

THE TOYMAKER'S SECRET

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November 3rd 2017 V.02



EAST LONDON 1891

OPEN ON -

- The sound of RAIN FALLING.

And the face of a small Victorian teddy bear. About six inches tall.

It has brown fur and a slightly serious expression. And unlike most teddy bears, it wears tiny wire-rim spectacles.

It gazes back at us, with bright glass eyes, that seem to be reflecting candle light.

We hold on the bear for one beat.

Then it BLINKS.

REVEAL -

INT. BEDROOM - DAY/THUNDERSTORM

- that the bear, who is called ALFRED, is sat on the back of a sofa.

We can also see a wooden snake, CELINE. Her body is made of glossy painted segments. She is curled on the cushion below ALFRED, with her head raised.

And perched beside ALFRED on the sofa back are two more toys. One on each side.

GAWAIN is a KNIGHT. Full armour with the visor down. A longsword resting on his lap.

TULIP is a doll of a little girl. Blonde locks, porcelain face, blue dress. A little smaller than ALFRED, but bigger than GAWAIN.

TULIP and ALFRED exchange a glance.

ALFRED gives a slight shake of the head.

TULIP wipes a tear from her eye.

TULIP
(quiet)
Oh dear.



REVEAL -

- that we are in the bedroom of a Victorian house.

A coal fire. A four-poster bed.

Rain battering against the window. The skies almost black with thunderclouds.

The lighting is not actually candles but gas - a soft flickering glow from two frosted lamps, each side of the bed.

Lying on the bed is the TOYMAKER.

He is weak, and very old, and very close to death.

Sat beside him is his APPRENTICE, a thin, anxious man in his mid-thirties.

TOYMAKER

Apprentice.

APPRENTICE

Yes, master.

TOYMAKER

The moment. It draws near. Even now, I feel death's cold embrace. Its icy fingers brushing my cheek. Its frozen breath enshrouding me.

APPRENTICE

... Should I put more coal on the fire?

TOYMAKER

There's no time. Draw near.

The APPRENTICE leans closer.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

As it has always been since the age of Merlin, on the deathbed, the master imparts to his apprentice the secret...

The TOYMAKER weakly lifts his hand, and gestures to the watching toys.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

... of giving life... to the lifeless.

Outside, through the rain, a LIGHTNING BOLT strikes, briefly illuminating the room. Silhouetting the four toys.

After the following peal of thunder, the APPRENTICE speaks.

APPRENTICE

Master, one question.

TOYMAKER

Speak.

APPRENTICE

Why?

TOYMAKER

Why what?

APPRENTICE

Why wait for the deathbed?
Wouldn't it have made more sense to
have told me this days ago?

Beat.

TOYMAKER

I just said. It's the way it's
always been. Since the days of
Merlin.

APPRENTICE

Yes, but just given the importance
of the secret, it seems so risky to
wait until now.

The TOYMAKER frowns.

TOYMAKER

Well, there's a nice symmetry,
isn't there? At the moment of
death. Passing the secret of life.

APPRENTICE

But it does make the timing
unnecessarily critical.

TOYMAKER

Well quite. And given that time is
fast running out -

APPRENTICE

- But what if something had
happened to you? You could have
been hit by a horse-drawn carriage.

TOYMAKER

That's exactly why I look both ways
before crossing the road.

APPRENTICE

Or been struck by lightning.

TOYMAKER

Could we address these questions
after I've imparted the secret,
rather than before? I have just
explained about the icy fingers -

APPRENTICE

I mean *anything* could happen. A grand piano could land on your head.

TOYMAKER

(raises his voice)

Apprentice! *Enough!*

The APPRENTICE shuts his mouth.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Now lean close. Quick.

APPRENTICE leans in.

ALFRED reaches for TULIP'S hand. GAWAIN'S hand tightens on his sword hilt. CELINE'S coils tighten.

The gas lamps flicker and rain pounds the window.

The TOYMAKER'S lips move, close to the ear of the APPRENTICE.

And the eyes of the APPRENTICE widen.

And widen. And widen. Then -

CRACK!

ANOTHER LIGHTNING STRIKE.

Deafening and blinding. Sustained. And the thunder feels as if it is directly upon us.

When it has subsided, the APPRENTICE rises from the bed.

His expression has changed. The anxiety has been replaced by something else. Something more like TRIUMPH.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

(weakly)

Apprentice? Do you understand?

APPRENTICE

Oh, I understand. I understand *perfectly!*

TOYMAKER

Good. Now, to go back to your earlier question, I believe that -

The TOYMAKER cuts off abruptly. Then lifts off his pillow, makes a slight strangled noise -

- and drops back down.

Dead.

A beat.

Then, over the APPRENTICE'S triumphant face, a sinister smile starts to spread.

APPRENTICE

You old fool. I see it all now.
The greatest secret in the history
of mankind. And for centuries, it
has been *wasted* on children's toys.
But no longer. I shall use it for
a very different purpose. I shall
build an army of mighty automatons.
All shall fall before me like dry
wheat beneath the scythe! And I
shall rule THE WORLD!

With that, he rushes out of the room.

ALFRED adjusts his glasses.

ALFRED

That didn't sound good.

CUT TO -



EXT. STREET - DAY/THUNDERSTORM

The APPRENTICE rushes out into the street.

He doesn't care about the falling rain.

The wildness of the storm only seems to electrify him further. He's drunk with power.

APPRENTICE

Finally - no longer the apprentice!
Now *I* am the master! The master of
all I survey!

He steps out into the road and roars at the heavens.

APPRENTICE (CONT'D)

THE MASTER OF -

WHACK!

He has been struck by a HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE.

He flies into the air, and lands hard on the pavement.

Flat on his back.

But not dead.

His eyes flick open.

Just in time to see a flash -

- as a LIGHTNING BOLT hits him in the middle of his chest.

For full three seconds he is engulfed in the blinding white light, convulsing.

Then it subsides.

He is blackened, smoking.

But *still alive*.

His eyes flick open again...

... this time revealing what appears to be the underside of a grand piano. Swinging five metres above him.

REVEAL a team of PIANO MOVERS, struggling to crane a piano into the first floor window of the next door house.

In the pouring rain, two workmen yell at each other.

WORKMAN 1

*I told you we should have waited
until the storm abated!*

WORKMAN 2

*Never mind that! Grab the rope! I
can't hold it!*

At that moment, the wet rope starts to slither uncontrollably out of his hands.

CUT TO -

- the charred APPRENTICE looking up at the piano.

APPRENTICE

Really?

The piano starts to plummet.

CUT TO -

INT. BEDROOM - DAY/THUNDERSTORM

- the four toys.

Who are now on the window sill, watching through the glass.

OFF SCREEN we hear a loud crash of piano keys and crunching wood.

Beat.

TULIP
Oh dear.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The thunderstorm has gone.

Night has fallen.

Quiet in the house.

The four toys stand on the bed, two either side of the dead TOYMAKER.

The TOYMAKER'S lifeless eyes are open.

ALFRED reaches down with a paw, and gently closes them.

TULIP
He looks so peaceful.

A moment later, the eyes slowly open again.

TULIP gasps.

TULIP (CONT'D)
Is he still - ?

ALFRED
I'm afraid not, Tulip. That is simply the onset of rigor mortis.

GAWAIN goes to the bedside table and picks up the TOYMAKER'S gold-framed glasses.

GAWAIN
Perhaps this will help. So he will be as we remembered him.

GAWAIN places the glasses on to the TOYMAKER -

- and the lenses dramatically magnify the open eyes, giving them the effect of a CRAZED STARE.

ALFRED
No.

CUT TO -

- the TOYMAKER with two Victorian penny coins placed over his eyes.

TULIP
I think that's worse.

CUT TO -

- the TOYMAKER with two black buttons placed over his eyes.

TULIP (CONT'D)
Much worse.

CUT TO -

- a pillow being dropped over the old man's head.

TULIP (CONT'D)
Doesn't that looked like we killed
him?

CUT TO -

- the TOYMAKER with a floral patterned lamp shade on his
head.

ALFRED
I'm not following your reasoning
here, Gawain.

GAWAIN
So what would you suggest?

ALFRED
I think we should leave him just as
he is.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The four toys sit by the embers of the coal fire.

ALFRED
Everything will change now. There
will be no more living toys.

ALFRED looks at his paws.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
No more of us.

GAWAIN
'Tis a shame about the Apprentice.

ALFRED
Is it?

GAWAIN
Well - he had a point, did he not?
Why did the Master only make toys?
Would it be so bad, to make an army
of mighty knights in armour. To
rule the world.

TULIP shoots him a glance.





GAWAIN (CONT'D)
I mean rule it *benignly*. A benign
military ruling power.

ALFRED
No, Gawain. That is *why* the Master
only made toys - to ensure the
power could only be used for good.
As he always said -

TULIP
- 'What harm did a children's toy
ever do'?

ALFRED
Exactly.

Beat.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Anyway. It doesn't matter now.
The secret is gone. For all time.

Silence, except the crackling of the fire.

TULIP
... So what do we do?

ALFRED
In due course, the house will be
sold. There will be new owners.
We shall have to hide ourselves.

ALFRED stands. Turns to them. Backlit by the coal embers.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
We shall live in the spaces between
the spaces. Under the floorboards.
In the walls. We will make our own
new life. Together.

Beat.

GAWAIN
... And what of the basement?

CUT TO -

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

- a floor HATCH lifting.

Wooden stairs, leading down.

The toys stand in the entrance.

REVEAL the basement.

The TOYMAKER'S workshop.

Packed with strange laboratory-like contraptions. Tesla coils, chemistry constructions of glass tubes and liquid filters, racks of arcane tools, shelves of arcane books, sheets of complex drawings and diagrams.

All built around a central WORKTABLE...

... on which is the HALF-BUILT form of an as yet unfinished toy.

A large, white MONKEY.

Only one arm. No legs. And no eyes.

From the hatch, the four toys looks down.



ALFRED

If they find the basement, they
will find us. No one must ever
know it is here.

The hatch slams shut.

As it does so, and the basement is plunged into pitch
darkness -

- we GLIMPSE something.

*The head of the WHITE MONKEY twitching to the side, as if to
the vanishing light.*

It's alive.

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

The toys are using their combined strength to lift a
floorboard using a crowbar.

A few more boards are already up.

CUT TO -

- the boards being slid over the hatch entrance.

CUT TO -

- GAWAIN using his helmeted head like a hammer to bash a nail
into a board, as ALFRED holds the nail straight.

GAWAIN misjudges a swing, and bashes ALFRED on the paw.

ALFRED

OW!

GAWAIN turns to ALFRED.

GAWAIN
 'Ow'? Did I hurt your paw, Alfred?
 Why don't we swap? And you bash
 the nail in with *your* head!

CUT TO -

- the final nail hammering home.

The toys looks at the hallway floor. There is no sign the basement hatch ever existed.

CUT TO -

TIME PASSAGE SEQUENCE

We watch more than a hundred years pass by in a sequence of snapshot-like moments.

VICTORIAN LONDON

The house is in disrepair. A sign outside reads VACANT PROPERTY FOR SALE.

EDWARDIAN LONDON

A young HUSBAND and WIFE have bought the house, and are moving in. As the couple enter the house, we reveal that beneath their feet, the four toys are watching through a crack in the floorboards.

PRE-WAR LONDON

The young couple sit in the living room. The MOTHER holds a newborn baby in her arms.

The four toys observe from beneath a sofa.

The LONDON BLITZ

The family, now with two children, a boy and a girl, hide beneath the kitchen table as air raid sirens howl.

The four toys sit on the roof as SPITFIRES and MESSERSCHMITTS dogfight between BARRAGE BALLOONS, and ANTI-AIRCRAFT FLAK arcs and bursts in the night sky.

A BOMB explodes a couple of streets over, and lights up the city.

