

"THE BLUE BIRD"

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F i n a l Script
September 1, 1939

"THE BLUE BIRD"

FADE IN

- 1 MAGNIFICENT LONG SHOT - MAJESTIC SNOW-CLAD PEAKS OF THE TYROLEAN ALPS

CAMERA PANS DOWN the pine-timbered mountainsides.
Superimpose title:

"A VILLAGE IN THE TYROL - 1809"

Title FADE OUT. CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING DOWN to a tiny, picturesque hamlet nestling at the foot of the mountain. (This SHOT to be made in Europe.)

DISSOLVE TO:

- 2 IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING SIGN

done in decorative wrought iron, richly painted.
Over a royal crest are the words:

"NO TRESPASSING

By Order

RUDOLPH IV"

DISSOLVE TO:

- 3 EXT. HILLY WOODED SITE (Lake Arrowhead Location)
MED. LONG SHOT

Mytyl (SHIRLEY TEMPLE) and Tytyl, her little brother, are walking through the woods. They are neatly but poorly dressed in the nonetheless picturesque clothes worn by Tyrolean peasant children.

Mytyl carries a small, square basket made of woven reed with a hinged, wooden top. Tytyl carries a stick with a long string attached. He tags along after Mytyl. Both of them are looking to the right and to the left into the treetops as the CAMERA ROLLS UP to meet them.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

TYLTYL
(pointing upward
to a branch)
Mytyl! There's one.

Mytyl looks in the direction he has pointed.

4 INSERT:

A brownish looking, nondescript thrush, seated on a branch.

5 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

MYTYL
Give me that.

She takes the stick and string from Tyltyl. She places the basket upside down on the ground, props it open with the stick and quickly takes some bread crumbs from her pocket and places them in the trap.

6 MED. SHOT

CAMERA PANS with the children as excitedly and without a word they back off to hide behind a clump of bushes. Mytyl holds the end of the string in her hand. Tyltyl crouches behind her and strains to look over her shoulder.

MYTYL
Quiet now!

She looks up and follows the downward flight of the bird with her eyes.

7 CLOSE SHOT - THE TRAP

The thrush flies down and hops toward the trap. He starts picking at the crumbs.

8 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

Their faces tense with excitement and anticipation.
Mytyl pantomimes "Quiet."

9 CLOSE SHOT - THE TRAP

The bird hops under the basket after more crumbs.

10 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Mytyl pulls the string, trapping the bird.

MYTYL

We've got him! We've got
him!

They dash toward the trap.

TYLTYL

(as they move)

You think it's a thrush?

MYTYL

I hope so.

They reach the trap. Mytyl picks it up and holds
it tight.

MYTYL

(looking through
the apertures of
the basket and
talking to bird)

No use fluttering. I've got
you now.

TYLTYL

Let me see, Mytyl.

MYTYL

(shifting the
basket away from
him)

Be careful, Tyltyl. You'll
get him excited.

At this moment a great, resounding VOICE COMES OVER
the scene from a distance.

VOICE

Hi, there! Who goes there?

The children turn quickly and see off.

11 MED. LONG SHOT - A ROYAL FORESTER

A big, bearded man in forester's uniform, armed with a gun. He has just stepped up on a little mound in the distance.

FORESTER

(bellowing)

What are you doing here --
trespassing in the Royal
Forest!

He starts clumping down the hillside after them.

12 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

Tyltyl, terrified, clings to Mytyl.

TYLTYL

Oh! A forester!

MYTYL

Come on - quick!

She snatches Tyltyl by the hand and with the basket in the other they tear off as fast as their legs will carry them.

13 CLOSE SHOT - THE FORESTER

He stops, smiling broadly - then chuckles indulgently as he looks after the fleeing children.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 LONG SHOT - VILLAGE STREET (Use Heidi Set)

A section of little shops and houses. Mytyl and Tyltyl enter the village, walking hurriedly. Tyltyl is still looking back over his shoulder.

15 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

CAMERA TRUCKING ahead of them. Tyltyl still worried about the forester - Mytyl intent on her bird.

TYLTYL

What would that forester have
did if he'd caught us?

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

MYTYL
(correcting him)
'Have done,' Tyltyl, 'have done.'

TYLTYL
What would he 'a done?

MYTYL
Put us in a dungeon and
chopped off our heads.

TYLTYL
Just for one little bird?
He's got a whole forest of them.

MYTYL
It's against the law.

They continue walking forward and pass one or two
little shop windows which display evidences of
Christmas - cheap Santa Clauses, colored, bright
ornaments, tinsel, etc.

16 EXT. - CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW - FRONT OF MRS.
BERLINGOT'S TUMBLEDOWN COTTAGE

Pressed against the window pane is the wan, little
face of Angela Berlingot (SYBIL JASON.). She is
propped up in bed, the bed being more or less a
window seat, a tattered shawl about her thin
shoulders. Her face lights up and she throws open
the casement window and she calls.

ANGELA
Mytyl! Oh, Mytyl!

17 EXT. VILLAGE STREET

as Mytyl and Tyltyl stop and look off.

MYTYL
(blithely)
Oh. Hello -- Angela.

They cross out of scene.

18 MED. SHOT - AT ANGELA'S WINDOW

ANGELA
(seeing the basket
offscene)
What have you there? Some-
thing for Christmas?

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

Mytyl and Tylyl enter.

MYTYL

It's a bird -- a very rare bird.

TYLTYL

It's a thrush - we think.

MYTYL

I trapped it in the Royal Forest.

ANGELA

What are you going to do with it?

MYTYL

Keep it, of course. Put it in a cage and teach it to sing.

ANGELA

Oh, I wish I were well - so I could catch one.

MYTYL

Maybe you can - some day.

ANGELA

I don't suppose -- You wouldn't let me trade you something for it -- would you?

MYTYL

(quickly)

I should say not.

(then on second

thought - warily)

What have you got?

19 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANGELA

as she looks around and picks up a worn-looking rag doll, noticeably disfigured.

ANGELA

I'd let you have Katrina -- you always liked her.

MYTYL

Yes. When she was new.

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

She takes the doll, appraising it shrewdly.

ANGELA

She's only been sewed up in
that one little place.

MYTYL

(handing it
back to her)

I'm sorry. Besides, I promised
this bird to another little
girl for Christmas.

ANGELA

Oh, Mytyl -- she wouldn't mind.

20

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM

wretchedly furnished, bare, cold and cheerless -
as Mrs. Berlingot, Angela's mother, enters. She
is a sharp-featured woman, prematurely old through
privation.

SOUND OF ANGELA'S VOICE comes over.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Please, Mytyl - won't you trade?

MRS. BERLINGOT

(alarmed - crossing
quickly to the
window)

Angela, close that window. You
know better than that.

ANGELA

(indicating the
two outside)

It's Mytyl. She's got a bird.

MRS. BERLINGOT

(fixing the
covers)

Aren't you sick enough, dear,
without catching your death
of cold?

Reluctantly Angela starts to close the window.

ANGELA

Oh, Mother, I've always wanted
a bird like that. Please, ask
her to give it to me.

21 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW DOWN TO
STREET - TAKING IN MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Mrs. Berlingot glances out at Mytyl scowling.

MRS. BERLINGOT
That one! She'd never give
anybody anything!

She pulls the window to with a bang.

22 EXT. STREET - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

Mytyl, reacting to Mrs. Berlingot's slur, shrugs
her shoulders indifferently - Tyltyl tagging along.
She exits.

23 MED. SHOT - VILLAGE STREET - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

TRUCKING ALONG with them.

TYLTYL
Who's the little girl you
promised a bird for Christmas?

MYTYL
Who do you suppose? Me!

TYLTYL
Then why didn't you say so?

MYTYL
(with an ex-
asperated sigh)
The next time I go hunting -
I'll leave you at home.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. RICH SECTION OF VILLAGE

Mytyl and Tylyl hurrying along are passing the iron railings of a big house. A lamplighter is lighting a street lamp.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes the sound of gay dance music. The children pass the doors of the house and stop in front of a large window.

25 EXT. HOUSE - SHOOTING IN THROUGH THE BIG WINDOW

at the children's Christmas party going on inside. About a dozen little boys and girls, beautifully dressed. Some are dancing around the Christmas tree to music rendered by a group of musicians at one side. Near the window flunkies are cutting an enormous cake and serving the children.

26 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLYL

staring through the railings.

MYTYL

Tylyl! Did you ever see such a Christmas tree?

TYLYL

Look at all the children. Everyone's having fun, aren't they?

MYTYL

Everyone but those fiddlers.

27 CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW

to show the musicians, weary and bored, sawing and blowing with dead faces.

28 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLYL

TYLYL

Ooh! Those cakes! And they can eat all they want! I wish we were in there.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

MYTYL

I wouldn't go in - even if they
invited us.

29 ANGLE - SHOOTING THROUGH THE WINDOW

A little girl - tall, thin, but very pretty,
exquisitely dressed - is accepting a piece of cake
from the white-wigged butler.

30 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

TYLTYL

(entranced)

Look at that little girl.
She's just like Cinderella!

MYTYL

(disparagingly)

Cinderella? With those skinny
legs?

31 MED. SHOT - ELABORATE DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE

The doorman has been given a plateful of cakes.
As he munches them he looks off and sees Mytyl
and Tyltyl peering through the railings. An expres-
sion of sympathy passes over his face and he smiles.

As CAMERA FOLLOWS him he crosses to the children.
SOUND of the CHILDREN'S VOICES coming over.

TYLTYL'S VOICE

Is that Santa Claus with the
white hair?

MYTYL

No, you goose - that's the
butler.

DOORMAN

(quite kindly
as he reaches
them)

Good evening!

Mytyl and Tyltyl turn quickly and jump down off
the railing.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

MYTYL
(on the
defense)
We're not doing anything -
just looking.

32 CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

The doorman extends the plateful of cakes.

DOORMAN
Would you like some cakes?

TYLTYL
(eagerly)
Oh, thank you, Sir - .

DOORMAN
(generously)
Help yourself - both of you.

Tyltyl reaches for a cookie, but Mytyl snatches
him back.

MYTYL
(sharply)
Don't take any, Tyltyl.

TYLTYL
(amazed)
Huh?

MYTYL
(disdainfully)
We may not be rich, but we're
not beggars - thank you.
(to Tyltyl)
Come, Tyltyl.

She snatches his hand and pulls him away. The door-
man looks after them in surprise, a cookie half
poised toward his mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. MYTYL AND TYLTYL'S HOME

A charming simple cottage on the outskirts of the
village. It is almost dark by now. Mytyl and
Tyltyl reach the garden gate. As Mytyl pushes open
the gate, Tyltyl notices with dismay that the lamp
inside the cottage is lighted.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

(stopping)

Oh, Mytyl! The lamp is lighted.
We're late.

MYTYL

I'll show them the bird. And
they'll forget to scold us.

They hurry toward the door.

34

INT. KITCHEN-LIVING ROOM

Very simple with homemade furniture, but warm, cozy, comfortable. The table is set for supper. Mummy Tyl is at the stove, ladling out plates of stew. Tylette, a sleek, black cat, is lapping up a saucer of milk in the foreground. Tylo, a bow-legged, pug bulldog, is gnawing on a bone near the washbowl.

As the children burst in, Mummy turns quickly from the stove, frowning.

MUMMY

(scolding)

A fine hour to be getting home!

MYTYL

Look, Mummy. We caught the most
beautiful bird!

She runs forward, holding the basket.

MUMMY

(sharply)

Where have you been? What kept
you?

MYTYL

(feigning
great hurt)

Don't you want to see it?

MUMMY

I want to see your hands clean --
Put that down and wash up --
both of you!

The children exit toward the washbowl.

35

CLOSER ANGLE - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Tyltyl hangs up his cap, he flashes Mytyl a look
as much as to say: "Your little ruse didn't work!"

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

Tylo, leaving his bone, greets the children joyously.
He barks, jumps up on them.

MYTYL

(slapping
him down)

Down, Tylo - down!

Mytyl sets the bird trap on a chair near the door,
CAMERA PANNING WITH HER.

Daddy Tyl enters from his room. He is a husky wood-
cutter in his late thirties, dressed in peasant cos-
tume of wool and leather.

MYTYL

Oh, hello, Daddy. I didn't
know you were home.

Daddy doesn't answer at once, but turns to fill his
pipe.

36 ANGLE - FAVORING DADDY

DADDY

Your Mummy had to set the table,
Mytyl. Did you forget the time?

MYTYL

You know, Daddy - I think the
village clock is slow.

He looks at her suspiciously.

DADDY

Do you hear that, Mummy? The
village clock was slow.

37 MED. SHOT - GROUP - TABLE IN FOREGROUND

MUMMY

(coming to table
with plates of
stew)

She has eyes, hasn't she?

DADDY

(sternly, to Mytyl)
Yes. Didn't you see it was
growing dark?

MYTYL

(washing her hands)
Well, I did. But Angela
Berlingot stopped us. I had
to talk to her -- she's sick,
you know.

Daddy comes down to table.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

(coming
to table)Then we looked in at the rich
children's house.Mytyl comes to him quickly and gives him a tug to be
quiet. But Tyltyl rattles on as Daddy seats himself.

TYLTYL

And what do you think, Daddy -
they've a Christmas tree as
high as the ceiling!

MUMMY

(shortly)

Never mind all that now! Get
to your places! Your father's
been working all day in the
forest - he's hungry -The children take their places at the table and
immediately bow their heads. Daddy bows his head,
speaks grace.

DADDY

(reverently)

For what we are about to receive -

38 CLOSE SHOT - CHAIR WITH BASKET

as Tyllette reaches the basket with her paw.

DADDY'S VOICE

(continuing)

- and for all Thy bounteous
blessings, O Lord -

39 CLOSE SHOT - TYLTYL & MYTYL

as Tyltyl sees the cat offscene.

DADDY'S VOICE

(continuing)

- make us truly thankful.

MUMMY'S VOICE

Amen.

TYLTYL

Amen -- Mytyl! Tyllette's after
your bird.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)

MYTYL
(springing up)
Tylette!

40 MED. SHOT - GROUP

Mytyl rushes to chair, chasing Tylette off.

MYTYL
Get away from here! Keep away
from this bird!

DADDY
Haven't I told you, Mytyl, not
to trap birds in the woods?

MYTYL
(moving back
to table)
But, Daddy, it's such fun!

DADDY
It's not much fun for the bird.

MYTYL
But I need it.

DADDY
What for?

MYTYL
To sing for us.

41 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL & MUMMY

MYTYL
What do you think, Mummy?
Angela Berlingot wanted me to
give it to her!

MUMMY
Well, why didn't you? It would
have been something to cheer
her up - poor mite - sick in
bed all winter -

MYTYL
It's not my fault she's sick.

MUMMY
It's your fault that you're
selfish.

42 GROUP SHOT -

DADDY
You've got so much that she
hasn't, Mytyl.

MYTYL
What have I got?

DADDY
Health for one thing - to run
free and play.

MYTYL
(thankless)
Oh, that isn't anything!

DADDY
Isn't it?

TYLTYL
I wouldn't like to stay abed
all day.

MYTYL
(impudently)
I wouldn't mind.

MUMMY
(reproving)
That'll do, Mytyl. Stop talk-
ing and eat your supper.

43 CLOSE SHOT - DADDY, MUMMY & MYTYL - FAVORING MYTYL
as she starts to eat again, but with no relish.
She is enveloped in discontentment.

MYTYL
(disgruntled)
Mummy -

MUMMY
(her patience
tried)
What is it, Mytyl?

MYTYL
Why do we have to be so poor
all the time?

MUMMY
Poor! Us?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

MYTYL

(with growing
rebellion)

Well, we are. We can't even
have a party for Christmas.

DADDY

You've a roof over your head,
haven't you - warm clothes -

MYTYL

(plucking at
her dress)

These old things!

DADDY

And plenty to eat.

MYTYL

But nothing I like - nothing
good. Not like those rich
children have - cakes, candies -
dolls to play with - pretty
dresses - everything. I have
nothing.

MUMMY

(still trying to
be patient)

Why, that's not true, dear.
You have lots of things.

MYTYL

What?

MUMMY

You've a father who works for
you -

DADDY

And a mother who cooks and
cleans and mends -

44 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

MYTYL

(bursting with
rebellion)

What's that - when other people
have so much more - big houses -
servants - carriages to drive in?
And look at us!

(glancing
about her)

Look at this old place.

45 CLOSE SHOT - MUMMY

MUMMY

(sharply)

Stop it, Mytyl - stop it at once!
You ought to be ashamed of your-
self!

46 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

MYTYL

(in an outburst
of temper)

I'm not ashamed! I hate it.
I hate it all!

DADDY

(sharply)

Be quiet!

MUMMY

Another word and you'll go
straight to bed. You're an
ungrateful child -

MYTYL

(starting
to cry)

I don't care!

MUMMY

(continuing)

- thoughtless - thankless -

47 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

utterly miserable, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

MYTYL

(crying)

I'm so unhappy -

MUMMY'S VOICE

(stern)

Of course you're unhappy. If
you don't mend your ways you'll
never be happy -

48 WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING MUMMY

as she concludes.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

MUMMY

(continuing)

- never!

Suddenly OVER SOUND TRACK from outside comes the clatter of horses' hoofs - causing them all to turn and listen.

49 EXT. HOUSE -

A horseman pulls up sharply outside the gate, jumps off and hurries to the door, knocks. He is a peasant, in rough dress.

50 INT. HOUSE - MED. SHOT - OVER TABLE TOWARD DOOR

Daddy opens the door and admits the breathless rider, Wilhelm.

DADDY

(warmly)

Oh, it's you, Wilhelm -

MUMMY

(rising from
table)

Come in - have some supper with us.

WILHELM

Thanks, but I've no time.

(his expression
grave)

I've bad news, I'm afraid.

DADDY

What's wrong?

Wilhelm takes out a bulletin from his jerkin and shows it to Daddy.

