENING

The bears are working triple time, trying to keep the marmalade flowing into the pipe.

PASTUZO

Keep going!

INT. BOTTLING ROOM - EVENING

The room is literally full of marmalade. Paddington now has his nose pressed to the ceiling.

He takes a deep breath, and sinks beneath the surface.

Underwater shot of Paddington in a sea of marmalade, one paw holding his suitcase, the other holding his hat to his head.

He blinks desperately. He can't hold out much longer.

INT. STORE ROOM - EVENING

In the room where all the full jars of marmalade are kept, harmony reigns in stark contrast to the madness elsewhere.

ANGLE ON marmalade moisture seeping through the ceiling.

It slowly forms a single drop. And falls.

And then the entire ceiling gives way.

ANGLES ON the stacks of marmalade. They are ALL destroyed by falling bits of masonry.

ANGLE ON Paddington, gasping for breath as he plummets through the air.

INT. STAIRCASE - EVENING

Finally Prunella bursts through the door and almost falls through the hole that now occupies the place where the floor used to be.

She looks down and sees Paddington, soaked, riding his suitcase like a life raft.

PRUNELLA

Paddington!

PADDINGTON

(raising his hat)

Good Evening, Ms Flax.

The doors of the store room burst open. The river of marmalade flows through them, the current pulling Paddington out into the open air.

EXT. PRUNELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As the doors open the GNOMES detect movement and spin towards Paddington, fishing rods revolving to reveal guns.

But they are immediately hit with a torrent of marmalade, fizzing and sparking as they malfunction.

INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

Pastuzo looks out of their tiny window.

PASTUZO

He's done it! Run Paddington!

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Paddington picks up his suitcase and runs towards freedom.

I/E. WINDSOR GARDENS / FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mr Curry gathers himself, then rings the doorbell. Coming clean is not something that comes naturally to him. Mr Brown opens the door.

MR CURRY

Mr Brown. There's something I think you ought to know. About the bear.

MR BROWN

Paddington?

Hearing Paddington's name, Mrs Brown appears in the hallway, closely followed by Mrs Bird and the children.

MRS BROWN

What is it?

MR CURRY

Well... I may know where he is.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - NIGHT

Mrs Bird and the Browns and drive off as fast as their dilapidated old MORRIS TRAVELLER will allow.

INT. PRUNELLA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Prunella - livid - is debriefing Richmond.

PRUNELLA

You mean he destroyed every jar?

RICHMOND

I'm afraid so, Ma'am.

PRUNELLA

But the ceremony is in less than an hour.

She talks to the factory over a TANNY.

PRUNELLA

BEAR! How fast can you make me a jar? And think fast, unless you want to be turned into carpet.

PASTUZO

An hour. Maybe a little less.

The other bears nod.

PRUNELLA
(to Richmond)
Load them into the van. [to Bears] And
get cooking!

INT. BROWNS' CAR - NIGHT

Mr Brown is driving less cautiously than you might expect.

MRS BROWN
Don't look now, Henry, but I think
you're breaking the speed limit.

MR BROWN
And it feels fantastic. Watch this.
I'm going into a bus lane!

The car careers into a bus lane.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The bears are being loaded into the back of a truck, desperately chopping and stirring as they go. Inside is Prunella's presentation kitchen, which they use to cook.

RICHMOND
Forty five minutes, bears.

He slams the doors on the back of the van, trapping a corner of Claudette's ARPON in the process.

EXT. GREENWICH STREET - NIGHT

Paddington waits at a bus stop. He smells the air - a familiar scent.

He discovers the source as Prunella's VAN comes round the corner. Smoke from the cooking is coming out of the chimney.

He watches the van drive past. In the cab, he can see PRUNELLA and RICHMOND. As it disappears down the road, he spots the APRON sticking out of the van's back doors.

Paddington crosses the road to where a bus has just arrived. He leaps in board - now in pursuit of the van.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The Browns pull up at Prunella's house to find the police already there.

