

A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON

by

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Based on the Books By Michael Bond

Draft Two, First Revisions
April 4, 2009

THE WARNER BROTHERS LOGO

...in a clear blue sky. A crack of thunder and the sky darkens with rain. We push past the Warner Brothers logo into the dark sky, dropping through the thunder clouds to reveal the vast canopy of the Peruvian rainforest beneath until we are skimming the tree tops...

The sound of radio static. An inverted metal coat hanger juts above the tree line. A wire from it, and we follow it down...

EXT. DARKEST PERU - DAY

...to a single shack in a clearing in the rainforest. More radio static as we follow it down...

INT. CORRUGATED SHACK - DAY

...into a simply furnished single room. Rain drums loudly on the tin roof. Rain drips into cups and buckets. The aerial is attached to an ancient radio being tuned by a SMALL PAW. It finds a signal.

BBC ANNOUNCER

This is the BBC World Service. In London today the Prime Minister was again questioned about his immigration policy...

A SMALL BEAR sits watching an OLD FEMALE BEAR pour homemade marmalade from a saucepan into a line of glass jars on a wooden table.

BBC ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...amid growing fears that British workers are losing out to foreign labour from the EU and beyond...

The old female bear packs jars of homemade marmalade into a small battered suitcase. The small bear fetches a moth-eaten bush hat from a peg on the door. The old bear lifts a floor plank by the bed and takes out an old coffee tin.

The two bears stand in the doorway and look back into the room. A look between them, and they leave.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Pouring rain. The two bears emerge from thick jungle on to a mud road. The old female bear carries an umbrella and a Gladstone bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The small bear wears his bush hat and carries the battered suitcase. A clapped-out bus piled high with luggage comes towards them...

EXT. LIMA - EVENING

Heavy rain. A road sign: 'LIMA'. Trucks send up huge sprays of water as they drive into the busy city. The bears walk on the side of the road into the capital.

EXT. LIMA STREET - EVENING

The sea in the distance. The bears talk to a KINDLY MAN IN A SAFARI SUIT outside A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE in its own gardens.

A plaque: *HOME FOR RETIRED BEARS. AIR-CONDITIONING. EN SUITE BATHROOMS. MARMALADE TWICE A WEEK.*

The old bear gives the man her Gladstone bag. He looks at his watch and nods politely. The old bear takes the small bear by the hand and they walk down to the sea.

EXT. DOCKS - EVENING

Small bear's POV: the huge hull of a CONTAINER SHIP looms over him.

A distance from him, the old female bear bargains with a SAILOR. He shakes his head. She offers him more money from the coffee tin. He shakes his head again.

ANGLE - The old bear's face, worried...

She turns her back to the small bear so he cannot see. She hands all the money from the coffee tin to the sailor. He takes it and beckons to the small bear.

The old female bear ties a luggage label round the small bear's neck and hugs him tightly.

EXT. DECK OF CONTAINER SHIP - NIGHT

The ship's horn sounds. The tarpaulin on a lifeboat lifts and the small bear peeps out...

His POV - far below, the old bear waves up at him as the ship's horn sounds again...

CUE TITLES OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENES -

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP - DAY

...and again as the tarpaulin on the lifeboat lifts and the bear peers out.

His POV: the WHITE CLIFFS of the English coastline in brilliant sunshine...

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The container ship stands on the dock. The battered suitcase is pushed out of the lifeboat. The small bear drops to the deck. He picks it up and sets off down a gangplank...

INT. CUSTOMS HALL - DAY

The bear passes passengers waiting for their luggage. He watches in amazement.

His POV: the luggage carousels turn - adult legs pass - small children stare at him - luggage wheels past -

A queue for passport control. He sits to wait his turn and GLIDES away - he's on the back of AN ELECTRIC CART carrying an ELDERLY PASSENGER and passes through passport control unseen.

INT. ARRIVALS HALL - DAY

Bear's POV: A sign high up: TRAINS TO LONDON.

He weaves his way through the passengers as they are met by their families.

He stops at an escalator. He looks at it nervously, backs away and takes the stairs.

INT. INTERCITY TRAIN - DAY

The train speeds through the English countryside. The bear, FASCINATED.

His POV: cows in the fields, cars speeding along the roads, church spires, weather vanes, football fields...

A whole new world...

INT. PADDINGTON STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

The station is full of people hurrying to and fro. The bear walks up the platform to the concourse and sits on his suitcase under a large sign: PADDINGTON.

END OF TITLE SEQUENCE

The bear's POV: Hundreds of busy, grey commuters flow past...

AERIAL SHOT: The bear all alone in a sea of people.

CUT TO:

A MAN IN A SUIT pushes through the crowd. It's MR. BROWN, 40, moustache, very British, a little uptight. He stops at Platform Three and checks his watch: bang on time.

A GROUP OF BOYS carrying skateboards get off the train, accompanied by an ADULT TEAM LEADER. They wear baggy trousers, cool T-shirts, and elbow pads.

The last boy off the train is JONATHAN BROWN, 10. He carries a kitbag and a skateboard and wears a crash helmet, elbow pads, knee pads and protective gloves.

MR. BROWN

(waving)

Jonathan! Over here!

Jonathan comes over to Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

The goggles. Did you wear the safety goggles?

He turns to the team leader.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

We gave him goggles.

TEAM LEADER

They're not strictly necessary...

MR. BROWN

...but they're recommended. I read the guidelines and they're recommended.

The other boys laugh. Jonathan walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
It's not a laughing matter! All it
takes one little piece of grit,
you know. Jonathan, wait!

He catches up with Jonathan.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
So how was it?

JONATHAN
Embarrassing.

MR. BROWN
I thought you liked
skateboarding.

JONATHAN
Not when I have to dress like
this.

MR. BROWN
It's important you're safe,
Jonathan. You never know when...

He takes a RED PLASTIC WHISTLE from his pocket and blows
it.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
HAZARD!

A CLEANER mopping the concourse between FOUR YELLOW CONES
looks up in surprise.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
SLIP HAZARD! JONATHAN! STAND BACK!

People stop and stare. Jonathan looks away.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
(to cleaner)
These cones are incorrectly
positioned.

The cleaner looks at him blankly.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
I'm the Health and Safety Officer
for the City of London
Corporation. You are not observing
the recommended distance between a
warning sign and its hazard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEANER

(clueless)

Eh?

Jonathan backs away as Mr. Brown resumes his rant. He looks around the concourse and sees the small bear on his battered suitcase enviously watching a COMMUTER eating a sandwich.

The commuter puts it down on his briefcase to answer his mobile. The bear reaches for the sandwich. The commuter picks up the sandwich and the briefcase and walks off.

Jonathan goes over to the bear who raises his hat.

BEAR

Good afternoon. Can I help you?

Jonathan looks at the label round the bear's neck: PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR. THANK YOU.

JONATHAN

I was wondering if I could help you. Are you hungry?

BEAR

I am a bit. My Aunt Lucy made me lots of marmalade for the journey but...

He opens his suitcase. Lots of empty marmalade jars. ONLY ONE POT REMAINS.

BEAR (CONT'D)

...I've eaten most of it.

JONATHAN

(incredulous)

Marmalade?

BEAR

(nodding)

Aunt Lucy says I've got a sweet tooth - although I don't know which one she means.

Jonathan looks back at Mr. Brown. He is still rebuking the cleaner. Jonathan checks his pockets for change.

JONATHAN

Come on...

INT. TEA ROOM - DAY

A self-service tea room. Customers sit at a line of tables that look out over the concourse. Jonathan puts down his kitbag and skateboard, and takes a tray.

JONATHAN

What would you like?

The bear's POV: a large plates of buns. A perfect bun on top, white icing and a cherry on top.

He points at the bun. Jonathan takes some tongs and puts the bun on the tray.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Take a seat, I'll pay...

The bear goes to a table. He puts the tray down over the salt cellar, unaware he's created a FULCRUM under the tray.

He leans forward on to the tray to take the bun. It SAILS INTO THE AIR and he races after it.

Bear's POV: The bun flies towards a table where a woman with an expensive hairdo sits drinking tea. Her umbrella leans against the seat...

The bear snaps open the umbrella - *WHUMP!* - stopping the bun from landing on the woman and re-launching it into the air...

At the counter, Jonathan takes his change, oblivious to the drama behind him.

The bear races down the aisle after the airborne bun. He trips on Jonathan's skateboard and shoots away on it, wobbling madly...

He catches the bun in his mouth as he shoots along the aisle on Jonathan's skateboard. He smiles triumphantly...

...and CRASHES into a display case full of cakes.

SALES ASSISTANT

What the...??

The SALES ASSISTANT and Jonathan run over to the display case and pull out the bear. He is completely covered in cake and frosting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

Are you alright?

BEAR

I'm a bit sticky...

SALES ASSISTANT

Get out of here! Get out! We don't
serve bears!

INT. STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

The bear and Jonathan sit below a poster of PRUNELLA FLAX
in a gingham apron, smiling professionally as she holds
up a slice of pizza: *Prunella's Perfect Pizza*.

The bear is licking cake frosting off his fur.

JONATHAN

Good?

BEAR

(nodding)

We don't have this kind in Peru.

JONATHAN

Is that where you're from?

BEAR

(nodding)

Darkest Peru.

JONATHAN

First time in England?

The bear nods, his mouth full.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)

JONATHAN!

JONATHAN

I'd better go...

BEAR

Of course. Goodbye, Jonathan, and
thank you.

Jonathan hesitates, then runs back through the crowd to
Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN

How many times have I told you not
to wander off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

Dad, I met a bear!

They set off across the concourse.

MR. BROWN

(not listening)

Honestly, you explain an important point of safety to someone..

JONATHAN

From Peru!

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE STATION - CONTINUOUS

They walk towards the car.

MR. BROWN

(not listening)

...and they look at you as if you're a complete lunatic! I despair sometimes, I really do! What is the point of having rules if people won't abide by them?

A TRAFFIC WARDEN is issuing a ticket to their car.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

No! Wait! I can explain! There was a slip hazard!

He remonstrates with the traffic warden. Jonathan looks back into the concourse. The bear is still sitting on his suitcase, looking a little lost.

INT. STATION CONCOURSE - DAY

Jonathan runs up to the bear.

JONATHAN

I was wondering...would you like to come back to my house? You could have a bath...

BEAR

I'd like that very much.

They walk towards the car. Through the archway Jonathan can see Mr. Brown arguing with the traffic warden.

JONATHAN

You'll have to hide, of course...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEAR
(puzzled)
Why?

JONATHAN
(making it up)
It's... a tradition in this
country...when you visit someone
for the first time...to hide.

BEAR
(amazed)
Everything is so different here.
In Peru you just shake hands and
say hello.

INT. MR. BROWN'S CAR - DAY

Mr. Brown sits in the driving seat frowning at a parking
ticket. The boot of the car opens and slams. Jonathan
gets into the passenger seat.

JONATHAN
Forgot my bag.

MR. BROWN
(staring at ticket)
Three minutes overdue! Honestly,
put a man in a peaked hat and he
turns into a complete pedant.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - NOTTING HILL - EVENING

A lovely Georgian house in a leafy residential street.
The kind of house you'd like to live in.

The car pulls up outside and Mr. Brown goes inside.
Jonathan takes his kitbag out of the car. It is now
extremely heavy. He staggers into the house...

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Jonathan stops to take off his coat. The bear undoes the
zip of the bag...

His POV through the zip: The floors sparkle. A handheld
dustbuster in a bracket on the wall. Everything is
IMMACULATELY CLEAN.

The effect is impersonal. This is a HOUSE not a HOME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Brown is in the hallway leaning into the study talking to Mrs. Brown.

MR. BROWN
I need to read it out to someone,
get a feel for the flow...

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
Ask Mum. I'm booking the marquee
for The School Fair...

Jonathan is about to climb the cream-carpeted stairs with the kitbag when Mr. Brown turns to him.

MR. BROWN
What on earth do you think you are
doing?

Jonathan freezes, convinced he's been found out.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
Shoes off and bag under the
stairs.

JONATHAN
(relieved)
Yes Dad.

He takes off his shoes.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
So Jonathan...

Jonathan heaves the heavy kitbag on to a coat peg under the stairs.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)
...how was it?

Bear's POV through the zip: Mrs. Brown, 35, appears from the study, attractive, exhausted...

JONATHAN
(distracted)
How was what?

MRS. BROWN
Skateboarding.

JONATHAN
OK...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Behind Mrs. Brown the kitbag RIPS and two furry legs appear from inside it. Jonathan throws his coat over them.

MRS. BROWN
Perhaps bell-ringing tomorrow will
be more fun. Oh, this week I've
put you down for clay modelling
and badminton, and archery.

The two furry legs slide out from under his coat.

JONATHAN
(looking at bear)
No!

MRS. BROWN
I thought you'd like archery.

JONATHAN
I mean yes.

MRS. BROWN
(frowning)
Jonathan, are you alright?

Jonathan nods. The bear drops to the floor behind Mrs. Brown.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)
Don't go all monosyllabic on me.
One adolescent in the family is
all I can stand.

She goes back into the study.

JONATHAN
(to bear)
Follow me...

He runs upstairs. The bear is about to follow him when the front door flies open and JUDY storms in. She's 14, stropky, hormonal, and glued to a pink mobile.