WILHELM

(showing order)

Orders from Andreas Hofer to mobilize at once.

51 CLOSE SHOT - DADDY AND MUMMY

dumbstruck at the news.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

DADDY

Mobilize!

MUMMY

(anguished)

Oh, no!

52 WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING WILHELM

WILHELM

(gravely)

Napoleon's soldiers are on the
march again - headed towards
the frontier.

DADDY

(alarmed)

As close as that!

(then

courageously)

Well, we stood them off before,
didn't we?

WILHELM

(courageous too)

Aye - and we'll do it again.
We assemble in the village
square tomorrow at noon.

DADDY

Good!

WILHELM

Till tomorrow then -

He puts the order back in his jerkin, waves goodnight
and hurries out.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FAMILY

There is dead silence for a moment. They listen
to the clatter of Wilhelm's horse. Mummy stares at
her husband.

MUMMY

(in a dead voice)

War...

Mytyl and Tytyl have risen from the table. Tytyl
runs to his father, crying.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

Daddy.....

MYTYL

(pushing Tyltyl aside)

Oh, Daddy - I don't want you
to go!

Tyltyl runs to his mother. Daddy stoops and puts his
arms around Mytyl.

DADDY

(simply)

I must go, dear.

Mytyl throws her arms around his neck.

MYTYL

Why do they have to have war?
What makes war, anyway?

DADDY

The same thing that makes trouble
everywhere. Greed - selfishness.
Someone is not content with what
they have.

MYTYL

But you're not like that, Daddy.
Why should you have to go?

DADDY

That's what's wrong about it Mytyl.
You can't be unhappy inside your-
self without making others unhappy
too. Remember that...

54

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mummy watches them. Then, because things must go on
no matter what, she speaks sharply.

MUMMY

Come now - finish your supper -
both of you!

Daddy glances at her. He understands, admires her
spirit. He moves back to the table, the children fol-
lowing his example. He picks up his plate and holds
it out.

DADDY

Is there any more, Mummy?
(forcing a chuckle)
We don't get stew like this
in the army.

Mummy looks at him, takes his plate and goes to the
stew. As she ladles out the stew, looking straight
ahead CAMERA ROLLS UP to disclose her eyes full of
tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

The room is lighted partially by moonlight, partially from the lamplight in the kitchen shining in through the open door. Tyltyl is already asleep. Mummy is bending over Mytyl's bed, tucking her in.

MUMMY

(forcing a smile)

Goodnight, dear.

Mytyl puts her arms around her mother's neck. She is contrite, repentant.

MYTYL

Mummy, I'm so sorry for the way I behaved at supper.

56 ANOTHER CLOSE ANGLE

as Mummy looks at Mytyl with quiet sternness.

MUMMY

That's what you always say, Mytyl. You're sorry - but the next day you do the same things all over again.

MYTYL

(gravely)

I know I do. I don't know why.

MUMMY

You must find out why. Otherwise you'll always be unhappy and discontent. You don't want that, do you?

MYTYL

No.

MUMMY

You want to be happy, don't you?

57 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

her arms about her mother's neck again.

MYTYL

Yes, Mummy - like you. You're happy all the time - aren't you?

58 CLOSE SHOT - MUMMY

reacting from the child's words. She is stabbed by the thought of Daddy's imminent departure.

MUMMY

Well, nearly all the time, dear.

MYTYL

(kissing her)

Don't worry, Mummy. Daddy will come back.

Mummy drops on the bed beside her and embraces her - holding her close.

59 INT. KITCHEN

Daddy Tyl is fixing up his military accoutrement. About him on table and chair are his boots, his cap, his uniform. He is polishing the brass buttons on his tunic. After a moment Mummy enters. She drops to her knees and picks up a boot, starting to polish it.

DADDY

(noticing this and forcing a smile)

I've almost finished. Good serviceable stuff - these uniforms -

(with a dry laugh)

- as though they were made to last a lifetime!

Suddenly, overwhelmed with grief, Mummy drops the boot and lets the brush clatter to the floor. She covers her eyes with her hands.

MUMMY

(anguished)

I can't let you go....I can't!

Daddy looks at her startled, then tenderly helps her to her feet.

DADDY

(tenderly)

There, there. I'll be all right, Mummy.

60 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MUMMY

With an effort she regains control of herself,
brushes the tears from her eyes.

MUMMY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
be a coward.

DADDY

(tender and
comforting)

You couldn't be that - ever.

(he puts an
arm about

her shoulder)

You must be tired - and we've
got quite a day ahead of us
tomorrow. Come along, now.

He moves toward the lamp on the table.

61 INT. MYTYL'S ROOM - CLOSEUP MYTYL

Her head on the pillow - she turns her head restlessly.

62 EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - TECHNICOLOR

After a moment the light in the window goes out.
TECHNICOLOR STARTS ON THIS SCENE AND CONTINUES TO
THE END OF THE PICTURE.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

63 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT - CLOSE
SHOT - MYTYL

asleep, her face bathed in blue moonlight. OVER SOUND
TRACK comes the sound of knocking on a door.

The knocking wakens the child. She stirs, opens her
eyes, sits up in bed, but is not aware of what has
awakened her.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK as Mytyl glances across at Tylyl's
bed.

MYTYL

(not too loud)

Tylyl, are you asleep?

CAMERA now takes in Tylyl in his cot. He is awake,
too, and arising sleepily to his elbow.

TYLTYL

How can I be asleep when I'm
talking to you?

MYTYL

Was that you knocking?

TYLTYL

Knocking on what?

OVER SOUND TRACK comes the knocking on the door again,
not on the children's door - that one is ajar - but
on the outside door apparently.

64 ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO

MYTYL

(startled)

There it is again. Who could
it be?

TYLTYL

(brightly)

Maybe it's Santa Claus.

MYTYL

Santa Claus doesn't knock.

TYLTYL

He might if the chimney wasn't
big enough.

The knocking comes again, more insistent.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

MYTYL

(frightened)

I'd better get Daddy..

She climbs out of bed and starts quickly towards the bedroom door.

TYLTYL

(scared)

Wait for me, Mytyl!

He springs out of his cot and runs after her, clutching at her hand.

65 INT. KITCHEN

as Mytyl and Tyltyl enter and start across towards their parents' door. The kitchen of course is dark too, except for the eerie wintry moonlight. As they pass the front door, the rapping becomes thunderous, and to their horror they see -

66 CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DOOR

The latch lifts, the door starts to open..

67 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

transfixed, as the door opens and the Fairy Berylune enters. Her features are sharp, her manner menacing. Over her stooped figure she wears a tattered cloak, and carries a gnarled stick. In the moonlight, she might well be taken for an old gypsy fortune-teller.

BERYLUNE

(shrill and
angry)

Didn't you hear me knocking?

MYTYL

Why, yes - but -

BERYLUNE

Why didn't you let me in then?

MYTYL

(stoutly)

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

BERYLUNE
(advancing
upon them)
Haven't you eyes? Can't you
see? I'm Berylune!

MYTYL
(puzzled)
Berylune?

BERYLUNE
(sharply)
Yes - Berylune - the Fairy
Berylune.

MYTYL
(politely)
It's a little dark to see clearly...

BERYLUNE
Dark? Well, it needn't be.

As she speaks, she makes a gesture with her gnarled
stick toward the unlighted lamp on the kitchen table.

BERYLUNE
(addressing the
lamp)
Light up there!

The light instantly lights of its own accord.

68 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as the children stare at the lighted lamp in utter
amazement. The wonder of this feat makes them for-
get their fear. Besides, in the warm lamplight Fairy
Berylune isn't quite so terrifying.

TYLTYL
(amazed)
It lighted - all by itself!

MYTYL
How did you do that?

BERYLUNE
(matter-of-fact)
Don't ask foolish questions.

TYLTYL
But Daddy can't even do that!

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

BERYLUNE

(always quick
and sharp)

Now hurry - hop into your
clothes - quick - and be off.
You've got to find the Blue
Bird.

MYTYL

(puzzled)

The Blue Bird?

BERYLUNE

Of course - the bird that is
blue - the Blue Bird.

MYTYL

But why? Why must we find it?

BERYLUNE

Why? You want to be happy,
don't you?

MYTYL

Of course.

(then, snippily)

But what do I want with a Blue
Bird?

BERYLUNE

What a stupid girl you are.
Don't you know that the Blue
Bird means happiness?

MYTYL

Does it?

BERYLUNE

Didn't I just say it did! Get
dressed - both of you! Or
better still - I'll do it for you --

With her stick she makes another gesture towards the
children.

69

CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

in their night-clothes.

BERYLUNE'S VOICE

Be clothed!. And quick about it!.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

dressed in the same clothes they wore in the earlier sequence. They look down at each other's clothes dumbfounded, gasping with surprise.

MYTYL

Look, Tyltyl! Even your boots
are laced up.

Tyltyl is speechless. He looks up and stares at Berylune, blinking as CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE the Fairy.

MYTYL

(to Berylune)

Mummy wouldn't mind having
you around all the time!

BERYLUNE

Oh, she wouldn't, eh! Well --
don't stand there staring. Come
along! There's no time to lose.

She starts toward the door, beckoning to the children to follow, but Mytyl hesitates.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE

MYTYL

But, Ma'am - tell me where to
find the Blue Bird.

BERYLUNE

(sharply)

Humph! It's not as easy as that.
You must look for it yourself.
In the Past. In the Future.
Everywhere.

MYTYL

(still bewildered)

Are you coming with us?

BERYLUNE

Certainly not! I've other things
to do.

MYTYL

But we're not allowed to go
places alone.

BERYLUNE

(impatient)

Did I say you had to go alone?
You have friends, haven't you?

TYLTYL

Could we take Daddy?

72 ANOTHER ANGLE - TAKING IN THE DOG AND CAT
asleep on the hearth.

BERYLUNE
(continuing)
There's your dog, Tylo - take
him - and Tylette, your cat.

TYLTYL
(eagerly)
Tylo - Oh, yes! He can sniff
out anything.

MYTYL
And Tylette's a wonder at
catching birds!

TYLTYL
Tylo - wake up!

MYTYL
Wake up, Tylette!

BERYLUNE
(advancing upon Tylo)
Wake up, you lazy creature!

73 CLOSE SHOT - DOG
on the hearth, asleep.

BERYLUNE'S VOICE
Stand up - like a man!

DISSOLVE TO:

74 CLOSE SHOT - TYLO - A MAN IN SAME POSITION AS THE DOG
He has the characteristics and reasoning of a dog -
quick, energetic, loyal - and with a suggestion of
physical likeness. As he awakens and sits up he looks
down at himself, confused at the transformation.

75 CLOSE SHOT - THE CHILDREN
amazed..

TYLTYL
(amazed)
Look, Mytyl!

MYTYL
Tylo!

76 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING TYLO

as he hears his name called and looks at the children.
His face lights up; he rushes over to greet the children exuberantly, grabbing Mytyl by the hand.

 TYLO
Oh, mistress - my little
mistress!
 (then grabbing
 Tyltyl's hand)
And master, little master.

Both children are delighted with the new Tylo.

 TYLO
 (continuing effusively
 and darting from one to
 the other)
At last! At last I can talk!
All my life I've wanted to. And
I've got so much to say... You
dear, dear Tyltyl! You sweet,
sweet Mytyl! I hardly know where
to begin! Oh, if I only could
have talked the day you fell in
the lake. I tried so hard to
tell you to keep away!
 (without pause he
 suddenly sees the Fairy)
Who are you?

 BERYLUNE
We've no time for your gabble.
Be quiet!

 MYTYL
We're in a dreadful hurry, Tylo.

 TYLO
Why?

 MYTYL
I don't know. But she said we were.

 BERYLUNE
 (to children)
Quiet!

Berylune turns to the cat on the hearth - gesturing
with her stick.

 BERYLUNE
Wake up!

77 CLOSE SHOT - CAT

on the hearth.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

BERYLUNE'S VOICE
(angrily)
Wake up - I say!

DISSOLVE TO:

78 CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE - A WOMAN IN PLACE OF THE CAT
She stretches her arms before her as she awakens and yawns in cat-like fashion. She starts smoothing down her dress.

79 REVERSE ANGLE - BERYLUNE AND THE CHILDREN

MYTYL
(to Berylune)
Can she talk, too?

80 MED. SHOT - GROUP - FAVORING TYLETTE

By now she is standing and moving toward the children.

TYLETTE
(in a well-
modulated,
superior tone)
Naturally -- if the dog can.

MYTYL
(delighted)
Tylette, I'm so glad -- we've
got to go find a Blue Bird.

TYLETTE
(surprised, frowning)
A Blue Bird! Why should you
have a Blue Bird?

MYTYL
(superior)
Why?... What a stupid Tylette
you are! Don't you know the
Blue Bird means happiness?

TYLETTE
Indeed.

TYLO
(delighted)
I'll come. I'll help you. I
love going places.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

MYTYL

You'll come, too, won't you,
Tylette?

TYLETTE

(with a sinister
tone)

Why not? It might be amusing.

TYLO

(giving her a
quick look)

I don't like the way she said
that.

MYTYL

Why, Tylo!

BERYLUNE

Come now - all of you. Be on
your way.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA TRUCKING with them as they follow Berylune
toward the front door. Tylo puts his arm through
Mytyl's and speaks in a low, confidential voice. By
now Berylune and Tylyl have passed through the scene.

TYLO

We shouldn't take Tylette.
She's treacherous! You don't
know her like I do. She's
not your friend. She's a
friend to no one.

TYLETTE

(taking Mytyl's
other arm)

I heard what you said - old
sniffle-snoot.

(she leers at him)

TYLO

(jumping behind
Mytyl)

I'll chew you to ribbons.

TYLETTE

(to Mytyl)

Uncouth -- isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

MYTYL

Tylo, you mustn't quarrel
with Tylette.

They continue toward door. Tylo raises his eyes
to the skies and sighs.

82

EXT. COTTAGE - IN FRONT OF OPEN DOORWAY

as Berylune, just outside, sees Mytyl pause in the
doorway.

BERYLUNE

Well, what are you waiting for?
Be off!

MYTYL

(looking around)

But which way shall we go?

BERYLUNE

I told you - you must look
everywhere.

TYLTYL

(troubled)

But we'll get lost!

MYTYL

It's so dark.

BERYLUNE

Don't cry before you're hurt.
I'll take care of that.

As she speaks, she gestures with her stick back
through the doorway towards the lighted lamp on the
table.

83

CLOSE SHOT - LIGHTED LAMP ON TABLE

BERYLUNE'S VOICE

Light! You, who give beauty
to the earth -- appear!

DISSOLVE TO:

84 LIGHT

a beautiful, radiant young woman, standing in place of the lamp which has now disappeared.

85 WIDE ANGLE - SHOOTING IN THROUGH OPEN DOORWAY OVER THE CHILDREN AND BERYLUNE

TYLTYL

(gasping)

It's the Queen!

MYTYL

(crossing herself)

It's the Blessed Virgin!

During the children's exclamations - Berylune has entered to Light, who is surrounded by a luminous glow. She brings her to the children. The glow follows Light, giving a luminosity to all around her.

BERYLUNE

(as she leads

Light forward)

What little dunces not to know
this brilliant Lady - when you've
seen her hundreds of times!
This is Light.

(turning to Light)

Light - may I present Mytyl and
Tyltyl --

86 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

MYTYL

(curtsying - awed)

How do you do, Light --

TYLTYL

(bowing - petrified)

How do you do?

Tylo pokes his nose from behind Tyltyl, staring at this vision.

TYLETTE

And my name is Tylette. How
do you do?

87 GROUP - FAVORING LIGHT

LIGHT

(smiling)

There's no need to be formal.
We're old friends. Where would
you like to go? I shall be
your guide.

MYTYL

We're not quite sure where to go.

BERYLUNE

(sarcastically)

Why don't you use your head!
Hasn't it occurred to you that
the Blue Bird might be hiding
in the Past?

MYTYL

(to Berylune)

But where is the Past?
(then, to Light)
Do you know the way?

LIGHT

Why, of course -
(looking back over
her shoulder)
The Past is just behind us.
Come, I'll show you.

Light leads the way; Mytyl, Tylyl, Tylo and Tylette
following.

88 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST BERYLUNE IN THE F.G.

as Light leads the group up the road away from the
cottage.

BERYLUNE

(calling after
them forcefully)

Now, remember! Somewhere there's
a Blue Bird! Find it! Never
give up till you do! If you
fail, nothing can save you.
Find the Blue Bird!

89 REVERSE ANGLE - GROUP

following Light. Mytyl looking back and calling.

MYTYL

We'll find it - I promise!

90 CLOSE SHOT - BERYLUNE

chuckling mysteriously, knowing what lies ahead.
Then she turns to go....

91 EXT. - SHOT OF GROUP

As Light leads them up the path, Tylette gets Tylo by the arm and pulls him back. The others continue on.

TYLETTE

(cautiously)

Listen, you -- I know we've never been friends - but now we've got to work together. We can't allow the children to go through with this search.

TYLO

(suspicious of her)

Why not? Why can't we?

TYLETTE

Don't you see? We're free now! If they succeed - if they do find the Blue Bird -- we'll have to return to just what we were - dumb slaves to man.

TYLO

That's the way I like it! Man is the master. We must obey him.

TYLETTE

(disgusted)

I always knew you were a fool.

TYLO

If they want to look for a Blue Bird -- or a Pink Owl -- I'm going to help them.

Tylo goes and CAMERA HOLDS on Tylette.

TYLETTE

(menacingly)

I'll make them give up this search.

She goes after them....

92 EXT. STAIRS AND WALL - LEADING TO ENTRANCE OF VILLAGE GRAVEYARD

Over the top of steps a glow begins to rise, followed by appearance of Light, Mytyl and Tytyl. They continue following Light to the gate, looking about them apprehensively.

93 MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GATE TO THE GRAVEYARD

As Light, Mytyl and Tytyl come into the scene and pause at the gate.

LIGHT

The road to the Past lies through there.