MRS BROWN

Where is he? Have you got him?

POLICEMAN

Are you the people who telephoned
about the bear?

MR BROWN

That's us.

POLICEMAN

I'm afraid there's no sign of him. The
whole place is deserted so we just
went right in. It looks like there's
been some kind of an accident, but no
bears.

MRS BROWN

That's impossible.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry but there's really nothing
more I can do.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Paddington watches the van from inside the bus. It turns off the
route that his bus is following.

We cut away to inserts of the timetables and maps that
Paddington has been studying. Like some kind of ursine public
transport terminator, he works out how to follow the van.

EXT. JUNCTION - NIGHT

Paddington leaps off the platform, runs across the junction,
narrowly avoiding several cars, and leaps onto the back of
another bus just as it pulls away.

EXT. PRUNELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The family stand by the car, baffled and bemused. Suddenly, Mr
Brown has an idea.

MR BROWN

What day is it?

JUDY

Friday. Why?

MR BROWN
Friday the what?

JONATHAN
The 23rd. Tomorrow's Christmas Eve.

MR BROWN
The Royal Warrant.

Mrs Bird puts on a pair of Ray Bans. And for the first time in the film, she speaks.

MRS BIRD
I'll drive.

The engine bursts into life. Mrs Bird executes a perfect 180 and speeds into the night, wheels spinning wildly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Paddington leans out of the back of his bus and leaps onto the platform of another just as it passes. He's gaining on the van as it reaches the river.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Paddington climbs to the top deck. He leans out of one of the windows as the bus nears the van.

PADDINGTON
Uncle Pastuzo? Yuri? Claudette?

INT. PRUNELLA'S VAN - NIGHT

The bears hear Paddington's calls.

PASTUZO
Paddington?

The other bears give him a leg-up. He gets his nose to the grill at the back of the van.

PASTUZO
Paddington!

INT. NEXT BUS - NIGHT

PADDINGTON
Hold on! I'm coming to get you.

He reaches forward to grab the lever that will release the bears when suddenly he is hauled backwards by the Ticket Inspector.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Paddington is unceremoniously dumped on the pavement by the Ticket Inspector.

TICKET INSPECTOR
Bloody 'ooligans.

Helpless, Paddington watches the van speed along the river. There are no other buses. No way to follow them. Unless...

He spots a BOAT coming along towards the pier. He thinks back to the timetables and realises that it is the RIVERBUS.

INT. BROWNS' CAR - NIGHT

Mrs Bird drives like a maniac.

She has terrible road rage and swears violently at all the passing drivers. Fortunately, she is very liberal with the horn, and all her bad language is honked out.

MRS BIRD
****ing maniac! Who the **** let you
on the ****ing road? *****.

The Browns sit in shocked, terrified silence.

INT. RIVERBUS TICKET HALL - NIGHT

Paddington runs through the luggage straps next to the ticket barriers. He can still see the van ahead of him but the boat has already arrived.

GUARD
Hey!

EXT. RIVERBUS PIER - NIGHT

Paddington reaches the boat just as the sliding doors are shutting. He tries to get a paw inside, but the door closes before he can stop it.

He doesn't realise it but his MITTEN is trapped in the door.

On the other side of the river, he sees the van driving away - nearly out of reach.

The Guard reaches him as the boat departs. Paddington turns to face him, the elastic in his mittens paying out.

GUARD

What d'you think yer playing at?

PADDINGTON

I'm awfully sorry.

GUARD

You wait right there, young bear.

Just then the elastic reaches the limit of its stretch, and Paddington is lifted off his feet and into the water behind the riverbus.

GUARD

Oi! Come back!

EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

Paddington is pulled along behind the boat, face down in the water. He manages to lift his head above the waves, and then slowly pulls himself upright.

Soon he is water-skiing behind the river boat - and catching up with Prunella's truck.

From the back of the boat, tourists are staring at him and taking photographs. Paddington waves frantically for help. Thinking he is having fun, they all wave back.