JUDY
(indignant)
I DO NOT! I DON'T EVEN LIKE HIM!

The bear has no time to climb the stairs unseen. He dives under the hall table.

JUDY (CONT'D)
WHAT DOES TANIKA KNOW?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She kicks off her shoes. They smack into the wall like missiles on either side of the bear.

JUDY (CONT'D)
SHE AND PJ AREN'T EVEN PROPERLY IN
LOVE!

She storms into the kitchen. The bear comes out from under the table. Jonathan is at the top of the stairs.

JONATHAN
(beckoning to bear)
Come on!

Mrs. Brown walks out of the study, cutting off the bear's route to the stairs. To avoid being seen he runs into the living room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

...where MRS. BIRD, 72, bohemian, colourful, sits in a old armchair with a FURRY FOOTSTOOL at her feet, an oasis of happy chaos in the immaculate house.

Her back is turned to the bear as she pours herself a glass of sherry. She starts to turn back. The bear realises he will be seen. He sweeps the furry footstool away and curls into a ball in its place.

Mrs. Bird turns back and puts her feet up on him, oblivious to his presence. She bites into a large slice of cake and turns on the television. Under her feet, the bear opens one eye...

His POV:

TELEVISION -

A sunlit kitchen. PRUNELLA FLAX, 40, American, from the South, stands at a stove, stirring a copper pot and exuding a flirtatious, professional charm.

PRUNELLA
You know, at heart I'm just a
country girl, who believes in
honest country cooking, with good,
wholesome ingredients...

LIVING ROOM -

Mr. Brown bursts in with a handheld dustbuster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWN

How many times, Mrs. Bird? Use a plate!

He vacuums round her for crumbs, round the bear and then all over him. The dustbuster crackles.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

Cake crumbs are a health hazard you know! Right...

He switches off the television.

MRS. BIRD

That was my favourite programme!

MR. BROWN

They're all your favourite programmes. I need to read through my talk. The title is *Pressurised Water Gauges: Their Place In Our Community.*

MRS. BIRD

(rolling her eyes)

Punchy.

She takes a swig of sherry and prepares for the worst. The bear opens an eye.

His POV: Mr. Brown takes a self-important pose by the mantelpiece.

MR. BROWN

"Ladies and gentlemen, every year we at Health and Safety...

The bear uncurls and runs from the room. Mrs. Bird sits up in alarm.

MRS. BIRD

(stunned)

My footstool just ran out of the room!

MR. BROWN

Mrs. Bird, just how much sherry have you had?

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

The bear runs into the hall. Jonathan is at the top of the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN

Hurry!

The bear climbs the stairs after Jonathan...

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan runs to his bedroom. The bear is following him when Judy comes out of her bedroom blocking his path. He dives through the nearest door...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

..into the bathroom.

His POV: Everything neatly ordered. Toiletries arranged in height. The towels colour graded.

JUDY (O.S.)

He's fit but not as fit as Buzz!

The bear looks about him for a place to hide. A laundry basket in the corner...

The door bursts open and Judy comes in.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Because we're the best dancers
that's why!

She opens the laundry basket. The bear's inside, but Judy's too busy talking on her mobile to look down.

Bear's POV: Judy throwing dance gear on top of him as she talks on her mobile.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(indignant)
Me and Buzz - or it's just like
'what's the point?'

She stomps out. Beat. Jonathan peers into the room.

JONATHAN

Hello?

The lid of the laundry basket lifts and the bear peeps out.

BEAR

How long does this tradition last?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonathan locks the door and turns on the taps.

JONATHAN

A nice hot bath.

The bear climbs out of the basket, leaving the clothes all over the floor.

BEAR

(disappointed)

I was rather hoping a 'bath' was something you ate.

JONATHAN

Are you still hungry?

BEAR

Now that you mention it...

JONATHAN

I'll see what I can find.

He goes to the door.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It's Monday - use the pink towel - and lock the door!

He runs out. A large pink towel on a rail. The bear gives it a tug and it comes away, sending him flying back into a shelf of neatly-ordered toiletries which crash to the floor. He fights to get free of the towel.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Jonathan searches the cupboards. They're full of health food, all neatly ordered and labelled: bran, lentils, mung beans. He runs out of the back door...

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

The bear crashes around under the pink towel. His head sticks out of it and he looks around:

His POV: Everything is all over the floor...

He locks the door and peers into the bath. It is FULL, the taps still RUNNING. Bush hat on, he clambers up on to the side...

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - EVENING

Jonathan on his BMX swerves through a shortcut, RACES down a steep bank and SKIDS to a stop outside a corner shop. He's a SERIOUSLY GOOD CYCLIST.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

The bear holds his nose and JUMPS into the bath. He tries to stand but the bath is slippery and the water deep - he's DROWNING.

BEAR

Help! Help!

INT. HALL - EVENING

Mrs. Brown comes out of the study on the hands free phone.

MRS. BROWN

Right, Mrs. Kinter, I'll put you down for bric-a-brac. Goodbye.

She hangs up and looks upstairs as she hears a dull thudding from the bathroom. Judy crosses the landing on her mobile.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)

Is that Jonathan in the bath?

JUDY

(not stopping)

I'M TALKING TO BUZZ!

MRS. BROWN

(to herself)

Sounds like he's enjoying himself...

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

The bear is desperately baling out the bath with his hat. It is full of holes and leaks like a sieve.

BEAR

Help! Help!

The bath is full, the taps still running, water is sloshing on to the floor...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mr. Brown is halfway through his talk as Mrs. Brown enters. Mrs. Bird looks at her imploringly: *help me...*

MR. BROWN

(reading)
*"...we see hundreds of accidents
 involving water - or aqui-dents as
 I like to call them..."*

He looks up, very pleased.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

'aqui-dents' - they'll love that.
 (Reading) *'and we must stem their
 tide because aqui-dents happen
 without warning.'*

A steady drip-drip-drip of water lands on his head.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

No!

MRS. BIRD

(quietly relieved)
 Thank you, Lord...

INT. LANDING - EVENING

Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown bang on the bathroom door.

MR. BROWN

Jonathan, you're flooding the
 bathroom! Open the door!

BEAR (O.S.)

Help!

MRS. BROWN

Hold on! We're coming!

Judy looks out of her room, glued to her mobile.

JUDY

(stroppy)
 DO YOU MIND?

BEAR (O.S.)

Help! Help!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BROWN
He's drowning!

MR. BROWN
Jonathan, there's a life jacket
under the sink!

JUDY
Can't he drown a bit quieter?

She slams her door shut.

MRS. BROWN
Henry, break down the door!

MR. BROWN
(unsure)
It's an original feature...

Jonathan runs upstairs with a jar of marmalade as Mr.
Brown takes a bigger run-up.

BEAR (O.S.)
Help! Help!

MRS. BROWN
Break it down! We'll soon get you
out, Jo...

She sees Jonathan and double-takes.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)
Jonathan?

Mr. Brown runs at the bathroom door. It gives way...

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

...to reveal TOTAL CHAOS. The floor is flooded. Clothes
float in two inches of water. The bear is baling out the
bath. Mrs. Brown screams.

MRS. BROWN
A dog!

MR. BROWN
It's not a dog!

JUDY (O.S.)
DO YOU MIND?

Judy appears in the doorway, mobile in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY (CONT'D)
I'M TRYING TO TALK TO...

She sees the bear and screams. Mrs. Bird appears.

JUDY (CONT'D)
(horrificed)
WHAT IS *THAT*?

MRS. BIRD
(calmly)
It's a bear.

MRS. BROWN
Henry, there's a bear in the bath!
Do something!

MR. BROWN
Do *what*?

MRS. BROWN
Call the police!

JUDY
Call the zoo!

Jonathan pulls the bedraggled bear from the bath.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Gross! Gross! Gross!

MR. BROWN
Careful Jonathan! It'll bite!

JONATHAN
He won't bite.

MRS. BROWN
'He'? How do you know he's a 'he'?

JONATHAN
He was at the train station.

MR. BROWN
(incredulous)
You brought him back here?

JONATHAN
He needed a bath.

BEAR
I had an accident with a bun.

The lights all go out. Pitch black. Judy screams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDY
He clawed me, he clawed me!

MR. BROWN
That's me! I'm looking for the
light switch!

Click, click. Nothing. Still black.

MRS. BROWN
The fuse. Go down to the cellar,
Henry - and hurry!

JUDY
(into mobile)
BUZZ, ARE YOU STILL THERE? BECAUSE
WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The electricity is back on. The bear sits wrapped in a
towel, all fluffy from his bath. The Browns face him in a
semi-circle. Judy as far away from him as possible.

MR. BROWN
Jonathan tells us you're from
Peru.

BEAR
Darkest Peru.

MRS. BIRD
(casual)
So you like marmalade.

BEAR
(smiling)
Very much.

They all look at Mrs. Bird in surprise.

JONATHAN
(amazed)
How do you know that?

MRS. BROWN
You've never been to Peru, have
you Mum?

MRS. BIRD
Me? I've never left the country.

EXT. AMAHUACA TRIBAL VILLAGE, PERU - DAY

A younger Mrs. Bird plays sits in a circle with the Amahuaca people. The tribal chief draws her a picture of a bear in the sand. He points excitedly at the picture and an empty marmalade jar and then to the jungle beyond.

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. BIRD
Must have seen it on the telly.

MRS. BROWN
(to bear)
I didn't think there were bears in Peru.

BEAR
I'm very rare. There aren't many of us left.

MR. BROWN
So what brought you to England?

BEAR
My Aunt Lucy couldn't look after me anymore. She's gone to live in The Home for Retired Bears in Lima. We planned this together for a long time.

MR. BROWN
So you've just arrived?

BEAR
This morning...

He yawns sleepily.

BEAR (CONT'D)
...on a big boat.

MR. BROWN
Do you know anyone here?

BEAR
Not yet...

He yawns again.

MR. BROWN
So what exactly are your plans?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. They all lean forward. The bear is snoring gently.

Mr. Brown takes an aerosol from the table and squirts round the bear.

MRS. BROWN
What do we do now?

JUDY
Throw him out!

MRS. BROWN
Judy...

MRS. BIRD
What on earth are you doing?

MR. BROWN
Allergens...

MRS. BROWN
Henry...

MRS. BIRD
It's too late to do anything
tonight. He'll just have to stay
here.

JUDY
NO WAY!

MRS. BROWN
Where?

MR. BROWN
In the garden.

MRS. BIRD
He's from Peru. He'll die of cold.

JUDY
(indignant)
SO?

JONATHAN
He's sleeping in my room.

MR. BROWN
No, Jonathan...

JONATHAN
(determined)
I invited him. He's sleeping in my
room.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bear is curled up on a Z-bed. Jonathan sits in bed as Mr. Brown squirts the room with aerosol.

JONATHAN

Dad, can he stay?

MR. BROWN

If he wakes in the night press
your panic button.

JONATHAN

Dad, he's not going to hurt
anyone.

MR. BROWN

I know, Jonathan. Good night.

He closes the bedroom door. It is crisscrossed with HAZARD tape and has a sign: CAUTION: DANGEROUS BEAR.

INT. MR. AND MRS. BROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Brown sits in bed. On Mr. Brown's side of the bed an overnight bag and a neat row of socks and pants.

Mr. Brown comes in wearing yellow kitchen gloves and a bath hat. He starts to take off his shoes and trousers.

MRS. BROWN

Where have you been?

MR. BROWN

The bathroom looked like it'd been
hit by a tsunami. Right...

He picks up the check list for his packing and starts going through it. He's clearly worried.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

Pants, three pairs, socks, three
pairs...

MRS. BROWN

You're only going for one night.

MR. BROWN

Eye protectors, check, ear plugs
check...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BROWN

It's good Jonathan's found a friend...

MR. BROWN

He's found a *bear*, Mary.
Toothbrush check, dental floss, check...

MRS. BROWN

If you're worried about him being in with Jonathan, I don't think you need to be...

She hands Mr. Brown the bear's luggage label: PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR. THANK YOU and he reads it.

MR. BROWN

It's our job to make sure the children are safe.

MRS. BROWN

You do a wonderful job. (Gently)
Perhaps a little too wonderful.

MR. BROWN

You can never be too careful.

She's smiling at him.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Mary.

MRS. BROWN

(smiling)
You don't *look* serious.

He's in his shirt and underpants wearing yellow rubber gloves and a bath hat. He runs to the door.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

MR. BROWN

To fumigate the armchair. Did you see the hairs he left on it?

Mrs. Brown throws herself back on her pillow.

MRS. BROWN

Thank God we never got a dog.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Jonathan sits up in bed. The Z-bed has snapped closed in the night. It opens and closes in time to the bear's snores. Jonathan prizes it open and the bear yawns.

JONATHAN

Sleep well?

BEAR

(stretching)

Mmmm, I thought I heard thunder once, but it was my tummy rumbling.

JONATHAN

We'll get some breakfast. Do you have a name?

BEAR

(sitting up)

Only a bear name. It's not the sort of name you could ever pronounce.

JONATHAN

Then I'm going to call you Paddington.

PADDINGTON

Paddington. Alright. What's for breakfast?

INT. MR AND MRS BROWNS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Mrs. Brown turns over in bed. She opens her eyes and sniffs. Mr. Brown is asleep next to her wearing eye protectors. She taps him on the shoulder.