The SIXTIES

The same roof. The light from the bomb burst becomes the light from the setting sun, poking around the side of a concrete TOWER BLOCK, built where the bomb landed.

The four toys are dancing on the roof -

- to music from the now teenage girl's bedroom. She is playing music on her record player, dancing in front of the mirror.

The NINETIES

A car pulls up outside the house, disgorging the now middle-aged daughter and her husband and their children.

Arriving at the same time is the middle-aged son, with his boyfriend.

Waiting at the door to greet all of them are the couple, now in their eighties.

The MILLENNIUM

The toys watch from an attic window as New Year fireworks light up the skies and their faces.

Then, amongst the firework colours -

- a BRIGHT BLUE starts to pulse on their faces.

They look down to the street -

- where an AMBULANCE has pulled up.

And the old man is being stretchered out, followed by his son.

CAPTION:

THE PRESENT DAY

EXT. STREET - DAWN

The house. Dawn breaking.

Again with a sign outside, reading VACANT PROPERTY FOR SALE.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

A spectacularly overgrown garden, in a row of well kept gardens.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dense cobwebs between the staircase bannisters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A collapsed sofa frame. Blooms of mould on the peeling wallpaper. A thick layer of grey/white dust over everything.

CLOSE IN on the CEILING ROSE - and the hole where a lighting cable once hung.

Then travel *through* the hole -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- into the cavity between the ceiling and the floor above.

We can see the joist supporting the floor above. And shafts of light through the cracks in the boards.

The joists give the effect of a CORRIDOR.

Even more so...

... as we travel down the 'corridor', to where the joist rests on the supporting wall.

And the break in the joist gives the effect of a DOORWAY. Behind which is not the *effect* of a room. But an actual room.

A tiny one. A bedroom. In which ALFRED is asleep.

INT. ALFRED'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED'S bed is a wooden strawberry punnet box. The pillow is a rolled-up sock. The duvet is a face towel.

ALFRED is on the bed, fast asleep, snoring very quietly. Almost a cat-like purr.

On the walls, a collection of old postage stamps hang like works of art, in small wooden frames.

On one side of the bed, there are two stacked matchboxes, serving as a chest of drawers. On the top matchbox is a child's hairbrush, and ALFRED'S glasses.

A jam-jar lid has been polished to a mirror-finish, and hangs above the chest of drawers.

On the other side of the bed is a full-size old-fashioned twin-bell ALARM CLOCK.

At the stroke of eight, the ALARM starts ringing.

ALFRED wakes.

CUT TO -

INT. TULIP'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- TULIP, being woken by the ringing sound from nearby.

TULIP sits up and stretches -

- as off-screen, ALFRED'S alarm is turned off.

Her room is very different. Furnished largely with doll's house furniture, it looks essentially like the human-scale bedroom it is mimicking.

She has a bed with sheets and pillow and a wooden sleigh frame. She has a dressing table and wardrobe. A rug. A little table with a lamp.

The only non-miniature object in the room is a silver jewelry box at the foot of the bed, like a chest.

TULIP gets out of bed, effectively naked, and walks over to the wardrobe. Inside are a collection of dresses. She riffles through, then pulls out a yellow one.

CUT TO -

INT. CELINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- CELINE'S room, which is bare apart from two things.

In the middle of the room, there is a pile of straw. And hanging from the floorboard ceiling, there are coloured Christmas tree glass baubles. About twenty of them: reds, greens, yellows, blues. Various sizes. Twinkling gently in the light that filters through the floorboards.

After a beat, the straw rustles. Then shifts.

And CELINE comes sliding out.

CUT TO -

INT. GAWAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- GAWAIN'S room.

Spartan. Military.

Here, the joists and the floorboard ceiling and plaster floor are unadorned with any kind of decoration. But spotlessly clean.

The bed is a brick, on which the knight lies, arms folded over his chest like a medieval tomb. A shaft of light falls over him like the God-rays from a church window.



Aside from his brick bed, the only things in the room is a tub of BRASSO, with a blackened cleaning cloth hanging from a nail.

And a selection of WEAPONS arranged on the wall.

There is his long-sword. There is a pin which has been fashioned into a fencing rapier. There is a kid's caterpult. And a spud gun.

Before we can glimpse his face, GAWAIN flicks his visor down, sits bolt upright, then swings off the brick.

Then drops straight to the floor and start doing CLAP PUSH-UPS.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- the ceiling of the long abandoned kitchen of the house.

And a CRACK in the plaster work...

... extending fractionally under the vibration of GAWAIN'S morning exercise.

CUT TO -

INT. ALFRED'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- ALFRED, using the hairbrush to smooth down his fur in the jam-jar mirror.

In the background, we can hear GAWAIN'S clap push-ups.

As he brushes, he notices lost fur caught in the bristles.

He sighs. Then puts on his glasses.

INT. WALL CAVITY - DAY

In the wall spaces throughout the house, in the cavities between the lathe-and plaster walls, the toys have made their communal living space.

It is like a series of mezzanine levels. Some levels are connected by stairs, some by a fireman's pole-type arrangement. And from top to bottom, running up from the kitchen, there is a DUMB WAITER, which can be used as an elevator.



INT. DUMB WAITER - DAY

In the dumb waiter, we find ALFRED, looking at a sheaf of papers.

As the dumb waiter rises, the pulley squeaks.

ALFRED makes a notes on the papers with a pencil stub.

He reaches his floor, and exits -

INT. RECREATION ROOM - DAY

- into the RECREATION ROOM.

The toys have fashioned this space into a games area.

There is a travel backgammon set and a deck of cards. There is doll's house furniture of sofas and armchairs. And between them, a GREY coffee table.

At the far end of the room is a kind of bookshelf with what look like magazines.

There is also a LIGHT BULB, which has been (very) crudely and dangerously wired up to the mains electricity. And there is a cylindrical device attached to a bicycle chain. Its purpose is as yet unclear.

ALFRED enters to find TULIP, GAWAIN, and CELINE already present, sitting and curled on the small sofas, waiting.

ALFRED
Morning. I hope everyone slept well.

TULIP
I did.

CELINE nods.

GAWAIN
I have to say I didn't. I had a most peculiar dream, that I was marching into battle, but my knave had forgotten to dress my lower regions. Quite naked below the breast-plate. And I didn't realise until we had started to charge. Then, would you believe it, when I reached for my sword, it was *tiny*. What can one possibly make of that?

TULIP shrugs.

TULIP
Textbook anxiety dream.



GAWAIN

What mean you by that? I am a warrior. I know not the meaning of anxiety.

TULIP

If you don't know the meaning of anxiety, how do you know whether you've got it or not?

GAWAIN

Well I know the *meaning*. I just don't have it. I'll thank you not to impugn my courage.

ALFRED

Shall we move on?

GAWAIN

(mutters)

She's always impugning my courage.

ALFRED

Anyway.

ALFRED holds up his notes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

We need to go through the day's chores. We're a little behind on house upkeep, so I've made a list. One, the roof is leaking and needs to be fixed. Two, we need to clean and dust the communal areas. I mean look at this.



He swipes a paw on the grey coffee table - which turns out to be a polished mahogany colour as the dust is wiped away.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Three, we need to oil the pulley system on the dumb waiter. It keeps squeaking. Four, the -

TULIP interrupts.

TULIP

I have an idea.

GAWAIN

And I second that idea.

TULIP

You don't know what it is yet.

GAWAIN

I do.

ALFRED sighs.

ALFRED

So do I.

TULIP

I was just going to say, of course we need to do these chores. They're very important, and we're all *fully* committed to getting them done. But before we do, just to get us in the mood for work, why don't we -

ALFRED/GAWAIN/TULIP

- watch a movie.

Beat.

TULIP

Yes.

ALFRED

Every single day, Tulip.

GAWAIN

As I said, seconded.

ALFRED

But -

GAWAIN stands and walks to the bookshelf.

GAWAIN

What shall we watch? I vote Galloping Horse.

TULIP

We watched that yesterday.

GAWAIN

What about Leaping Shark?

TULIP

No. Something lighter. Butterfly!

GAWAIN

I don't mind Butterfly. Alfred?

ALFRED is rubbing his eyes as if pushing away a headache.

GAWAIN reaches for one of the magazine-like books on the shelf and starts to pull it out.

As he does so, we realise that the book is unnaturally long...



GAWAIN (CONT'D)
Butterfly it is.

CUT TO -

- the LIGHT BULB flicking on.
- which illuminates the interior of the CYLINDRICAL device.
- which turns out to be a ZOETROPE.
- which starts to spin as GAWAIN winds a crank attached to the bicycle chain.

REVEAL the toys, sat around the ZOETROPE in a semi circle, gazing through the viewing slits. And still images of a butterfly hovering near a flower -

- suddenly becoming a MOVING IMAGE.

The TOYS are transfixed. Even ALFRED.

TULIP
(murmurs)
I love this bit.

Then,] the hypnotic repetition of the butterfly movement is ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTED -

- by the sound of the FRONT DOOR to the house OPENING.

And a MAN'S voice.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Here we are!

The TOYS freeze.

Then -

ALFRED
The light!

TULIP lunges for the LIGHT BULB and yanks out the wire.

The recreation room drops into semi-darkness.

The ZOETROPE winds down, clicking softly, until CELINE stops it with her tail.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's it. Step right through.
Don't mind the post. I'll move
that out the way.

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

- the front hall.

A beaming and suited ESTATE AGENT has opened up the house, forcing back the front door against a massive pile of junk mail, and leading in two people.

A mother, CATHERINE, a black woman in her mid/late thirties, who also wears a suit.

And her daughter, EMILY. Nine years old. She wears trousers and scruffy trainers, and is looking at the incredibly dusty and unloved house with a critical eye.

ESTATE AGENT
First impressions!

EMILY
It looks like it's made of ash.

The ESTATE AGENT'S smile falters slightly.

ESTATE AGENT
Second impressions then.

EMILY
It still looks like it's made of ash.

ESTATE AGENT
Ha! Delightful. It is a little dusty. But just imagine it looking...

The AGENT uses a flourish of his hands to conjure an image.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
... better.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

They enter the living room.

Whatever the state of the hallway, this is worse.

CATHERINE
So how long has it been on the market?

ESTATE AGENT
Oh, not long.

CATHERINE waits.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
Definitely under ten years.

CATHERINE

Ten *years*?

ESTATE AGENT

Or slightly over. I forget.

CATHERINE

Why hasn't it sold?

ESTATE AGENT

Just one of those quirks. Not the right buyer, that's all. And...

He trails off.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

... Shall we look upstairs?

INT. LANDING - DAY

The bedrooms off the landing are in an equally sorry state. And the circa 1960s bathroom looks like someone has staged a dirty protest.

ESTATE AGENT

As you can see. *Bags* of potential.

EMILY

It doesn't need bags. It needs a skip.

ESTATE AGENT

A doer-upper.

CATHERINE

Alright. What's the actual reason the house hasn't sold?

A beat.

ESTATE AGENT

The actual reason?

CATHERINE

There obviously is one.

The AGENT coughs.

ESTATE AGENT

Haunted.

Beat.

CATHERINE

(flat)
'Haunted'.

ESTATE AGENT

I know. Ridiculous! In this day and age. But there's some absurd local story about a previous owner dying, and a freak accident with a horse. And lightning. And a piano. But the last family didn't seem to mind the ghosts.

He laughs nervously.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Not that there were any ghosts. I mean who would believe in something like that?

CATHERINE

Not me.

The AGENT brightens.

ESTATE AGENT

Really?

CATHERINE

Really.

CATHERINE frowns slightly. Processing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm going to make an offer.

ESTATE AGENT

... What?

EMILY

What?

CATHERINE

Of half the asking price.

Beat.

ESTATE AGENT

... Did you say half?