One of the tourists finally realises that something is wrong and opens the back window. They reach out towards Paddington with the handle of an UMBRELLA.

Paddington pulls himself forward along the elastic and grabs the umbrella HANDLE. But just as he grips it, the boat bounces over a wave and the tourist loses his grip.

Paddington spins back to the far end of the elastic, now holding the UMBRELLA as well as his SUITCASE.

CLICK!! Paddington inadvertently touches the button on the umbrella. It extends itself and shoots out above Paddington. He looks down to see his paws slowly rising out of the water.

Liftoff! Paddington finds himself floating sixty feet above the river.

He looks up - and sees he is heading for TOWER BRIDGE.

INT. TOWER BRIDGE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A TRAINEE spots him through his binoculars.

TRAINEE

(astonished)

Sir? There's a bear parasailing with an umbrella on the end of a piece of elastic tied to that boat.

SUPERVISOR

(completely unphased)

Well what do you think we do then?

TRAINEE

Raise the bridge.

SUPERVISOR

(bored)

Go on then.

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The alarm sounds and the bridge begins to raise. Just as Paddington reaches it, the crack in the road is wide enough for him to shoot through.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

The riverbus crosses towards the North Bank, drawing ever nearer the truck.

It arrives at TOWER OF LONDON PIER and the automatic doors open, freeing Paddington's mitten. The mitten springs back, hitting him in the face.

Paddington drifts over the Tower and comes in to land.

INT. PRUNELLA'S VAN / CABIN - NIGHT

Prunella looks in her wing-mirror. Her eyes widen in astonishment as she watches Paddington parachuting down towards the top of her van.

Just as he is about to land, she pulls away, and Paddington finds himself in the middle of a ferociously busy junction.

EXT. LOWER THAMES STREET - NIGHT

He hears a horn honking wildly and turns to see a car almost upon him. Before he has a chance to react, it has screeched to a stop.

MR BROWN
Paddington!

Paddington jumps in. The car squeals away.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

The car whizzes along in pursuit of the van, along the EMBANKMENT towards BIG BEN and into WESTMINSTER SQUARE - where they hit traffic and grind to a halt.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

On the other side of the square, the Van is pulling away.

MRS BROWN
We're losing them.

The horn masks a torrent of profanity from Mrs Bird.

JUDY
Dad?

MR BROWN
Judy, no.

JUDY
I can do this, Dad. Trust me.

And finally, he relents.

MR BROWN
One condition.

EXT. WESTMINSTER SQUARE - NIGHT

Judy - wearing a helmet, elbow pads and knee pads - skates off into the night with Paddington on her back.

MR BROWN
BE CAREFFUL! I can't bear to watch.
DON'T FORGET THE GOGGLES!

Judy and Paddington don goggles as they skate after the van.

EXT. STREETS / VARIOUS - NIGHT

It immediately becomes clear that Judy has become quite a skater as she tracks the van.

She skates fast between cars, on and off the pavements, through a shopping arcade, jumping over benches and narrowly avoiding pedestrians.

She holds onto the back of a scooter to build up speed before chasing across the lanes of traffic.

Coming up to a roundabout she leaps over the barrier into the pedestrian underpass below, splashing through the puddles and reaching the other side just as the van exits.

EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

The truck heads straight up the Mall towards Buckingham Palace. Judy is catching up with it, holding onto the back of a scooter.

JUDY

We're going to make it!

Just then, the YAPPY DOG runs out in front of her.

Judy swerves to avoid it, catches her foot on the kerb, and goes flying through the air.

Various angles on Judy as she lands:

-- Her head hits the ground, the helmet saving her.

-- Her elbows skid along the ground, safe behind pads.

-- Her knees do the same, also safe.

-- A piece of grit has been flicked high up above her. In ultra-slow-motion it heads towards her face and bounces harmlessly off her goggles.