MRS. BROWN

What's that smell?

MR. BROWN

(sleepily)

Something burning...

He sits bolt upright and rips off his eye protectors. He grabs his red plastic whistle from the bedside table and blows hard.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

FIRE! FIRE HAZARD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The smoke alarms go off.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
Get the children and your mother -
in that order! Wrap them in damp
towels and stay on the floor! I'll
handle this!

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Mr. Brown bursts into the kitchen wearing protective goggles and a high visibility jacket over his pyjamas. The smoke alarm screeches. Mr. Brown brandishes a fire extinguisher.

HIS POV: The kitchen is in chaos. Pancake mixture covers every surface. Pancakes stuck on the walls and ceiling. Paddington stands at the oven with a spatula.

PADDINGTON
I must be doing something wrong,
Mr. Brown. When Aunt Lucy throws
them up they come back down again.

One pancake has stuck to the light and is burning.
Jonathan is trying to prod it off with the broom.

MR. BROWN
Jonathan, stand back the
recommended six metres!

He sprays the fire extinguisher at the light. Foam fills the room. Mrs. Brown appears in the doorway.

MRS. BROWN
What *happened*?

JONATHAN
We were making a surprise
breakfast. Paddington wanted...

MRS. BROWN
Who did?

JONATHAN
(pointing at
Paddington)
His name's Paddington.

MR. BROWN
I DON'T CARE WHAT HIS NAME IS! I
WANT HIM OUT OF THIS HOUSE RIGHT
NOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

Dad, no!

MR. BROWN

The whole house could have gone up in flames Jonathan! I will not put this family's safety at risk for the sake of a bear we hardly know!

JONATHAN

He's got nowhere to go!

MRS. BROWN

Henry, we can't just...

MR. BROWN

He is not our concern! He is not even this country's concern! If he needs help he should go to the Peruvian Embassy. He is not staying in this house one moment longer!

He disappears up stairs.

MRS. BROWN

Right, yes, well, I'll just...

She disappears upstairs with him.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jonathan storms in, furious, followed by Paddington.

PADDINGTON

What's the matter?

JONATHAN

I want you to stay...

Paddington looks out of the window and points to the row of houses.

PADDINGTON

Perhaps I can live in one of those.

JONATHAN

You need money to live in a house like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON
I've got two centavos but they're
both rather sticky...

JONATHAN
You don't understand. You'd need a
small fortune...

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)
JONATHAN! BELL-RINGING!

Jonathan groans. Paddington packs a small framed photo of
Aunt Lucy into his suitcase.

PADDINGTON
Mr. Brown is right. I will go to
the Peruvian, um...

JONATHAN
Embassy.

PADDINGTON
Yes. Aunt Lucy said the first
thing I should do when I got to
England was find somewhere to
live. Perhaps they can help.

He takes a sandwich from the side table and puts it on
his head.

JONATHAN
What are you doing?

Paddington puts his bush hat back on and smiles.

PADDINGTON
For emergencies. (Smiles) You
never know when you're going to
need a marmalade sandwich.

EXT. WINDSOR GARDENS - DAY

Mrs. Brown is standing in the doorway as Paddington and
Jonathan walk down the stairs. Mrs. Brown hands
Paddington a piece of paper.

MRS. BROWN
I've written out the directions to
the Peruvian Embassy...

PADDINGTON
Thank you, Mrs. Brown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Goodbye, Jonathan, and thank you.

Paddington walks out of the house and down the road. As he gets to the end of the street, Mr. Brown passes him in his car.

Paddington's POV: Jonathan's face in the back window of the car, waving.

INT. MR. BROWN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MR. BROWN
Cheer up, Jonathan. He'll be alright...

JONATHAN
(sulking)
A little bit of mess and you freak out.

MR. BROWN
It wasn't just the mess. He's different from us.

JONATHAN
He's a bear.

MR. BROWN
It's not just that, Jonathan. Everything about him is different, what he says, what he feels, what he believes in - he's just different from us.

JONATHAN
How do you know we're not different from him?

MR. BROWN
Believe me, we're fine as we are.

EXT. NOTTING HILL - DAY

Paddington walks through the busy streets. Car horns blare. A pneumatic drill digs up the road.

Paddington's POV: two large Rottweilers on leashes bark and snarl at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops outside the tube station. An Asian woman gives him directions and points into the tube. Paddington disappears down the stairs.

INT. NOTTING HILL TUBE STATION - DAY

Passengers press their tickets on to the pads which open the ticket barriers. BEEP! They pass through. Paddington puts his paw over the pad and waits. No beep. He pushes aside the rubber strips that hang over the large luggage space and walks through it.

INT. NOTTING HILL TUBE STATION PLATFORM - DAY

He waits for a train on a platform full of commuters. A commuter puts two coins in a confectionary dispenser. *CLUNK!* A bar of chocolate. Paddington takes his two centavos from the rim of his hat and puts them in the machine. Nothing.

A train arrives and he pushes his way on. The doors close and the trains starts to move...

Paddington's POV: The confectionary machine. *CLUNK!* His chocolate bar arrives.

INT. MARBLE ARCH TUBE STATION ESCALATORS - DAY

Paddington walks as fast as he can UP the left side of the DOWN escalator.

EXT. PERUVIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Paddington stops outside a large imposing building in the busy street. A plaque: EMBASSY OF PERU. He goes inside.

INT. EMBASSY OF PERU - DAY

An enormous marble-clad hallway. A SHRIVELLED UNIFORMED GUARD in a glass booth is making a CATHEDRAL out of matchsticks. Paddington stops in front of him.

PADDINGTON

Good morning...

GUARD

Ticket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gestures to a ticket dispenser. Paddington tears one off. Number 872.

The lift arrives and he gets in. He looks at the buttons. From top to bottom they read: Ambassador, Consuls, Attaches, Senior Management, Middle Management, Junior Management, Lower Junior Management, Lobby, Janitors, Cleaners, Immigrants.

Paddington presses the Immigrants button and the lift goes down...

INT. EMBASSY OF PERU - DAY

...to a large room with HUNDREDS of people in rows of plastic chairs waiting to be seen at a single counter. They sit watching a digital screen. On it the number '4'.

AUTOMATED TANNOY
(with a 'bing!')

Number 4. Number 4...

Paddington looks at his ticket: Number 872. He makes his way along a row of plastic chairs and sits at the end under a basement window. A clock on the wall: 10 o'clock. He closes his eyes...

DREAM SEQUENCE:

...as Mr. Brown pushes along the row of chairs.

MR. BROWN
You can't stay here!

Paddington turns and looks at his seat. It turns to butter and melts. Suddenly he's sliding across an enormous frying pan. Mr. Brown is cooking him like a pancake.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
I want you out right now!

He tosses Paddington into the air.

Far below Aunt Lucy looks up at him and waves.

He lands inside an enormous confectionary dispenser, like a bar of chocolate, caught in one of the coiled springs that release the chocolate bars.

Paddington's POV: Jonathan stops at the machine and inserts a coin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The spring coil turns pushing Paddington to the drop. He tries to resist it in vain. At the last moment the coil stops.

JONATHAN

(angry)

I want you to stay!

He jolts the machine. Paddington falls into the abyss and down through a shower of swirling marmalade pots. The labels of all the pots open like doors. Inside each one is the irate sales assistant from the station cafe.

SALES ASSISTANTS

(hostile)

*We don't serve bears! We don't
serve bears! We don't serve bears!
We don't serve bears!*

Paddington lands with a bump...

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

...and wakes up. He has fallen off his chair. He looks at the clock: 10.40.

AUTOMATED TANNOY

(with a 'bing')

Number Five. Number Five.

The sound of shouting from the window. Paddington climbs up on to the back of his chair to look out. The chair wobbles precariously as he looks out of the window, which is level to the pavement outside...

Paddington's POV: outside the window, the feet of hundreds of shoppers pass in front of him...

They clear and Paddington sees Prunella Flax outside a department store across the street, surrounded by shouting PAPARAZZI. She disappears inside.

In the window of the department store a poster: PRUNELLA FLAX: MARMALADE LAUNCH IN-STORE TODAY.

INT. EMBASSY OF PERU - DAY

Paddington steps out of the lift into the enormous marble-clad hallway. He goes up to the guard in the glass booth making the cathedral out of matchsticks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON
(showing his ticket)
I'm just popping out...

Paddington turns to leave. Behind him the matchstick cathedral collapses. The guard sighs and starts all over again, with two matches...

EXT. BARKRIDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Paddington goes through the revolving doors into the department store.

INT. BARKRIDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Paddington takes a seat in an audience waiting in front of a DISPLAY KITCHEN. Prunella publicity is everywhere. A row of JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A benign white-haired man, JEFFREY LEATHERWOOD, 60, takes to the stage.

JEFFREY
Ladies and gentlemen, the marmalade she is launching today will compete this Saturday for a coveted Royal Seal Of Approval at Buckingham Palace, would you please put your hands together for a celebrity chef who has won a special place in English hearts - Prunella Flax!

The audience applaud as Prunella takes the stage. She's American, South, very made up, and wearing her trademark gingham apron. There is steel in her charm. This is Martha Stewart meets Hillary Clinton.

PRUNELLA
Ladies and gentlemen, you know I'm a country girl...

Applause at her catchphrase.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
... and I believe in using only the most natural ingredients. My marmalade contains no additives, preservatives or colourings...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOURNALIST

Miss Flax, is it true you've
relocated to Britain because of
the court case brought against you
by The American Food Standards
Institute?

PRUNELLA

(smiling sweetly)
Certainly not! I'm here for the
climate! Now let's get cooking!

INT. ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH - DAY

A group of kids listen to a boring church verger.

VERGER

(monotone)
The origins of bell-ringing or
campanology stretch back to the
early 1600s...

Mr. Brown and Jonathan at the door.

MR. BROWN

(whispering)
I want you to wear this...

He pulls a yellow hard hat out of a plastic bag.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

(whispering)
...in case of falling masonry.

Jonathan looks at his father in amazement. Mr. Brown
waves goodbye and slips out of the church.

INT. BARKRIDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Prunella is in full flow.

PRUNELLA

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner
of The Royal Seal Of Approval is
allowed to display the Royal Crest
on their marmalade.

Applause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
I feel I will only truly *belong* in
this wonderful country when it's
on mine. I will do anything to win
it ladies and gentlemen...

She smiles at a man standing at the back of the audience,
ELLIOT CUNNINGHAM, 50s, very English, very conventional,
holding bunch of flowers.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
...absolutely *anything*.

He nods knowingly at Prunella.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
A volunteer!

Paddington shoots up his paw.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
A big hand for a little bear!

Applause. Paddington takes to the stage and climbs up on
to the counter of the display kitchen. On it are white
sterile boxes and a blender.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
What's your name, fluffy?

PADDINGTON
(frowning)
I'm furry, not fluffy. My name's
Paddington.

Prunella plays to the audience.

PRUNELLA
I need your help preparing the
ingredients, Paddington.

PADDINGTON
When my Aunt Lucy makes marmalade
I cut up the oranges.

He reaches for a bowl of oranges. He picks one up. He
drops it and it bounces off the unit.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)
(confused)
They're plastic...

The audience laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRUNELLA
(brittle)
They're for decoration.

PADDINGTON
Where are the real ones?

PRUNELLA
There are no real ones. This is a
marmalade that is just...

She turns to the audience.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
...ready to go-go!

Applause - another catchphrase.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
(tight smile)
Just put some into the blender,
would you?

Paddington pours a sugary orange gunk from a white
container into the blender and turns it on.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, my marmalade
captures the taste of the
Californian sun...

Paddington turns, knocking the switch on the blender from
SLOW to FAST. The blender starts to shake.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Turn it down!

Paddington goes to turn it off. His foot gets caught in
the lead. He tugs to free himself. The lead pulls tight
and he falls into the white container of Prunella's
mixture, disconnecting the blender.

The container of marmalade mixture falls to the floor
with Paddington inside it. The audience roar with
laughter.

Beat. His face appears above the unit, covered in gunk.

PADDINGTON
I'm terribly sorry Miss Flux...

PRUNELLA
Flax! Now there's none for anyone
to taste!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He plugs back in the blender. ORANGE GUNK flies out and hits Prunella full in the face. The audience roar with laughter. Prunella staggers around blindly. She finds a cloth and wipes her face.

PADDINGTON

Seeing as it's an emergency...

He opens his suitcase and takes out his last jar of Aunt Lucy's marmalade and opens the lid.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

Who'd like to try some of mine?

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

I will!/Me Too!/ Me!

They each take a spoonful.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS (CONT'D)

Stunning/Delicious/Pass it back!

Jeffrey Leatherwood dips his finger in the marmalade as he passes it back. His eyes close in rapture.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS (CONT'D)

Fantastic/Delicious!/Divine!

PRUNELLA (O.S.)

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?

She stands on stage, her hair like a birds nest, her face a horrible smear of mascara and marmalade.

PADDINGTON

(politely)

Would you like some, Miss Flax?

The eyes of the audience are on Prunella. She musters a professional smile and tastes some.

PRUNELLA

(gritted teeth)

Simply divine.

Beat.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

That's all we have time for,
folks!

The audience applaud. She turns with icy calm to Jeffrey Leatherwood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
I'd like a word.