CATHERINE

I did.

The ESTATE AGENT straightens.

ESTATE AGENT

Then I'm afraid I must tell you, that won't be acceptable.

EMILY

I bet it will. Mum's a finance lawyer for a bank. She always gets the deal she wants.

ESTATE AGENT

But fifty percent is -

CATHERINE

- my offer. And it's on the table for five minutes. And when the five minutes are up, it's gone.

Beat.

ESTATE AGENT

... Oh.

CUT TO -

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

EMILY and CATHERINE stand in the master bedroom.

Through the window, we can see the ESTATE AGENT pacing the pavement outside, talking urgently into a mobile phone.

EMILY

Do you really like this place, mum?

CATHERINE

Yes. I think I do. And to be honest, if you and I are going to have a whole house in London, it's this or nothing.

EMILY

Aren't you at all worried about the ghosts?

CATHERINE

Are you?

Beat.

EMILY

No.

CATHERINE walks to the window and looks out.

CATHERINE

Well then.

Outside, we see the AGENT hang up his phone.

Then he looks up to the window at CATHERINE, and gives a frantic thumbs-up.

CUT TO -

- a CRACK in the plaster walls.

And through the crack -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- the faces of the FOUR TOYS, watching, in stunned silence.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon illuminates the derelict building.

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

The four toys sit together.

GAWAIN speaks. His voice trembles.

GAWAIN

This. Is. *Terrible*.

TULIP

Is this still you not knowing the meaning of anxiety?

ALFRED

It is potentially quite serious, Tulip. Who knows what this means for us?

TULIP

We've had a family here before. We managed perfectly well.

ALFRED

We don't know what this family is like.

TULIP

I thought they seemed nice.

GAWAIN

(panicking)

Oh they always *seem* nice. The enemy. Don't you see? That's how they trick you! It's the serpent in the garden of Eden, all over again!

CELINE raises her head.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

No offence.



ALFRED

It would be a lot more like Eden if we cleaned up once in a while.

ALFRED stands.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Anyway, we aren't going to solve this tonight. The morning is wiser than the evening. Let's all sleep on it.

INT. ALFRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

ALFRED lies on his bed. Wide awake. Staring at the ceiling.

INT. TULIP'S ROOM - NIGHT

TULIP lies under her sheets. Then senses another presence in the dark room.

She looks around, and sees CELINE'S head poking through the doorway.

TULIP

(whispers)

Can't sleep?

CELINE blinks.

TULIP (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Come on.

CELINE slithers across the floor, coils beneath TULIP'S bed, and closes her eyes.



INT. HOUSE - DAY

A strange ROARING noise fills the house.

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

GAWAIN bursts out of his room, holding his sword -

- and bumps straight into ALFRED, coming the other way.

GAWAIN

What in Heaven's name is that?

ALFRED

I don't know!

GAWAIN thrusts his sword into ALFRED'S hands.



GAWAIN

I think you should go and deal with it! I'll be right behind you.

GAWAIN ducks back into his room.

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

Probably.

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED finds TULIP and CELINE looking through the hole in the ceiling rose, on the living room ceiling.

ALFRED

What is it?

TULIP looks up.

TULIP

Take a look. I think you'll like it.



REVEAL the view through the hole -

- where directly below, CATHERINE walks, pushing a huge industrial Hoover.

TULIP (CONT'D)

They're cleaning.

CUT TO -

INT. HOUSE - DAY

- a CLEANING MONTAGE.

Watched by the toys, CATHERINE and EMILY vacuum and clean and scrub the house.

Washing, wiping, dousing - removing over a decade of dirt, mould, dust, and neglect.

Details:

- EMILY finding a nest of MUSHROOMS under the stairs.

- CATHERINE finishing cleaning the bathtub, sitting back satisfied, then face dropping as EMILY empties a bucket of near-black filthy water into the tub.

- EMILY trapping a huge SPIDER under a glass, as an even BIGGER SPIDER lowers itself on to her shoulder, and gives her a jolting fright.

- CATHERINE and EMILY painting rooms with rollers. Everything white. The house starting to feel less and less derelict, more and more resolved.

- In the living room, CATHERINE knocks over the paint tin, and it spreads over the floorboards. Both look at it appalled. Then EMILY shrugs, and starts to use the roller on the floor, painting the boards white too.

Watching from above, TULIP smiles.

TULIP
I like her.

When they are finished, the house looks lovely, but bare.

So we BLEND INTO -

- a **MOVING-IN MONTAGE**.

The house starts to fill with boxes and pieces of furniture as the movers team arrives.

Sofas and books and tables and beds.

ENDING ON -

A DESK in EMILY'S BEDROOM, on which drawing and painting equipment is being carefully laid out by CATHERINE. Coloured pens and pencils, placed in a CUP. And in the middle of the desk, finally, a large SKETCHBOOK, with EMILY'S name on the front cover.

Then CUT TO -

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- CATHERINE and EMILY lying on the double bed in the master bedroom, too exhausted to have undressed. EMILY is curled in CATHERINE'S arms.

EMILY
We've made a home.

CATHERINE
Yes. We have.

Moments later, both are fast asleep.

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

The toys watch from the crack in the plaster wall.

TULIP
 See? They're lovely. I told you.
 Everything is going to be just
 fine.

CUT TO -

CAPTION:



ONE WEEK LATER

INT. HALL - DAY

- the doorbell ringing.

On the other side of the front door's frosted glass, we can see a man's silhouette.

The doorbell ring fades out over -

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- EMILY in the living room, watching *Adventure Time* on the TV.

EMILY
 (calls)
 Mum! Door!

CATHERINE (O.S.)
 Can you get it?

EMILY sighs. Presses pause.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

EMILY comes to the door, secures the chain, and opens it.

REVEALING outside is a man in his mid-thirties. Handsome, tall, and a studied casual cool about him. Beard, long hair tied into a top-knot. Holding a bottle of white wine.

His name is SAM.

He smiles.

SAM
 Hi.

CATHERINE calls from the kitchen.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Who is it?

EMILY
(calls back)
Some guy.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
But who?

EMILY
(calls back)
I don't know. All he said is 'hi'.

CATHERINE appears from down the hall.

Sees SAM. And SAM sees her.

Something quick passes between them. A slight *spark* in their both eyes. A subtle recognition of the other's attractiveness.

SAM
Hi.

CATHERINE
Hello.

SAM
I'm Sam. I saw you'd just moved
in, and -

He sticks a thumb over his shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)
- I live right over the road. So I
thought I'd knock on the door and
say...

EMILY
Hi?

SAM
Right.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hi. Might as well say it one more
time.

CATHERINE smiles.

CATHERINE
Hi, Sam. I'm Catherine, and this
is Emily. Why don't you come in?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

EMILY is back watching cartoons.

From the kitchen, we hear a peal of laughter.

EMILY makes a face.

Then goes over to the TV, switches on the PLAYSTATION, and slips on a VIRTUAL REALITY HELMET.

Shutting everything out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE and SAM sit at the kitchen table.

They've obviously been chatting a while. The wine is three-quarters gone.

CATHERINE

...We had a good little flat, but renting is so expensive. And Emily's dad does what he can, but isn't great at keeping up with child support. Or alimony.

(to her glass)

Or anything.

SAM

He isn't around.

CATHERINE

Oh he's around. Somewhere. Just not here.

SAM

Got it.

SAM refills their glasses.

CATHERINE

So I just thought - time to take the plunge. Buy somewhere affordable, closer to my work. And here we are. New home, new neighborhood. Me and Emily.

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You have children?

SAM

No. I've just got work.

CATHERINE

Let me guess.

CATHERINE appraises him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You run an artisan coffee shop.

SAM looks surprised.

SAM

No! Why do you say that?

CATHERINE

The hair.

SAM

Okay. But way off base.

CATHERINE

Let me try again. You run a record store, selling only pre-1983 vinyl.

He bursts out laughing.

SAM

Why '83?

CATHERINE

Is it '84?

SAM

Oh my God. You think I'm a hipster.

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

The toys watch through a thin letter-box gap under the skirting board.

GAWAIN

They're getting on well. I wonder if soon there will be more children running around the house.

TULIP

You're getting very ahead of yourself.

GAWAIN

Don't be so sure. They've drunk nearly a flagon of ale.

ALFRED

That's a Chablis.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE shakes her head.

CATHERINE
Okay. I give up. Tell me.

SAM
I'm a builder.

CATHERINE
A builder?

SAM
Yep.

CATHERINE
Oh no.

SAM frowns.

SAM
Why 'Oh no'?

CATHERINE
What have you spotted. In our new house.

SAM
Ah.
(beat)
Nothing.

CATHERINE
Now I *know* it's something.

SAM
Are you really asking?

CATHERINE
Yes.

SAM
Well - it's not really a new house.
It's an old house. I know you've
put a lick of paint on it, but if I
was to scratch the surface...

CATHERINE
What might you find?

SAM
Lead pipes. Leaking pipes.
Ancient wiring, probably unearthed.
Dry rot in the joists, wet rot by
the gutter...

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED nods as SAM continues.

SAM (O.S.)
... Leaning chimney stack, missing
roof tiles, blown plaster...

ALFRED
(quiet)
All that and more.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SAM
Probably all that and more.

SAM sees CATHERINE'S face - which is horrified - and suddenly realises he's gone too far.

SAM (CONT'D)
Sorry. I've freaked you out.
Look, I really wouldn't worry.
This place has lasted over a
hundred years. I dare say it will
last another hundred.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
But...

CATHERINE
But?

SAM
... You might want to get that
ceiling fixed.

He points directly upwards -

- where the kitchen ceiling has the long crack along it,
caused in part by GAWAIN'S clap push-ups.

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- the faces of the TOYS. Looking shocked.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- the CRACK in the ceiling.
Then pass THROUGH the CRACK -

INT. GAWAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- into GAWAIN'S ROOM.
Then FLASH CUT to TULIP, ALFRED and CELINE'S ROOMS.
Then pass BACK THROUGH the crack to -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- SAM and CATHERINE looking straight upwards.

SAM
To be honest, that looks to me like
it could go any moment.

CATHERINE
What would you suggest?

SAM
It should come down. Get re-
boarded and re-plastered.

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED puts his head in his paws.

ALFRED
He's right.

TULIP
But - that's our *bedrooms!*

THUMP!

The toys look round.

GAWAIN has fainted.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE and SAM turn at the soft thump inside the walls.
Looking directly at where the TOYS are hiding.



CATHERINE
What on Earth was that?

SAM
... A mouse?

CATHERINE
Pretty big mouse.

She exhales.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
So we need building work and a cat.
Perfect.

SAM
Hey, like I said. You probably
don't need to do anything.

CATHERINE smiles. Then stands.

CATHERINE
I'm just going to check on Emily.
Think she's been on that screen too
long.

She exits...

... and SAM'S eyes float back up to the ceiling.

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- the toys.

TULIP
He's going to ruin everything!

CELINE nods.

TULIP'S eyes narrow. Then the dark pools of her eyes FLARE
RED!

She suddenly reaches for GAWAIN'S long-sword and GRABS it.

ALFRED
What are you doing?!

We FOLLOW TULIP -

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- as she slips into the floor cavity, and runs under the
kitchen boards, holding the SWORD.

Above her, through the gaps, we can see the giant form of SAM towering over her.

As SAM takes a step, shaking the boards, dropping dust down above her, she positions herself DIRECTLY BENEATH HIM -

- and then JABS the sword directly up into SAM'S foot.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- SAM, leaping in the air.

SAM

Ow!

He looks down at the floorboards.

Sees nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the heck?

Then a beat later, he leaps again. This time the other foot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE is talking to EMILY, who is locked into her VR GAME.

CATHERINE

What about doing some drawing? You haven't picked up your pens for such a long time...

EMILY

I don't feel like it.