(she indicates
the gate)

MYTYL

But that's the graveyard.

LIGHT

It's the only way to the Past.
You must lead now.

MYTYL

Aren't you coming?

LIGHT

No. Light has no business in a graveyard. But I'll be waiting for you.

Tylo catches up with them and stands waiting.

MYTYL

(fearfully)

Suppose we don't find the way?

LIGHT

(soberly)

Are you afraid to try?

MYTYL

(hesitating - then
with something of
her former superior
self)

Of course I'm not afraid.

LIGHT

(tenderly - as she
takes Mytyl's face
in her hands)

Then you'll find the way, dear.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

Tylette comes leisurely into the scene to join them.

TYLO

(to Light and
Mytyl)

Who's afraid of what?

MYTYL

(cockily)

We're going through the grave-
yard.

TYLO

(carelessly)

Oh, is that so --

(then suddenly
reacting)

The graveyard!

Tylette smiles sneeringly at Tylo's fearful attitude.
He sees this and straightens up.

LIGHT

One more thing. And this is
most important. It is now
nearly midnight.

TYLTYL

(reacting fearfully)

Ooh!

LIGHT

(continuing)

You must be back within the hour.
Otherwise, you will remain in the
Past - forever!

TYLTYL

(shaking)

I don't think we ought to go.

MYTYL

Hush.

(then, to Light -
covering her fear)

But how shall we find you again?

LIGHT

(comforting)

Don't worry -- I will find you.

Light turns and moves off. As she does - the luminous
glow fades. Only the moonlight remains, pervading
the whole scene with eeriness and shadows. Tylo grows
more nervous.

94 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

MYTYL
(with smug bravado)
Well -- follow me.

She leads the way in through the gate. It creaks eerily.

95 INT. GRAVEYARD - (SHOOTING TOWARD GATE)

eerie, deserted, silent except for a low sougning wind. They enter. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH THEM.

TYLO
(trembling)
This place is bad enough in the daytime.

MYTYL
Fraidy-cat!

TYLETTE
(haughtily)
Fraidy-dog -- please!

TYLTYL
(clinging to
Mytyl's hand)
It is scarey, Mytyl.

MYTYL
(with mock courage)
There's nothing to be afraid of.

TYLETTE
(enjoying herself)
I often come here -- just to
'browse' around.

TYLO
(significantly)
When you're not 'browsing' up
dark alleys.

Suddenly OVER SOUND TRACK comes a strange drawnout "Oo-o-o-o" that makes chills go down Tylo's spine - and Tyltyl's also. Tylo leaps behind Tyltyl and hangs onto him.

TYLTYL
(frozen)
What's that?

96 CLOSE SHOT - A BIG OWL

in the cornice of a crumbling mausoleum - hooting
"Ooo-o-o-o!"

97 GROUP - FAVORING TYLO

as they all look around, listening.

TYLO
(his teeth
chattering)
A g-ghost!

TYLTYL
(scared)
Oh, Mytyl!

MYTYL
(refusing to
be scared)
There's no such thing as a
ghost.

TYLO
There is, too. I saw one once.

TYLTYL
Oh, no, Tylo!

TYLETTE
(enjoying herself)
I've met dozens of ghosts - most
of them are perfectly charming.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes the hoot of the owl again.

98 CLOSEUP - TYLO

as he takes this, gulps and starts edging backward. .

99 GROUP SHOT

Tylo continues backing up.

MYTYL
Where are you going, Tylo?

TYLO
(moving away)
I just remembered something I've
got to do.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

MYTYL
 (running and
 blocking his way)
 No, you don't.

Tylo turns and backs in the other direction.

TYLO
 I'll go over the wall and around
 the graveyard. I'll - I'll meet
 you on the other side.

He continues backing up, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and disappears feet first into a freshly dug grave. A second later his head appears.

TYLO
 (aghast)
 What is this I'm in?

100 GROUP - FAVORING TYLETTE

TYLETTE
 (amused)
 It's an open grave --
 (takes a step
 forward)
 Shall I cover you up?

101 MED. SHOT - TYLO

as he lets out a howl, leaps from the grave and bounds back toward the gate.

102 MED. SHOT - MYTYL, TYLTYL AND TYLETTE

as they look after Tylo.

TYLETTE
 (sneering)
 There goes our brave protector.
 Shall we continue?

They start forward again, CAMERA TRUCKING with them past old tombstones, crypts and grassy mounds surmounted by crosses.

TYLTYL
 (pleading)
 Let's turn back, Mytyl.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

MYTYL

Don't you be a coward, too.

TYLETTE

(with studied
casualness)

It's only at midnight you have
to be careful.

TYLTYL

Why?

MYTYL

What happens then?

TYLETTE

(with relish)

Midnight is the witching hour -
the graves open - the dead arise!

TYLTYL

(stopping and
grabbing his
sister)

The dead! Oh, Mytyl!

MYTYL

Tylette, you're just trying to
scare us!

TYLETTE

(taunting)

Oh, you're not afraid. Not very.

MYTYL

Well, I'm not!

(defensively)

But I'd rather not see any graves
open.

TYLETTE

Why not? It's rather thrilling.
Come, while we're waiting --
I'll show you some of my favorite
tombstones.

MYTYL

We've no time for that now.
We've got to go on - to the Past.

TYLETTE

This is the Past. Right here.

She gestures around her.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont. 1)

MYTYL

Oh, no - it can't be. Light
said to go through the grave-
yard.

TYLETTE

Light doesn't know. I do.

She smiles and hurries on.

103 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - TYLETTE

some distance ahead.

MYTYL

Don't go so fast, Tylette.

104 TYLO - OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY GATE

walking back and forth. He pushes the gate open and
peaks in, worried. Then he clasps his hands behind
him. One hand wags like a dog's tail.

105 TRUCKING SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as they hurry after Tylette who has passed through
the scene ahead of them.

MYTYL

(calling)

Tylette! Where are you?

TYLETTE'S VOICE

(from quite
a distance)

Here I am!

MYTYL

(impatiently)

Oh, do hurry, Tyltyl!

They hurry. They have lost Tylette. OVER SOUND
TRACK comes the hoarse croaking of a raven. The two
children glance apprehensively in the direction of
the sound.

106 CLOSE SHOT - RAVEN

in hollow of a dead tree - croaking.

107 ANOTHER MOVING SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

frightened, running - stumbling. Mytyl loses her hat. She glances back, but is too frightened to go after it.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes the sound of a clock chiming the hour.

108 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as they stop, Mytyl remembering with horror what Tylette had said about midnight.

MYTYL

The clock!

(she counts
the strokes)

Three - four -

109 CLOSE SHOT - EXT. THE GATE

Tylo is counting, too.

TYLO

(terrified)

Five - six -

110 CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE

behind a tombstone.

TYLETTE

(smiling)

Seven - eight -

111 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

huddled together as the chimes continue.

MYTYL

(in a low tone)

It's midnight, Tytyl.

TYLTYL

(in a frenzy of
fear, hiding his
face against Mytyl)

I don't want to see any dead
people.

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

MYTYL

Neither do I.

TYLTYL

(crying)

Oh, Mytyl, Mytyl!

The clock has finished striking twelve. The children huddle closer, their hands over their eyes. Then Mytyl, summoning courage, peeks through her fingers. She draws her hand away from her eyes - looks around.

MYTYL

(hushed)

Tyltyl - look!

TYLTYL

(still with
covered eyes)

I'm afraid.

MYTYL

But there aren't any dead people. Look!

Tyltyl uncovers his eyes and looks around, amazed. Nothing has changed.

MYTYL

(marveling)

Do you suppose Mummy was right?
You know she always told us --
nobody ever really dies.

TYLTYL

Let's go, Mytyl! I don't like
it here.

They exit.

112 WIDE ANGLE - TRUCKING SHOT

Mytyl and Tyltyl continuing through the quiet, peaceful graveyard. Two headstones catch her eye. They stop.

MYTYL

Tyltyl -- there's Granny's and
Grandpa's graves.

113 INSERT -

CLOSE SHOT - GRAVESTONES

The inscriptions on the gravestones read: "Granny Tyl" and "Grandpa Tyl" -- the dates obscured by twining myrtle. The gravestones lean toward each other lovingly.

MYTYL'S VOICE

I wish they were here with us.

TYLTYL'S VOICE

Me, too. I wouldn't be so afraid.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 CLOSE SHOT

Blue in the darkness we see Granny and Grandpa Tyl on a rustic bench, asleep, her head on his shoulder.

Grandpa has a small unfinished carved figure of a man in his hand. Granny's spectacles have slipped down to the end of her nose.

They are waking up, yawning, stretching - as though they had been asleep for a long time. Lights come up as they awake.

115 CLOSER ANGLE - TWO

GRANNY

(adjusting her
spectacles)

Somebody must be thinking of
us. I'm beginning to feel
quite strong.

GRANDPA

(rubbing his
legs)

I have pins and needles all
down my legs.

GRANNY

We're going to have visitors.

Granny gets up, CAMERA MOVING BACK.

GRANNY

(continues)

They seem to be quite near.

Grandpa looks at the little wooden figure in his hand and picks up a pen knife that has fallen to the ground.

GRANDPA

Now I can get on with my carving. I've been at this one for a whole year.

GRANNY

That's because we're so seldom awake.

Over SOUND TRACK come Mytyl's and Tyltyl's voices.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

MYTYL'S AND
TYLTYL'S VOICES

(calling excitedly)

Granny!

Grandpa!

The grandparents look off, delighted.

GRANNY

The children!

They start forward.

116 FULL SHOT - THE COTTAGE - SUNLIGHT

A quaint little house, bright and tidy, utterly realistic, because it is the very same cottage that was their home when they were alive.

Mytyl and Tyltyl enter from foreground, running forward.

MYTYL & TYLTYL

(shouting)

Granny!

Grandpa!

117 MED. SHOT - THE GRANDPARENTS

starting forward, their arms extended.

GRANNY

(ecstatically)

Oh - my babies!

Mytyl and Tyltyl run into their arms, hugging and kissing them. There are rapturous greetings.

GRANNY

Mytyl!

GRANDPA

Tyltyl!

118 CLOSER SHOT - GROUP

GRANNY

Hug me tight. Another one -
a big one this time!

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

GRANDPA

(grumbling a
little)

It's months and months now
that you've forgotten us -

GRANNY

The last time - let me see -
it was Easter morning. The
church bells were ringing.

MYTYL

Easter?

(remembering)

We didn't go out that day.
We both had very bad colds.

GRANNY

No, but you thought of us.

MYTYL

Yes, we missed you.

GRANNY

Well, every time you think of
us we wake up and see you again.

MYTYL

But we thought you were dead.

GRANNY

No, dear - Only when we're for-
gotten.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING GRANDPA

TYLTYL

You certainly don't look
dead.

GRANDPA

Dead? What's that he's saying?
What's dead?

MYTYL

Why, it means you're no longer
alive.

GRANDPA

(to Granny, philo-
sophically)

Will they never learn back
there?

120 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DOOR OF COTTAGE
as Mytyl looks around.

MYTYL

The house, the yard! Everything's
just the same. Oh, Granny, I'm
so glad to be here!

(throws her arms
around her and
hugs her again)

TYLTYL

(crossing to front
door, speaking to
Grandpa)

There's the hole I made with
your gimlet!

GRANDPA

And a good spanking you got for
it, too!

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as Granny leads the way to-
ward the door.

GRANNY

Come in - children, come in.

MYTYL

(following her)
I'm afraid we can't, Granny.
We can't stay very long.

GRANDPA

(explosive)
What's that? What's that?

GRANNY

But I want to bake you an apple
tart.

MYTYL

I wish we could stay, Granny.

121 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING TYLTYL AND GRANDPA

MYTYL

Oh, look, Grandpa - here's
where you used to measure us!

He moves to some markings near the door.

TYLTYL

Mytyl, let's see how much we've
grown.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

Mytyl joins him at the measuring marks.

GRANNY

(measuring)

My! My! How you've both shot up!

(to Tylyl)

Three fingers taller! And you, Mytyl - four - no, five.

GRANDPA

And how big and strong!

TYLYL

(flexing his
muscle)

Feel my muscle, Grandpa.

GRANDPA

(feeling it -
pretending to be
amazed)

Well! Well! - it won't be long before you're a big, strong woodcutter like your father.

GRANNY

Tell us, how is your father, dear?

TYLYL

Oh, he's --

(he hesitates,
looks toward Mytyl)

MYTYL

He's going off to war again.

GRANNY

(distressed)

Oh, dear! dear!

122 CLOSE SHOT - GRANDPA

GRANDPA

(shaking his
head, sadly)

Why on earth - must they keep on fighting!

123 ANGLE FAVORING TYLTYL

as he notices the little figure in Grandpa's hand.

TYLTYL

Oh, Grandpa, you haven't
finished little Ko-ko yet!

GRANDPA

(blustering)

What chance have I got when I'm
always asleep? You're all too
busy with your own affairs to
give us a thought.

GRANNY

Stop grumbling, you old duffer.
You're awake now, aren't you?

GRANDPA

(with asperity)

And I mean to make the most of
it!

He takes Tyltyl by the hand and starts off - CAMERA
TRUCKING with them.

GRANDPA

Come, Tyltyl, I'll show you my
workshop.

They exit toward a lean-to workshop.

124 GRANNY AND MYTYL

MYTYL

(calling off)

Don't be long, Tyltyl.

GRANNY

Oh, you're in no hurry.

MYTYL

(anxiously)

Yes, but we are. We must be
back within the hour. What
time is it, Granny?

They look at the clock.

125 CLOSE SHOT - LARGE RUSTIC CLOCK

Something grandpa has made. It hangs low on the wall, in the hall just inside the door. The pendulum starts swinging with a loud "tick-tock."

126 MED. CLOSE SHOT - FEATURING MYTYL AND GRANNY

Mytyl's eyes widen at this wonder.

GRANNY

You see - as soon as you think of it it comes to life.

(pleadingly)

Now, sit down. It's only twenty past twelve.

MYTYL

(surprised)

But the sun is shining!

GRANNY

(chuckling)

It's always shining here - when you think of us.

MYTYL

(relieved)

But we must be back within the hour.

CAMERA PANS with them as they seat themselves on the bench. In the b.g. we see Tylette slip around the corner of the cottage and sneak toward the clock. Granny and Mytyl with their backs toward her do not see this.

MYTYL

(earnestly)

Granny - the reason why we're here -- we've got to find a Blue Bird. It's terribly important!

GRANNY

A Blue Bird? Oh yes, I'm sure we've got one.

MYTYL

(excited)

Really, Granny! Where! Show me!

127 CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE

at the clock. She turns the hands of the clock back to twelve, then shrugs her shoulders and rubs her hands together as she exits.

GRANNY'S VOICE

We've plenty of time for that.
I haven't had a morsel of
gossip in a twelve-month.

128 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND GRANNY

GRANNY

Did Mrs. Von Krone's daughter
marry the burgomaster?

MYTYL

No, she didn't.

GRANNY

Why -- what happened?

MYTYL

Mrs. Von Krone married him
herself.

GRANNY

Merciful heavens!

MYTYL

Please, Granny, can't we go
now and see about the Blue
Bird?

GRANNY

(getting up)

All right, child, if we must.
We'll look in the bird house.

(chuckling)

That's the logical place,
isn't it?

129 MOVING SHOT - THE TWO

as Granny takes Mytyl by the hand and they continue
to the bird house.

GRANNY

Tell me - how is Mrs. Kavash?
Still having ailments?

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

MYTYL

More than ever now. There's
a new doctor in the village.

GRANNY

Does she like him?

MYTYL

I think so. He found all
sorts of new things wrong
with her.

GRANNY

(laughing)

Then she likes him -- all right.

They arrive at the aviary. It is filled with fifty
or sixty birds of different species.

GRANNY

Here you are, dear. All kinds -
all colors. You may have any
one you like.

130 CLOSER SHOT - MYTYL AND GRANNY - SHOOTING THROUGH
THE BIRD HOUSE

MYTYL

(looking up
and around)

Isn't there a blue one?

GRANNY

(squinting her
eyes as she
looks up)

Why, yes - there's a blue one -
That one up there, singing.

MYTYL

(looking up)

Why, Granny - he isn't blue.
He's black.

GRANNY

(squinting)

Strange - he always looked
blue to me.

MYTYL

There isn't one here - not a
single Blue Bird!

Her disappointment is so acute she is on the verge
of tears.

GRANNY

(comforting her)

Won't one of these do?

131 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING MYTYL

MYTYL

No, no. Berylune said it
must be blue.

(agitated)

She said to look everywhere --

(looking up)

This is the Past, isn't it?

132 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING GRANNY

GRANNY

Yes, dear -- but perhaps your
Blue Bird isn't in the Past
and you'll have to look -
somewhere else.

133 MED. TRUCKING SHOT

MYTYL

(turning and start-
ing forward)

I must go, then.

GRANNY

(distressed,
following her)

Oh, not yet - not yet! You
haven't mentioned the Berlingots.
Are they as poor as ever?

MYTYL

(not stopping -
over her shoulder)

Oh, poorer, Granny - and Angela's
awfully sick. She's been in bed
all winter.

Granny shakes her head sympathetically.

134 INT. GRANDPA'S WORKSHOP

Just a lean-to, containing a wood carver's workbench,
chisels, clamps, etc.

Grandpa has set in position a number of small, carved
figures, like Koko, while Tyltyl is watching with rapt
attention. Mytyl and Granny are seen approaching.

TYLTYL

Will you show me how to carve
one, Grandpa?

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

GRANDPA

Yes, if you'll come more
often to see us.

Mytyl bursts in, in search of Tyltyl. Granny follows.

TYLTYL

(rushing to
Mytyl -
excited)

Mytyl - what do you think?
They whistle.

MYTYL

(a little
scornful)

I know that. Come on, we've
got to go now.

GRANDPA

Wait, you can't go yet.