INT. ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH - DAY

Jonathan sits in the pews with the other children as the verger continues his endless talk.

VERGER
(monotone)
..so there is a bell in E, a bell
in C, a bell in G, a bell in F, a
bell in D...

Jonathan ducks down behind a pew and begins to crawl
along it towards the open door...

INT. BARKRIDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Prunella is giving Jeffrey Leatherwood a tongue-lashing.

PRUNELLA
I've never been so humiliated in
my life! You've worked your last
day here! Get out of my sight!

Jeffrey leaves. Elliot Cunningham appears as Prunella
stands looking down into the atrium of the store watching
Paddington wander away.

ELLIOT
Prunella, are you alright?

PRUNELLA
What are you doing here, Elliot? I
can't be seen with you!

ELLIOT
I wanted to give you these, to
celebrate your launch...

He hands her the flowers.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
...and your winning The Royal Seal
Of Approval. It's the last day for
entries and no one else has...

PRUNELLA
(interrupting)
Not now, Elliot! Get back to work
before someone suspects!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elliot gives a little bow and walks away. Prunella watches the figure of Paddington disappear from sight.

INT. BARKRIDGE'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A sticky Paddington heads for the revolving doors to the street.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

Stop!

PADDINGTON

Oh dear...

Jeffrey pushes through the crowd.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry about...

JEFFREY

Please don't apologise. I wanted to tell you how impressed I was with your marmalade. You should enter it for The Royal Seal Of Approval. You could win a small fortune.

PADDINGTON

(remembering
Jonathan's words)

A small fortune...

Jeffrey Leatherwood points to a poster of Prunella.

JEFFREY

Besides, it would be good to see some people cut down to size. Why don't you freshen up here and I can tell you all about it?

EXT. PERUVIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Jonathan runs up the steps and into the Embassy.

INT. PERUVIAN EMBASSY - DAY

He runs into the marble hallway.

AUTOMATED TANNON

(with a 'bing!')
Number 7. Number 7....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs up to the guard in the glass booth who is rebuilding his matchstick cathedral.

JONATHAN

Excuse me, has a bear come in today? In a bush hat?

GUARD

He left.

Jonathan thumps the counter in frustration and runs out. The matchstick cathedral falls in a heap. The guard sighs. He picks up two matchsticks and starts all over again...

EXT. PERUVIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Jonathan scans the busy street. No sign of Paddington. He sits disconsolately on the steps.

The doors of Barkridge's open and Paddington appears wearing his iconic outfit of blue duffle coat, Wellington boots and bush hat.

JONATHAN

(delighted)
Paddington!

PADDINGTON

Jonathan!

Jonathan runs over to him.

JONATHAN

Nice outfit. How did you get it?

PADDINGTON

A nice man called Mr. Leatherwood let me choose them all myself. What are you doing here?

JONATHAN

I thought you might need some help at The Embassy.

PADDINGTON

I'm not going to the Embassy, Jonathan. (Proudly) I'm going to see the Queen.

INT. BUS - DAY

Jonathan and Paddington sit on the top deck of a London bus. Jonathan is DELIGHTED to be back with Paddington who is holding a leaflet titled THE ROYAL SEAL OF APPROVAL and as he explains his plan.

PADDINGTON

The Queen awards them every year to the best food in the country. Mr. Leatherwood says if Aunt Lucy's marmalade can win I will get a small fortune...(very pleased)...which means a house near you.

JONATHAN

You have to win first.

PADDINGTON

It'll win. Aunt Lucy's marmalade is the best in the world. We've got to be careful though, Jonathan. I've not got a lot of it left.

He opens the suitcase. The last jar of marmalade is now HALF EMPTY.

JONATHAN

(smiling)
We'll put it in a smaller jar.

Paddington closes his suitcase.

PADDINGTON

It will be nice to see the Queen again.

JONATHAN

You've met her before?

PADDINGTON

No, but I saw her once - on a stamp. From sideways on, she looked nice.

EXT. REGENT STREET - DAY

Paddington and Jonathan walk along the street. Paddington is amazed by everything he sees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Five black taxis in a row pass slowly up the road. Paddington soberly removes his bush hat in respect as they pass.

JONATHAN

It's alright Paddington. They're taxis...

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY

Jonathan and Paddington cross the square. It is full of people. A JAPANESE COUPLE stops Paddington.

JAPANESE MAN

Excuse me...

He offers Paddington his camera. Paddington takes it. The couple climb up on to the statue of a lion. Paddington looks admiringly at the camera.

PADDINGTON

Are you sure?

The Japanese nod happily.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

Thank you very much.

He walks off with it after Jonathan.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

Look what they gave me!

The Japanese climb down from the statue, shouting. A POLICEMAN stops Paddington.

POLICEMAN

That yours, sir?

JONATHAN

(protective)

He's from Peru. He didn't understand.

He takes the camera and gives it back to the Japanese. The policeman walks away. Paddington stares after him.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't stare...

Paddington points at the policeman's helmet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON
Does his head go all the way up
inside?

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

A COLDSTREAM GUARD stands to attention outside a sentry
box.

PADDINGTON
What's he doing?

JONATHAN
Protecting the Queen.

Paddington frowns at the sentry box.

PADDINGTON
Then I think they should give him
a nicer house.

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Paddington and Jonathan stop outside an imposing grey
building and check the leaflet.

JONATHAN
This is it.

They go inside.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

A plaque reads ROYAL HOUSEHOLD BUREAU. Jonathan rings a
brass bell at the counter and a receptionist appears.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

Paddington raises his hat politely.

PADDINGTON
We'd like to see the Queen please.

The receptionist looks down at Paddington.

RECEPTIONIST
Her Majesty doesn't live here,
sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

We want to enter a marmalade for
The Royal Seal Of Approval.

RECEPTIONIST

Reception room on the fifth floor.
Leaving it a bit late, aren't we,
sir?

He looks up a big clock. Five to five.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

The deadline's at five.

Jonathan and Paddington tear off up the corridor.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

A large room with a marble floor and high ceilings.
Elliot Cunningham sits writing at an oak table. He looks
up in alarm as Jonathan and Paddington approach.

JONATHAN

Good morning.

ELLIOT

And you are?

JONATHAN

Jonathan Brown. This is
Paddington. We've come to enter
his marmalade for The Royal Seal
Of Approval.

Beat. Elliot's mind is racing.

ELLIOT

You're too late.

JONATHAN

The man downstairs said the
deadline was five o'clock.

ELLIOT

It *is* five o'clock.

JONATHAN

No it's not. It's two minutes to.

PADDINGTON

(firmly)
So we'd like to apply, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOT

Very well. Use the designated channels.

He indicates a series of golden poles linked with red ropes zigzagging across the room to control queues.

JONATHAN

But there's no one else here!

ELLIOT

This is the Royal Household not a burger bar, sonny! Protocol is to be observed at all times.

He looks back at his papers. Jonathan and Paddington run back to the queue line and through the zig-zags. They arrive back in front of Elliot. He looks up as though he's never seen them before.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Yes?

JONATHAN

(out of breath)
We'd like to...enter a
marmalade...for The Royal Seal Of
Approval...please.

ELLIOT

I'm afraid the deadline has
passed.

He looks up at the clock. It's five o'clock.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

(tight smile)
So sorry.

JONATHAN

Wait a minute! (Gesturing to
Paddington) He's come all the way
from Peru...

ELLIOT

(interrupting)
Then he'll have to go all the way
back again, won't he? If you'll
excuse me I'm a very busy man.

He picks up his papers and strides out of the room.
Paddington and Jonathan stand dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN
What did we do to upset *him*?

INT. ELLIOT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

A large wood-panelled room full of leather-bound books. Elliot stands at the window, very pleased with himself.

ELLIOT
(to himself)
Well done, Elliot. You didn't panic. You saw them off like you saw off all the others. Prunella will be delighted...

He takes a putter and starts to putt golf balls across the carpet into a silver goblet.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Paddington turns to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
Wait here, Paddington. I'm going to find him.

He goes off after Elliot. Paddington sits on a chair. His tummy rumbles. A caterer pushes a trolley past. On it is a plate of PLUMP, SUGARY DOUGHNUTS. Paddington follows them, a moth to the flame.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

The caterer pushes the trolley into the boardroom and leaves. Beat. Paddington's head appears in the doorway. The boardroom is empty.

He sidles in. He pretends to admire the portraits on the walls. One is of a fierce-looking Edwardian gentleman, LORD MORTIMER. Paddington inches closer to the doughnuts, grabs one and sinks his teeth into it. Jam squirts out. His eyes close in bliss.

He looks back at the portrait. Lord Mortimer has a streak of red jam under his nose, like a nosebleed...

PADDINGTON
Oh dear...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He fetches a chair and stands on it. He tries to rub the jam off. Lord Mortimer's nose disappears altogether, a large SMUDGE is in its place.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Paddington!

He turns and see Jonathan.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Look what you've done!

PADDINGTON

I'll fix it...

He takes a bottle of water from the trolley and gives the jammy smudge a good rub with a wet napkin. A large part of Lord Mortimer's head disappears.

JONATHAN

Stop it, Paddington! Get down!
Let's go!

An efficient-looking woman, MISS PRITCHARD, 55, stops in the doorway.

MISS PRITCHARD

What are you doing?

PADDINGTON

It'll be alright...

He rubs some more. Lord Mortimer's head is now one large smudge.

MISS PRITCHARD

That is the only known portrait of
Lord Mortimer! Who are you?

PADDINGTON

I'm Paddington, and this is
Jonathan. We were just...just...

MISS PRITCHARD

Come with me! You can make your
excuses to the police!

Paddington and Jonathan go sheepishly to the doorway. Paddington looks back over his shoulder at the portrait as he goes.

PADDINGTON

Look!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They all look back. From out of the smudge, a second face appears. It's Lord Mortimer but this time, he's smiling.

MISS PRITCHARD

How on earth...

JONATHAN

There's a second painting under the first!

She runs back and examines the painting.

MISS PRITCHARD

Lord Mortimer - smiling! I don't believe it. Did you know about this?

PADDINGTON

Not really. There were doughnuts you see and...

MISS PRITCHARD

Her Majesty will be absolutely thrilled. Paddington, you said your name was? How can we possibly thank you?

INT. ELLIOT CUNNINGHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Elliot is putting golf balls into the goblet when the door bursts open. Miss Pritchard heads for the bookshelves with Jonathan and Paddington in her wake.

ELLIOT

Miss Pritchard...

MISS PRITCHARD

Mr. Cunningham, we have a late entry for the Royal Seal of Approval in the marmalade category.

ELLIOT

The deadline has passed, this is most unorthodox...

MISS PRITCHARD

I'll decide what is unorthodox, Mr. Cunningham. Besides...

She looks disapprovingly at his putter and golf balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

...I can see you're *busy*. Here we are!

She pulls out a ledger with a royal insignia embossed on the front and flicks to the page.

MISS PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

Marmalade. Not got a lot of entries this year...

ELLIOT

(covering)

A big fall-out, I'm afraid. The majority of entrants failed to meet the strict criteria of the competition...

MISS PRITCHARD

...in fact only one.

THERE ARE NINE NAMES ON THE ENTRANCE FORM: EIGHT HAVE BEEN CROSSED OUT IN RED INK. NEXT TO EACH OF THEIR NAMES ONE WORD: *INELIGIBLE*.

THE ONLY NAME LEFT ON THE FORM IS PRUNELLA FLAX.

MISS PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

I'm sure Miss Prunella Flax will be glad of some competition, Paddington.

She hands him the form. Paddington writes his name. Miss Pritchard looks up at a CALENDAR on the wall. The day is WEDNESDAY. The coming SATURDAY is ringed in red.

MISS PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

The Endorsements are held in the gardens of Buckingham Palace this Saturday. I look forward to seeing you both then. Now we must get you home...

She leaves. Paddington raises his hat to Elliot.

PADDINGTON

Thank you very much, Mr. Cunningham.

They leave. Elliot stands in frustration, slips on a golf ball and lands flat on his face.

EXT. JUDY'S SCHOOL - NOTTING HILL - AFTERNOON

A large hand-painted sign on the gates: SCHOOL FETE. A marquee is being set up in the school yard for the school fete the following day. Trestle tables are arranged as stalls, and bunting hangs across the yard.

Mrs. Brown stands holding several heavy bags of schoolbooks for marking. The headmistress is with her at the gates.

MRS. BROWN

I think we've done all we can. See you tomorrow for the big day.

HEADMISTRESS

Thanks for all your hard work, Mary. Get some rest. You're going to need it...

Mrs. Brown starts to walk home, carrying her heavy bags.

A black Bentley with royal flags pulls up alongside them. The tinted electric window glides down to reveal Paddington, who raises his hat politely.

PADDINGTON

Good afternoon Mrs. Brown. Can we give you a lift?

The Headmistress's mouth drops open in amazement.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - EVENING

The Bentley pulls up outside the house. A chauffeur in a peaked hat gets out and opens the door. Mrs. Brown gets out, laughing with Jonathan.

MRS. BROWN

What a treat! I've never been in a car like it! That little bottle of champagne!

PADDINGTON

(still in Bentley)
This is still my favourite.

He presses a button and an automated cake stand appears from inside of the Bentley door. On it a full English tea with scones and jam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BROWN

It was such a treat! Thank you,
Paddington. Goodbye.