CATHERINE

I don't even know what you're doing in that world you drop into...

CATHERINE is interrupted as - from the kitchen - we hear a loud YELP from SAM.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE enters to find SAM on his hands and knees, red-faced and flustered, running his hands over the floorboards.

CATHERINE

What's going on?

SAM
Your floor! It's covered in nails,
or -

He suddenly pulls his hand back.

SAM (CONT'D)
AH!

On his palm, there is a bright pinprick of blood.

SAM (CONT'D)
- splinters?

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

We are with TULIP, about to JAB SAM again -
- when suddenly she is RUGBY TACKLED by ALFRED.
They tumble to the floor.

ALFRED
(whispers)
What on Earth do you think you're
doing, Tulip?

TULIP
(whispers, furious)
You heard him! He's going to
destroy our home!

ALFRED
(whispers)
That doesn't mean you attack him!

TULIP relaxes slightly in ALFRED'S grip.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Now calm down...

The RED FLARE in her eyes starts to subside.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

The sun is setting. SAM is leaving.

CATHERINE
I'm so sorry about that.

SAM
It's no problem. Might let me run
a sander over those boards, though.

CATHERINE laughs.

CATHERINE
Nice to meet you, Sam. Thanks for
the wine.

SAM raises a hand, and starts to walk away.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CATHERINE is tucking EMILY into bed.

EMILY watches CATHERINE as she pulls the duvet up.

CATHERINE
So how was the first day at the new
school? It's always a bit strange
starting somewhere new.

EMILY shrugs.

EMILY
It was fine.

Beat.

CATHERINE
Nothing else? Teachers okay?

EMILY nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Kids friendly?

A slight pause.

Then EMILY nods again.

In the slight pause, we get the immediate sense that perhaps Emily is protecting her mother from something. But CATHERINE doesn't seem to notice it.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Good. I'm really glad.

CATHERINE kisses EMILY.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Night, darling. Love you.

EMILY
Love you too.

CATHERINE switches off the light.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The four toys sit in a row on top of the pitched roof, looking over the glittering night city, and a FULL MOON.

ALFRED is holding a cloth, and using it to polish his glasses.

GAWAIN is kneeling over his sword, as if praying. Silhouetted by the MOON.



ALFRED

If that ceiling is coming down, we need to move the bedrooms, and remove any trace they were ever there. Tomorrow. First thing.

ALFRED exhales.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

We still have time. No harm done.

GAWAIN

No harm done?

GAWAIN looks round at them. His voice dangerous and low.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

You poor fools. You know not what you have unleashed. The *sword*. Its cold steel speaks to me. It has tasted blood, and now nothing will slake its thirst except *more* blood. Until a great crimson river flows -

ALFRED takes the sword and runs his cloth over it, wiping the blood away.

ALFRED hands the sword back.

ALFRED

There. Better?

GAWAIN looks at it for a beat. Touches the blade.

GAWAIN

... Yes. That seems to have done it.

TILT from the four toys, to the night sky.

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY**REMOVAL MONTAGE**

The toys are dismantling their rooms.



We see -

- ALFRED taking his pictures off the walls.
- TULIP folding dresses into a suitcase.
- GAWAIN stacking his weaponry.
- CELINE not doing anything. Just staring at her own reflection in the glass baubles, swaying slightly, as if hypnotised. Then the toys appear behind her, and start carefully taking the baubles down.
- the toys using the dumb waiter to transport their belongings.

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - DAY

The toys have piled up all their furniture in the floor cavity beneath the living room.

TULIP looks around at their new surroundings. Unlike the old cavity, where the ceiling joists partitioned a narrower and cosier space between floors, here the joists are higher. And the ground is rough earth, and strew with rubble.

An air-brick in the outer wall blows a draft, and the area is thick with a forest-like gauze of spider webs.

GAWAIN
I don't like it.

TULIP
It's freezing.

ALFRED
It will be fine once we've -

TULIP
- cleaned up?

ALFRED
- grown used to it.

ALFRED sweeps away a spider web with his paw, and it gets stuck and entangled on his fur.

GAWAIN
Stand back. I'll make short work of this.

GAWAIN swings his sword at the nearest web like Conan the Barbarian -

- but the blade simply ensnares.

CELINE watches as GAWAIN attempts to pull the sword back.

Then she rises up. And like a grass trimmer, she starts to whirl her head and neck in a circular motion.

Then she propels herself forward, and STRIMS through the webs, clearing a large area in moments.

When she is finished, she looks like she is wearing a huge spider-web turban.



ALFRED

Well done, Celine! That worked extremely well.

AT THAT MOMENT -

- a gust of wind blows through the air-brick, and covers them all with dust.

When it subsides, they are all covered.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we'll make it all ship-shape.

GAWAIN

Hang on. We aren't finished moving stuff yet. We still haven't done my bed.

TULIP

You mean your brick? Can't you just get another brick?

GAWAIN

No! Because it's been my brick - I mean my *bed* - for the last hundred years!

ALFRED

I'll help you, Gawain. Come on.



INT. HALL - DAY

The empty hall. The still, quiet house.

Then -

EMILY appears through the frosted glass of the front door.

The latch turns.

She enters, in SCHOOL UNIFORM, with a backpack.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EMILY makes herself a cheese sandwich.

CUT TO -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY

- ALFRED watching EMILY from above through the CRACK in the ceiling.

After a moment, he lifts his head.

ALFRED
Okay, she's gone. Let's carry on.

ALFRED and GAWAIN put their muscle into sliding the brick, and it moves a few millimeters.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
This is going to take forever! How did we ever get it here in the first place?

GAWAIN
'Twas the equal of building Stonehenge. It took many moons.

ALFRED
Well I'm hoping we'll get this done within the hour.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

EMILY sits at the desk in her room, doing maths homework, while eating her sandwich.

She finishes. Tucks the book back into her bag.

Then -

- looks at the closed SKETCHBOOK on her desk.

A beat.

Then she opens it.

Inside, page after page, are EMILY'S drawings. Idiosyncratic, surprising, naive yet sophisticated: a complex world of animals and people and landscapes.

From the WALL CAVITY, TULIP and CELINE watch, as -

- EMILY eventually reaches a blank page.

Then she picks up a pencil.

Puts it to the paper.

Then hesitates.

TULIP looks slightly concerned.

EMILY closes the book without having made a mark.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

EMILY sits on the sofa with her phone.

Dials LUCY.

We hear a few face-time rings.

Then LUCY picks up. A friend from her previous school.

LUCY

Emmie! Emmie-Emmie-Emmie!

EMILY lights up at the sight of her on the screen.

EMILY

Hey Lucy!

LUCY

Oh my God! So cool! Feels like ages!

EMILY

It's kind of been ages.

LUCY

I know!

EMILY

Did you get my message on your birthday?

LUCY

Totally! It was so sweet! And the day was amazing. You know Daphne? She said she wasn't going to get me a present because of what happened with Katya - well you don't know that but I'll tell you later - but then she got me a new cover for my -

LUCY breaks off -

- as another girl's face crowds into the frame.

EMILY'S face drops slightly.

EMILY

Hi Daphne.

DAPHNE looks underwhelmed.

DAPHNE
 (into the phone)
 Oh. It's Emmie. What's it like
 living in Australia or wherever you
 are.

EMILY
 I'm in East London.

DAPHNE
 Are there kangaroos?

EMILY
 No, because I'm not in Australia.

DAPHNE
 Cool.
 (to Lucy)
 Hey, Katya and Joey just messaged!
 They're at Cafe Nero with the
 others.

LUCY
 Oh my God!

DAPHNE
 Yeah.

LUCY
 Emmie - gotta go! So cool to see
 you!

EMILY
 You -

The FACETIME ends.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 - too.

Silence.

EMILY sighs.

CUT TO -

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

EMILY sits in front of the television, wearing the VR helmet.
 Playing a game.

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY

TULIP and CELINE exchange a glance.

TULIP
I wonder what that machine is. She
spends so long with it...

Beat.

TULIP (CONT'D)
I think she's lonely.



CELINE nods.

Outside the living room window, we watch in time-lapse as
DAYLIGHT becomes NIGHT.

EMILY stays near motionless throughout, locked into the VR
WORLD.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens.

CATHERINE enters. She looks tired. Hard day's work.

CATHERINE
Hello. I'm home.

No response.

She puts down her bag.

Glances in the living room door. Sees EMILY on the VR.

Opens her mouth as if to speak -

- but then changes her mind.

Instead -

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

- she walks into the kitchen. Pulls up a chair. Sits at the
table. And stares blankly into space.

CUT TO -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- directly above.

Where ALFRED and GAWAIN have decided on a new tactic, and
have LIFTED the BRICK.

But are clearly struggling under its weight.

ALFRED
Back a bit -

GAWAIN
Forward a bit -

ALFRED
My left!

GAWAIN
No - *mine!*

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- CATHERINE. Frowning. Looking up, at the sound of slight scuffling above her.

CATHERINE
(mutters)
The mouse!

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED and GAWAIN are having a hard time with the brick.

ALFRED
It's too heavy. My grip.
Slipping.

GAWAIN
Get your paw under! But hold it
more at the sides!

ALFRED
What?

GAWAIN
The sides!

GAWAIN uses one hand the point.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
There!

But as soon as GAWAIN uses a hand to point, the brick is *unbalanced*.

ALFRED loses his purchase -

- and the BRICK FALLS!

THUMP! On the weakened kitchen ceiling, right on the CRACK.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- CATHERINE.

CATHERINE

That's no mouse! It's a -

AT THAT MOMENT -

- THE ENTIRE CEILING STARTS TO COLLAPSE DOWN ON HER.

CUT TO -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- ALFRED and GAWAIN, RUNNING as the ceiling collapses directly beneath their feet.

Sprinting, tumbling, leaping - like Indiana Jones.

They *JUST MAKE IT* to the edge of the room before the entire ceiling is gone.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

- CATHERINE, sitting at the table.

Surrounded by broken plaster. Covered in dust. With GAWAIN'S brick on the table, directly in front of her.

CATHERINE

- rat.

EMILY appears in the doorway.

EMILY

Mum! Are you okay?

CATHERINE

(calm)

Yes. I'm fine. Would you pass me my phone? It's on the side.

EMILY picks up CATHERINE'S phone and hands it to her.

CATHERINE scrolls through her contacts. Then rings.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Is that Sam? It's Catherine, from over the road.

(beat)

Hi.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(beat)
So about that kitchen ceiling.

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CATHERINE lies asleep.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily lies asleep.

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - NIGHT

In their new cavity, surrounded by their possessions, spiderwebs, and rubble, the toys lie asleep, as if in a dorm.

Except TULIP is NOT asleep.

She sits up, checks the others, then slips out of her bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The silent, dark living room.

The television, the Playstation, and the VR set.

Then - silently - one of the floorboards LIFTS.

And a moment later, TULIP slips out.

Alone.

She walks over to the VR helmet.

Regards it for a moment.

Then, copying what she has seen EMILY do, switches ON the Playstation.

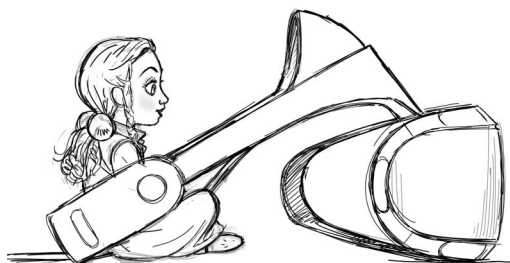
The VR comes to life. On the rug, on which it sits, a soft light appears, cast from inside the HEADSET.

TULIP approaches the HEADSET. And hesitates a moment...

... Then crawls inside.

A moment later, the soft light emanating from the VR helmet starts to FLICKER.