GRANNY

(looking back
toward house)

It's only half past twelve.

135 INSERT CLOCK

registering half past twelve as it ticks merrily away.

136 GROUP - FAVORING GRANDPA

MYTYL

I guess we've plenty of time,
then.

GRANDPA

(happily)

I've taught them to whistle
a tune.

(with a covert

wink at Granny)

Anything you like? You name
it, Mytyl.

MYTYL

Can they whistle a hymn?

GRANDPA

Ach - hymns are for Sunday!

TYLTYL

'The Farmer in the Dell,' then.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

GRANDPA

(gruffly)

Ach - who wants that silly
thing?

(his eyes lighting
up, and flashing

Granny a wink)

How'd you like 'Guten Abend'?

137 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING GRANNY

as she approaches this suggestion with great enthusiasm, playing up to Grandpa's little trick, because, of course, there is only one tune the little figures can whistle.

GRANNY

That's the one!

MYTYL

Yes - 'Guten Abend.'

(to Granny)

You used to sing that to me
in my cradle. Remember?

TYLTYL

I remember.

MYTYL

You? Why, you weren't even
born!

TYLTYL

(stumped)

That's right - I forgot.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING GRANDPA AND THE FIGURES

as Grandpa starts the figures whistling the tender lullaby. Grandpa, Granny, Mytyl and Tyltyl all join in and sing the words to the whistling of the little figures. But, at the end of the first verse, Mytyl remembers her urgency.

MYTYL

(urgently)

We've really got to go now.
Come on, Tyltyl. What time
is it now?

She and Granny look off toward the clock.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

GRANNY
(in consternation)
Why, it's still just half
past twelve!

The little figures, of course, are continuing to
whistle the song.

139 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

as she turns in wild dismay.

MYTYL
Oh, my goodness! Something's
wrong! Tyltyl -- we've got
to run!

GRANDPA
(to Tyltyl)
But you said you wanted to
learn to carve!

TYLTYL
(wildly)
I do, but I haven't time
now!

Grandpa, very agitated, picks up little Koko and his
knife from the workbench and starts out with them.

140 EXT. WORKSHOP AND GARDEN

CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD of them as Granny, Tyltyl and
Grandpa hurry out after Mytyl.

GRANNY
(tagging wistfully
at Mytyl's heels)
I'll bake you the biggest apple
tart you've ever tasted.

MYTYL
We haven't time - really!

GRANNY
(upset)
Oh, you'll forget.

MYTYL
(as they stop in
front of the bench)
We'll come soon - I promise...
Say goodbye, Tyltyl.

(CONTINUED)

140 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

Goodbye, Grandpa.

GRANDPA

(kissing him)

Don't wait too long to come
to us again.

MYTYL

Goodbye, Granny.

GRANNY

(hugging her,

kissing her)

Goodbye, darling. Think of
us - often. You don't know
how much it means!

The partings, the goodbyes, mean little to Mytyl and
Tyltyl. The next moment they are running off, call-
ing back gaily: "Goodbye - goodbye!"

OVER SOUND TRACK in this and all other SHOTS to end
of sequence continues the whistling of the little
figures.

141 REVERSE ANGLE - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

running off - not even looking back now.

142 GRANDPA AND GRANNY

still looking off after the children.

GRANNY

(shaking her

head sadly)

Always in such a hurry.

GRANDPA

(looking down at

the little figure)

I'll never get this finished.

(to Granny)

Couldn't something have made
them stay?

GRANNY

(tenderly)

Not even my apple tarts. But
don't mind, dear. It was nice
to have them remember us at all.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

GRANDPA

(agreeing)

I suppose so.

They sink down on the bench, in their former positions. Grandpa looks at Koko, shakes his head sorrowfully. Granny brushes a tear from her eyes. Already they are growing drowsy.

GRANNY

(sleepily)

Perhaps it won't be so long
till the next time.

Grandpa's head is already nodding. The penknife drops out of his hand to the ground.

During this, the brightness of the flowers and the sunshine, of everything, seems to be fading out.

OVER SOUND TRACK the whistling of the little figures grows slower and slower and finally dies off, too. As Granny and Grandpa end, just as they started, the light continually fading,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

143 A CROSSROADS - TYLO, TYLETTE AND LIGHT - NIGHT

Light stands a few feet away, looking for the children - Tylo pacing back and forth - Tylette primping.

144 CLOSE SHOT - TYLO AND TYLETTE

TYLO
(sitting near
Tylette)
They're lost. That's all there
is to it.

TYLETTE
(smoothing her
hair and face)
Well, if they're lost, they're
lost - it's their own fault for
straying into the graveyard.

TYLO
(at her)
Why didn't you follow them --
see which way they went?

TYLETTE
(back at him)
Why didn't you? You're so
loyal and brave.

Tylo gives her a look.

145 MED. SHOT - ALL - FAVORING LIGHT

LIGHT
(looking off)
I think I see them coming.
She starts forward.

TYLO
(jumping up)
Hooray! Let's run and meet
them.

146 TURNING IN ROAD

as Mytyl and Tytyl come around the corner - see Tylo,
Tylette and Light coming towards them.

(CONTINUED)

146 (Cont.)

MYTYL

(excitedly)

There they are!

They run forward.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE - ALL

as they meet.

MYTYL

(excited)

Tylo! Tylette! What happened
to you?

TYLETTE

What happened to you?

TYLTYL

We've been with Granny and
Grandpa.

LIGHT

(nodding
knowingly)In the Land of Memory. Did
you find the Blue Bird?

MYTYL

No - there were no Blue Birds
there - not one.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TYLETTE

TYLETTE

(scoffing,
very wise)Well, I could have told you
that in the first place.

TYLO

(sharply)

Why didn't you then?

TYLETTE

Because no one took the trouble
to inquire.

149 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

MYTYL

(to Light)

What are we to do now?

LIGHT

You haven't found the Blue Bird. You must keep on looking.

TYLO

All this fuss about a Blue Bird! I could be happy with a big, juicy beef steak.

MYTYL

I'm kind of hungry, too.

TYLETTE

(slyly)

Why don't you go to the Land of Luxury? There's plenty to eat there. Everything you can think of.

MYTYL

(to Light)

Do you think we'll find the Blue Bird there?

LIGHT

No, I don't, dear.

TYLETTE

(quickly and with cunning)

Why not? Everyone has everything they want there. Where would be a better place to look for the Blue Bird?

MYTYL

That sounds right - to me.

TYLO

Yes. If they've got beafsteaks it won't hurt to look.

LIGHT

(patiently)

Very well. Go ahead if you want to.

MYTYL

(to Light)

How do we get to the Land of Luxury?

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

TYLETTE

(quickly)

It's very easy. We take the
first side road.

LIGHT

But don't let them keep you
very long. It isn't wise to
spend too much time with
luxuries.

MYTYL

Will you wait for us?

LIGHT

Yes, dear. Just beyond.

The children leave with the cat and dog. Light looks
after them, shaking her head slowly and sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. ENTRANCE TO PALACE OF LUXURIES - DAYTIME -
MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE

walk up the marble steps to the front door. Mytyl
rings the bell.

151 EXT. FRONT DOOR

as it is opened by a liveried footman in answer
to Mytyl's summons.

MYTYL

Are the Luxuries at home?

FOOTMAN

Yes, Miss. What name shall
I say?

MYTYL

Mytyl - and friends.

FOOTMAN

Won't you step in?

They all enter.

152 INT. GREAT HALL - CAMERA SHOOTING FROM HIGH ABOVE
TO SHOW ITS EXTREME GRANDEUR AND SPACIOUSNESS

When they have entered, the footman exits up the
stairs, leaving the little troupe to look around,
speechless with awe at the utter magnificence of
everything. An enormous double staircase leads up
to second floor balcony.

153 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

TYLETTE

(spreading
her arms)

There -- What did I tell you?
Isn't it magnificent?

TYLO

(sniffing)

Mmm. I smell dinner.

He exits in direction he is sniffing. Tyltyl's
glance falls upon the shiny banisters that run up
the wide, curving stairways.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

(breathless)

Those banisters! Wouldn't you
love to slide down them, Mytyl?

MYTYL

(sotto voce)

Rich people never slide down
banisters.

BUTLER'S VOICE

(from above)

Mr. and Mrs. Luxury.

Group swings around and looks up.

154 LONG SHOT - TO INCLUDE BOTH STAIRCASES

The Luxuries descend by sliding down the banisters,
one on either side. They light on specially built
silken landing cushions.

155 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP - FAVORING THE LUXURIES

at bottom of stairs as Luxuries arise, unruffled and
with dignity. Mrs. Luxury still retains traces of
an erstwhile prettiness. She overflows with affec-
tion, sweetness and avoirdupois. Mr. Luxury is
puffy, a little pompous, and plainly shows the
ravages of indulgence.

They come forward to greet the children, all smiles
and affability.

MRS. LUXURY

How do you do? How do you do!

MYTYL

How do you do? Are you Mrs.
Luxury?

MRS. LUXURY

Yes - and this is Mr. Luxury.

MR. LUXURY

How d'you do?

MYTYL

This is my brother, Tyltyl -
oh - and Tylette -

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

TYLETTE

What an enchanting place -
such exquisite taste!

MR. LUXURY

It's simple - but we like it.

MYTYL

We came to pay you a visit --

MRS. LUXURY

How sweet of you. Did we ask
you?

MYTYL

No -- but --

MRS. LUXURY

How quaint!

156 CLOSER SHOT - MYTYL AND THE LUXURIES

MYTYL

We're looking for a Blue Bird -
and we thought you might have
one.

MRS. LUXURY

A Blue Bird?

MR. LUXURY

We're having pheasant - with
truffles. Do you prefer Blue
Birds? How do you prepare one?

MYTYL

Oh - we didn't want to eat it.

MRS. LUXURY

How quaint! Then you won't
mind pheasant.

MR. LUXURY

We've everything in the world
to eat here - all the things
you've ever wanted!

He walks to the newel post where Tytyl is standing,
CAMERA PANNING with him.

MR. LUXURY

I say there, old fellow, do
you like desserts?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

TYLTYL

Oh, yes, sir.

MR. LUXURY

Then you shall have them -
dozens of them with maraschino
cherries and whipped cream...

157 CLOSE SHOT - TYLO

looking from behind an archway, licking his lips.

MR. LUXURY'S VOICE

-- You can have anything you
like --

158 MED. SHOT - MR. LUXURY AND TYLTYL

MR. LUXURY

You can do anything you like.

TYLTYL

Could I even slide down that
banister?

MR. LUXURY

(laughing)

Ho! Ho! Certainly -- I'd join
you, but I've had my slide today.

TYLTYL

(bounding up
the stairs)

You catch me when I land.

159 MED. SHOT - MYTYL AND MRS. LUXURY

MRS. LUXURY

(ingratiatingly)

I'm sure you like dolls, don't
you - and pretty dresses -

MYTYL

Oh, yes, Ma'am - I do.

TYLETTE

(entering)

She's never had very many.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

MRS. LUXURY

I can see that. Peasant
things are picturesque, but
so scratchy, don't you think?

MYTYL

(starting to
scratch)

I hadn't thought of it before.

MRS. LUXURY

Come with me and we'll see what
we can find.

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they start towards the
staircase.

MYTYL

I'm afraid we can't stay very
long.

160 MED. SHOT - BOTTOM OF STAIRS -

as the group joins Mr. Luxury.

TYLTYL'S VOICE

(from above)

Whee! Look out below!

He lands into the scene, caught by Mr. Luxury.

MR. LUXURY

There you are, old boy!

TYLTYL

Oh, Mytyl - that's fun! Let's
stay here forever!

Tylette smiles triumphantly.

MR. LUXURY

(lifting the boy
up in front of him)

You're going to stay just as
long as you please, my lad.

Tyltyl throws his arms around him.

161 CLOSER SHOT - MRS. LUXURY, MYTYL AND TYLETTE

MRS. LUXURY

(to Mytyl)

In a party dress, dear - and
with ribbons in your hair -
you'll be really quite pre-
sentable.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

MYTYL

(excited)

Oh, thank you.

TYLETTE

You're really too kind, Mrs. Luxury.

MRS. LUXURY

Not at all. Such darlings!

(she laughs

nervously)

Come along - upstairs!

162 GROUP - AT BOTTOM OF STAIRS

They all start up the stairs. Mytyl looks back and calls.

MYTYL

Come, Tylo!

MRS. LUXURY

(surprised)

Tylo?

163 ARCHWAY -

as Tylo meanders out, starts over bashfully. A footman in the b.g. sees Tylo pass and looks after him disdainfully.

164 ANGLE - GROUP AT BOTTOM OF STAIRS - FAVORING THE LUXURIES

as they see Tylo for the first time. The impression is distinctly unfavorable.

MR. LUXURY

Who's that fellow?

MYTYL

Oh, that's Tylo. He's with us.

As Tylo enters, Mr. and Mrs. Luxury exchange distressed glances.

(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

MRS. LUXURY

Well, I'm afraid there aren't
any more guest-rooms --

MR. LUXURY

Perhaps your friend wouldn't
mind bunking in the servants'
quarters.

MYTYL

(stumped)

Is that all right, Tylo?

165 GROUP - FAVORING TYLO

TYLO

(grumbling)

Well - if there's no room in
the house -

At this moment the footman, who has been standing
in the b.g. looking at Tylo disapprovingly, steps
forward.

FOOTMAN

(to Mr. Luxury)

Beg pardon, sir, but the
servants' quarters are full
up -- however, there's a most
comfortable place in the
kennels --

TYLO

(distressed)

Kennels!

166 GROUP - FAVORING THE LUXURIES

MR. LUXURY

(pompous, settling
matters)

Splendid, splendid! Show him
the way.

FOOTMAN

(turning forward)

Come, Fido.

TYLO

(injured,
correcting him)

Tylo.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

FOOTMAN
(obsequious)

Tylo.

167 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL AND MRS. LUXURY

Mytyl is looking off, troubled about Tylo.

MYTYL
You'll be all right, Tylo.

MRS. LUXURY
Now don't worry about him -
he'll be taken care of, I
promise you. Now right up
the stairs - darling - all
the way up.

168 TYLO

following the footman out through a doorway to the
back garden.

FOOTMAN
(as he exits)
This way to the kennels..

TYLO
I might have known I'd end up
in the doghouse!

DISSOLVE TO:

169- OUT
170

171 MED. SHOT - GREAT HALL - MYTYL

surrounded by dolls and toys - as a maid brings her yet another doll. Two footmen are passing trays of pastries - with which the children and the Luxuries stuff themselves while they play.

TYLETTE

Look, Mytyl!

Mytyl takes the doll.

MYTYL

Is that for me, too?

MRS. LUXURY

Of course it is, dearest --

MYTYL

(breathless

with delight)

It's got real hair - just like mine!

172 ANOTHER SECTION OF HALL - A FOOTMAN

on his hands and knees is trying to assemble a miniature royal coach and horses. Mr. Luxury enters with Tytyl.

MR. LUXURY

Haven't you got that blasted thing working yet?

FOOTMAN

(very meekly)

Right away, sir -- right away.

TYTYL

Oh, it's a royal coach!

MR. LUXURY

Get away, you blundering idiot!
I'll fix it myself.

(CONTINUED)

172 (Cont.)

Followed by Tyltyl, Mr. Luxury takes the footman's place. On his hands and knees, he tries to connect the horses to the coach.

TYLTYL

(excitedly)

Can I wind it?

MR. LUXURY

I'll wind it for you. And
it really goes! Just wait!

He puts it down and it starts to move in a wide circle.

MR. LUXURY

(following it
around)

Isn't it wonderful? Ever see
anything like it?

The coach stops.

MR. LUXURY

Here -- I'll wind it again.

TYLTYL

Can I play with it now?

MR. LUXURY

Yes, of course, of course, my
boy. It's yours, entirely
yours.

173 MYTYL, MRS. LUXURY AND TYLETTE

Mytyl is surrounded with dolls of all sizes and kinds.

MRS. LUXURY

- all yours, darling - every
single one!

She waddles out.

TYLETTE

(gushing)

Did you ever see anyone so
bountiful?

MYTYL

Maybe she eats too much.

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

MRS. LUXURY'S VOICE
Here we are, here's a few more!

Mrs. Luxury enters with maid who is loaded down with dolls.

MYTYL
My! I feel like the old
woman who lived in a shoe.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes Mr. Luxury's voice, roaring.

MR. LUXURY'S VOICE
Out of the way - out of the
way!

The royal coach comes tearing into the scene, ploughing through some of the dolls.

174 WIDER ANGLE - TAKING IN MR. LUXURY

on his hands and knees, trying to catch the royal coach.

MR. LUXURY
(shouting
like a kid)
A runaway! By Jove! Just
like the real thing, what?

He retrieves the coach and starts winding it.

MR. LUXURY
(to the girls)
I'll show you how it works.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to favor Tytyl.

TYLTYL
Can I play with it -- when
you get through?

DISSOLVE TO:

175 INT. GREAT HALL - CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE

reclining luxuriously on an elaborate chaise longue, a huge box of chocolates on a low table nearby. She is sipping a long glass of milk.

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.)

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS to right to disclose a children's merry-go-round set up in the center of the room. Mytyl is riding. The merry-go-round's calliope is playing. A nurse stands by, watching. Through an archway in the background we see a terrace leading to the garden.

TYLTYL'S VOICE

Go away! I said, go away!

176 CLOSE SHOT - THE TERRACE

Tyltyl is in altercation with a groom over a pony.

(In this SHOT and OVER SOUND TRACKS of all other SHOTS to end of sequence the calliope continues to play.)

TYLTYL

(sharply)

Did you hear what I said - go away!

GROOM

But you're not big enough to get on by yourself, sir.

TYLTYL

I am too!

177 MERRY-GO-ROUND - INCLUDING MYTYL AND NURSE

MYTYL

(looking toward
terrace; yelling
above the music)

Stop this thing! Stop it!

NURSE

All right, Miss - just a moment.