We reveal Paddington above her, hanging from a lamppost by his hat. He looks up to see Prunella's van being ushered in through the gates.

Judy sits, winded, on the side of the kerb.

PADDINGTON

Are you alright?

She nods. And he chases after the van.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / CAR PARK - NIGHT

Prunella has parked her truck. Checking that nobody is watching, she opens the tailgate.

PRUNELLA
Is it ready?

PASTUZO
We're still waiting for it to set.

PRUNELLA
(to Richmond)
How long have we got?

RICHMOND
Five minutes.

PRUNELLA
I've got an idea.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Paddington is at the gates. He goes up to the sentry. It is the same Queen's Guard he met before.

PADDINGTON
Excuse me?

QUEEN'S GUARD
Good evening, young sir. Haven't I met you before?

PADDINGTON
You very kindly gave me some tea. And a sandwich. And a lot of cake.

QUEEN'S GUARD
Alright, not so loud. That's strictly between you and me. What are you doing here?

PADDINGTON
I've come for the Royal Warrant.

QUEEN'S GUARD
Name?

PADDINGTON
Paddington Brown.

QUEEN'S GUARD
You got your invitation?

PADDINGTON
I'm sorry, no.

QUEEN'S GUARD
Well you're on the list, but strictly speaking without an invitation I can't let you in.

PADDINGTON
Please? It's very important.

QUEEN'S GUARD
And why's that then?

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT

A candle-lit medieval hall decorated for Christmas. At one end there is a large tree. At the other, Prunella's KITCHEN COUNTER has been set up on a dais.

An ALDERMAN wearing a tricorn hat checks Prunella is ready.

ALDERMAN
Have you got your marmalade? Miss Flax? Miss Flax?

The oven timer tings. Prunella reaches beneath her kitchen counter and produces a jar.

PRUNELLA
Of course. Just in time.

She places it on the counter.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

The Queen's Guards are marching in front of the palace. Our Guard peels off from the rest of the group.

On closer inspection, his BUSBY seems somewhat larger than the other soldiers...

INT. GUARDS' ROOM - NIGHT

The Queen's Guard comes in. His BUSBY begins to unwind itself from his head, revealing itself to be PADDINGTON in disguise.

QUEEN'S GUARD
Third door on your right.

PADDINGTON

Thank you.

QUEEN'S GUARD

Good luck!

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT

The Alderman addresses the now hushed company.

ALDERMAN

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. We haven't seen a marmalade worthy of the Royal Warrant in this country for over fifty years. Well, like London buses, sometimes you wait ages and then two come along at once. Sadly one of the finalists, a young bear, has disappeared. Leaving us with a very simple choice. Prunella Flax--

Paddington bursts into the banqueting hall.

PADDINGTON

Stop!

ALDERMAN

What's going on?

PADDINGTON

That isn't her marmalade.

The audience gasps in astonishment.

PRUNELLA

I don't know what he's talking about. I can assure you, this is all my own work.

PADDINGTON

No it isn't. She's got a secret room under her house. She keeps bears prisoner and she forces them to make marmalade. They're in the back of her van right now.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / CAR PARK - NIGHT

The Queen's Guard and a couple of his friends open the back of Prunella's van. WE DO NOT SEE INSIDE.

QUEEN'S GUARD
Come on out.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE / BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT

Prunella allows herself a smile.

PRUNELLA
This is ridiculous. There are no bears
in my van. Go and check if you like.

All you'll find is my assistant, Mr
Richmond, who can attest to the fact
that I have never had a bear anywhere
near my kitchen.

Now, unless he's going to produce some
kind of proof, I suggest we carry on
with the ceremony.

ALDERMAN
Well bear, do you have any proof?

Paddington looks to the back of the room where the QUEEN'S GUARD
stands and shakes his head.

PADDINGTON
I'm sorry.

Prunella, smirks, triumphant.

ALDERMAN
In that case, I'm afraid I am going to
have to ask you to leave.