CUT TO -



INT. VIRTUAL REALITY - BEYOND TIME AND SPACE

- stop-motion TULIP in a 3D COMPUTER GENERATED WORLD.

A KALEIDOSCOPE MONTAGE of incredible images.

- TULIP is in DEEP SPACE, floating past the vast broken hulk of a STARSHIP, lost in a asteroid field.

- TULIP is running through jungle, pursued by a MUTANT T-REX.

- TULIP is floating with phosphorescent JELLY FISH, which suddenly part to reveal a GREAT WHITE SHARK.

- TULIP is riding a UNICORN across the Versailles-like gardens of a castle, towards a DRAGON.

As the horn of the UNICORN plunges into the belly of the DRAGON, **CUT TO -**

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- the flickering light of the HEADSET on the carpet.

Then it suddenly flicks off.

And TULIP comes crawling out.

She sits on the carpet for a moment, head bowed.

Then she raises her head - and we see that her eyes are STROBING. Similar to when her eyes turned red from rage - but now flashing through the rainbow colours.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A building labourer, JOE, carries a rubble-sack full of the kitchen ceiling out of the house, and slings it in the back of a van.

INT. LANDING - DAY

SAM gently touches the plaster work on the wall -

- and it bounces. Like the skin on a rice pudding.

INT. UNDER THE STAIRS - DAY

In the space under the stairs, an electrician - ROBERTO - gazes at a pre-war fuse box. It has a cast-iron housing. It has no circuit breakers. Just a single lever - on and off.

ROBERTO lifts a main's tester and applies it to the fat cable that extends from the box like a snake.

The needle jumps straight into the red zone, and then into the slim area marked DANGER. And sits there, quivering slightly.

INT. BOILER CUPBOARD - DAY

A plumber - ANGIE - shines a flashlight into the dark airing cupboard that houses the boiler.

It illuminates an ANCIENT CONTRAPTION. A boiler that looks like it was designed in the fictional steam-punk era. A Frankenstein-like object of rust and bolted-on parts.

Steam hisses from its side, and the pressure gauge needle leaps around like a spinning compass needle.

ANGIE looks as if she is gazing into the gates of Hell.

ANGIE
(whispers)
In name of all that is good and
holy... what *is* this?

She reaches out and tentatively adjusts one of the levers.

CUT TO -

INT. FLAME-LIT DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS

- an indeterminate dark space, with a flickering ORANGE FLAME...

... which SUDDENLY flares up.

And as it does so, it illuminates something in the darkness behind.

A form. The head of the WHITE MONKEY we glimpsed in the basement before the hatch was locked shut.

But something has happened to it. Although we only see it for a moment, there is something frightening in its expression. Something *crazed*.

The lips pull back, revealing a flash of IVORY TEETH.

Then it withdraws into the dark.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE, SAM, ROBERTO and ANGIE stand in the kitchen, while JOE sweeps up the last of the ceiling rubble.

CATHERINE
So. Is it bad?

Beat.

SAM

Uh... who's first?

ROBERTO

Okay. Well, the electricians have to go. It's not really a debate. The readings on the wiring are near radioactive, and the fuse-board is flat-out illegal.

ANGIE

Same with the boiler. To be honest, I should shut it down right now. I can't pretend I haven't seen it.

ANGIE closes her eyes momentarily and shudders, as if from PTSD.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

In fact, I can't unsee it.

SAM

And the plasterwork is much the same. I honestly can't tell what's holding it up.

CATHERINE

But what does all that actually mean?

As SAM talks, the image he describes starts to appear.

SAM

Catherine, we need to rewire everything.

A GASH appears in the wall behind SAM, a jagged line, like a wound, where the cables are being chased in -

- revealing a section of the toys living area.

SAM (CONT'D)

And re-plumb everything.

ANOTHER GASH. Revealing more of the living quarters, and the face of ALFRED.

SAM (CONT'D)

And all the plaster needs to come off the walls and ceilings.

Now, the plaster skin of the wall ENTIRELY vanishes.

The living quarters are fully exposed.

As are the toys. Looking in a state of shock.

CATHERINE

Oh my God.

SAM'S description is dispelled.

CATHERINE sinks down to a chair.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

But we've only just moved in. Now we'll have to move out, and we've got nowhere to go, and I'm mortgaged up to my neck. What are we going to do?

SAM, ROBERTO, and ANGIE exchange a quick glance.

SAM

As far as the cost is concerned, we'll be very reasonable. I'm sure we can work something out.

ROBERTO

And it will be a bit messy, but if you don't mind it, we can work around you. You stay here.

ANGIE

For sure.

SAM

We'll make it work.

He puts a hand on CATHERINE'S shoulder.

SAM (CONT'D)

It has to be done, Catherine.

CATHERINE looks up at him.

Then nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay. We'll start tomorrow.

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - EVENING

The toys sit in their temporary home under the floor.

ALFRED is pacing.

TULIP is lying on her bed.

CELINE is wrapped around a joist.

And GAWAIN is using a pebble to sharpen his sword, like a samurai solemnly preparing for battle.

GAWAIN

So now we have to dismantle the whole of our home? Move it all down here?



ALFRED

It's impossible. There isn't time. As far as I can tell, we have two choices. One, we accept that our life is about to be revealed and destroyed, and we leave our home forever. Two, we find a way to stop them.

GAWAIN

Flee or fight? Alfred - is this the bear I know. In your heart, you know there is but one choice.

GAWAIN holds the blade up. It glints in the evening light that pushes through the air-brick.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

We flee. I'm thinking Switzerland.

ALFRED glances at TULIP.

ALFRED

Tulip. What do you think? You haven't said anything yet.

TULIP

I'm worried.

ALFRED

We all are.

TULIP looks round.

TULIP

I'm worried about Emily.

GAWAIN

Emily? What about me? I mean - us?

ALFRED

(to Tulip)

I'm asking whether we fight or run.

TULIP frowns slightly.

TULIP

We fight, obviously.





ALFRED

But how?

TULIP sits up in her bed.

And now the evening light through the air-brick casts her porcelain doll's face in an eerie glow.

TULIP

Local legend has it that the house
is haunted, doesn't it?

TULIP opens her eyes innocently. And bats her eye lashes
once. And looks oddly terrifying.

TULIP (CONT'D)

So. Let's haunt it.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

CATHERINE is holding the door open.

SAM, ANGIE, and ROBERTO file past EMILY, who is in school
uniform, with her backpack.

CATHERINE

Good luck!

SAM

We'll be fine.

CATHERINE and EMILY exit, and the door closes behind them.

CUT TO -

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - MORNING

- the four toys standing in a huddle.

ALFRED

So we're all clear about what we're
going to do.

TULIP nods.

GAWAIN nods.

A leather tongue darts out from CELINE'S wooden lips.

CUT TO -

EXT. ROOF - DAY

- a dark and foreboding sky. Rolling black clouds.



Out of which a PIGEON flutters down -

- and lands on the roof. It starts to peck at a small pile of bread-crumbs, near the chimney stack.

A moment later, a net SWOOPS down, entrapping the PIGEON.

Held by GAWAIN, emerging from behind the chimney.

CUT TO -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY

- ALFRED using his paw to strip an electricity cable, revealing the copper.

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - DAY

- TULIP and CELINE facing each other. TULIP is rolling her neck and arms, like an athlete limbering up.

TULIP

Okay. How about this.

TULIP opens her eyes wide, staring straight at CELINE -

- then rotates her head a full 360 degrees, like the little girl in the Exorcist. It's very creepy.

TULIP (CONT'D)

Looks good?

CELINE shudders.



INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The builders have unpacked their gear and are all set.

SAM

Okay, guys. Let's get cracking.

They pick up their tools.

ROBERTO

Watch out for the ghosts.

ANGIE

You don't believe that old story, do you?

ROBERTO

Course not.

AT THAT MOMENT -

- there is a LIGHTNING BOLT that lights up the room and sky. And rain starts to fall. Reminiscent of the opening of the movie.

The builders all exchange a glance.

Then start to laugh -

- and are cut off by a PEAL of THUNDER.

They file out in silence.

CUT TO -**INT. LANDING - RAIN STORM**

SAM gets to the landing. Taps the plaster with a club hammer. And a large chunk falls off.

SAM glimpses something behind.

As he frowns, leaning closer, CUT TO -

INT. BOILER CUPBOARD - RAIN STORM

- ANGIE setting up in the dark boiler cupboard.

She hangs her flashlight on a nail -

- which illuminates dense SPIDER WEBS that surround the antique boiler.

She makes a face as she starts to unscrew the front boiler plate, to have a look inside.

CUT TO -**INT. UNDER THE STAIRS - RAIN STORM**

- ROBERTO, checking the antique fuse box with its single on/off lever.

The space is illuminated by a single bare bulb above him.

ROBERTO
(calls)
Cutting the power!

SAM (O.S.)
(calls back)
Okay!

ROBERTO turns the switch.

The bare bulb switches off.

ROBERTO
At least the switch works.

CUT TO -

- ALFRED'S paw, putting the bare copper of two cables together.

A SPARK, and a PEAL of THUNDER from outside.

CUT TO -

- the light bulb above ROBERTO flickering. Then coming back ON.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
... That makes no sense.

CUT TO -

INT. LANDING - RAIN STORM

- SAM, pulling plaster down with his hands, REVEALING something like a small lift shaft, with ropes hanging down from a pulley system.

SAM
A dumb waiter. I don't believe it.

He starts to pull at the rope, turning the pulley, which squeaks gently as the dumb waiter rises.

CUT TO -

INT. BOILER CUPBOARD - RAIN STORM

- ANGIE, pulling the plate off the boiler. Inside is a greenish blue flame.

ANGIE
... That's damn weird.

As she says so, the flame suddenly brightens, casting the boiler cupboard in a green glow.

And illuminating something that wasn't visible before, through the dense spider webs...

TULIP. Smiling.

ANGIE jolts at the sight of the little doll.

Then freezes -

- as TULIP'S EYES roll upwards - to WHITE.

ANGIE makes a whimpering sound.

CUT TO -

INT. UNDER THE STAIRS - RAIN STORM

- ROBERTO, reaching up to the bulb, mystified, and unscrewing it.

It switches off again. Putting the space back into darkness.

And then a sound starts.

A soft clicking.

Gaining in momentum.

CUT TO -

- the ZOETROPE spinning, and the bulb inside switching ON.

CUT TO -

- behind ROBERTO, a strobe light starts to appear.

ROBERTO turns slowly to face it.

And as he does so, in the strobe, a shadow suddenly LOOMS.

Of a BEAR!

CUT TO -

INT. LANDING - RAIN STORM

- SAM pulling up the dumb waiter.

And as he does so, hearing a strange unearthly noise.

A massed fluttering.

CUT TO -

INT. BOILER CUPBOARD - RAIN STORM

- TULIP'S head start to twist around.

ANGIE stands up in shock.

And as does so -

- CELINE drops from above, and slips inside the back of ANGIE'S boiler suit.

ANGIE feels the writhing form inside her clothing, as TULIP'S head starts to SPIN, and starts to SCREAM!

CUT TO -

INT. UNDER THE STAIRS - RAIN STORM

- ROBERTO seeing the looming strobing BEAR shadow, and starting to SCREAM.

CUT TO -

INT. LANDING - RAIN STORM

- SAM pulling the dumb waiter to his level.

At which point PIGEONS suddenly start POURING OUT like bats from a cave, fluttering and swarming and rushing past him.

CUT TO -

INT. DUMB WAITER - RAIN STORM

- GAWAIN, whirling his sword inside the dumb waiter, scaring the PIGEONS out.

GAWAIN
(yells)
YAH! YAH!

CUT TO -

INT. LANDING - RAIN STORM

- SAM starting to SCREAM.

CUT TO -

EXT. HOUSE - RAIN STORM

- the outside of the house, in the rainstorm.