MYTYL

(imperious)

Stop it at once. I want to ride the pony.

The Nurse stops the merry-go-round. Mytyl jumps off before it quite stops.

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

NURSE

(anxious)

Oh, be careful, dear.

178 MED. SHOT - ON THE TERRACE

as Mytyl runs over to the pony where Tyltyl is just getting settled in the saddle and taking up the reins. The groom hovers close.

MYTYL

You get down, Tyltyl. It's my turn to ride.

TYLTYL

It is not!

MYTYL

It is too! You go ride on the merry-go-round.

TYLTYL

(angry)

I don't like the merry-go-round.

MYTYL

Well, it's my pony!

TYLTYL

It is not!

MYTYL

The Luxuries gave it to me.

TYLTYL

That's not true! They gave it to both of us.

The Nurse comes running over.

NURSE

(agitated)

Children, children!

MYTYL

It's my pony, isn't it, Nurse?

TYLTYL

(screaming)

IT IS NOT!

(CONTINUED)

179 OUT

180 MYTYL, TYLTYL, GROOM AND NURSE

Mytyl is pulling Tyltyl off the pony.

AD LIBS

Let go those reins!

I won't!

I'll make you!

Get away!

Ouch!

GROOM

(helpless)

Oh, Miss - oh, Sir - oh, Miss -

181 OUT

182 MYTYL, TYLTYL AND GROOM

Both the children have completely lost their tempers and are on the ground going for each other hammer and tongs.

MYTYL AND TYLTYL

(ad lib)

Ouch!
My hair!
I hate you!
Little beast!
Ouch - ouch!

GROOM

(trying to
separate them)

Oh, please, Sir - oh, please,
Miss -

183 EXT. ARCH TO TERRACE - MR. AND MRS. LUXURY
as they come rushing from house - alarmed.

MRS. LUXURY

Good gracious!

MR. LUXURY

Mytyl! Tyltyl!

184 MYTYL, TYLTYL AND GROOM

The fight is at its climax. The Luxuries come running in.

MRS. LUXURY

(distracted)

Stop it, children - stop it,
I say!

Mr. Luxury separates Mytyl and Tyltyl.

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.)

MR. LUXURY

(sharply)

That'll do - Mytyl - Tylytyl!

He turns and vents his wrath upon the Groom.

MR. LUXURY

What the devil's all this?

GROOM

It's not my fault, sir, I swear -

185 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE CHILDREN

disheveled, breathless, angry.

MYTYL

He pulled my hair!

TYLTYL

She kicked me!

MYTYL

I'll kick you again!

186 CLOSE SHOT - THE LUXURIES AND GROOM

MRS. LUXURY

(to Mr. Luxury)

Why didn't you think to get them each a pony? Then they wouldn't have anything to quarrel over.

MR. LUXURY

(snappily)

Why didn't you?

(to Groom)

Don't stand there gaping - go get another pony!

The Groom starts off.

187 MED. SHOT - FAVORING MYTYL AND TYLTYL

TYLTYL

(to Mytyl,

triumphantly)

All right. You can have this pony. They'll get me a better one.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

MYTYL

Oh, no - you keep this one.
I'll take the better one.

TYLTYL

You will not! I'll get there
first!

He tears out.

MYTYL

No, you won't!

She tears out after him.

188 CLOSE SHOT - THE LUXURIES

looking at each other distressed.

MRS. LUXURY

There just doesn't seem to be
any satisfying them.

MR. LUXURY

If you ask me, they're spoiled.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 OUT

190 INT. MYTYL'S LUXURIOUS BEDROOM - MOONLIGHT -
CLOSE SHOT

Mytyl in bed, desperately unhappy - sobbing her
little heart out.

191 ANOTHER ANGLE

The door opens and the Nurse comes in.

NURSE
(coldly but
not unkindly)
What's the matter, Mytyl?

MYTYL
(sobbing)
I d-don't know.

NURSE
(impatiently)
Go to sleep now. I'll fetch
one of your dolls if you like.

MYTYL
(passionately)
I don't want any dolls!

NURSE
(with a sniff)
Suit yourself.
(sharply)
But stop that silly crying.

She exits.

192 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

As the door is heard to close, she gives way to an
abandonment of tears - just plain misery. She sits
up in bed and looks around the beautiful moonlit
room, furnished with every conceivable comfort. But
it is pervaded by a loneliness that is intolerable.
Getting out of bed, stifling her crying, Mytyl slips
into her dressing gown and slippers and starts out
of the room.

193 HALLWAY

as Mytyl comes from her room. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD
of her as she meanders slowly down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

She comes to a door that is ajar. She stops and looks in.

194 INT. MR. LUXURY'S ROOM

Mr. Luxury in foreground is sitting in a big chair in front of a fire. He is suffering from a severe attack of the gout and has one foot heavily bandaged and propped up on a stool. Mytyl can be seen peering in the door beyond. She starts to come in.

MYTYL

(in a sad
little voice)

Oh, Mr. Luxury - may I come in?

MR. LUXURY

(looking around
gruffly)

What is it? You should be in bed.

MYTYL

I was - but I couldn't sleep.
(then starting
forward)

Oh! -- What did you do to your foot?

195 CLOSER ANGLE - TWO

MR. LUXURY

(snappily)

I didn't do anything. It's the gout.

(as Mytyl comes
too close to his
foot; almost
shouting)

Don't touch it!

MYTYL

Oh, I wasn't going to touch it.

MR. LUXURY

Well, don't even come near it.

MYTYL

Does it hurt when I even come near it?

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

MR. LUXURY
It hurts when you even look
at it. Now, off to bed with
you!

MYTYL
(slowly)
Well -- goodnight.

MR. LUXURY
(gruffly)
Goodnight.

196 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

CAMERA PANS with Mytyl as she goes downheartedly to-
ward the door. Her steps lag. She stops and picks
up a book, then turns back, CAMERA FOLLOWING her un-
til it INCLUDES Mr. Luxury.

MYTYL
(timidly)
Mr. Luxury --

MR. LUXURY
(annoyed)
Are you still here!

MYTYL
Yes, sir.

MR. LUXURY
(impatiently)
Well, what do you want!

MYTYL
I thought you might like to
read to me.

MR. LUXURY
Why should I!

MYTYL
My daddy does sometimes at home.

MR. LUXURY
Well, it's a silly idea. And
you can tell your daddy so.

MYTYL
Yes, sir... Goodnight.

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

She starts out, but turns back again, hesitating.

MYTYL

Mr. Luxury --

MR. LUXURY

Yes -- what now?

He picks a tremendous cigar from the humidor beside him and starts to light it.

MYTYL

Don't you like to talk things over with somebody before you go to bed?

MR. LUXURY

(irate)

Talk what things over!

MYTYL

(forlornly)

Oh -- nothing... Do you mind if I kiss you goodnight?

MR. LUXURY

(eyes to the ceiling)

Good heavens!

MYTYL

I could shut my eyes and pretend it's daddy.

MR. LUXURY

A fine time of night to be playing games. Come here - and be careful of my foot.

He grabs her roughly, toppling her off balance and she falls right on his foot. Mr. Luxury screams with pain.

MR. LUXURY

You clumsy little wretch!

MYTYL

I didn't mean it.

MR. LUXURY

(blowing up, shouting)

Get out -- get out!

Mytyl flees.

197 HALLWAY -

Mytyl closes the door behind her.

TRUCK CAMERA WITH HER along hall -- a lonely little figure. She comes to a French window and stops, looks out idly.

CAMERA COMES CLOSE as suddenly Mytyl sees something below that causes her to become alert, attentive.

198 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN INTO YARD

Tylo is sitting on a step in the moonlight - very bored, very lonely.

199 MYTYL

as she forgets her unhappiness, seeing Tylo again whom she has forgotten for so long. She starts hurriedly down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

200 ARCH LEADING TO TERRACE

as Mytyl comes out and starts across the terrace.

MYTYL
(calling
excitedly)
Tylo - oh, Tylo.

201 YARD

TRUCK CAMERA with Mytyl as she runs across yard calling excitedly.

MYTYL
Tylo!

202 TYLO

He glances up at the sound of Mytyl's voice. She runs to him.

MYTYL
Tylo!

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

But Tylo doesn't get up. He just looks up at her with a sad hurt expression.

TYLO
(coolly)
Oh - it's you.

203 CLOSE SHOT - TWO

Mytyl looks at him, reacting to his coolness - conscience-stricken.

MYTYL
Oh, Tylo - I've missed you so!
She sits down beside him.

TYLO
(indignant)
Missed me! You knew I was here, didn't you?

MYTYL
What have you been doing?

TYLO
Nothing. Even the dogs here won't play with me.

MYTYL
Why not, Tylo?

204 CLOSEUP - TYLO

A great tear rolls down his cheek.

TYLO
(sadly)
I haven't a pedigree.

205 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TYLO

MYTYL
(putting her arms around Tylo, crying)
Oh, Tylo, I'm unhappy, too.

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

TYLO

(tenderly)

Oh, my sweet - my little one!

MYTYL

Nobody here is kind -- not really kind. Not like Mummy and Daddy.

(then spiritedly,
her crying stops)I wouldn't trade them for all the Mr. and Mrs. Luxuries in the world.

TYLO

Even if they are poor - huh?

MYTYL

Mummy and Daddy are not poor. They just haven't any money. There's a difference.

TYLO

What do you say we get out of here? Where is Tylytyl?

MYTYL

I don't know. We're not speaking.

TYLO

(shocked)

What! Not speaking! What is this place doing to all of us?

206 MED. SHOT

as Tylo rises.

TYLO

(continuing)

We must get out of here.

MYTYL

(rising)

But we can't -- We can't get away from the Luxuries.

TYLO

Just let them try to stop us.

(leading her
toward house)

Come on - you get dressed.

DISSOLVE TO:

207 INT. TYLTYL'S ROOM - BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

as Tylo and Mytyl creep in, closing the door behind them. Mytyl is in her old clothes. Tyltyl is in bed, crying. The sound of the closing door startles him and he sits up in bed. Mytyl runs over to him.

MYTYL

Oh, Tyltyl -- I'm so sorry
for everything.

TYLTYL

(blubbering)

There's no use saying you're
sorry now.

TYLO

(sharply)

Why, master, is that any way
to talk -- you two who were
insepara - insepara-
(swallows)
- the best of friends?

208 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVORING TYLTYL

as he looks from Tylo to Mytyl.

MYTYL

Please make up. I've been so
lonely without you, Tyltyl.

TYLO

(triumphant)

There - now kiss and make up -
quick -

The two children kiss, hugging each other.

MYTYL

(in a hushed
whisper)

We're going to leave - right
now !

TYLTYL

(almost
shouting)

Good! Good! I'm ready.

MYTYL

S-sh!

as Tylyl hops out of bed.

MYTYL

Where are your clothes?

TYLYL

(pointing off)

In there.

MYTYL

Put them on - quick!

Tylyl runs into a dressing-room adjoining.

210 ANGLE ON BEDROOM DOOR

as it opens and Tylette comes in. She reacts,
surprised at the sight of Tylo.

TYLETTE

(sensing that
something is
up - suddenly)

What is this - a conspiracy?

211 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

MYTYL

We're leaving this place,
Tylette.

TYLETTE

Leaving? Why?

MYTYL

Because we don't like it --
That's why.

TYLETTE

Don't you think it's a little
ungrateful - after all the
Luxuries have done for you --

MYTYL

They haven't done anything -
but make us unhappy.

TYLETTE

(archly)

Well, of course if that's how
you feel about it -

(CONTINUED)

211 (Cont.)

TYLO

That's exactly how we feel
about it! And we don't
want any more gab out of you.

TYLETTE

It's so very enjoyable here.

TYLO

If you want to stay, stay.
We'd be better off without
you.

MYTYL

Oh, no. We can't leave
Tylette.

TYLETTE

Have no fear, Mytyl. I'll
go along for your sake.

Tylo looks at her disgustedly and utters a grunt.
Tyltyl, dressed in his old clothes, comes from the
dressing room. Tylo opens the door cautiously and
leads the way out.

TYLO

Quiet, now.

212 MED. SHOT - AT TOP OF STAIRWAY

They start down.

213 CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE

who is bringing up the rear. She is determined to
prevent this escape if possible. She glances at
big marble statue of Bacchus on a stair newel. She
gives it a violent push, toppling it off its pedestal
and over the stair rail.

214 MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE ON STAIRS

OVER SOUND TRACK the terrific crash of the statue -
causing them to stop, horrified.

215 FRONT HALL

Two footmen come hurrying from different anterooms - see the crashed statue - gasp with horror - look around to see what caused it.

216 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING UP - MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE

crouching down behind the banisters.

217 TWO FOOTMEN

staring at the statue.

1ST FOOTMAN

Wait till Mr. Luxury sees this!

2ND FOOTMAN

You'd better go tell him.

1ST FOOTMAN

Not me!

OVER SOUND TRACK comes Mr. Luxury's voice, roaring.

MR. LUXURY'S VOICE

What's going on down there!

218 THE CHILDREN - LED BY TYLO

dash upstairs and hide behind curtains, followed by Tylette.

219 HALL BELOW

The two footmen, quaking, rush towards stairs, start up.

220 MR. LUXURY'S DOOR

Mr. Luxury hobbles out, shouting.

MR. LUXURY

What in thunder was that noise?

221 TOP OF STAIRWAY

Footmen ascending. As they pass the curtained window, Tylette's foot comes out, tripping one of the footmen. He stumbles, glances around, sees only the curtain and hurries on.

222 UPPER HALLWAY - MR. LUXURY

MR. LUXURY

What is it! What happened!

The two quaking footmen approach him.

MR. LUXURY

Well, speak up, somebody -
speak up!

1ST FOOTMAN

Th-th-the statue, sir.

MR. LUXURY

(roaring)

What about th-th-the statue?

223 ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Nurse comes flying into the scene, breathless.

NURSE

Oh, Mr. Luxury - the children
are gone!

MR. LUXURY

(flabbergasted)

Gone?

NURSE

(distracted)

Their beds are empty!

MR. LUXURY

(to footmen)

Well, why are you standing here?
After them! After them!

224 MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE

They dash out from behind curtain and rush down the stairs. After a moment the footmen and nurse tear through after them, followed by Mr. Luxury, hobbling on his cane.

225 LOWER HALL - MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE
as they reach the bottom.

TYLETTE
(to trap them)
Quick - through here!

Led by Tylette, they dash toward huge double doors,
and fling them open.

226 INT. SUMPTUOUS DINING ROOM - SHOOTING OVER TABLE
where Mrs. Luxury is entertaining about twenty
people for dinner.

MRS. LUXURY
(rising)
What in heaven's name --!

227 MED. SHOT - AT DOOR

MYTYL
(horrificed)
Oh, goodness!

Mytyl and the others start back, but it is too late.
The footmen are blocking their way.

TYLO
Follow me - quick!

228 FULL SHOT - DINING ROOM

Tylo darts under the table, the others following.
Mrs. Luxury is staggered. The dinner party is
thrown into confusion. To block the way of the
pursuers, Tylo knocks over the whole table, putting
up a momentary barricade. He dashes towards a
swinging door. At that moment it swings open and
a butler enters, carrying a platter of roast ducks.
Tylo collides with him. The butler goes down, the
ducks flying in all directions.

TYLO
Out - out!

He gestures the children and Tylette out through
the swinging door. He starts to follow, turns and
snatches up one of the ducks. The children dash
back into dining room, the cook with a meat cleaver
after them. They dash back into great hall, the
crowd in hot pursuit.

229 MORE WILD CHASE - MORE COMEDY GAGS

Up the stairs and back down, getting a good comedy chase in sets already used.

230 MRS. LUXURY AND MR. LUXURY

disheveled and breathless, after chase is over and children have escaped.

MRS. LUXURY

Well! Of all the ill-mannered exhibitions! I'm glad they're gone.

MR. LUXURY

(looking ruefully
at his gouty foot)
Maybe they know what they're doing.

MRS. LUXURY

Not at all. They're just too young to appreciate - luxury.

MR. Luxury

And we're too old to escape from it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

231 LONG SHOT - COUNTRY ROAD - LEADING UP OVER A LOW HILL -
MOONLIGHT

The children with Tylo and Tylette, their backs to CAMERA, are walking wearily toward the crest of the hill, CAMERA FOLLOWING, as a glow appears over the hill. Tylo points.

TYLO

Look! The moon's coming up.

MYTYL

(happily)

No - That's Light - coming to
meet us.

Delighted, they forget their weariness and hurry toward the crest as Light appears to meet them.

232 CLOSER ANGLE - GROUP

as they meet Light.

LIGHT

(smiling - taking
in all of them)

You're tired, aren't you?

MYTYL

(dejectedly)

I'm afraid we've failed again.

LIGHT

You didn't find the Blue Bird,
did you?

MYTYL

(ashamed)

We forgot to look.

LIGHT

That always happens there.

(wisely)

You wouldn't have found it
anyway.

Tylo sits down. Tylyl drops down beside him.
Tylette sits near them and begins to brush herself.

233 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND LIGHT

MYTYL

I'm afraid we just wasted our time.

LIGHT

You wouldn't want to go back, would you?

MYTYL

(decidedly)

Oh, no - never! Never!

LIGHT

Then you haven't wasted your time.

234 THREE SHOT - TYLO, TYLETTE AND TYLTYL

TYLTYL

We almost didn't get away at all.

TYLO

Thanks to Tylette.

TYLETTE

(innocently)

What did I do?

TYLO

Oh, nothing at all -- Just crashed a statue, and tripped a butler -- did everything you could to help them catch us.

TYLETTE

(patronizingly)

You've been seeing things, Tylo.

TYLO

(growling)

You bet I have! Some day I'm going to take you by the neck and shake your head right off.

TYLETTE

(arching her back)

Just try it. If you want to get your eyes scratched out.

235 ANGLE - MYTYL AND LIGHT

as Mytyl turns, scolding.