She goes up the steps to the house. Jonathan runs after her. The chauffeur shuts the door of the Bentley.

INT. BENTLEY - EVENING

The chauffeur gets into the driving seat and looks back at Paddington.

CHAUFFEUR

Where to now, sir?

PADDINGTON

I'm not sure exactly...

Through the tinted windows, Mrs. Brown and Jonathan, arguing.

CHAUFFEUR

(kindly)
Would you like me to drive around
for a while?

PADDINGTON

If you wouldn't mind...

The chauffeur starts the engine. A knock at the window. It's Mrs. Brown. The tinted window purrs open.

MRS. BROWN

Paddington, would you like to come
in and have supper?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Jonathan, Paddington and Mrs. Brown are sitting with Mrs. Bird.

MRS. BROWN

(laughing)
You should have seen the look on
Miss Davenport's face, Mum!

MRS. BIRD

I'll say this for you, Paddington.
There's never a dull moment.

MRS. BROWN

Did you have a good day, Mum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BIRD

I didn't do much...

INT. MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - DAY

Mrs. Bird stands over a stack of fifteen roof tiles.

MRS. BIRD

HI-YA!

She breaks them with a single blow and bows to the dojo.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MRS. BIRD

... just watched some telly.

Mrs. Brown turns to Jonathan.

MRS. BROWN

I *should* be angry with you,
Jonathan.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, Mum. It *was* only bell
ringing...

MRS. BROWN

...and tomorrow is badminton. Time
for bed.

JONATHAN

Can Paddington stay? Please! Just
for tonight?

MRS. BIRD

Of course he can.

Mrs. Brown shoots Mrs. Bird a look.

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)

If it's alright with your mother.

MRS. BROWN

I suppose so, seeing as your Dad's
not here. Shoes off on the
stairs...

JONATHAN

Come on, Paddington.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paddington and Jonathan go out into the hall. Mrs. Brown gives her mother a look.

MRS. BROWN
(sardonic)
Thanks for that, Mum...

MRS. BIRD
I'm glad to see him back.

The front door opens. Judy screams as she sees Paddington in the hallway.

JUDY (O.S.)
(Seeing Paddington)
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING!

MRS. BIRD
(smiling)
Unlike some people.

MRS. BROWN
I think it would be best if we
don't mention his staying to
Henry.

MRS. BIRD
Absolutely. I wonder how his talk
is going?

INT. HEALTH AND SAFETY OFFICERS DINNER - NIGHT

Mr. Brown stands at a podium giving his talk to a group of men very similar to himself.

MR. BROWN
"...of accidents involving water -
or aqui-dents..."

The audience fall about laughing. This is top-notch Health and Safety ribaldry.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
This guy is *hilarious*!

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paddington is sticking his bus ticket into a book. Jonathan comes in and jumps into bed.

JONATHAN
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds up a scrapbook.

PADDINGTON
Making a scrapbook to send to Aunt
Lucy...

Jonathan switches off the light.

JONATHAN
Good night, Paddington.

Paddington puts down his scrapbook and writes a letter.

PADDINGTON (V.O.)
*Dear Aunt Lucy, I have arrived in
England. I am staying with a
family called the Browns. I have a
new coat and some boots which
belong to someone called
Wellington. Everything is very
different here but everyone I have
met has been very kind...*

INT. PRUNELLA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Prunella's penthouse is expensively and tastelessly decorated. Lots of gold, lots of statuettes, lots of pictures of Prunella.

Prunella stands opposite a nervous Elliot. She holds the leather bound book with the Royal Insignia embossed on it from his office.

PRUNELLA
How did you let this happen? You
were supposed to refuse entry to
everyone who applied for the
competition.

Prunella's POV: In the marmalade category Paddington's
signature: *PADINGTUN BARE, 32 Windsor Gardens.*

ELLIOT
My superior Miss Pritchard signed
him in. There was nothing I could
do.

PRUNELLA
Does she suspect you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOT

I've done the job for thirty-five years, Prunella. No one suspects me of anything.

PRUNELLA

We've got to do something...

ELLIOT

He's a bear. His marmalade is probably dreadful...

PRUNELLA

I've tasted it, Elliot. In a straight competition with mine it'll win every time. No, it's time to play hardball..

ELLIOT

I should be getting home. Mother will be getting worried...

PRUNELLA

You're not going anywhere, Elliot! You've got me into this and you're going to get me out of it.

She goes over to the window and looks out.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

So the bear likes marmalade. I'll invite him to the factory.

She writes in the margin next to Paddington's name and hands it to Elliot.

Elliot's POV: A single word next to Paddington's name: DECEASED.

He looks at Prunella in horror.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

He's only a bear, Elliot, and factories are terrible places for accidents.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE: a scarlet glove on the doorbell....

INT. HALL - DAY

Mrs. Bird opens the door. It's Prunella, looking fabulous. Mrs. Bird blinks in disbelief.

MRS. BIRD
Prunella Flax!

PRUNELLA
I'm looking for a bear called
Paddington.

She sweeps into the house.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
What a sweet little house. Such
charming decor!

MRS. BIRD
I can't believe it. I'm just
watching you pickle walnuts...

PRUNELLA
Is he here?

MRS. BIRD
He's upstairs. He's not done
something wrong, has he?

PRUNELLA
On the contrary.

MRS. BIRD
It's just he's straight off a
boat, and taking a bit of time to
find his feet. Paws, I should say.
That thing you did last week with
the curried egg...

PRUNELLA
(interrupting)
I'm on a schedule...

MRS. BIRD
Of course. (Calling upstairs)
Jonathan! Paddington!

Beat.

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)
You look much bigger in real life.

Prunella glares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)

Taller, I mean. Oh, I've got
something you might like...

She disappears into the kitchen as Paddington and
Jonathan appear at the top of the stairs.

PRUNELLA

Paddington and a boy! A beautiful
boy!

Jonathan scowls.

PADDINGTON

(surprised)
Miss Flax...

PRUNELLA

Paddington, I tasted your
marmalade at Barkridge's. It was a
revelation! You are to marmalade
what Stradivarius was to the
piano.

JONATHAN

(withering)
Stradivarius made violins.

PRUNELLA

(ignoring him)
We are to be opponents for The
Royal Seal Of Approval! I have
come to wish you luck, Paddington.
There are no enemies in the
marmalade community! Come and see
how I work! Visit my farm, taste
my produce! We turn out over six
thousand pots of marmalade a
week...

PADDINGTON

(eyes wide)
Six thousand pots? I'll get my
coat.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Paddington puts on his coat.

JONATHAN

You're not going...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON
Why not? It's the least I can do
after what happened at her
marmalade demonstration.

JONATHAN
I thought you said she was furious
with you.

PADDINGTON
I'm sure she's nice on the inside.

JONATHAN
Be careful, Paddington. There's
something about her...

PADDINGTON
(dreamily)
Six thousand pots of marmalade...

INT. HALL - DAY

Prunella is admiring herself in the mirror.

PRUNELLA
You're charming - and you're
deadly when you're charming.

Mrs. Bird reappears from the kitchen with a scrap of
paper and hands it to Prunella.

MRS. BIRD
My mother's recipe for rissoles.
Very under-rated, the rissole...

Paddington appears at the top of the stairs.

PRUNELLA
Ready Paddington?

PADDINGTON
Ready.

PRUNELLA
Thank you.

She hands back the recipe.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
I am so glad my show brings a
little sunshine into your life.

She sweeps out with Paddington.

EXT. PRUNELLA'S WORLD - DAY

A HUGE and BEAUTIFUL WOOD-SLATTED BARN surrounded by a white picket fence. Life-size Plaster of Paris models of cows, horses and chickens out front. A sign over the doors: PRUNELLA'S WORLD. Paddington and Prunella get out of the car.

PADDINGTON

Beautiful.

PRUNELLA

Wait till you see inside.

INT. PRUNELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Prunella throws off her coat and goes to the desk.

Paddington's POV: The office is homely, with lots of wood and natural fabrics.

Prunella picks up the telephone.

PRUNELLA

We'll be right down. (To
Paddington) Come...

She presses a button on the desk.

Paddington's POV: one wall of the office opens Bond-style to reveal a walkway over a HUGE STERILE OPEN-PLAN FACTORY, the exact opposite of the building's bucolic exterior.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

(proudly)
What do you think?

PADDINGTON

It's very different from the
outside.

Prunella walks out on to the walkway. Paddington follows.

PRUNELLA

The public want their food 'down-
on-the-farm-just-like-momma-made-
it' so that's how we dress it up
but we're a modern enterprise.
This way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks down a staircase to the factory floor.
Paddington follows.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

They cross the factory floor. Scientists in white lab coats pass them on electric buggies. Others take readings from the hundreds of machines.

PRUNELLA

This is the marmalade zone.

PADDINGTON

What's a 'zone'?

PRUNELLA

I make every kind of food under
the sun here Paddington, but
marmalade is my passion.

PADDINGTON

Where are the oranges?

PRUNELLA

The best place to see them is...

She positions him carefully.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

... right here.

She steps back and looks up.

CUT TO:

High above, Elliot in the cockpit of a crane loaded with crates. He nervously starts to position them over Paddington.

CUT TO:

PADDINGTON

I can't see them...

PRUNELLA

Oh you will.

She stands back. Paddington waits patiently.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crates are directly over Paddington. Elliot shuts his eyes and presses a red button. The crates plummet...

CUT TO:

Paddington turns towards Prunella.

PADDINGTON

I still can't see any...

CRASH! The crates smash into the ground. Paddington escapes by a whisker. Prunella runs over to him.

PRUNELLA

Paddington! Are you alright?

Paddington sits up, dazed.

PADDINGTON

I think so...

PRUNELLA

(Looking up) You fool! (To Paddington) I'm so sorry. It's impossible to get the staff these days. Come, let me show you my marmalade...

She walks over to a channel. A river of marmalade is flowing down it.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

It cools in this channel to precisely 37 degrees before entering the bottling machine. You must taste it and tell me what you think.

PADDINGTON

(licking his lips)
Yes please...

She gestures to the channel. Paddington stands on tip toes and leans into the channel of marmalade. He stretches his paw out...

PRUNELLA

Let me help you.

She up-ends him into the channel. Paddington is swept away by the marmalade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, furball!

CUT TO:

Paddington flies down the channel. He is blinded by hundreds of tubes which squirt lurid-coloured CHEMICALS into the marmalade.

He wipes his eyes - the huge BOTTLING MACHINE looms up ahead. It terrifying jaws SUCK up the marmalade...

He swims fast as he can against the current. It's too strong. The bottling machine gets closer and closer...

A stanchion ahead. He takes off his bush hat and throws it over it. The hat holds fast and he drags himself out.

CUT TO:

An OPERATOR at the bottling machine works on a small screen which illustrates the label for the marmalade. Prunella appears at his shoulder.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
Add this to the label: MAY CONTAIN
BEAR!

She laughs wickedly.

PADDINGTON (O.S.)
How about: TASTES RUBBERY?

She looks down. Paddington stands next to her, grimacing as he licks her marmalade from his paw. He gives her his hardest stare.

PRUNELLA
The future of food, Paddington - chemicals. Five hundred and eighty of them to be precise and we're coming up with new ones all the time.

PADDINGTON
You don't use oranges at all.

PRUNELLA
Are you nuts? Think of the overheads!

PADDINGTON
You're a fraud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PRUNELLA

I'm a businesswoman responding to public demand. Which is exactly what I told those jerks at The American Food Standards Institute! These days people want their food to look perfect and last forever.

PADDINGTON

It's also supposed to taste nice.

PRUNELLA

Who cares what it tastes like? With your stupid Queen's crest on the label, it doesn't matter! People will buy it by the truckload.

Elliot runs up.

ELLIOT

Did we get him?

He stops in his tracks as he sees Paddington.

PADDINGTON

(hard stare)

You.

PRUNELLA

Elliot has been most useful. The Royal Seal of Approval is worth millions to me. My marmalade is just the beginning. I'm going to print that Royal Crest on every food I make and sell it round the world. It's taking me back to where I belong - to the top of the food chain - and you're standing in my way!

She steps towards him. Paddington ducks under the marmalade channel. An electric buggy stands empty. He jumps in and steps on the pedal. It careers off across the factory floor.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

Stop him! Stop that bear!

Paddington's POV: he can't see out of the buggy and hold his foot on the pedal at the same time.

Elliot chases after the buggy as it lurches, starting and stopping as Paddington changes position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

A stack of tinned food ahead. Paddington stops the buggy and grabs a tin of Prunella's *Terrific Tinned Turkey*. He wedges it over the accelerator. Elliot dives for the buggy. It speeds away and Elliot crashes into the stack of tins which fall all over him.

Prunella's furious voice booms out over the Tannoy.

PRUNELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Stop that cart! The bear does not
leave the building! The bear does
not leave the building!*

CUT TO:

Paddington drives his buggy...

His POV: Three scientists ahead try to block his path. He swerves to avoid them. He looks back. Two more in a buggy behind him. A conveyor belt up ahead full of jars of marmalade -

He ducks down and the buggy drives under the conveyor belt. The top of the buggy SHEERS off.

His pursuers swerve to avoid the conveyor belt and crash into a large pressurised tank of *Prunella's Super Salad Cream*. Salad cream sprays out in an enormous fountain.