Then suddenly the door is flung open, and the terrified builders run out of the house to the pavement, as lightning illuminate the dark sky.

As ANGIE reaches the pavement, she starts clawing off her boiler suit. Ripping it off her. Leaving her in her underwear in the driving rain.

CUT TO -



- CELINE, slipping across the front yard, and into the AIR BRICK.

On the next burst of LIGHTNING, **FADE TO BLACK.**

INT. HALL - DAY

The latch turns in the front door.

EMILY enters, back from school.

She puts down her school bag.

Sees some discarded tools, sitting where they were dropped as the builders fled.

EMILY
(calls)
Hello?

No answer.

As she walks up the hall towards the kitchen -

- we see that someone has written in chalk on the back of her school blazer.

It reads LOSER.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EMILY makes herself a sandwich.

As she sits to eat, she takes her blazer off to hang it over the chair -

- and sees the chalk graffiti on her back.

She freezes a moment.

Staring at her jacket. Holding her plate.

Her lower lip tenses up. Her eyes fill a little. But she controls it.

CUT TO -

- TULIP, watching.

TULIP
(quiet)
Oh dear.

CUT TO -



- EMILY. She puts the plate down on the table. Her sandwich untouched.

And walks out.

Beat.

EMILY (O.S.)

NOOOO!

CUT TO -

INT. WALL CAVITY - DAY

- TULIP, reacting at EMILY'S cry. Then *running* through the wall cavity, up through the toy's living quarters -

- where GAWAIN is reliving his heroics with the PIGEONS to CELINE, who listens patiently, or doesn't listen at all. It's hard to tell.

GAWAIN

Then I swung my sword like *this*,
and *this*, and let out a mighty
battle cry -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY

TULIP runs into to the cavity in the ceiling above the living room.

Where she throws herself down at the hole in the ceiling rose, and sees -

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

- EMILY, sat on the floor, desperately trying the switches to the TV and the Playstation.

Nothing is working.

She goes over to the light-switches. Same. Everything is dead. No power in the house.

EMILY'S shoulders drop.

CUT TO -

INT. CEILING CAVITY - DAY

TULIP looks sad.



TULIP
 (whispers)
 Poor Emily.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

EMILY goes to her desk.

Sits down.

Starts to pull out her homework -

- then stops.

Puts the homework back.

And opens her SKETCHBOOK. Takes a pen, and starts to DRAW.

ANOTHER TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE - day turning to dusk outside the window, as we previously saw with her with the VR HEADSET. But this time, at her desk.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Night.

Through the windows of the house, we can see candlelight.

SAM approaches the front door. Presses the doorbell - which is of course silent, because the house is without electricity.

Tries the knocker.

A moment later, CATHERINE opens the door.

SAM
 ... Can we talk?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is lit with candles.

SAM and CATHERINE sit at the dining table.

A silence.

Then SAM speaks.

SAM
 So. You know how your house is supposed to be haunted.

CATHERINE
 ... Yes.

SAM

Well.

SAM takes a breath.

SAM (CONT'D)

It *is* haunted.

Beat.

CATHERINE

What?

SAM

I'd never have believed it unless I'd seen it with my own eyes. But - I did see it. And so did my plumber. And my electrician.

CATHERINE

Saw *ghosts*?

SAM

There were birds or bats flying out of the wall; the shadow of a gigantic bear under the stairs; a miniature girl living in the spider webs -

CATHERINE

- Are you drunk?

SAM

No! I know how it sounds!

CATHERINE

I don't think you do. Or you'd be checking yourself in to a psychiatric ward.

SAM

It's what we *saw*!

CATHERINE exhales.

CATHERINE

Sam. I'm sitting in candle-light. We have holes in the walls. No kitchen ceiling. No hot water. No heating. No electricity. I don't want to hear about ghosts. I want to know when all these things are going to get fixed.

SAM

I don't know. I'm sorry. None of my crew will come back.

CATHERINE
Because of the ghosts.

SAM nods.

Silence.

Then CATHERINE stands.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Go, Sam.

SAM
Catherine, I -

CATHERINE
Please, Sam. It's late. I need to
put Emily to bed. Just...

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
... go.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A candle burns by EMILY'S bed.

EMILY is under the duvet. CATHERINE sits on the side.
Stroking EMILY'S hair.

CATHERINE
So, darling. How was school today?

EMILY
Fine.

CATHERINE
Fine.

EMILY
Mmm-hmm.

CATHERINE watches her daughter for a couple of moments.

CATHERINE
Are you finding it hard to make new
friends?

Beat.

EMILY
No.

Beat.

CATHERINE
I saw your jacket.

EMILY closes her eyes.

EMILY
Oh no. I forgot to clean it.

CATHERINE
It's okay. I cleaned it for you.

EMILY
But I didn't want you to see.

CATHERINE sighs.

CATHERINE
Emily, you can't hide something
like that. You have to tell me.

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
So - I guess school isn't so great.

EMILY shakes her head.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Bullies?

EMILY nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Oh, Emily. I'm really sorry.

EMILY
Don't tell me I have to 'stand up
to them'. That's what people
always say, isn't it. Stand up to
bullies. But how am I supposed to
do that? To a whole class of kids?

CATHERINE
I wasn't going to say that
actually. I was going to say maybe
we should move.

EMILY sits up.

EMILY
Move? But we only just got here!

CATHERINE
The house is a wreck. I can't get
it fixed. And you're having a
horrible time at school.

CATHERINE looks away.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say, Emily. I think I made a terrible mistake. But it's the real world. Sometimes just you have to accept that you can't win.

INT. WALL CAVITY - NIGHT

The toys watch from the wall cavity.

TULIP looks at ALFRED.

TULIP

... I suddenly feel like we're the bullies.

ALFRED

We had to protect ourselves, Tulip.

TULIP

But what about protecting *them*? Don't you remember what the Master used to say: what harm did a children's toy ever do?

TULIP looks back at EMILY and CATHERINE.

TULIP (CONT'D)

I guess now we know.



INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMILY lies asleep.

A shaft of moonlight illuminates the room through the curtains.

A beat.

Then a little figure slips through the half-open bedroom door. TULIP.

TULIP creeps across the room -

- then climbs the chair by EMILY'S desk.

- then climbs on to the desk.

EMILY'S SKETCHBOOK lies closed in front of her.

After a quick glance to make sure EMILY is still sleeping soundly...

... TULIP opens the book.

Inside are EMILY'S DRAWINGS.

TULIP carefully flicks through the pages. Smiling at the images she sees. The idiosyncratic animals and creatures and cartoon people that we glimpsed before. All of them have a gentle, off-beat humour about them.

Then TULIP turns to the last page. The page EMILY was drawing earlier that night.

And TULIP sees...

... that EMILY has drawn a picture of herself, sitting at her desk, drawing. A self portrait.

And a thought-balloon is coming out of her head.

TULIP leans closer...

... and sees that *inside* the thought-balloon there is *another* picture of EMILY at the desk drawing. With another thought-balloon coming out of her head.

TULIP'S smile broadens slightly.

Then TULIP looks even closer, at this small thought-balloon, with a *miniature* drawing inside.

And sees a depiction of EMILY at her desk *again*. And *another* thought balloon.

TULIP crouches right down. Her face almost touching the page.

And there sees that in this last thought balloon, there isn't another drawing.

There is some *tiny* writing.

And it reads:

Everything is CRAP!

CUT TO -

- TULIP. Her face dropping.

TULIP
Oh no. Poor Emily...

A beat.

TULIP thinking.

She looks back at EMILY sleeping.

Then seems to make up her mind.



Very carefully, she takes one of EMILY'S PENS out of the CUP...

... and starts to write something on the page opposite EMILY'S drawing.

We can't see the words. Only the effort and concentration on TULIP'S face.

CUT TO -

- EMILY, perhaps half-hearing TULIP, stirring in her sleep.

EMILY'S eyes half-open -

- as TULIP finishes writing, and looks round -

- to see EMILY is starting to wake.

TULIP GASPS!

Then PANICS, and quickly tries to put the PEN back into the CUP -

- but instead knocks the CUP over.

EMILY reacts to the clattering noise - sitting up, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes -

- as TULIP LEAPS off the desk on to the chair, rolls, and falls to the FLOORBOARDS.

EMILY'S eyes now open wide as she glimpses a little dark silhouette SLIPPING through the open bedroom door.

EMILY

What the -

EMILY jumps out of bed.

Runs to her door, and out into -

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

- the landing, where she sees the same tiny dark shape DISAPPEARING through the hole SAM made, into the DUMB WAITER.

EMILY runs up to the black hole.

Peers inside.

Hears a scuffling noise. Faintly.

Then JUMPS -

- as she hears a voice behind her.

CATHERINE

Emily?

CATHERINE has come out her bedroom in her nightdress.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What's going on?

EMILY

I don't know, I...

EMILY hesitates.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I was asleep, and - I thought I saw something.

CATHERINE

The mouse?

EMILY

(doubtful)

I guess so.

CATHERINE

Okay. Well, it will have gone now.
Can you go back to bed?

EMILY

... Sure.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMILY goes back to her room.

About to get back into bed -

- when she sees her open SKETCHBOOK.

And the upended CUP, and spilled pens.

And then the MESSAGE written in her book. In slightly wobbly but still elegant script.

As EMILY reads, we hear TULIP'S voice.

TULIP (V.O.)

Dear Emily. I can imagine a new school must be difficult. And I know some of the children in the class aren't nice. And they probably never will be. Some people are just like that. But I am also sure some of the children in the class *will* be nice.

(MORE)

TULIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They may be a bit hidden at the
 moment, but you just have to find
 them. And most important of all -

At which point - the note abruptly ends, as we hear the GASP
 that TULIP made as she was interrupted by EMILY waking.

CLOSE on EMILY'S face.

Frowning.

INT. HALL - MORNING

CATHERINE stands in the hall, by the open front door.
 Waiting.

CATHERINE
 (calls)
 Emily, come on! We're going to be
 late!

EMILY (O.S.)
 Coming, mum!

EMILY comes down the stairs, in uniform, backpack over her
 shoulder.

As they exit -

EMILY (CONT'D)
 So is Sam really not coming back?

CATHERINE
 Doesn't look like it.

The front door closes behind them.

Their voices fade.

Beats pass.

Then a few more.

Then -

- a small figure comes back up towards the door.

And opens it.

EMILY.

EMILY checks the street outside quickly. Then shuts the door
 behind her.

Clearly - playing truant.

EMILY puts her bag down.

Then pulls off her blazer.

Then calls out to the house.

EMILY
Okay. I know you're there. And I
know you're listening.

CUT TO -

INT. RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- the toys in their living quarters, as EMILY'S voice echoes around the house.

EMILY (O.S.)
I don't know what you are. Or
where you are.

The toys all exchange an anxious glance.

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I'm going to find you.

INT. LANDING - DAY

EMILY stands by the hole into the dumb waiter with a flashlight.

INT. DUMB WAITER/LIFT-SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

EMILY looks inside. Her flashlight illuminates what looks like a narrow lift-shaft.

We are watching her from above, which we REVEAL -

- is ALFRED'S perspective. Looking down.

Then - amazingly, bravely - EMILY climbs inside.

ALFRED pulls back.

Whispers to CELINE, who is beside him.

ALFRED
Uh-oh. She means business.

EMILY starts to ascend - using the wooden batons at the edge of the shaft like a ladder.

Moments later she has reached the top, where moments ago ALFRED and CELINE were hiding.

It gives a view down part of the ceiling cavity...

... and when EMILY shines her flashlight down it -
- she ILLUMINATES CELINE'S TAIL.
Just slipping out of view.

EMILY
I saw you!

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

- EMILY precariously standing on a chair which has been positioned on the kitchen table.

Looking hard at the joists which once defined the toys' bedrooms.