MYTYL

Oh, stop - stop, you two!
You do nothing but fight.

(to Light)

What do you think we ought
to do now?

LIGHT

I think you ought to rest.
Tyltyl's asleep. Why don't
you sleep a little while, too?

236 THE GROUP - DIFFERENT ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

showing Tyltyl snuggled against Tylo and dropping off
to sleep.

MYTYL

I am tired.

LIGHT

Then sleep. I'll be back to
wake you.

Light leaves, taking her brilliance from the scene -
it remains in blue moonlight.

237 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL, TYLTYL AND TYLO

Mytyl sinks down wearily, pillowing her head on the
other side of Tylo.

238 CLOSE SHOT -- TYLETTE

glancing off at the others, resting. Something is in
her mind as she starts to slink off.

239 MED. SHOT - GROUP -

Tylo looking after her.

TYLO

(to Mytyl)

Where's she sneaking off to?

MYTYL

(turning,
calling)

Tylette -- where are you going?

240 TYLETTE

looking back over her shoulder.

TYLETTE

(casually)

Oh - just for a little stroll.

I'm too nervous to rest.

She strolls on. TRUCK CAMERA with her some little distance. She turns and looks back.

241 MYTYL AND HER TROUPE

resting by the roadside at crest of hill.

242 TYLETTE

satisfied that their suspicions are allayed. She turns and, changing her direction, hurries off towards the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

243 DENSE FOREST - MOONLIGHT

Tylette is threading her way swiftly along through the Forest, looking about her, pausing now and then to call off impatiently.

TYLETTE

(calling)

Father Oak!... Father Oak!

TRUCK CAMERA with her. She pauses by the side of a huge, gnarled Oak Tree - and calls again.

TYLETTE

(as loud as she can)

Oak! Where are you, you old acorn?

As she looks about her again, CAMERA COMES CLOSE on gnarled Oak Tree. From the hollow of the trunk, Oak emerges - a huge, bearded, grizzled old man - half deaf - his leathern jacket and boots in some wise suggestive of his character.

OAK

What's all the commotion?

Tylette turns and sees Oak right beside her.

TYLETTE

(irritably)

I've been shouting my lungs out for you.

244 ANGLE - FAVORING OAK

as he puts his hand to his ear.

OAK

What's that?

TYLETTE

Didn't you hear me calling you?

OAK

No.

TYLETTE

You get deafer and deafer.

OAK

It's the din of the woodsman's axe always ringing in my ears.

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.)

TYLETTE

(peremptorily)

Summon the others - will you?

OAK

What others?

TYLETTE

Pine, Elm, Walnut, Maple -
summon them all!

OAK

What's up? From your tone,
one would think the world
was coming to an end.

TYLETTE

(darkly)

If you don't do as I say our
world will come to an end.

OAK

(impressed)

As bad as all that, eh?

He cups his gnarled hands to his mouth and calls.

OAK

Hallo - HALLO!

TYLETTE

Summon them all - Willow -
Lime - Beech -

OAK

(shouting
in all directions)

Hallo - hallo!

245 SOME TREES OF DIFFERENT VARIETIES

From the hollow of one, from behind the trunk of
another, come Beech - Elm - strong, bearded men of
the same ilk as Oak.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes Oak's voice, shouting:

OAK'S VOICE

Hallo - hallo!

Beech and Elm look off - glance at one another,
realizing that the summons is imperative, and start
off.

246 ANOTHER ANGLE

as more of these Trees appear - some short and stocky,
some tall and willowy.

OVER SOUND TRACK Oak's voice hallo-ing.

OAK'S VOICE

Hallo - hallo!

From behind one tree leaps a wild character who
chuckles maniacally.

247 CLOSE SHOT - OAK AND TYLETTE

as Oak intersperses his shouting with beckoning.

OAK

There's the Wild Plum.

248 WIDE ANGLE - THE TREES

hurrying to Oak and Tylette. Wild Plum comes
forward.

WILD PLUM

(excitedly)

What's up? Is something the
matter? What brings you here,
Tylette? Something zany, I'll
bet.

(he laughs
zanily)

Oak looks off and gestures to another tree to
hasten --

OAK

(shouting)

Come along there, you!
Come along!

249 MED. SHOT - A STATELY FEMININE TREE

who is sweeping along like a Follies beauty.

OAK'S VOICE

Don't be a prima donna,
Cypress. You're among friends.

She relaxes, smiles coyly, joins the others.

250 ANOTHER ANGLE -

A shabby looking, gnarled, little old tree comes stumbling along on a cane, muttering to himself.

MUTTERING TREE

Always something. Nothing
but trouble. Getting me up
in the middle of the night.

251 CLOSE SHOT - OAK AND TYLETTE

OAK

(to Tylette
as muttering
continues)

There's the Crab apple.

At this moment SOUND OF SOBBING comes over his speech. Oak walks over in direction of sobbing, Tylette following. They come abreast of a tall, willowy woman, sobbing against a tree.

OAK

Stop that blubbering, Willow.
Save your weeping for the
river.

WILLOW

(still hiding
her face)

I can't bear it - I can't.

TYLETTE

Can't bear what?

WILLOW

(startled -
after a
moment's
thought)

Things -- just things.

She buries her head again.

OAK

(turning to
Tylette)

You see what I'm up against?

TYLETTE

Come along. I have to get
back.

They exit.

252 WIDE ANGLE - GROUP OF TREES ASSEMBLED
as Tylette and Oak walk into their midst.

OAK
(looking about)
I guess we're all here now.

TREES
(ad lib)
Well, speak up.
What's the trouble?
What's all this about?
Why are we here?

253 CLOSER SHOT - FAVORING TYLETTE
Tylette silences them with a gesture.

TYLETTE
(important and
dramatic)
The children of the Woodcutter -
your mortal enemy - are on their
way here, looking for the Blue
Bird --

TREES
(cutting in -
alarmed)
The Blue Bird!

TYLETTE
Yes - you may well shiver
and shake!

OAK
But they mustn't find the
Blue Bird. If they do -
they'll know the secret of
happiness that only nature
knows.

TYLETTE
Exactly. So we must stop
them. I've put as many
obstacles in their way as I
can. Now it's up to you.

254 ANGLE - ON TREES

TREES
(ad lib)
How! What'll we do?

255 ANGLE - FAVORING TYLETTE

TYLETTE

(forcefully)

Frighten them - terrify them -
put the fear of the devil in
them - so they'll go back
where they belong - and forget
what they came for.

TREES

We'll frighten 'em!
We'll do it!
Leave it to us!
Don't worry - let them come!

TYLETTE

(holding up her
hand in final
warning)

Don't fail! Remember what
it means.

She waves goodbye to Oak and hurries back the way
she came.

256 ANGLE ON TREES

excited, chuckling.

WALNUT

We'll make 'em sorry they
came, eh, Hickory!

HICKORY

I'll sic my squirrels on them.

WILD PLUM

This is going to be jolly.
(he laughs
insanely)

Oak wheels on them, outraged.

OAK

(thundering)

Jolly? Are you all daft?
Didn't you hear what she
said - they're after the Blue
Bird! What good will it do
to frighten them? They'll
come back - again and again.
We must destroy them.

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

TREES

(ad lib)

Destroy them?

OAK

That's what Man has done to
us - for centuries.

TREES

Oak's right.
 Haven't they felled us by the
 thousands?
 Shivered our timbers?
 We'll do away with them.
 I'll beat them with my branches!

OAK

They must not escape. Go tell
 Wind - whip him into a frenzy.
 (to another)
 Get even our enemies to help -
 Fire - Lightning -
 (to several Trees)
 Go quick - Let them know. Tell
 them if needs be we will sacri-
 fice ourselves - anything - but
 there must be no mistake - no
 failure. THEY MUST DIE!

With exclamations of approval for the decision and
 murmurs of anger against the children, the trees
 hurry off in various directions.

DISSOLVE TO:

257 ROADSIDE - NEAR FOREST - MYTYL, TYLETTE AND TYLO

asleep. After a moment Tylette comes in. She looks
 at the sleeping children and smiles, then rouses
 Mytyl by shaking her gently.

TYLETTE

Mytyl -- wake up!

MYTYL

(sleepily)

What -- oh, it's you, Tylette.

TYLETTE

Yes, and I've wonderful news.
 I've just come from the forest
 and it's alive with Blue Birds.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

MYTYL

(sitting up)

Really, Tylette! Oh, let's
wake the others and go.

TYLETTE

(quickly)

Don't wake Tylo. He'll only
be a nuisance.

TYLO

(opening one
eye)

Oh -- is that so!

MYTYL

(shaking Tytyl)

Tytyl!... Tylette's just come
from the forest and it's full
of Blue Birds.

TYLETTE

Come on, we must hurry.

They scramble to their feet. Tylo stops them as they
are about to hurry out.

TYLO

We're not going without Light.

MYTYL

(immediately
thoughtful)

That's right. We'd better
wait for her.

TYLETTE

Don't be absurd. That's why
we haven't found any Blue Birds.
They're frightened of Light.
They fly away when she approaches.

TYLO

Why, you treacherous, old hypo-
crite!

(to children)

Don't you listen to her.

TYLETTE

Are you going to let that stupid
dog keep you from finding the
Blue Bird? It's in the forest,
I tell you.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont. 1)

MYTYL

Tylette may be right, Tylo.

TYLETTE

Of course, I'm right! We've
got no time to lose. The
Blue Birds will all be gone.
Come on!

MYTYL

Yes, come on, Tylo.

TYLO

I won't go!

MYTYL

(sharply)
Do as I say!

DISSOLVE TO:

258 THE FOREST - MOVING SHOT - MYTYL, TYLTYL, TYLO
AND TYLETTE

as they enter, looking around. They come to the huge,
gnarled oak from which Oak emerged. They pause,
glancing about.

TYLETTE

Isn't it peaceful - and quiet -

A wind starts stirring the treetops.

MYTYL

The wind sounds as if it
were trying to sing.

TYLTYL

(going to the
huge tree,
which we know
is Oak)

Look at this big old tree.
Wouldn't Daddy love to chop
it down!

As he speaks, the peace and silence of the Forest is
broken by the wind increasing. They all look around
uneasily.

TYLO

(glancing up)

Looks like a storm's blow-
ing up.

The wind increases. Thunder is heard.

MYTYL

(a little anxious)

We'd better find shelter
some place.

She starts away from the oak, Tylette and Tylo with
her.

TYLTYL

Wait, Mytyl - why don't we
hide in here?

He indicates the hollow trunk of the Oak. Tylette and
Tylo start back, Mytyl following. A big branch sweeps
violently down toward Mytyl.

TYLO

(sharply)

Look out!

Just as the branch is about to hit Mytyl he springs
forward and grabs it, whereupon the limb swings him
away with it, and coming back, deposits him heavily
on the ground near the great oak.

(CONTINUED)

TYLO

(bewildered)

I don't think we're welcome
here.

Mytyl and Tylyl help him up and they rush to the hollow in the Oak. There is more thunder and lightning as it grows darker. They all huddle in the hollow looking out and up.

259 SHOT OF SKY

looking up through trees - dark clouds sweeping
across the moon.

260 ANGLE - GROUP - FAVORING TYLTYL

TYLTYL

(alarmed)

It is a storm. I knew it!

TYLO

It's more like a tornado.

261 WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING THE OAK

A flash of lightning strikes. The oak shivers and
cracks.

MYTYL

(bounding out
and looking up
at cracked tree)

Quick! We've got to get
out of here!

262 WIDER SHOT - FOREST

as they start forward. More lightning and thunder
and sounds of terrific cracking. Mytyl stumbles
and falls as others leap ahead of her. A huge
limb falls between Mytyl and the others. Mytyl
screams.

263 ANGLE - TYLTYL, TYLO AND TYLETTE

frightened. Tylyl screams. Tylo dashes back.

TYLO

Mytyl - are you hurt?

(CONTINUED)

Mytyl scrambles out from the leaves, shaken up but not hurt.

MYTYL

I'm all right. But let's keep going.

TYLETTE

Don't get excited. There's no danger.

TYLO

Keep quiet! This way - hurry!

TYLTYL

(frightened)

Hold my hand, Tylo.

Tylo leads the way, half running.

CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they hurry - fighting their way through the storm. The branches of trees sweep down, lashing them. Tylo does his best to protect the children. Tylette is enjoying it all. With only herself to look out for, she has no difficulty in evading danger by slinking swiftly from tree to tree.

264 A SMALL CLEARING OF CHOPPED-DOWN TREE-STUMPS

as the troupe rushes towards it.

OVER SOUND TRACK the terrific roar and crash of a toppling tree.

265 CLOSE SHOT - BASE OF HUGE TREE

being uprooted.

266 WIDE ANGLE - HUGE TREE

falling in the clearing. Tylo, terrified, snatches Mytyl and Tyltyl by the hands and plunges on just as the huge tree crashes behind them.

267 CLOSE SHOT - THREE

as they glance back, horrified at their narrow escape.

A sudden flash of lightning lights up their faces and almost instantly comes the crack of thunder. They turn and start running.

268 THE TROUPE

running blindly, stopping, turning off this way and that way.

OVER SOUND TRACK the rumble of thunder crashing.

INTERCUT WITH:

269 SHOT OF RAGING STORM

trees swaying, limbs cracking - lightning spearing down.

270 HUGE DEAD TREE

as it is struck by a terrific bolt of lightning. The tree crashes down - smoke and then flames start to crackle through the dead branches.

271 THE TROUPE

as they stop and see the flames blocking their path. They turn panic-stricken.

272 SHOTS OF FIRE

sweeping through the forest, blown hither and thither by the violent wind.

273 SHOTS OF THE TROUPE

running - trying to escape - but whichever way they go, the fire seems to sweep ahead of them - blocking their path.

274 SHOT - FAVORING TYLETTE

as she tries to lure them into danger again.

TYLETTE

This way - this way -

Mytyl and Tytyl start to follow her. Tylo bounds after them. He sees the danger. He grabs them, stopping them. He looks around desperately. All their avenues of escape seem to be cut off.

TYLO

We're trapped!

(CONTINUED)

274 (Cont.)

Then he sees a way out and they dash forward.

275 TYLO, MYTYL AND TYLTYL

running.

OVER SOUND TRACK Tylette's voice screaming.

TYLETTE'S VOICE

Help! Help!

They glance back.

276 TYLETTE

trapped by the fire.

277 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

gasping with horror.

MYTYL

Tylette! Oh, Tylo - quick!

She starts running.

TYLO

(shouting)

No - no!

He tears after her.

278 A BURNING TREE - HIDING TYLETTE

TYLETTE'S VOICE

(screaming)

Don't let me die - Please help!

279 MYTYL

as she tears forward, Tylo after her, Tyltyl too, panic-stricken. Tylo manages to snatch Mytyl out of danger.

MYTYL

We've got to save her.

(CONTINUED)

279 (Cont.)

TYLO
(desperate)
You can't -- It's too late.

He snatches her by the hand and yanks her forward.
Mytyl glancing back over her shoulder.

280 REVERSE ANGLE - CLUMP OF TREES
hiding Tylette in great flames.

281 TYLO, MYTYL AND TYLTYL
running - Mytyl crying, shrieking with terror.
Then Tylo sees something that gives him a last
desperate hope.

TYLO
Look - there's the lake -
quick!
They plunge forward.

282 SHOTS OF THEM
running. The wind and the fire rise to tremendous
proportions. The flames lick their very feet. The
wind blows them into the very path of oncoming fire,
and sends trees crashing down to impede their escape.

283 THE EDGE OF THE LAKE
Tylo and the children tear towards the water, the
flames following them - trees crashing down.
TRUCK CAMERA with them to a little rowboat. Tylo
jumps in, pulling the children after him. He
snatches up the oars and starts rowing like mad -
just escaping a huge flaming tree at the edge of
the lake that crashes down into the water.

FADE OUT

284 FADE IN

EXT. LAKE'S EDGE - DAWN - LONG SHOT - (SHOOTING
TOWARD SHORE)

Tylo is rowing boat toward shore as Light approaches
the water's edge.

285 MED. SHOT - AT LAKE'S EDGE

as the children with exclamations of delight run from
the boat to Light. Tylo follows, sinking on a rock,
exhausted.

MYTYL

Oh, Light! Light! Can you
ever forgive us. We shouldn't
have gone without you.

LIGHT

(holding her close)
You're safe now. That's all
that matters.

TYLTYL

We've been rowing all night!

MYTYL

Lightning struck -- The whole
Forest went up in flames!

LIGHT

Yes -- Lightning and Fire are
my step-brothers. They can be
very wicked.

MYTYL

We nearly got burnt up.

TYLTYL

Tylette did get burnt up!

TYLO

She got what she deserved.

MYTYL

(shocked)
Oh, don't say that, Tylo --
poor Tylette!

286 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LIGHT
as she comforts Mytyl.

LIGHT

There, dear, don't be unhappy.
What about the Blue Bird?

MYTYL

We didn't see one - not one.
We didn't have time to look.

287 CLOSE SHOT - TYLO

TYLO

(still panting)
If you ask me - there ain't
no sich bird!

288 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND LIGHT

MYTYL

Oh, there is - there must be!

LIGHT

(comforting her)
Of course, there is. You
haven't looked everywhere.
There's still the Kingdom
of the Future.

MYTYL

The Future?

LIGHT

Why, yes. So many wonderful
things are in the Future.

289 ANGLE - GROUP - FAVORING TYLO

TYLO

Not me! I've seen enough
wonderful things.

MYTYL

(crossing to
Tylo).
Oh, please, Tylo.

TYLTYL

You've got to come with us,
Tylo.

TYLO

Sorry. All I can see in the
future for me is aching bunions.

(CONTINUED)

289 (Cont.)

He starts taking off his shoes.

MYTYL

Then will you wait for us?

TYLO

Gladly - and take your time.

290 MYTYL, TYLTYL AND LIGHT

LIGHT

Come, we'd better get started.

They start to move, CAMERA TRUCKING ahead of them.