His POV: Two more scientists in a buggy behind. The bottling machine ahead. He swerves close to it and swivels a dial to MAXIMUM as he passes...

The air fills with A BLIZZARD OF MARMALADE LABELS. It blinds his pursuers who crash into a vat of pasta sauce.

His POV: the air full of labels. A door ahead. He can't stop...

EXT. PRUNELLA'S WORLD - DAY

The buggy bursts out of the building into the mock farm.

Paddington's POV: a Plaster of Paris cow ahead. Too late to stop...

The buggy smashes into a MODEL COW which smashes into a thousand pieces. Paddington speeds away.

Prunella and Elliot climb into a Range Rover and give chase.

EXT. LONDON ROAD - DAY

Paddington races away in the buggy. The Range Rover is catching up. He swerves up on to the pavement.

EXT. LONDON PARK - DAY

..and into a park, swerving through the bushes as the Range Rover follows. An open gate to the street. A bollard in the centre. Paddington's buggy squeezes through, but the Range Rover is too big to follow. Prunella reverses away at speed.

EXT. PORTOBELLO MARKET - DAY

Paddington drives through the busy street.

His POV: stalls loom up out of nowhere. Shoppers leap from his path.

PADDINGTON

Excuse me! Coming through!

CUT TO:

A horn sounds behind him.

Paddington's POV: the Range Rover pushes its way through the crowd. Prunella leaning furiously on the horn.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIR - MARQUEE - DAY

A violin quartet plays on stage. Jonathan is with Mrs. Brown in the audience as Mrs. Bird appears.

MRS. BROWN

Mum! I thought you weren't going to make it! Where have you been?

MRS. BIRD

Just stretching my legs...

EXT. SOUTH BANK CENTRE - DAY

A FREE RUNNER runs to the edge of a terrace and leaps twenty foot to another, landing in style. It's Mrs. Bird.

EXT. SCHOOL FAIR - MARQUEE - DAY

Mr. Brown pushes through the crowd towards them.

MRS. BROWN

Henry!

He kisses his wife, clearly in a good mood.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)

How did your talk go?

MR. BROWN

A triumph, though I say it myself.
The pressurised water gauge
community are a crazy bunch of
chaps, I can tell you. How are
you, Jonathan?

JONATHAN

(unhappy)

OK...

MRS. BROWN

He's missing Paddington...

JUDY (O.S.)

SEE IF I CARE!

At the side of the stage, Judy and her dance troupe all
in hot Latin outfits. Judy is shouting at Buzz, a spotty
gangly teenager. He stomps off across the playground. Mr.
and Mrs. Brown run over to her.

MRS. BROWN

What happened?

Judy shrugs. Tanika, her friend, turns to Mrs. Brown.

TANIKA

She told Buzz she loves him.

JUDY

I DID NO SUCH THING! I HATE HIM!

She turns to Mrs. Brown, all her attitude suddenly gone.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(vulnerable)

What am I going to do, Mum? I've
got no one to dance with...

Applause as the violin quartet ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

A big hand for the dance troupe
Hot Salsa!

Judy walks up on to the stage with her troupe.

JUDY

(despairing)
I am so, *so* dead!

Mr. And Mrs. Brown walk back to Mrs. Bird and Jonathan.

MR. BROWN

Cheer up Jonathan, I'm sure
wherever Paddington is, he's
having a great time...

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

Paddington RACES the buggy down the road. He's bumped
from behind. He turns...

His POV: The Range Rover right behind him, drops back to
bump him again...

Paddington sees Judy's school where he picked up Mrs.
Brown in the Bentley, up ahead. The big hand-painted
banner: SCHOOL FETE. He swerves in through the gates...

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

...and past the CARETAKER.

CARETAKER

No carts!

The Range Rover follows, horn blaring. People scatter in
its path.

CARETAKER (CONT'D)

No cars!

Paddington leaves the buggy and runs into the yard.

His POV: Hundreds of adult's legs and glimpses of STALLS
selling bric-a-brac and antiques.

He looks back. Prunella and Elliot push through the
crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRUNELLA

Out of my way! Can't you see who I am?

Paddington climbs up on to an antiques stall to look for the Browns. A hand grabs him: it's Prunella.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

Say your prayers, fuzzball! You're going to end up just like him!

She slams a metal tray with her hand and gestures to a STUFFED BADGER on the stall. Paddington jumps off the stall and ducks under the table as a SECURITY GUARD looks over.

SECURITY GUARD

Is there a problem, madam?

PRUNELLA

Certainly not! I'm talking to the bear!

She turns back - Paddington's gone. The security guard looks at the stuffed badger.

SECURITY GUARD

That's a badger, madam - and it's stuffed.

People look round, nudge and whisper to each other as they recognise Prunella...

PRUNELLA

Not the badger! The bear! I was talking to the bear!

A crowd starts to gather...

SECURITY GUARD

(looking around)
Which bear, madam?

PRUNELLA

The one in the duffle coat, the Wellington boots and the big hat!

He takes her by the arm. Mobile phones FLASH.

SECURITY GUARD

(into walkie-talkie)
Steve, check what the kids are putting in the punch, would you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRUNELLA

Don't touch me!

SECURITY GUARD

Time to go home, madam.

CROWD MEMBER 1

That's Prunella Flax?

CROWD MEMBER 2

She's never that old.

CROWD MEMBER 1

It must be her mother.

Prunella turns in fury.

PRUNELLA

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

She tries to attack but the security guard drags her away.

CUT TO:

Paddington emerges from under the stall.

His POV: Elliot pushes his way through the crowd towards him.

He runs into the school building....

INT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

...and upstairs. Elliot's footsteps on the stairs. Paddington runs into a classroom and locks the door. Elliot starts to try and break it down.

Paddington goes to the window and looks out.

His POV: Directly below the window roof of the performance marquee. The lock on the door giving way...

He climbs up on to the window sill and JUMPS...

EXT. PERFORMANCE STAGE - DAY

Judy's dance troupe dance their Latin routine. One couple turns, then another, then another...

ANGLE - Judy, mortified...

It's her turn, and she's got no partner...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HUGE RIPPING SOUND and Paddington lands in the middle of the stage.

JONATHAN
(overjoyed)
PADDINGTON!

The crowd, the dancers, all stare at Paddington. Mr. Brown looks stunned. Paddington looks at the dancers and out at the audience -

- and jinks a hip.

ANGLE - Judy in agonies of embarrassment -

The audience cheer. Paddington offers Judy a paw. He dances a few steps and offers her his paw again.

The crowd whoop with delight. She takes his paw and he spins her expertly. The crowd cheer. This bear can dance!!

Judy laughs, she can't believe it. The whole troupe nod their approval: this is ONE HOT BEAR! They dance...

The crowd on their feet with delight. The Browns and Jonathan whoop with joy. The audience start to dance. Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Brown, Jonathan - even Mr. Brown. A happy, spontaneous, delirious party.

ANGLE - Elliot at the back of the crowd, furious. He can't get near Paddington...

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - HALLWAY - EVENING

The front door opens and the Browns burst into the house laughing and dancing.

MRS BROWN
I haven't had so much fun in
years!

MRS. BIRD
Beyonce, eat your heart out!

She gyrates sexily.

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)
Shake ma booty!

MRS. BROWN
Judy, you were fantastic!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWN

You were brilliant! And I was out
of this world!

He dances a few steps. It's like he's got something stuck
on his shoe. Jonathan dives on to the sofa and pulls a
cushion over his head.

JONATHAN

Embarrassing!

Judy turns to Paddington.

JUDY

Paddington, Sorry if I was dred.
Tonight, you were off the hook.

She kisses him. Paddington smiles.

PADDINGTON

Thank you.

He turns to Jonathan.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

(whispering)
What did she say?

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Paddington is on the Z-bed writing a letter.

PADDINGTON (V.O.)

*Dear Aunt Lucy, I am sending this
letter with a scrapbook of my
adventures in London. Tonight I
went dancing with the Browns. It
was a wonderful evening. Everyone
danced except for Mr. Brown who
had something stuck on his shoe...*

Jonathan comes in wearing his pyjamas and jumps into bed.

JONATHAN

I'm glad you're back.

PADDINGTON

Me too.

JONATHAN

Tonight it just felt right - like
you were part of the family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON

Thank you Jonathan. If it wasn't for you I'd still be at Paddington Station.

JONATHAN

We have to persuade Dad to let you stay. Don't worry. I'll think of something.

He turns out the bedside light.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Good night.

PADDINGTON

(yawning)
Good night.

Beat.

JONATHAN

You never told me what happened at Prunella Flax's farm...

Beat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Paddington?

From the Z-bed, the sound of a small bear snoring...

EXT. PRUNELLA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Prunella strides up and down in a pink silk dressing gown and a fury. Elliot stands dutifully silent.

PRUNELLA

He appears out of nowhere, enters the competition at the last minute, escapes from my factory? He's got to be a professional! Who's he working for?

ELLIOT

The boy said he was from Peru.

PRUNELLA

Did he now?

She sits at a huge computer screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

The old woman said he was straight
off a boat. Right little bear, I'm
coming after you!

She cracks her knuckles and turns on the computer. The
Windows start-up tune.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Brown puts her arms round her husband.

MRS. BROWN

It's been too long since we danced
like that.

Mr. Brown takes her in his arms.

MR. BROWN

So Paddington is still with us...

MRS. BROWN

It's my fault. I don't know Henry,
I like him.

MR. BROWN

He can't stay...

MRS. BROWN

Just until he's got himself
sorted...

MR. BROWN

No.

MRS. BROWN

Why not?

MR. BROWN

To start with he's a walking
safety hazard. Secondly we don't
know the first thing about him -
heaven knows what his immigration
status is - and thirdly he's just
not like us!

Beat.

MRS. BROWN

Mary, there is no room in our
lives for a bear. Tomorrow I'll
make some enquiries and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She puts her finger over his lips.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)
You're spoiling the mood.

She takes him by his tie and leads him to the door.

MRS BROWN
Come to bed, my Latin lover.

He pulls a rose from a vase of flower and puts it between his teeth.

MR. BROWN
Te amo, chica!

He pulls it out, wincing in pain.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
Argh! A thorn! A thorn!

INT. PRUNELLA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Prunella sits in the blue glare of her computer.

PRUNELLA
Cross-reference the number of
ships from South America with the
number of bears registering in the
UK in the last eighteenth months
and we get...

Hi-tech complex charts and graphs fill the screen. In the centre a box with a number rapidly descending from 3289...to ZERO.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)
(furious)
IMPOSSIBLE! A BEAR WHO DOES NOT
EXIST!

She throws her wine glass against the wall.

ELLIOT
Unless he's here illegally.

Beat. It dawns on her.

PRUNELLA
Elliot, you're a genius. I'd like
you to call the Immigration
Service for me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elliot picks up the receiver and dials.

ELLIOT

Hello? Yes, I'd like to report an
illegal immigrant. Yes, at Number
32 Windsor Gardens in London. His
name? Paddington Bear. My name?

Prunella smiles wickedly as she scribbles on a piece of
paper and hands it to Elliot.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Of course. My name is Mr. Brown.

INT. JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

The Z-bed has closed up round Paddington in the night. He
climbs out and stretches. He opens his suitcase and puts
the letter he wrote to Aunt Lucy inside it with the
scrapbook and his last jar of marmalade.

Jonathan is asleep. Paddington leaves a note on the
beside table: 'GON TWO POST OFFISS. PADINGTUN.' and
tiptoes from the room.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - EARLY MORNING

Paddington walks down the road. TWO IMMIGRATION OFFICERS
appear on either side of him. KENTON and his over-
enthusiastic sidekick BRIGGS.

KENTON

Up early, Paddington...

PADDINGTON

How do you know my name?

BRIGGS

Going somewhere nice?

PADDINGTON

To post a scrapbook.

BRIGGS

(gleeful)

Oh no you're not.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - EARLY MORNING

From her Range Rover across the street Prunella and Elliot watch as Paddington is put into the immigration van.

PRUNELLA

(smiling)
Wonderful people, immigration.
Remind me to send them a Christmas hamper.

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - EARLY MORNING

The immigration van drives off. Paddington's face at the barred window...

His POV: 32, Windsor Gardens disappearing...

EXT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE - DAY

The van turns into the immigration centre. A dark foreboding place...

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A hard-lit, stark room. Paddington sits at a Formica table. His face only just clears the desk. Kenton and Briggs sit opposite.

PADDINGTON

It's a bit cheerless in here.

BRIGGS

(with relish)
It's *supposed* to be cheerless.

Kenton presses RECORD on the interview tape recorder.

PADDINGTON

Oh good, some music.

BRIGGS

A comedian, are you? You won't be laughing much in here!

Kenton leans into the tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENTON

Officers Kenton and Briggs
interviewing a Mr. Paddington Bear
in accordance with Clause 48 of
the Immigration Act concerning
residential status.

He takes out a pen and looks at Paddington.

KENTON (CONT'D)

Your purpose of coming to the
U.K.?

PADDINGTON

To live here. Do you have a
cushion? I'm awfully low down...

BRIGGS

(with relish)

You're *supposed* to be low down.

KENTON

Where are you from?

BRIGGS

Essex.

KENTON

Not you, Briggs.

BRIGGS

Sorry, sir.