CUT TO -

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

- EMILY kneeling on the living room floor, having pulled the rug back.

Shining her flashlight through the gaps in the floorboards.

CUT TO -

INT. FLOOR CAVITY - CONTINUOUS

- the toys hiding from the sweeping laser-like beam that slants through the gaps, like prisoner's escaping a sweeping searchlight.

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

- EMILY running her hand along the hallway wall, tapping like a safecracker, listening.

Then -

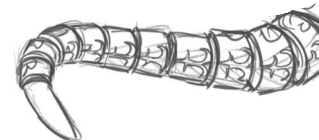
- CREAK.

She stops dead.

And looks down.

At the runner rug beneath her feet.

She lifts her foot. Pushes it down again.



CREAK!

Her eyes narrow.

She pulls back the rug, revealing the hallway floorboards.

She crouches down to get a better look. And sees there's something not right about the creaking board.

It doesn't *fit* as well as the others...

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

- EMILY with a crowbar, prising the board up.

It pops out surprisingly easily.

And reveals beneath it, rather than supporting joists -

- a partially obscured brass ring-pull. Set into wood.

In a moment, EMILY has popped up the boards either side.

REVEALING the BASEMENT HATCH.

EMILY

... What have we here?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Light from the hall pushes into the basement as EMILY lifts the hatch...

... But there is a light-source in here already. Dim, and flickering.

REVEAL -

- that small holes have been punched in the old gas pipes.

And the escaping gas has been lit. Like the gas-lamps we saw at the start of the film. But these are bare orange flame.

EMILY descends the wooden staircase, into the strange space.

We recognise the furniture and equipment of the TOYMAKER'S workshop.

But the space has been altered since we saw it last, over a hundred years ago. Every inch of the walls has been painted with indecipherable MARKINGS and PICTOGRAMS.

And as EMILY reaches the bottom of the stairs, she sees something else.

Something is sitting in the middle of the floor.

Backlit by the gas light. A hunched figure.

The size of a large toddler.

The shape, more or less, of a WHITE MONKEY.

Cross-legged, running a hand over its head like COLONEL KURTZ.

EMILY swallows.

The sight is undeniably spooky. Frightening.

But she gathers her courage.

EMILY

So.

The WHITE MONKEY freezes.

And its hand slowly drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're the ghost.

A beat.

Then the WHITE MONKEY speaks. It's voice is soft, and has the clipped received pronunciation of yesteryear.

WHITE MONKEY

... Ghost?

The WHITE MONKEY turns its head.

Faces her. Takes her in.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

I'm not a ghost. I'm a White
Monkey.

Beat.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Mostly.

EMILY

But you've been haunting this
house.

WHITE MONKEY

Have I?



EMILY

Yes! Scaring the builders.
Collapsing the ceiling. And trying
to get us to leave!

The WHITE MONKEY frowns.

WHITE MONKEY

'Leave'.

Then the frown morphs into a smile.

And as it smiles, and the gas-light glints in its eyes -
- we realise plainly: the WHITE MONKEY is insane.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Why do you think I would want you
to leave?

The WHITE MONKEY stands.

And as it does so, we see -

- that several parts of its body have been constructed from
other toys.

Its tail is an OCTOPUS TAIL.

Its left leg is the pink chubby ARM of a baby doll.

Its right leg is a bare metal ARMATURE.

Its right arm is its own original arm. And the left is a
clumsy attempt to replicate the original, badly stitched and
stuffed.

One of its eyes is small glass bead, like ALFRED'S.

And the other it a larger white eyeball, like TULIP'S.

The differently sized limbs give it a pronounced limp when it
moves.

EMILY takes a step back at the terrifying sight.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

You don't like my appearance. I
can only apologise. I was left
half-built, you see. So I had to
make do with whatever I could find.

The WHITE MONKEY smiles again. Showing its ivory teeth.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

It took an awfully long time. But
as it turned out, that wasn't a
problem.

EMILY

... What do you mean?

The WHITE MONKEY turns away.

WHITE MONKEY

I've been trapped here over a century now. Ever since the hatch closed.

EMILY

A hundred years? All alone?

The WHITE MONKEY'S head snaps back around. Fixing her with his crazed lop-sided stare.

WHITE MONKEY

Yes. Quite alone. Unless you count them.

He jabs a finger at a shelf -

- on which are a collection of multiple Frankenstein-like toy constructions. Each more ineptly constructed than the last. Each more freakish and deranged.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

(suddenly accusatory and harsh)

But seeing as they're all *lifeless*, and *dead*, I *don't* count them. Not one *bit*.

The softness return to his voice.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

You, however, are a very different story.

The WHITE MONKEY limps towards her - covering the ground with surprising speed.

In almost the blink of an eye, it is right beside EMILY.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Not remotely lifeless. Not remotely dead.

A white hand reaches for EMILY'S hair - and touches it.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

EMILY recoils instinctively at its touch.

EMILY

... Emily.

The WHITE MONKEY moves behind her...

WHITE MONKEY
'Emily'. How pretty. How lovely.

... then is before her.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
We're going to be the very best of friends, you and I. As thick as thieves. Oh, the fun we'll have! And for the avoidance of any doubt, one thing I can absolutely assure you is that I don't want you to leave.



It smiles again.

Then leans in to her.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Ever.

AT THAT MOMENT -

- we hear TULIP.

TULIP
EMILY!

EMILY and the WHITE MONKEY look round, and see TULIP and ALFRED at the top of the stairs to the hall.

GAWAIN and CELINE are just behind them.

WHITE MONKEY
More new friends? This is quite a day.

ALFRED
Come back please, Emily. You can't be down here.

This is all getting too much for EMILY, and her composure starts to fail.

EMILY
Who are you?

WHITE MONKEY
(to Emily)
Oh my God, I was just about to ask that. Such a good question, Emily. We're so in-synch, aren't we?

The WHITE MONKEY turns back to the toys.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

So yes. Who are you?

ALFRED

I'm wondering the same thing of you. But we don't have time for that now. Emily is not allowed to be down here. No one is. It's why we sealed the basement.

WHITE MONKEY

(echoes)

Why we sealed the basement...

The WHITE MONKEY'S voice becomes dangerously conversational.

But as he talks, he is moving closer to the foot of the stairs. Positioning himself between EMILY and the toys.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Would I be correct, then, in assuming that you are the ones that trapped me here?

ALFRED

We...

ALFRED hesitates.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

It's possible we may have done. By accident. But -

WHITE MONKEY

(cuts in)

'By accident'.

The WHITE MONKEY raises its eyebrows.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

That's quite a thing to do by accident, wouldn't you say?

The WHITE MONKEY brushes his hand on one of the work benches as he walks -

- and knocks a GLASS BEAKER on to the floor. Which shatters, and makes EMILY jump.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Oops. Look what I did. I knocked something on the floor. Now - that's what I'd call an accident.

As he nears the foot of the stairs, he brushes off another glass beaker. This one full of a strange liquid, which bubbles on the floor like lava.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 Oh *clumsy*. I've done it again.
 Another accident.

Then SUDDENLY, the WHITE MONKEY - in one of his surprising bursts of speed - bounds up the stairs, and is now with TULIP and ALFRED.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 But imprisoning someone for over a hundred years - accident?

It towers over ALFRED, puts his face close to the little bear, and bares its teeth.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 Not so much.

ALFRED
 Look, it was very unfortunate, but -

WHACK!

The WHITE MONKEY lashes out with one arm, and sends ALFRED FLYING down the stairs.

WHITE MONKEY
 Oops.

TULIP
Alfred!

The WHITE MONKEY'S pink doll's arm LEG reaches out and grabs TULIP, and throws her down the stairs too.

WHITE MONKEY
 Silly me.

The WHITE MONKEY spins round to GAWAIN and CELINE - who back away, into the hall.

GAWAIN draws his sword.

GAWAIN
 (voice trembling)
 I must warn you, sir, that I am a warrior of great distinction.

WHITE MONKEY
 Rest assured. I feel thoroughly warned.

SLAM!

The WHITE MONKEY pulls down the hatch and BOLTS IT.

Sealing GAWAIN and CELINE in the hall.

Trapping EMILY, TULIP and ALFRED in the basement with him.

CUT TO -

- ALFRED, on the basement floor, feeling blindly for his GLASSES, which we can see are BROKEN.

TULIP, at the bottom of the stairs, lifting her head to reveal a CRACK in her porcelain face.

And EMILY, looking utterly terrified.

CUT TO -

- the WHITE MONKEY.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Now then. Let's have lots of fun.

INT. HALL - DAY

GAWAIN is panicking. Making a strange strangled sound.

GAWAIN
Eeeeeeeeh.

The noise then morphs into a staccato sound.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
Ee-ee-ee-ee-ee -

He's hyperventilating.

CELINE rears up in front of him and swipes his helmet like a slap, shocking him back into focus.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
(gathering himself, just)
Thank you, Celine.

He takes a breath.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
But what are we going to DO?!
Things literally could not be any worse!

CLICK.

GAWAIN and CELINE'S heads snap around.

The front door latch is turning.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
Eeeeeeeeeeh!

CUT TO -



INT. HALL - DAY

- CATHERINE entering the front door with the ESTATE AGENT.
He is holding a clipboard.

CATHERINE
I don't want this to take too long.
I want to be done before Emily gets
home from school.

ESTATE AGENT
Of course, of course.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CATHERINE and the ESTATE AGENT enter the living room.
The AGENT flicks the light switch.
Nothing happens. No electricity.

ESTATE AGENT
Hmm.

He scribbles a note on his clipboard.

INT. HALL - DAY

The ESTATE AGENT touches the radiator.

ESTATE AGENT
Hmm.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The ESTATE agent runs the bath tap over his hand.

ESTATE AGENT
Hmm.

INT. LANDING - DAY

The AGENT looks at the hole in the landing wall.

CATHERINE opens her mouth to say something. But can't think
what it might be.

ESTATE AGENT
Hmm.

Another note on his clipboard.

INT. HALL - DAY

The ESTATE AGENT walks over the loose boards that have been hurriedly put back over the basement hatch.

They rattle and bounce.

ESTATE AGENT

Ah.

CATHERINE closes her eyes in despair.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE and the ESTATE AGENT sit in the kitchen, as he goes through his notes, and CATHERINE waits patiently.

Eventually he puts his pen down.

ESTATE AGENT

Well. I love what you've done with the place.

CATHERINE

I just want to know if you can sell it for at least what I paid for it.

ESTATE AGENT

I feel confident we can do that. But - if I may give a couple of tips from an old-hand in property sales - there are a few things you can do to help it sell. Little tricks I've picked up along the way. The smell of a freshly brewed cup of coffee. A vase of fresh flowers on the kitchen table.

The ESTATE AGENT checks his notes again.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Oh. And having electricity, heating, hot water, walls, floors -

His eyes flick up to the missing kitchen ceiling.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

- and ceilings.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE UP on EMILY - who looks extremely confused. Partly because her hair is sticking straight up into the air.

EMILY

So - there's you two. Plus a knight and a wooden snake. Hidden in the house.

CUT BETWEEN CLOSE UPS of EMILY and -

- ALFRED, with his broken glasses.

- TULIP, with her cracked face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Then *you're* the ghosts.

TULIP

... Yes.

EMILY

Did you leave me the note?

ALFRED reacts.

ALFRED

What? You left her a note? Tulip, how could you be so stupid?

TULIP

She was so sad and -

ALFRED

But, Tulip! Of all the -

EMILY

(cuts in)

It didn't end.



TULIP and ALFRED look at EMILY.

EMILY (CONT'D)

The note. It didn't end. What was it going to say?

TULIP

... I was going to say that it's not enough for you to find friends. You also have to let *them* find you.

EMILY

What does that mean?