Paddington turns to leave. On his way, he accidentally knocks
over a HANDBAG, setting off a chain reaction.

- A lipstick rolls out of the handbag across the floor.
- The lipstick hits a briefcase which falls over into the base
of the Christmas tree.
- A bauble is dislodged and falls off the Christmas tree.
- It drops onto a beam and rolls along until it snags on the
end of a piece of tinsel.
- The tinsel swings across the room like a pendulum, releasing
the bauble which flies through the air.
- The baulbel lands on a catch on the kitchen counter

-- Causing the front of the workbench to fall away.

There, hidden inside the workbench, are all the bears, crammed in like sardines in a tin.

PASTUZO

Can we come out now, Miss Flax?

The audience start to boo.

ALDERMAN

Miss Flax. You are hereby suspended from the competition - and I suspect you are about to find yourself under arrest for the kidnap and imprisonment of these bears. Guards, take her away.

The QUEEN'S GUARD leads Prunella out of the room to cheers from the audience. The BROWNS arrive at the back of the room and give thumbs up gestures to Paddington.

ALDERMAN (CONT'D)

Now. We have the small matter of a marmalade competition to complete. Bear, do you have any of your own home-made marmalade.

Paddington looks over to Mrs Bird who shakes her head. Suddenly, a trumpet calls out.

The large double doors at the back of the room swing open and the Queen walks in, heavily back-lit. She processes to the front of the room, where she takes to the stage.

Paddington goes down on one knee and doffs his hat.

PADDINGTON

(overawed)

Your majesty.

The Queen looks into the hat and sees his EMERGENCY SANDWICH. She takes it - and bites into it.

QUEEN

The presentation is rather unusual, and the bread a little stale - but the marmalade is fit for a Queen.

ALDERMAN

The Royal Warrant for Marmalade is awarded to Paddington Brown!!

KENTON and BRIGGS burst in.

KENTON

Hold it! This bear is in violation of
Code DZ/015 of Statute of Immigration.
We have a warrant for his arrest.

QUEEN

Haven't you heard of the Royal
Exemption?

KENTON

The what?

QUEEN

The Royal Exemption. Any bear of sound
character possessing superior culinary
skills is granted leave to remain -
and I think young Paddington qualifies
comfortably. Don't you?

KENTON

Absolutely. Your Majesty.

The audience cheer wildly.

LATER:

There is more of a party atmosphere in the hall. Angle on Mr and
Mrs Brown.

MR BROWN

(to Mrs Brown)

I must say I'd never heard of that
before.

QUEEN

(overhearing)

That's because I just made it up. You
see, there are some parts of the
kingdom where we haven't quite
forgotten how to treat strangers.

Angle on Paddington and the Alderman:

ALDERMAN

What are you going to do with the
prize money?

PADDINGTON

I should like it to go to the Home for
Retired Bears in Lima. Aunt Lucy is
the real marmalade genius and I think
she should decide what to do with it.

ALDERMAN

Will you be going into production?

PADDINGTON

I think I've had enough of marmalade making for the time being. I'd rather just eat it.

Angle on the family:

JUDY

She had all those bears working like slaves?

MRS BIRD

Hmph.

JONATHAN

What are they going to do for Christmas?

MRS BROWN

They can all stay with us!

Mr Brown rolls his eyes - but then smiles.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - MORNING

The street is covered in snow. The BEARS are all outside wearing gloves and scarves. Some are building an enormous SNOWMAN while others are having a snow fight.

Mr Curry watches appalled from his front window. All Prunella's predictions have come true.

Yuri heaves a snowball at Martha who ducks. The snowball breaks Mr Curry's front window. The bears slink off guiltily as Mr Curry comes outside to remonstrate.

Standing next to the snowman, he shouts after them:

MR CURRY

Bloody bears! Go back to where you came from! (checks himself) Or stay, obviously. As long as you want.

The snowman next to him comes to life. It turns out to have been Biffo all along, covered in snow. Mr Curry runs into his house, terrified.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / KITCHEN - MORNING

The Browns and the bears are having breakfast together.