MYTYL

Is the Future far?

LIGHT

Oh, no - just over the hill.

She points off up a hill. They start climbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

291 MOUNTAIN TRAIL - MYTYL, TYLTYL AND LIGHT

climbing. Light stops and directs the children up higher.

LIGHT

Keep climbing. Up and up - as far as you can go.

MYTYL

Can't you come with us this time?

LIGHT

You won't need me. When you're ready to leave, I'll come for you.

As Mytyl and Tyltyl climb past the CAMERA, Light turns and watches them, smiling.

292 REVERSE ANGLE. - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

climbing to the crest of the trail and into the mistiness of a cloud that is wafting over the topmost peak.

DISSOLVE TO:

293 CLOUDS

White, puffy clouds floating slowly in the azure sky. Gradually the clouds become tinted with pink and gold as though they were being kissed by the sun. Through the clouds come Mytyl and Tyltyl. They stop, standing hand in hand, very quiet, looking around with an air of absolute wonderment.

294 REVERSE ANGLE - KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE - OVER MYTYL'S AND TYLTYL'S SHOULDERS -

simple, beautiful, open, uncluttered. In the b.g. - in the far distance the place seems to melt away into a horizon of delicate clouds, giving the impression of the Kingdom hanging in space.

But the first and prevailing impression (in this and all other WIDE ANGLE LONG SHOTS) is of children - fine, sturdy youngsters, ranging in ages from two years to ten or eleven, sublime, open-faced children - engaged in various forms of activity and inactivity - some playing, some sitting around in groups, some asleep. They are simply garmented, but bare-footed.

295 MYTYL AND TYLTYL - AT ENTRANCE TO KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE

as they walk forward, wonder-eyed.

TYLTYL

Did you ever see so many children?

MYTYL

You don't suppose they're all one family?

296 WIDE ANGLE - TAKING IN A GROUP OF CHILDREN

playing a game, running, laughing gaily. One or two of them turn and see Mytyl and Tyltyl. They stop, staring - then call to some of the others.

CHILDREN

(ad lib)

Live children!

Look!

Come and look at the live children!

Hesitantly, a little shy and wary, they come forward.

297 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

TYLTYL

Why do they call us live children?

MYTYL

I don't know.

298 WIDE ANGLE

as the children, quite a lot of them, cluster around Mytyl and Tyltyl.

A CHILD

You're live children, aren't you?

MYTYL

Of course we're alive - aren't you?

CHILDREN

Oh, no!
Not yet.

A CHILD

We're waiting to be born.

Tyltyl flashes Mytyl a skeptical little look.

299 CLOSER ANGLE

A CHILD

How funny you're dressed.

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.)

MYTYL

I was thinking the same about you.

TYLTYL

Aren't you afraid you'll catch a cold?

CHILD

What is that -- a cold?

TYLTYL

Why, it's a sickness.

CHILD

Then why do you catch it? I should think you'd run from it.

ANOTHER CHILD

(to Mytyl)

What are those things on your feet?

MYTYL

My shoes.

CHILD

Shoes? What are they for?

MYTYL

They're to protect your feet from thorns and stones - and from the cold -

ANOTHER CHILD

The cold he was talking about?

TYLTYL

No - this is another - freezing cold.

1st CHILD

It's all very confusing. But I suppose we'll understand when we're born.

MYTYL

Why don't you get born?

1st CHILD

We will. But we have to wait our turn.

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.1)

ANOTHER CHILD

I'm going to be born in three
years.

A REGAL LOOKING CHILD

I'm going to be born on a throne.

1st CHILD

Is it nice on earth?

TYLTYL

Yes - it's all right.

MYTYL

(enthusiastic)

It's beautiful.

OVER SOUND TRACK comes a shrill excited little voice
calling.

VOICE

Mytyl - oh, Mytyl!

Mytyl turns.

300 REVERSE ANGLE - A LITTLE GIRL

running forward, excited and smiling.

GIRL

(calling)

Mytyl!

301 ANGLE - MYTYL, TYLTYL AND LITTLE GIRL

as she runs up to Mytyl and Tyltyl. In the b.g.
the other children who run off, continuing their
game.

MYTYL

Hello.

LITTLE GIRL

(gazing starry-
eyed)

You're Mytyl - and Tyltyl - !

MYTYL

How do you know our names?

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

LITTLE GIRL
That's not very surprising -
I'm going to be your little
sister.

TYLTYL
What!

MYTYL
(equally sur-
prised)
Our sister!
(then under-
standing)
Oh, you're coming to live with
us.

LITTLE GIRL
Yes.

MYTYL
When?

LITTLE GIRL
I don't know just when - in a
year perhaps.

MYTYL
(smiling)
That's wonderful.

302 ANGLE - FAVORING THE LITTLE GIRL

LITTLE GIRL
(the happiness
fading away)
Yes - in a way.

MYTYL
(perplexed)
In a way! There'll be three
of us - we'll have lots of fun.

LITTLE GIRL
(sadly)
Not for very long.

TYLTYL
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

LITTLE GIRL
I'll only be with you a little
while.

MYTYL
(frowning)
And then you're going away?

LITTLE GIRL
Yes.

303 ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

as after a moment she understands.

MYTYL
(regretfully)
Oh -

TYLTYL
It's hardly worth while your
coming at all - is it?

MYTYL
(glancing at
him reprovingly)
S-s-sh!

LITTLE GIRL
(to Mytyl)
It would seem so. But -- we
can't pick and choose.

It is such a big idea it leaves Mytyl speechless -
overwhelmed. There is an embarrassed little silence.
Tyltyl looks off.

TYLTYL
What are they doing?

304 REVERSE ANGLE - A PAVILION

Children, mostly boys, at impressionistic work
benches.

OVER SOUND TRACK Little Girl's voice answering
Tyltyl's query.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE
They're working.

305 MYTYL, TYLTYL AND LITTLE GIRL

TYLTYL
Working at what?

LITTLE GIRL
Oh, all kinds of things. Go
and see if you like - they
won't mind.

Mytyl and Tyltyl start forward. Mytyl stops.

MYTYL
(to Little Girl)
It's been wonderful seeing you.
Goodbye, little sister.

LITTLE GIRL
Goodbye.

MYTYL
I'll tell Mummy you're coming.

CAMERA HOLDS on Little Girl as she looks after
Mytyl and Tyltyl, a wan little smile hovering on
her face.

306 MOVING SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as they approach the Pavilion and enter through
the open archway. They pause now and then to look
at children at work - all of them quiet and very
intent on what they are doing. As they walk along,
CAMERA FOLLOWING them. They stop at a work bench
cluttered with the impression of a physicist's
paraphernalia, torts, test tubes, etc.

307 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVORING BOY AT BENCH

a bright, charming youngster, working at the test
tubes. He notices them and steps forward.

BOY
Would you like to see my
discovery?

MYTYL
(eagerly)
Oh, yes.

They step to his work bench.

TYLTYL
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont.)

BOY
(charmingly)
It doesn't look like much, I
know - but it will save a lot
of suffering.

MYTYL
How?

BOY
It will put people to sleep when
they are in pain. Suppose you
broke your arm - this would put
you to sleep while they fix it.

MYTYL
And I wouldn't feel anything -
no pain?

BOY
How could you? You'd be fast
asleep. It'll be very helpful,
don't you think?

MYTYL
Oh, yes. Do hurry and get your-
self born.

BOY
(soberly)
I will - soon.

He turns back to his work.

308 MYTYL AND TYLTYL - MOVING SHOT

as they pass other boys and some girls working. They
notice a freckled-faced youngster working on a lamp
that lights when he touches a button.

TYLTYL
I'd like to invent something,
too.

MYTYL
Why don't you try?

TYLTYL
I'm going to - some day.

(CONTINUED)

308 (Cont.)

CAMERA FOLLOWS them to another boy, with a rather tragic face. He seems to be trying to work out a formula of some kind on a tablet. He sees the shadow of Mytyl and Tyltyl, and wheels on them, agitated.

BOY
Go away -- please!

MYTYL
(taken aback)
We were just looking.

BOY
(covering his
tablet with his
hands)
I don't want you to see. It's
never going to be any good - I
know. I'm going to spend all
my life at it - and it'll never
work - never!

MYTYL
Oh - I'm awfully sorry,

BOY
Go away - please.

309 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Mytyl and Tyltyl exit from the Pavilion.

TRUCK CAMERA with them as they pass other children, some asleep, some in little groups talking and laughing - to a boy of about nine, an angular, gawky lad with dark hair and dark brooding eyes, who is sitting alone on a bench, deep in thought. Mytyl stops and looks at him, attracted by his sad, thoughtful expression.

MYTYL
Hello -

The boy turns his head and looks at her.

BOY
(not unfriendly)
Hello.

MYTYL
Why are you so sad?

310 CLOSER ANGLE - FAVORING THE BOY

BOY

(sadly)

I was just thinking - I'm going
to earth very soon now - almost
any day -

MYTYL

(surprised)

Don't you want to go?

BOY

(shaking his head)

No - I'm afraid not.

MYTYL

(cheerily)

You'll like it - once you get
there.

BOY

(shaking his
head, gloomily)

There's too much unhappiness.
Up here we are all free - but
we aren't born free - are we?

TYLTYL

(confused)

Aren't we?

BOY

Some are perhaps - but so many
are born into slavery - through
greed and injustice and cruelty.
That's what I'm going to fight -
I must try to make them see that
people must be the same on earth
as they are up here - free -
equal - united!

MYTYL

I'd think then that you'd want
to go.

BOY

Oh, no - they won't listen.

MYTYL

But they will - you must make
them listen.

BOY

(tragically)

They'll destroy me.

(CONTINUED)

310 (Cont.)

OVER SOUND TRACK comes the SOUND of a clarion clear and arresting. They turn and look off.

MYTYL

What's that?

311 REVERSE ANGLE - A PAIR OF HIGH OPALESCENT GATES

They swing open to reveal banks of tinted clouds. Beyond the landing, just outside the gates, Time starts appearing as if coming from earth below. First the scythe, then the head, then the full figure. As he steps just inside the gates, he hands a parchment scroll to a youngish man in flowing robes, who approaches him.

312 MYTYL, TYLTYL, AND BOY

BOY

That's Time. This is the hour when the children who are born today go down to earth.

MYTYL

How will they get down? Are there ladders?

BOY

You'll see. Watch - !

SOUND of another clarion call. They all look toward gate.

313 LONG SHOT - GATES - FROM THEIR ANGLE

A magnificent galley, full-rigged with silver sails, arrives at the landing as if it had come through the clouds.

314 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

staring in wonderment.

TYLTYL

A ship!

(CONTINUED)

314 (Cont.)

MYTYL
(breathless)
With silver sails!

315 GROUPS OF CHILDREN

playing. OVER SOUND TRACK the clarion. They stop their games, turn and listen.

316 GATEWAY

At base of great postern, the Caller of the Roll, with the parchment scroll in his hand, starts calling out names in a clear, sonorous voice.

CALLER OF THE ROLL
Aldrich! Allison! Arnheim!

He continues to call the names of the children in alphabetical order, pausing a moment between each name, throughout this entire sequence.

317 WIDE ANGLE - CHILDREN

stopping whatever they are doing - waking up - listening to the clarion - listening for their names. Some come trooping out of buildings. A spirit of excitement, eagerness sweeps over them. Many of them start hurrying towards gates, some running.

VOICE
Armitage! Baxter! Brown!
Brunig!

318 THE PAVILION

The workers - stopping whatever they are doing - looking off. Some starting forward, eager to hear their names called. One boy's name is called. He starts forward.

BOY
(calling back)
Goodbye, everybody! Don't give up working -- don't lose your ideas. You'll be coming soon.

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.)

He exits.

VOICE

(calling)

Carminetti! Carter! Castle!
Crowninshield!

319 WIDE ANGLE - CHILDREN

coming from all directions and hurrying towards
gates. Voice calling the names.

320 MYTYL, TYLTYL AND BOY

as they all watch this extraordinary sight,

BOY

(troubled)

I do hope they don't call me.

MYTYL

(turning to him)

Oh, you mustn't say that. They
need someone like you down there -
they'll welcome you and honor
you.

BOY

(a ray of hope)

If only I could believe that.

OVER SOUND TRACK Voice calling more names. Mytyl
and Tyltyl move on, CAMERA PANNING with them until
they come to a little girl crying bitterly.

321 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL, TYLTYL AND LITTLE GIRL

MYTYL

(sympathetically)

Why are you crying?

LITTLE GIRL

Because I'm afraid.

MYTYL

What of? What's the matter?

LITTLE GIRL

I'm afraid they won't call my
name.

(CONTINUED)

321 (Cont.)

MYTYL

You mean you want to go?

LITTLE GIRL

(with passionate
sincerity)Oh, yes. I've wanted to go
for so long but mama and papa
haven't time for me.

MYTYL

Don't they want you?

LITTLE GIRL

I'm sure they would if they
knew how happy we could all be.

VOICE

Danfield! Dawson! Deering!

LITTLE GIRL

(reacting in
ecstasy)That's me! They just called my
name. That's me! That's me!

MYTYL

(catching the rapture
and hugging her tight)You see, they do want you!
Go now. Go!

The little girl rushes off.

322 ANGLE ON GATEWAY

Some children are going through the gates and on to the galley. It is the business of Time to see to it that all those who are called pass muster. Only those whose names are called are permitted to pass through the gates and board the galley. As our little girl goes safely past Time she turns and waves to Mytyl.

323 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL

waving back. Tears of joy in her eyes.

324 CLOSER ANGLE - TIME AND CHILDREN

as Time stems the onrush.

TIME

(brusque and gruff)

One at a time! One at a time!
Always too many of you - more
than are wanted!

325 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

watching. They start to move forward.

326 CLOSE ANGLE - TIME AND CHILDREN

Time catches one little boy by the nape of his neck.

TIME

Oh, no, you don't. You can't
deceive me. Go back - it's not
your turn.

He thrusts him roughly away. Another youngster
tries to sneak by him. Time grabs him, too.

TIME

Nor you either!

Time boxes his ears and sends him off.

327 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

come to a stop, watching.

328 TIME AND CHILDREN

TIME

What - more salesmen? There
are too many already! I'm hav-
ing complaints.

He looks disgustedly at three or four children, but
he lets them pass.

TIME

Where are the engineers? Come
along - come along there!

(CONTINUED)

328 (Cont.)

Always OVER SOUND TRACK the Voice calling.

VOICE

Ferguson! Finkelhoff! Flanagan!
Frobischer!

329 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

their eyes darting here and there as children running forward pass them.

330 SHOTS OF CHILDREN

running.

331 TIME AND CHILDREN

as children continue passing.

TIME

They want an honest man - as a phenomenon.

One little boy holds up his hand.

LITTLE BOY

Here, Father Time!

His quick eyes detect a frail, unprepossessing, little fellow. He goes to him.

332 CLOSE SHOT - TIME AND FRAIL BOY

as Time looks him over.

TIME

Is it you? You're certainly a poor specimen!

(with a sardonic chuckle)

You'll end up in a glass case - in the British Museum!

He allows the boy to pass through.

333 FULL SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH GATE - CHILDREN
hurrying across quay and onto the galley.

334 CLOSE ANGLE - TIME AND BOY

TIME

(indignant)

What's this - you have nothing
in your mind. You can't go to
earth empty-handed. Go get some-
thing - even if it's a crime,

The little fellow, bewildered, runs back.

335 CLOSE SHOT - CALLER OF THE ROLL

calling the names - probably down to the H's by this
time.

CALLER OF THE ROLL

Hagethron! Hammond! Hollingshead!
Humboldt!

336 CLOSE SHOT - LITTLE GIRL

CAMERA FOLLOWING as she sneaks up steps.

337 MED. SHOT - TIME AND LITTLE GIRL

She tries to sneak between Time's legs. His hand
grabs her.

TIME

(snatching her)

Oh, no, you don't! This is the
third time you've tried to be
born before your time. Don't
let me catch you at it again!

He pushes her away - then looks off, scowls, shouts.

TIME

Your name was called! Come along!

338 MED. SHOT - A BOY AND A GIRL

desperately unhappy, clinging to one another in an
agony of parting. The boy is looking toward Time.

(CONTINUED)

338 (Cont.)

OVER SOUND TRACK Time's voice roaring.

TIME'S VOICE
You heard me - come along!

339 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Mytyl turns and sees the two lovers. She moves towards them.

340 WIDER ANGLE - LOVERS

as Time comes blustering up to them.

TIME
(to boy, roaring)
What's the trouble here? You're holding us up.

BOY
(pleading)
Please, let me stay behind with her.

GIRL
Can't I go with him?

TIME
(gruffly)
Impossible!

341 ANOTHER ANGLE - THREE - AND TAKING IN MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Mytyl comes close - watching, deeply affected.

BOY
I'd rather not be born then.

TIME
You cannot choose.

GIRL
(beseeching)
Please - we love each other -
and I shall be born too late!

BOY
(desperate)
I shall be gone before she comes down!

(CONTINUED)

341 (Cont.)

GIRL
(desperate)
I shall never see him again!

TIME
(gruffly)
That's no concern of mine.

BOY
Don't you understand - we shall
be alone in the world.

TIME
I unite and part - as I am told.
He seizes the boy.

TIME
Come!

342 CLOSE ANGLE - MYTYL

as she takes a step forward and exclaims involun-
tarily.

MYTYL
No - no - no!

343 ANGLE - TIME AND THE TWO CHILDREN

The boy struggles to get free. The girl clings
desperately to the boy.

BOY
(struggling)
I won't be born - I won't!

GIRL
(in agony)
Oh, leave him with me - leave
him, please!

TIME
(impatient)
Come, come - he's not going to
die - but to live!

Time pushes the girl away - and starts dragging the
boy off.

(CONTINUED)

343 (Cont.)

TRUCK CAMERA with them - CAMERA HOLDING on boy as he looks back.

BOY
(tragically)
I shall love you always.