PADDINGTON

Darkest Peru.

KENTON

You entered this country with the
aim of living here permanently?

PADDINGTON

Yes. Aunt Lucy and I had been
planning it for ages.

BRIGGS

Aunt Lucy? Who's she then? Head of
Peruvian trafficking?

Paddington gives him a hard stare.

PADDINGTON

She's my aunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENTON

Open the suitcase, please...

Paddington puts his suitcase on the table and opens it. Briggs takes out the marmalade jar. He opens it and sniffs.

BRIGGS

It's narcotics, sir!

Kenton takes it and sniffs.

KENTON

(dry)

It's marmalade, Briggs.

BRIGGS

Yes, sir.

Kenton takes Paddington's scrapbook from the suitcase.

KENTON

This?

PADDINGTON

Aunt Lucy wanted me to send her information about my stay in England.

BRIGGS

So you're a spy! Peruvian Secret service, are you? Smuggling out classified information to bring anarchy and mayhem to our nation state!

PADDINGTON

Pardon?

KENTON

Perhaps not, Briggs.

He holds up the scrapbook: taped inside, a bus ticket and a ten pence coin.

Kenton looks into the suitcase. Nothing left inside.

KENTON (CONT'D)

Nothing else then...

PADDINGTON

(standing)

I'll be getting back to The Post Office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KENTON

Of course. Let's just have a quick
look at your passport.

PADDINGTON

(innocently)

My what?

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Judy and Mrs. Bird are eating
breakfast. Jonathan comes in yawning.

JONATHAN

Paddington back yet?

MRS. BROWN

I didn't know he'd gone out.

JONATHAN

He went to the Post Office.

MRS. BIRD

Just before seven.

MRS. BROWN

You were up early Mum.

MRS. BIRD

Needed some air...

EXT. TOP OF NELSON'S COLUMN - DAWN

Mrs. Bird, dressed in the coolest of climbing gear,
watches the sun come up.

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. BIRD

I wonder what's on telly...

She goes into the living room.

JONATHAN

That's funny. He should be back by
now.

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Kenton looks at Paddington in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENTON

Never heard of a passport?

PADDINGTON

No...

BRIGGS

We're not falling for that. You've
just booked yourself a one-way
ticket back to Llamaland!

Kenton puts a telephone in front of Paddington.

KENTON

One call. Make it count.

PADDINGTON

Do you have the Browns number? I'd
like to call them.

BRIGGS

I don't think you would.

Beat. Paddington frowns.

PADDINGTON

Why not?

BRIGGS

(with relish)
Because they're the ones who
turned you in.

ANGLE - Paddington, as his world comes crashing in.

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - HALL - DAY

The door bell rings. Jonathan comes leaping down the
stairs.

JONATHAN

It's Paddington! I'll go! I'll go!

He throws open the front door. BUZZ in the doorway,
looking at the floor and shuffling his feet.

BUZZ

Judy in?

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE - DAY

Paddington sits in shock. Briggs leans over the desk and leers at him.

KENTON

So who will it be?

BRIGGS

Go on, phone a friend! Oh, that's right - you haven't got any!

Paddington takes the phone and dials. Lots of numbers.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

He's dialling abroad, sir!
Shouldn't we make him wait until after six?

KENTON

Thank you, Briggs.

PADDINGTON

Is that The Home of Retired Bears?
I need to speak to Aunt Lucy.

INT. THE HOME FOR RETIRED BEARS, PERU - DAY

The kindly man in the safari suit sits at a desk below a ceiling fan.

MAN IN SAFARI SUIT

I'm afraid she's not staying here.
(Pause) Yes, she had a place reserved but she didn't have the money to take it up.

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Paddington's face is in shock.

PADDINGTON

She's in trouble...

BRIGGS

You've got quite enough troubles of your own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENTON

Under Clause 29 of the Immigration
Act you are hereby detained at Her
Majesty's Pleasure until further
notice.

BRIGGS

(gleeful)
Send him down!

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - JONATHAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jonathan sits on his bed. Mr. Brown stops in the doorway.

MR. BROWN

He was on a journey Jonathan.
Perhaps he felt it was time to
move on. It's hard sometimes to
say goodbye.

JONATHAN

(adamant)
He would never have left without
telling me. Something's happened.
I know it has.

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE - EVENING

Briggs lead Paddington down a corridor of cells. He
unlocks one and pushes Paddington inside. The door slams.
Paddington puts up the hood of his duffle coat and sits
at the table.

PADDINGTON (V.O.)

*Dear Aunt Lucy, I know why you are
not at The Home for Retired Bears.
You spent everything you had on
getting me here....*

INT. PRUNELLA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Prunella and Elliot clink champagne glasses.

PRUNELLA

This time tomorrow The Royal Seal
of Approval will be mine.

INT. IMMIGRATION CENTRE - EVENING

Hood up, Paddington writes at the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON (V.O.)
*I am staying in a new place. It is
not as nice as the Browns but it
doesn't matter. It's my turn to
help you now so...*

ANGLE - his hardest stare...

PADDINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...I won't be staying long.

The camera revolves slowly round the hooded figure as
night turns into day...

INT. CELL - THE NEXT MORNING

...and Briggs unlocks the cell door.

BRIGGS
On your feet, bear!

The hooded figure at the desk does not move. Briggs
shakes him. The figure collapses. Paddington has gone.
His coat is stuffed with a pillow, and the Wellington
boots are empty.

Paddington runs out from behind the cell door and into
the corridor.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Hey! Let me out!

Paddington slams the cell door shut, leaving Briggs
inside. Briggs beats on the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Paddington sets off down the corridor. He's wearing his
bush hat and carrying his suitcase.

Clicking heels approach. Paddington sets off the other
way. He turns a corner. An ORDERLY is handing out meals
from a trolley. The clicking footsteps closer.

CUT TO:

The guard walks towards the orderly as she pushes the
trolley down the corridor.

CUT TO:

Paddington hangs on for grim life under the trolley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His POV: the guard's clicking heels pass inches from his nose.

The trolley stops. Paddington crawls out from underneath it. He takes his suitcase from the bottom shelf as he hears the guard find Briggs in the cell.

GUARD (O.S.)

Briggs!

BRIGGS (O.S.)

Open this door!

Paddington runs down the corridor...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

...into the stairwell. A sign: fifth floor. He swings up on to the bannister and shoots down it, making 180 degree turns at each landing.

A door bursts open above him and Briggs and the guards jump down the stairs after him.

Paddington flies off the bannister and lands in a heap. He's in a long corridor. Briggs is getting closer. He opens a door and runs...into a broom cupboard.

INT. BROOM CUPBOARD - DAY

Paddington's POV: Shadows of the guards on the shiny floor under the door as they pass the cupboard.

BRIGGS (O.S.)

This way!

The footsteps run off down the corridor. Paddington goes to the door. He freezes. Slow deliberate footsteps approach the cupboard. Paddington looks around for somewhere to hide. Brooms, mops, a bucket on wheels, nowhere...

The door of the cupboard opens. A cleaner wheels out the bucket. In it is a mop. A rather large one. It's Paddington, curled round one end...

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Briggs and two guards run back into the corridor. The cleaner is polishing the floor with the large mop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIGGS

He can't have gone far!

The mop opens an eye as Briggs stops. It's Paddington. Briggs runs off up the corridor. Beat. Paddington sits up.

PADDINGTON

Carry on...

He grabs his suitcase from the broom cupboard and runs off down the corridor.

CUT TO:

Paddington hugs the walls as he runs. Up ahead, a door to the outside. He runs towards it. He passes the kitchen, and stops in his tracks. He looks in. A plate of buns. He licks his lips. Just one...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Paddington creeps towards the buns. He reaches up to grab one...

A cook sees a paw appear on the work surface, and pat it, searching for buns.

COOK

Hey!

Paddington grabs a bun. He pulls the stainless steel tray to the floor, with a loud crash.

COOK (CONT'D)

It's a bear!

Footsteps in the hall.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bun in hand, Paddington runs into the corridor. Briggs and the guards coming towards him.

BRIGGS

Got you!

Paddington runs...

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

....into the reception area. It is full of people of all nationalities.

Paddington's POV: the exit door ahead. A guard in the doorway. No way out...

He looks around desperately for a place to hide. A row of Russians in fur hats on a bench, each with a single suitcase. One of them beckons to him...

CUT TO:

Briggs bursts into the room.

BRIGGS

The bear! Did you see the bear?

He stops at the line of Russians. He is too pumped up to notice that one of them wears a particularly large fur hat and has a particularly small suitcase.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Bear? Did you see a bear?
Understand?

RUSSIAN

(slight shake of
head)

Niet!

Briggs runs off down a corridor. Paddington climbs off the Russian's head. The Russian winks as Paddington.

CUT TO:

Briggs stops in his tracks: something about that Russian's hat...

CUT TO:

He runs back to the Russians. The Russian is now wearing a normal fur hat. He scans the room.

No sign of Paddington. Just an ASIAN MOTHER pushing her pram out of the detention centre....

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE DETENTION CENTRE - DAY

The Asian mother stops her pram. Paddington sits up in the pram next to her baby and raises his hat politely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON

Thank you.

He climbs out of the pram and takes his suitcase.

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

Lovely baby.

The mother smiles as he hurries away.

INT. HALLWAY -DAY

The doorbell rings. Jonathan comes leaping down the stairs three at a time.

JONATHAN

Paddington!

The rest of the family come out of the living room as he throws open the door. It's Kenton and Briggs.

KENTON

Mr. and Mrs. Brown?

MR. BROWN

Yes...

KENTON

Immigration. The bear you reported, Mr. Brown. He's escaped from the detention centre.

BRIGGS

We'd like you to keep your eyes open.

Jonathan and Judy turn to Mr. and Mrs. Brown in horror.

JONATHAN

(incredulous)

You reported Paddington to immigration?

MR. BROWN

Of course not. There's been some sort of a mistake...

JONATHAN

How could you? He's my friend!

JUDY

(vehement)

AND MINE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kicks Mr. Brown in the shins.

MR. BROWN

Aargh!

Jonathan runs out of the house.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

Jonathan, come back!

Jonathan jumps on to his BMX and disappears down the street.

BRIGGS

He knows where he is!

They run back down the steps to their car.

EXT. RAILWAY ARCHES - DAY

It's raining. Paddington walks purposively past the garages under the arches. The city seems dark and threatening but he does not waver. A GANG OF HOODIES shout at him.

HOODIE

Hey, freak!

Paddington presses on...

EXT. PORTOBELLO MARKET - DAY

Jonathan cycles into the market in the rain. He stands on the pedals, searching desperately for Paddington.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Briggs and Kenton scour the wet streets...

EXT. ROAD - BROWNS CAR - DAY

Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bird and Judy stare out the windows through the rain, looking for Jonathan and Paddington...

EXT. STREET - DAY

AERIAL SHOT: Umbrellas pass up and down the street, Paddington is the only figure without one, as he walks on through the rain with conviction...

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Jonathan cycles through the rain, looking left and right...

EXT. BUSY ROAD - DAY

Paddington crosses a busy road in the rain, impervious to the traffic. Brakes screech, car horns blare...

EXT. ROAD - BROWNS CAR - DAY

The Browns peer through the windscreen wipers...

JUDY

Paddington!

MRS. BROWN

(looking out)

Where!

JUDY

No! Paddington Station! That's where he'll be! It's the only other place he knows!

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

The station is thick with commuters. Paddington stands in the queue at the ticket booth. It's his turn. He stands on tiptoes.

PADDINGTON

How much is a ticket to Peru?

TICKET OFFICER

Next!

Paddington moves away from the ticket booth. He sits on his suitcase in the exact same place Jonathan first found him.

His POV: A tide of commuters pass without stopping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens his suitcase and takes out the framed photo of Aunt Lucy and puts it on the ground next to his inverted bush hat. He adds the luggage label - PLEASE LOOK AFTER THIS BEAR. THANK YOU - as though he is begging for Aunt Lucy's life.

For the first time he looks totally lost. A tear forms in his eye and he wipes it away.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Can I buy you a bun?

Paddington looks up. Jonathan is smiling down at him.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

The Browns run into the station and push through the crowd.

JUDY

There they are!

They rush through the crowd. Jonathan sits with Paddington who is making short work of a large iced bun.

MRS. BROWN

Jonathan!

The Browns race over.

JONATHAN

Go away! If you don't want
Paddington I don't want you!

Mr. Brown looks at Paddington.

MR. BROWN

Paddington, I swear we did not
report you to immigration.

MRS. BROWN

Honestly we didn't.

MR. BROWN

I swear on the British Health and
Safety Manual itself.

Paddington's POV - the Brown's open, honest faces.

JONATHAN

(to Mr. Brown)
Then who *did*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paddington looks across the concourse. The poster of PRUNELLA in her gingham apron, holding a slice of pizza: *Prunella's Perfect Pizza*. The penny drops.

PADDINGTON

Of course.

MRS. BIRD

Of course *what*?

PADDINGTON

Prunella Flax.

MR. BROWN

I beg your pardon?

PADDINGTON

If I'm not in the country, I can't take part...

JUDY

Dad, we've got company!

Across the concourse, Kenton and Briggs.

MRS. BROWN

Come on. We can talk at home...

PADDINGTON

(determined)

I'm going to Buckingham Palace.