TAI SHAN
Where's Yuri?

MRS BROWN
I think he's in the bathroom.

MR BROWN
Not again.

We hear an excited scream from above. Yuri arrives in the room in the bath.

YURI
(pumped)
You've got to try one of these bath things. They're wild.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

The Browns watch as the bears fondly hug each other goodbye, each going their separate ways. Judy wears roller-skates.

MR BROWN
Do you think... No.

JUDY
What?

MR BROWN
Well, do you think Paddington is leaving as well? He only came here because he thought his uncle had died, but now there's no reason for him to stay.

MRS BROWN
Oh, Henry. There's every reason.

JUDY
He has got his suitcase with him.

JONATHAN
He's always got his suitcase.

The family fall silent, all thinking the same thing: perhaps Mr Brown is right. For the briefest moment they lose sight of Paddington as other passengers cross between them. And when the crowd clears, he has vanished.

The family stare, immensely saddened. Mrs Brown fights back tears. Mrs Bird noisily blows her nose.

MRS BROWN

He didn't even say goodbye.

A voice from behind.

VOICE

Who didn't?

The family turn round.

MR BROWN

Paddington! Thank goodness.

MRS BROWN

We thought you'd gone back to Peru.

PADDINGTON

Why would I do that? I'm much too young to retire. Besides, I don't think Aunt Lucy would like the idea of me leaving home just yet.

MRS BROWN

I am glad.

OTHERS

Me too.

MR BROWN

It's rather nice having a bear about the house.

MRS BIRD

Especially a bear called Paddington.

As they walk away, Paddington starts his final letter.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

Dear Aunt Lucy...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRISTMAS DAY

Paddington and the Browns open presents by the fire.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

...I'm sorry it has been so long since I wrote.

(MORE)

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

A huge amount has happened and for a long time, I wasn't able to get to the post office...

EXT. HOME FOR RETIRED BEARS - EVENING

A beautiful white villa on the hills overlooking the twinkling lights of the city. Cicadas buzz in the twilight. Elderly bears sit and talk while kindly nurses tend to them, giving them drinks and sandwiches.

Aunt Lucy sits knitting in a rocking chair on the veranda with a blanket pulled over her knees. As Paddington's voice-over continues, she is handed his letter.

She puts on her pince-nez and - seeing it is from her nephew - tears it open, desperate for news

(v.o.)

The good news is that I am back with the Browns and Very Happy. I finally managed to see some landmarks - though not from the angle I was expecting. I wanted to get you something very special for Christmas but for a long time I couldn't think what.

And then I realised I could give you the best present you could ever wish for. And it's there now. Next to you. In fact, he just handed you this letter.

Aunt Lucy looks up to discover Uncle Pastuzo smiling at her.

She drops the letter in astonishment. He reaches out to her with a paw and pulls her into his arms. From the way they hold each other, you would think they might never let go.

PADDINGTON

(v.o.)

Oh - and I found out what the Queen keeps in her hat but [yawns] I think I'll let Uncle Pastuzo tell you.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / LIVING ROOM

Paddington dozes in an armchair, a pile of sweets and chocolates on his stomach.

"Sailing by" comes over the radio as Jonathan and Judy play contentedly with their presents and Mr and Mrs Brown dance slowly together by the light of the fire.

INT. WINDSOR GARDENS / KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Mrs Bird and Mr Gruber dance to the same tune, heard on the kitchen radio.

EXT. HOME FOR RETIRED BEARS - SIMULTANEOUS

In Peru, Aunt Lucy and Uncle Pastuzo dance to the same broadcast. The music fades as the announcer speaks.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

This the BBC in London, wishing you a
very Happy Christmas, wherever you
are.

As the pips beep the hour, the camera pulls out to discover the TROPICAL BIRD sitting in a tree. It stretches its wings, and flies off into the dawn.

With the longest pip, we cut to black.

THE END.