344 CLOSE SHOT - GIRL

as she looks after the boy.

GIRL
(broken)
I shall be the saddest thing
on earth.

She sinks to the ground, sobbing.

345 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

tremendously moved. The tears are running down Mytyl's cheeks. Tyltyl is gulping - blinking back the tears.

346 TIME

dragging off the boy. The boy looks back, waves in a last gesture of farewell and disappears in the crowd of children thronging the quay.

347 QUAY AND GALLEY

Children aboard - children clambering on - a medley of voices - calling back farewells.

CHILDREN
(ad lib - laughing,
some gay, some sad)
Goodbye, Pierre!
Goodbye, Jeanette!
Try to know me again.
You won't have long to wait.

348 TIME

mustering more children through the gate.

349 CALLER OF THE ROLL

CALLER OF THE ROLL

(looking up after
each one)

Lancaster! Lanier! Leeming!
LeFevre! Lincoln!

350 CLOSE SHOT - BOY

as he hears his name, "Lincoln," called for the second time. In his expression, in his gawkiness, in his dark hair and tragic eyes, there is a marked resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. He reacts tragically. His figure seems to droop for a moment, his head bowed. Then he pulls himself together and starts forward.

TRUCK CAMERA with him.

351 MYTYL AND TYLTYL

as Mytyl turns and sees the boy coming along.

352 WIDER ANGLE - TAKING IN THE THREE OF THEM

As the boy passes Mytyl, he turns his head and looks. Mytyl smiles at him. He returns her smile - a sad, brave little smile, and passes on.

CAMERA COMES CLOSE on Mytyl as she looks after him.

353 REVERSE ANGLE - THE BOY

as he reaches Time at the gate, passes muster and goes through and is swallowed up by a swarm of children flocking onto the quay.

354 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

looking. OVER SOUND TRACK the Voice calling the last names.

(CONTINUED)

354 (Cont.)

VOICE

Van de Water! Wayne! Webster!
Weimyer! Young! Zimmerman!

Light is seen coming up behind the children.

355 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING THROUGH GATES - GALLEY

as it starts to drift away from the quay. The crowds of children aboard are wild with excitement, waving their hands - crying their last goodbyes.

CHILDREN

Goodbye!
Goodbye, Clarice!
Come soon!
I'll be waiting!
They say it's beautiful on earth!
Goodbye!
Goodbye!

Then, as the children turn their heads and look towards their destination, they start to sing a beautiful melody. They sing about eight measures of the melody. Then they stop. There is a moment of silence. Then OVER SOUND TRACK comes the answering melody - a great chorus of women's voices from a great distance.

356 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL

Light behind them. Mytyl turns to Light and asks:

MYTYL

What is that?

LIGHT

The voices of their mothers coming out to meet them.

OVER SOUND TRACK the mothers' voices continue, singing.

357 LONG SHOT - OVER MYTYL, TYLTYL, AND LIGHT

Through the gates, the galley in the distance drifts away and disappears into the clouds.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

358 LONG SHOT - THE CHILDREN'S HOME

peaceful, beautiful in the dim glow of the approaching dawn. Long rays of light strike the cottage on one side. This light begins to brighten - as if the sun's rays were drawing nearer. It is Light approaching with the children and Tylo. Tylyl enters, running excitedly toward the gate - the others following.

TYLYL

Hurry, Mytyl. I want to see
Mummy and Daddy.

359 MED. SHOT - AS THE OTHERS REACH THE GATE

TYLYL

(continuing)

I can't wait to tell them all
the places we've been.

Mytyl suddenly caught by the realization that they
have returned empty-handed, turns to Light.

MYTYL

(upset)

But the Blue Bird! What'll we
do! What'll we say to Fairy
Berylune?

LIGHT

(quietly)

Tell her the truth.

MYTYL

We went every place she said -
looked everywhere --

LIGHT

That's what you must tell her -
You've done your best.

MYTYL

Maybe there isn't any Blue Bird.

TYLO

(who is examining a
bone he's picked up)

That's what I've been saying
ever since we started.

(he throws it down)

(CONTINUED)

359 (Cont.)

LIGHT

You'd better go in now.

MYTYL

(surprised)

Aren't you coming in too? --
So you can help us explain?

LIGHT

No, dear. I have many places
to go.

MYTYL

Won't we see you any more?

360 ANGLE - FAVORING LIGHT

LIGHT

Of course you will. I'll always
be with you. Not as you see me
now - but you'll know me. I'll
be in every moonbeam - in every
star - in every dawn that rises,
and every lamp that's lit - in
every good and bright thought of
your soul. Do you understand?

MYTYL

I think so.

LIGHT

Goodbye then - until we meet
again.

MYTYL

Goodbye.

361 MED. SHOT - GROUP

As Light leaves, the brilliance fades from the
figures of the children, and they turn to go toward
the house.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

362 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING - BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

Mytyl and Tyltyl are fast asleep in their little beds. Mummy enters and calls them.

MUMMY

Wake up - wake up - Mytyl -
Tyltyl - you sleepy-heads -
wake up!

She crosses to close a window.

363 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Mytyl and Tyltyl wake up - rub their eyes.

MUMMY

(crossing to
between beds)
I declare, you'd sleep the
clock around if I'd let you!

Mytyl and Tyltyl sit up - look around surprised -
then stare at their mother.

MYTYL

(delighted)
Mummy - oh, Mummy!

She jumps up.

TYLTYL

(jumping up)
It's Mummy, Mytyl.

MYTYL

(throwing her
arms around
her neck)
It is you.

MUMMY

(surprised)
Why, of course, it is. Who
did you think it was?

They stare at her - lovingly.

MYTYL

Oh, I'm so glad, Mummy.

MUMMY

What's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

363 (Cont.)

MYTYL

It's so wonderful to see you again!

TYLTYL

It's been such a long, long time!

MUMMY

What nonsense! You've been dreaming - come - get dressed.

MYTYL

It wasn't a dream. We saw Granny and Grandpa - didn't we, Tyltyl?

TYLTYL

Grandpa's still carving those little whistlers.

MUMMY

What are you talking about?

364 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MUMMY

as she looks from one to the other, becoming anxious.

MYTYL

(rattling on)

And Granny's just the same as she was.

TYLTYL

Exactly.

MUMMY

(alarmed)

There is something wrong with you. You're ill - let me see your tongues -

(to Mytyl)

Stick it out farther - farther -

365 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Daddy hurries in. He is wearing his soldier's uniform.

(CONTINUED)

365 (Cont.)

DADDY

What's all the noise about?

Mytyl and Tylyl rush to their father - and greet him as excitedly as they did Mummy.

TYLYL

Daddy!

MYTYL

(throwing her
arms around him)

Oh, Daddy! It's so good to
see you!

MUMMY

There's something wrong with
these children. They must
have eaten something last night
that didn't agree with them.

DADDY

They look all right to me.

MUMMY

Talking such nonsense - about
seeing their grandparents.

MYTYL

We did, Daddy - we really did.

TYLYL

But we're home now.

MYTYL

And we missed you so.

366 ANGLE - FAVORING DADDY

surprised.

DADDY

You mean - you're going to
miss me - when I go to the
war.

Mytyl looks at his uniform - remembers.

MYTYL

(suddenly saddened)

Oh - I forgot.

(CONTINUED)

366 (Cont.)

OVER SOUND TRACK comes sharp rapping on outside door.

MUMMY

Who's that now?

DADDY

I'll go.

He starts out.

MUMMY

(to children)

Hop into your clothes - both
of you.

367 INT. KITCHEN - LIVING ROOM

as Daddy goes to the front door, opens it. He is surprised to see that it is Wilhelm, the villager who brought the news of mobilization.

DADDY

(surprised)

Wilhelm!

Wilhelm enters.

DADDY

(continuing)

You said we assemble at noon -
in the Village Square --

368 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WILHELM

He has the manner of a man that is suppressing a great secret. He looks at Daddy in his uniform - quickly.

WILHELM

Ach - you look fine in a
uniform -

(chuckling)

- but now you can take it off.

DADDY

(dumbfounded)

What! What's happened?

WILHELM

A truce was declared last
night.

369

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Mummy, overhearing the news, hurries in, followed by Mytyl and Tyltyl, buttoning up their clothes.

MUMMY

(scarcely daring
to believe it)

A truce!

WILHELM

The treaty is being signed
today --

MUMMY

Oh - praise God!

She runs into Daddy's arms. He holds her close. Mytyl and Tyltyl run to him too, putting their arms about him.

MYTYL

Oh, Daddy! You don't have
to go.

TYLTYL

Daddy, I'm so glad!

WILHELM

(looking on,
delighted)

A stroke of the pen is better
than a stroke of the sword -
no? Last night I felt like a
demon - coming with such news.

DADDY

But this morning you're Santa
Claus -

MUMMY

(fervently)

With the gift of Peace.

DADDY

That's a gift worth having!

WILHELM

(laughing)

They all say that when I tell
them. Merry Christmas! Goodbye!
(waving to family)

Goodbye!

He turns and exits.

370

ANOTHER ANGLE OF THE FAMILY - FAVORING MYTYL

as, clinging to her Daddy's hand, she pulls him back into the room.

MYTYL

Now, Daddy, let's take that old uniform off.

(she jumps up
on a chair and
starts unbuttoning
the tunic)

Let me help you.

MUMMY

(happily)

We'll put it back in the chest - never to come out again!

Tylo comes and jumps up on Daddy, as though he really knew what was going on too.

MYTYL

Look - even Tylo's trying to tell you how glad he is, Daddy.

DADDY

(patting the
dog)

Good old Tylo!

MYTYL

(to Tylo)

But you can't speak any more like you did to us. You should have heard Tylo talk, Daddy.

DADDY

What's that you're saying?

TYLTYL

He did, Daddy - honest.

MUMMY

There they go again. You see?

TYLTYL

You ought to have seen him in the Graveyard. He was scared out of his wits.

MYTYL

But not in the Forest - he was wonderful - as brave as anything. He saved us from the fire.

371 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MUMMY

as she looks from Mytyl to Tylytyl, growing alarmed again.

MUMMY

(to Daddy)

I tell you, there's something wrong with them.

But Daddy, getting out of his uniform, is inclined to humor them. He puts on an air of mock solemnity and pretends to take them very seriously.

DADDY

(to Mytyl)

What's that about a fire?

MYTYL

The Forest - the trees were all burnt up.

TYLYTYL

So was Tylette.

DADDY

Oh - poor thing! She seems to have a very good appetite this morning just the same.

As he speaks he looks off.

372 CLOSE SHOT - TYLETTE, THE CAT

lapping up a saucer of milk by the back door.

373 CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Mytyl and Tylytyl in f.g. stare at the cat.

MYTYL

But she lost her life - in the fire!

TYLYTYL

We couldn't save her.

DADDY

(solemnly)

Is that so?

MYTYL

Well, cats do have nine lives. Maybe she's got eight to go.

(CONTINUED)

373 (Cont.)

They all look at the cat and laugh.

MYTYL

She was awfully mean to us -

374 CLOSE SHOT - CAT

lapping milk. OVER SOUND TRACK Mytyl's voice continues.

MYTYL'S VOICE

--wasn't she, Tylo?

The cat glances around as though she understands, and then turns and dashes out through the door.

375 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CHILDREN AND TYLO

as Tylo dashes after the cat.

TYLTYL

(shrieking with
delight)

Sic 'er - sic 'er, Tylo!

The children laugh delightedly; the parents join in, too.

376 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

as, pervaded by a sense of happiness, she looks about her.

MYTYL

Oh, Mummy -- everything's so wonderful - isn't it - so bright and shiny and beautiful!

MUMMY

Is it? It's just the same as it's always been.

MYTYL

Oh, no -- it's different -- quite different.

(CONTINUED)

376 (Cont.)

She continues to look about and then suddenly she sees the bird in the cage hanging by a window. She stares at it.

MYTYL

Oh, look - Tylytyl - my bird!

She runs towards it, Tylytyl following.

MUMMY

Your daddy got up at daybreak to make a cage for it.

377 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLYTYL - AT BIRD CAGE
as the children look.

MYTYL

(incredulous)

Look! Look what's happened to our bird! It was brown when we caught it - and now it's changed - it's blue! It's the Blue Bird!

MUMMY AND DADDY

The Blue Bird!

MYTYL

(rhapsodically)

Yes - we looked everywhere for it - everywhere - all the time it was right here!

378 WIDER ANGLE

as Mytyl, with a sudden thought, takes the cage off the hook and hurries towards the door with it.

MUMMY

Where are you going?

MYTYL

(too excited to explain)

I'll be right back!

She runs out. Mummy moves to the door - looking after her.

(CONTINUED)

376 (Cont.)

She continues to look about and then suddenly she sees the bird in the cage hanging by a window. She stares at it.

MYTYL

Oh, look - Tyltyl - my bird!

She runs towards it, Tyltyl following.

MUMMY

Your daddy got up at daybreak to make a cage for it.

377 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND TYLTYL - AT BIRD CAGE
as the children look.

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(incredulous)

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as Mytyl, with a sudden thought, takes the cage off the hook and hurries towards the door with it.

MUMMY

Where are you going?

MYTYL

(too excited to explain)

I'll be right back!

She runs out. Mummy moves to the door - looking after her.

(CONTINUED)

378 (Cont.)

MUMMY
What's got into the child?
I've never seen her so - so--

DADDY
(laughing)
Oh - she's just happy - that's
all.

379 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING OUT THROUGH GATE - MYTYL
running with the bird cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

380 EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MRS. BERLINGOT'S COTTAGE
as Mytyl, running with the bird cage, reaches the
door of the cottage. She encounters Mrs. Berlingot
sweeping the snow from the steps with a worn birch
broom.

381 CLOSER ANGLE - TWO

MYTYL
(breathless
from running)
Merry Christmas - Mrs. Berlingot -
Mrs. Berlingot glances up at her, not too friendly.

MRS. BERLINGOT
What's that you've got?

MYTYL
Something for Angela.

Without waiting, Mytyl hurries in.

CAMERA HOLDS on Mrs. Berlingot looking after Mytyl,
her expression softening.

382 INT. MRS. BERLINGOT'S COTTAGE
As Mytyl enters.

MYTYL
Merry Christmas, Angela!

383 ANGELA

in bed. Her wan little face lights up at the sight of Mytyl.

ANGELA

(weakly)

Merry Christmas.

(then she sees

the bird cage)

Oh - is that your bird!

Mytyl comes towards her.

MYTYL

It's for you.

384 CLOSE SHOT - TWO

ANGELA

(scarcely

believing)

For me? -- You're willing to trade it for Katrina?

MYTYL

No - I don't want anything for it.

ANGELA

(incredulous)

You're going to give it to me - for my very own?

MYTYL

Yes - for your very own.

385 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING MYTYL

as she holds the cage out to Angela.

MYTYL

See - it's a Blue Bird. And you need it more than I do.

386 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Angela, speechless, looks at the cage. Then she slips out of bed and takes the cage in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

386 (Cont.)

ANGELA

(rapturous)

It is a blue bird. Oh - it's
beautiful!

MYTYL

He's even brighter in the
sunlight. Come over here.

They exit scene.

387 EXT. REAR DOOR - ANGELA'S COTTAGE

Mytyl opens door; sunlight streams down on them,
as they stand in doorway.

ANGELA

Oh, take him out, Mytyl -
just so I can touch him.

Mytyl opens the door of the cage, takes the bird
out and puts it in Angela's hands.

MYTYL

Here - hold it in your hands -
gently now.

Angela holds the bird gently, puts her cheek down
on its soft feathers.

ANGELA

(ecstatic)

He's so soft - and warm.

388 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE AND DOORWAY

as Mrs. Berlingot comes round the corner and starts
back in amazement as she sees Angela in the doorway.

MRS. BERLINGOT

(gasping)

Angela - you're up - you're
walking!

To Mrs. Berlingot, it is a miracle. But to Angela
and Mytyl it is just a natural happening.

ANGELA

Yes, Mummy.

(her interest
in the bird)

Look - Mytyl's bird - she's
given it to me.

(CONTINUED)

388 (Cont.)

MYTYL

It's a Blue Bird, Mrs. Berlingot.

Mrs. Berlingot is speechless - breathless with wonder.

MRS. BERLINGOT

(throwing her
arms around
Angela)Oh, Angela, I can't believe it!
(she embraces

Mytyl)

Mytyl, it's a miracle.

(getting up -
to Angela)

I must run and tell your father.

She dashes into the house.

389 CLOSE SHOT - MYTYL AND ANGELA

ANGELA

Do you suppose he's hungry?

MYTYL

Let's get some crumbs.

But just as they turn, suddenly, with a flutter of wings, the Blue Bird flies out of Angela's hands and is gone.

Mytyl and Angela cry out in dismay.

ANGELA AND MYTYL

Oh!

390 WIDER ANGLE

as they look off at the flying bird.

ANGELA

(in anguish)

Oh, Mytyl! It's gone!

(tragically)

- gone!

391 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANGELA

as she bursts into tears.

ANGELA

(weeping)

Mytyl - I was so happy -
and now - now it's gone!

392 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING MYTYL

as she looks from the unhappy, weeping child off to the bird flying away - then back to Angela. She puts her arms around her, comfortingly.

MYTYL

Never mind - we'll find it again.

ANGELA

(crying)

We can't - oh, we can't - ever.

MYTYL

Oh, yes, we can - I know we can.

393 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING ANGELA

as she looks up and stops crying.

ANGELA

How do you know?

MYTYL

(convincingly)

I know.

ANGELA

Are you sure, Mytyl?

394 CLOSE SHOT - FAVORING MYTYL

MYTYL

Yes, Angela - I'm sure.
Because now we know where
to look for it --

CAMERA COMES CLOSER and HOLDS on Mytyl as she presses Angela close in her arms and looks straight into the CAMERA with an assured, knowing look.

MYTYL

(continuing)

--don't we?

FADE OUT

T H E E N D