MR. BROWN

What on earth for?

PADDINGTON

Aunt Lucy's in trouble. I've entered a competition and I intend to win it.

MR. BROWN

Then what are we waiting for?

Mr. Brown takes off his coat and throws it over Paddington. He picks him up and starts to walk back to the car.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

Everyone nice and calm. Keep moving...

The family sets off towards the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BROWN
(smiling)
Don't look now Henry Brown, but
you're breaking the law.

EXT. PADDINGTON STATION - DAY

They reach the car. Another parking ticket. Mr. Brown
chucks it away, a changed man. The family pile in.

KENTON (O.S.)
Stop!

Kenton and Briggs race towards them across the concourse.
The Browns pile into the car and speed off. Kenton and
Briggs hail a cab.

KENTON (CONT'D)
Follow that car!

He smiles at Briggs.

KENTON (CONT'D)
I've waited twenty years to say
that!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mr. Brown drives like a demon through the traffic.

JUDY
Way over the speed limit Dad -

MR. BROWN
- and it feels great!

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS - DAY

The rain is past. The sun is out. The gardens are full of
pomp and grandeur. Flags flutter in the breeze. Soldiers
play a fanfare.

The immaculate grounds are thick with white marquees.
Each has a different banner outside: PORK PIES, POTTED
SHRIMP, CHUTNEY, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, CHEESES, CAKES,
FUDGE, MARMALADE...

EXT. MARMALADE MARQUEE - DAY

A crowd has gathered round the entrance of the marquee. They all strain to see inside...

INT. MARMALADE MARQUEE- DAY

Prunella doing a piece to camera for her TV show.

PRUNELLA

(to camera)

We are live at Buckingham Palace for The Royal Seals of Approval and I'm pitting my marmalade against the very best in the world!

Behind her two silver salvers on a table each with a sign: 'PRUNELLA FLAX' and 'PADDINGTON BEAR'. Between them is a silver spoon, a knife and a plate of perfect little triangles of toast.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

(to camera)

The tension is unbearable as we wait for The Royal Taster to arrive.

She takes a pot of her marmalade from an assistant and places it on her salver.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Five minutes till judging time!

EXT. WINDSOR ROYAL FOOD FAIR - CAR PARK - DAY

The Brown's car screeches to a halt in the car park. The Browns, Mrs. Bird and Paddington jump out. Paddington holds his pot of marmalade as they run into the fair. Mrs. Brown stops an OFFICIAL.

MRS. BROWN

Which way to the marmalade marquee?

OFFICIAL

Right down to the end of the aisle. The Royal Taster's on his way there now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Brown looks at the dense crowds.

MR. BROWN

We'll never make it.

A row of royal bicycles, all with royal flags on the handlebars.

JONATHAN

Paddington, get on!

Holding his jar of marmalade, Paddington climbs into the front basket.

A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE. They turn to see Mr. Brown blowing his red whistle.

MR. BROWN

Jonathan! Wait!

He leans into the car and pulls out a bag.

CUT TO:

A taxi swerves into the car park and Kenton and Briggs jump out.

KENTON

The bear! There he is!

Jonathan in full safety gear - knee pads, arm pads, crash helmet and goggles - SLALOMS away through the towards the marmalade tent. Paddington is in the basket in front.

BRIGGS

Boy, that kid can ride!

KENTON

Shut up, Briggs!

CUT TO:

Elliot is approaching the marmalade tent when he passes Miss Pritchard.

MISS PRITCHARD

Everything going smoothly,
Cunningham?

ELLIOT

Yes, Miss Pritchard.

MISS PRITCHARD

Where's Paddington?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLIOT

No sign of him. What do you expect
from a bear?

He walks on, then stops in amazement as Jonathan and
Paddington hurtle towards him...

CUT TO:

Jonathan and Paddington speed through the crowd..

JONATHAN

There it is! The marmalade
marquee!

Elliot dives out from behind a marquee and grabs the pot
from Paddington's paws.

PADDINGTON

Jonathan!

Jonathan skids the bike 180 degrees and sets off after
Elliot. Elliot runs through a crowded Sausage Marquee to
lose him.

ELLIOT

Out of my way! Out of my way!

Jonathan and Paddington pursue him on the bike.

CUT TO:

Elliot runs out of the marquee. Mrs. Bird spots him.
Suddenly she's free running - up a stack of crates on to
the top of a van and somersaulting into the air...

CUT TO:

She lands in Elliot's path. It's a face-off.

MRS. BIRD

Put down the marmalade. My hands
are deadly weapons.

Elliot laughs and tries to runs past her -

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)

HI-YAH!

WHIP! WHOP! WHAP! A flurry of brilliant karate moves and
Elliot is out cold on the floor. Jonathan and Paddington
skid to a stop on the bike. Mrs. Bird picks up the pot
and gives it to Paddington.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. BIRD (CONT'D)
Go for it, boys!

CUT TO:

Jonathan skids to a halt on the slope above the marmalade tent. The entrance is completely blocked by a crowd of people. A trumpet call rings out as The Royal Taster approaches.

PADDINGTON
The Royal Taster!

JONATHAN
There's only one way to do this.

INT. MARMALADE MARQUEE - DAY

The Royal Taster approaches the table. Paddington's silver salver is empty.

ROYAL TASTER
Where is 'Paddington Bear'?

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Jonathan races down the slope on his bike. A stack of trestle tables ahead. One of them angled like a RAMP -

PADDINGTON
NO!

He covers his eyes. Jonathan hits the ramp perfectly and sails into the air

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE:

Paddington and Jonathan fly over the heads of the astonished crowd...

INT. MARMALADE MARQUEE - DAY

SLOW MOTION: ... past The Royal Taster...

CUT TO:

Mr. Brown in the crowd, reaches his hand out in desperation towards his airborne son...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROWN
(slow motion)
J-O-N-A-T-H-A-N....

Jonathan and Paddington fly past Prunella...

...and CRASH LAND.

CLOSE on each part of Jonathan's protective gear as they now save him...

CLOSE: a gloved hands hits the dirt.

CLOSE: an elbow pad throws up dust...

CLOSE: a knee pad takes the impact..

CLOSE: his helmet hits the floor -

CLOSE: a TINY PIECE OF GRIT turns high in the air...

CLOSE: it lands - TOC! - on his goggles.

END OF SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE.

Jonathan scrambles to his feet.

JONATHAN
He's here! Paddington is here!

ANGLE - Prunella's face, aghast as she sees Paddington.

PADDINGTON
(looking down)
My marmalade isn't.

The last pot of Aunt Lucy's marmalade has been smashed in the landing. The marmalade is mixed with mud and broken glass. It's ruined.

Prunella heaves a huge sigh of relief.

ROYAL TASTER
In which case...

He is cut short by a HUGE TRUMPET FANFARE from outside the marquee.

CRIER
Her Majesty The Queen!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd outside the marquee burst into applause and fan out as the Queen and her entourage enter the marquee. She stops at the table and addresses the Royal Taster.

QUEEN

May we, Babbington?

ROYAL TASTER

Of course, ma'am...

He bows low and recedes. The Queen takes the silver spoon and puts small dollop of Prunella's marmalade on a piece of toast. She takes a bite.

QUEEN

(frowns)

Mmmmm. Rubbery.

She looks over at the empty salver marked 'Paddington Bear'.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

No marmalade? But surely you must be 'Paddington Bear'...

PADDINGTON

Yes, ma'am...

He takes off his bush hat with a flourish...

...and underneath are two dog-eared marmalade sandwiches. The Queen raises the royal eyebrow.

QUEEN

Unorthodox presentation.

ANGLE- Prunella can't believe her eyes.

The Queen takes a small bite of a sandwich and frowns.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

We wouldn't say the bread was entirely fresh...

ANGLE - Paddington, Jonathan, their hearts in their mouths...

QUEEN (CONT'D)

(beaming)

...but the marmalade's fit for a Queen!

The crowd laugh at the royal joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QUEEN (CONT'D)

The winner of this year's Royal
Seal Of Approval is Paddington
Bear!

PRUNELLA

(apoplectic)

NO!

The crowd gasp. The cameras roll, not missing a moment.
Prunella looks at the Queen, black with fury.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

I'm the winner! I'm supposed to
win!

Prunella launches herself on the Queen.

PRUNELLA (CONT'D)

Give it to me! Give it to me!

Soldiers drag her off. Prunella's TV cameras don't miss a
moment. The Queen is entirely unruffled as Prunella is
dragged from the marquee.

QUEEN

Congratulations, Paddington Bear.

PADDINGTON

Thank you ma'am.

KENTON (O.S.)

Hold it!

Kenton and Briggs push their way though the crowd and
stand puffing in front of the Queen.

KENTON (CONT'D)

Your Majesty...

BRIGGS

(excited)

Wow! Your really real Majesty!
Cool!

KENTON

This bear is an illegal immigrant
from Peru, Ma'am. We are arresting
him under Section Sixty-Eight
Subsection Four of the Immigration
Act of 1956.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

QUEEN

Officer, are you acquainted with the Ursine Exemption?

KENTON

Ma'am?

QUEEN

Which states that all bears of small stature and Peruvian origin who are in the possession of impeccable manners and excellent marmalade-making skills are automatically made honourable citizens of the realm?

KENTON

No, ma'am...

QUEEN

Then we suggest you scuttle off and acquaint yourself with it right away. Chop, chop!

Kenton and Briggs disappear into the crowd, tails between their legs. The Queen leans conspiratorially to Paddington.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

We're not surprised he hadn't heard of it. We just made it up!

PADDINGTON

Your Majesty, I don't mean to be rude but could the prize money be sent to The Home For Retired Bears in Peru straight away? My Aunt Lucy needs it...

QUEEN

Yes, I know it. Charming place. Opened it on our South American tour in '76. Shouldn't be a problem. Why don't you join me on the judging and you can tell me all about it?

PADDINGTON

Thank you Ma'am...

She winks and turns to the Royal Taster.

QUEEN

What's next, Babbington?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ROYAL TASTER

Fudge, ma'am.

QUEEN

Oh goody.

INT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - KITCHEN - DAY

The whole family is making pancakes in the kitchen. Mr. Brown is flipping them high into the air. They are landing everywhere. Mrs. Brown retrieves one from a shelf.

MRS. BROWN

(laughing)

Stop it, Henry! Not so high!

MR. BROWN

More eggs! More eggs!

MRS. BIRD

Coming up!

Mrs. Bird opens the fridge and chucks eggs at Jonathan and Judy.

JUDY

Mrs. Bird, stop!

Judy and Jonathan break eggs into a bowl.

MR. BROWN

Hurry! He'll be up in a minute...

The door opens. Paddington stands in the doorway.

ALL

SURPRISE!

The Brown's faces fall as they see Paddington is carrying his suitcase.

JUDY

You're going...

PADDINGTON

You've all been very kind but it's time I moved on...

MR. BROWN

Paddington...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PADDINGTON
...learnt to stand on my own two
paws.

MR. BROWN
Paddington, there's something I'd
like to say on behalf of us all.

The family all look at him.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
The thing is Paddington, sometimes
in life you feel...

Oh dear. This is hard...

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
...like you've got it all sorted,
all safe and then..out of the blue
something, someone comes
along...like you...

Very hard...

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)
...and shows you just what you've
been missing...and how much better
life can be...what I'm trying to
say is that we...as a family...

JONATHAN
(simply)
Paddington, would you stay?

Beat. He looks at them all.

MRS. BROWN
We want you to.

MRS. BIRD
We all do.

JUDY
Very much.

JONATHAN
For always.

MR. BROWN
Me included. Very much included,
in fact.

Paddington is lost for words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PADDINGTON

That is the best thing anyone has
ever asked me. Nothing in the
world would make me happier -
except perhaps -

The Browns look unsure - what will he say?

PADDINGTON (CONT'D)

...a pancake with marmalade!

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - A MONTH LATER

It's a sunny day. Paddington sits in the garden spreading
a slice of bread from a pot of marmalade. The label says
AUNT LUCY'S MARMALADE. On the label is a picture of Aunt
Lucy, and The Royal Crest.

Jonathan is reading a comic next to him. Mrs. Brown and
Mr. Brown open the kitchen door and lean out.

MRS. BROWN

We're off to dance class.

JONATHAN

Right...

Paddington takes a bite of his sandwich and starts to
write a letter.

PADDINGTON (V.O.)

*Dear Aunt Lucy, Thank you for your
letter. I am so happy you are
enjoying life at The Home For
Retired Bears and making lots of
new friends.*

EXT. HOME FOR RETIRED BEARS IN LIMA - DAY

Aunt Lucy sits in the garden on a swing seat under the
big tree in the garden reading Paddington's letter.

Next to her a DIGNIFIED MALE BEAR of senior years,
holding her paw.

PADDINGTON (V.O.)

*You always said you wanted me to
come to England to find a home -
well, I have found one...*

EXT. 32 WINDSOR GARDENS - GARDEN - DAY

PADDINGTON (V.O.)
...but I have also found a family.

Through the windows of the house we can see Mrs. Bird in the living room watching television. In an upstairs window Judy is snogging Buzz.

PADDINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I can never thank you enough for
 that so instead I want to thank
 you for your marmalade because it
 really is...*

Paddington pops the sandwich into his mouth and smiles.

PADDINGTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...the very best in the world!