TULIP

That you shouldn't hide yourself away. Sitting alone, playing games for hours and hours. You should let them see you. Show them your drawings. Show them who you are.

EMILY

You're telling me not to hide myself away. That's rich, coming from you.

WHITE MONKEY (O.S.)

Ha!

EMILY, TULIP and ALFRED look round in the direction of the WHITE MONKEY'S voice.

Now REVEAL -

- that they are still in the basement with the WHITE MONKEY. Who is apparently standing on the ceiling.

Then the CAMERA starts to ROTATE, and we see that EMILY, TULIP, and ALFRED are actually hanging upside down from the ceiling of the basement, tied by their ankles.

Hence EMILY'S hair.

The WHITE MONKEY is rummaging around a cupboard which is filled with Victorian-era toys.

Wooden train sets, drums, assorted doll's house equipment, music boxes, trumpets, various wooden animals, card games, and -

- a board game.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Snakes and ladders. My favourite.

He pulls it out.

The WHITE MONKEY looks back at his three prisoners with crazed glee.



WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Here's a fiendishly fun little riddle for you. I've literally never lost this game. And I've literally never won it. But how can that be?

TULIP

Because you've only ever played by yourself.

The WHITE MONKEY'S smile drops.

WHITE MONKEY

I don't like you.

TULIP

I don't like you either.

WHITE MONKEY

Oh for Heaven's sake, get over yourself. So I threw you down the stairs. Broke your face. Strung you up. And now everything's all 'poor me'.

He starts limping towards his shelf of badly constructed toys.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

And I'm *sorry*, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation just now. What nonsense. Don't listen to her, Emily. I've played games alone for years and years. And years.

(beat)

And years. Never did me any harm. Likewise her ridiculous advice about how to deal with bullies.

The WHITE MONKEY reaches for the shelf -

- and, with his METAL ARMATURE HAND, takes down a badly made TEDDY BEAR.

Not entirely unlike ALFRED.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

My advice is so much simpler. First, physically overpower them.

As he talks, he limps back to the lab bench - where there is a large glass container of sinister-looking liquid.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Second, at a time of your choosing -

He holds the TEDDY BEAR suspended over the liquid...

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

- simply plunge the bully into an appropriately-sized beaker of acid.

... Then dunks the TEDDY BEAR in.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

Thus.

The TEDDY BEAR is consumed by the bubbling liquid.

ALFRED'S eyes bulge with horror.

The WHITE MONKEY pulls the TEDDY BEAR back up. Only a smoking bundle of blackened fur remains in his metal hand.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 (to the smoking remains)
 Are you ever going to bully anyone
 again?

The WHITE MONKEY shakes his head.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 I thought not.

He turns to EMILY.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
 See? Problem dissolved.



CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

- CATHERINE, seeing the ESTATE AGENT out.

ESTATE AGENT
 (delicate)
 So just out of interest - is there
 any truth to the stories? About
 the -

CATHERINE
 - ghosts? Of course not.

ESTATE AGENT
 Yes. Of course not. Well, I'll be
 in touch soon.

CATHERINE
 Thank you.

CATHERINE opens the front door for the ESTATE AGENT -

- and sees SAM.

He is standing outside on the front yard, with his bag of
 tools.

The ESTATE AGENT walks past him.

A beat between SAM and CATHERINE.

SAM
 Catherine -

CATHERINE
 No.

SAM
 Just -

CATHERINE

You have *no* idea how much
difficulty you've caused me.

SAM

- give me a chance to -

CATHERINE starts to close the door.

SAM (CONT'D)

Please!

CATHERINE hesitates.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

EMILY, TULIP, and ALFRED have been moved so that they are
suspended around the SNAKES AND LADDERS board.

The WHITE MONKEY has set out the board, and is putting out
the player counters.

WHITE MONKEY

So - I'm sure we all know the rules
of snakes and ladders. Roll to
move. Ladders go up. Snakes go
down. And loser dies.

ALFRED

... What?

WHITE MONKEY

Ladders go up. Snakes go down.

ALFRED

After that.

WHITE MONKEY

Loser dies?

ALFRED

YES!

The WHITE MONKEY shrugs.

WHITE MONKEY

Don't blame me. I didn't make the
rules.

EMILY

But you just did!

WHITE MONKEY

Let's not split hairs. Now then.
Me first.

He rolls the dice.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Ooh! A six! And sixes get to roll
again!



As he moves his counter, **CUT TO -**

INT. WALL CAVITY - DAY

- GAWAIN, pacing back and forth past CELINE, frantic with worry.

GAWAIN
We need to do something. We need a
plan. It must be clear, decisive,
effective, and involve absolutely
no personal risk.

He looks up. And sees CELINE has GONE!

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
Celine? Where did you -

He turns, sensing her.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
- go...

GAWAIN trails off.

CELINE is wearing a white pillowcase, with two holes for eyes.

A GHOST.

GAWAIN snaps his fingers.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)
You're a genius.

CUT TO -

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

- a six-sided die rolling.

The WHITE MONKEY is playing SNAKES AND LADDERS with his suspended captives.

He is rolling for them and moving their counters.

The die lands on a three.

WHITE MONKEY
Oh dear, Emily. You only got a
three.

The WHITE MONKEY perks up.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
No - hang on. A three is good.
Look, a ladder.

EMILY
... Great.

WHITE MONKEY
You've gone all the way up here.

EMILY
My head hurts.

WHITE MONKEY
I expect that's because you're
hanging upside down. But don't
worry. You'll get used to it.

EMILY
I don't want to get used to it!

WHITE MONKEY
Alfred's go.

The WHITE MONKEY rolls a four.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
(delighted)
Four! A snake! Oh no! Down two
rows.

ALFRED'S gaze flicks anxiously to the beakers of acid.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE and SAM are in the kitchen.

SAM at the table.

CATHERINE making two cups of tea.

SAM
I don't know what happened that
day. A mass delusion or something.
But I've come to my senses, and I'm
going to fix everything up. At no
cost.

CATHERINE
That's kind of you, Sam, but to be
honest, all I want right now is to
get me and Emily out of this place.

SAM

But you can't move! All these problems are just because a bunch of stupid builders managed to convince themselves that there are ghosts in this house. And *obviously* there aren't ghost in this -

SAM trails off.

SAM (CONT'D)

- house...

CATHERINE, by the sink, taking out the tea bags from the cups, reacts to his sudden change in SAM'S voice.

She looks round at SAM.

His jaw has dropped open. His expression is pure confusion.

She turns to follow the direction of his gaze, to the kitchen door.

And sees, standing in the hallway -

- an apparition.

A GHOST.

Or rather, GAWAIN and CELINE with a pillow case hanging over them.

GAWAIN'S voice rings out with all the spectral authority he can muster.

GHOST

Oh mortals. Benighted creatures of the physical plane. Hear now from the land of the dead. Heed well my words.

CATHERINE frowns.

CATHERINE

Emily?

SAM

That's not Emily.

CATHERINE

Well, it's not a ghost either.

GHOST

No, I am.

CATHERINE gets up from the table.



GHOST (CONT'D)
 Stop mortal! I *am* a ghost! And
 you must heed me!

CATHERINE reaches for the sheet as the GHOST tries to back
 away.

GHOST (CONT'D)
 (panics)
 Why aren't you heeding me?

The pillow case is pulled off -

- revealing CELINE coiled on GAWAIN'S shoulders.

To CATHERINE and SAM, this is, of course, much stranger than
 a ghost.

SAM
 What... the...

CUT TO -

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

- the WHITE MONKEY, grinning gleefully, shaking the die in
 his hand. His counter is nearly at the end of the board.

WHITE MONKEY
 I'm nearly there! Only four more
 spaces to go. I told you I never
 lose.

TULIP
 Hope you don't roll a two.

REVEAL - two spaces ahead, a VERY long snake. All the way
 from the top of the board, to the very bottom.

WHITE MONKEY
 Pff!

He rolls the die.

We track it. Bouncing, spinning -

- and landing. On a two.

TULIP
 HAH!

The WHITE MONKEY doesn't move. Frozen with shock and rage.

TULIP (CONT'D)
 Two spaces! Head of the snake.
 Aaaaalll the way *doooooown!*

The WHITE MONKEY'S eyes flick viscously to TULIP.

CUT TO -

- TULIP, with black tape stuck to her mouth, glowering.

WHITE MONKEY
(tight)
Who's go next.

EMILY
Tulip.

ALFRED
You could win from here, Tulip.

WHITE MONKEY
Rubbish. She's too far away.

ALFRED
She's twelve spaces away. If she rolls a six, and then another -

WHITE MONKEY
(nasal mimic of Alfred)
She's twelve spaces, if she rolls a six, nyah-nyah-nyah.

He rolls the die.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Let's see shall we?

And inevitably...

... it's a six.

A beat.

Then the WHITE MONKEY snatches the die again.

Rolls it.

We track it. Bouncing, spinning -

- cutting between the faces of the other players -

- until it settles.

A six.

Silence.

Then -

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Ladders up. Snakes down. Winner dies.



EMILY

What?

WHITE MONKEY

Winner dies. Rules.

EMILY

Those weren't the -

WHITE MONKEY

(screams)

RULES!

He rises.

Then grabs TULIP with his metal hand.

CUT TO -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

- GAWAIN, frantically gabbling.

GAWAIN

*We're not ghosts, we're magic toys that live
in the walls but you have to rescue EMILY!*

CATHERINE

What?

CELINE clangs GAWAIN'S helmet.

GAWAIN

Thank you.

He takes a breath.

GAWAIN (CONT'D)

*We're not ghosts, we're magic toys
that live in the walls, but you
have to rescue Emily!*

The idea that EMILY might be in danger supersedes any confusion that CATHERINE might otherwise have.

CATHERINE

Rescue Emily? What do you mean?

GAWAIN

*She's in the basement! With a
psychopathic white monkey!*

SAM & CATHERINE

What basement?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The WHITE MONKEY limps towards the lab bench and the beaker of acid.

WHITE MONKEY
This is how we deal with BULLIES!

EMILY
You're the only bully here!

The WHITE MONKEY whips round.

WHITE MONKEY
What would *YOU* know? What have you ever faced? People who steal your lunch-money and make nasty jokes. Try being locked in a basement for a *hundred years of solitude!*

ALFRED
But it was a mistake!

WHITE MONKEY
(roars)
NO! It wasn't a *mistake*. It was *STUPID!*

The WHITE MONKEY continues towards the lab bench.

With his back to EMILY and ALFRED, EMILY starts struggling in her restraints - twisting her wrists.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
You didn't *stop* to look what the master was working on before he died! Because you didn't imagine that anyone else might exist in his world except *you!*

The WHITE MONKEY has reached the lab bench. His crazed eyes shine in the gas fires.

EMILY gets her hands free! She reaches up to unite her ankles...

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
That's what bullies do isn't it? They place themselves at the centre of the universe. And heaven help anyone who isn't lucky enough to be there with them.

Behind the WHITE MONKEY, we see EMILY free her ankles -

- and suddenly DROP to the ground. Out of sight behind the bench.



WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
But the worm has turned!

TULIP stares down at the fiercely bubbling liquid beneath her.

EMILY SPRINGS back up.

The WHITE MONKEY prepares to release TULIP -

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
Say goodbye to your little friends!

- but AT THE MOMENT HE LETS GO he is KNOCKED SIDEWAYS by EMILY, throwing herself at him.

TULIP is released - but manages to CATCH HERSELF with her arms on the rim of the BEAKER!

The WHITE MONKEY and EMILY crash along the workbench.

And now the ACID BEAKER is TIPPING -

- OFF the LAB BENCH -

- with TULIP hauling herself OVER the RIM just as the BEAKER starts to fall.

TULIP lands on the LAB BENCH -

- as the BEAKER SMASHES on the floor -

- releasing a POOL OF ACID, which immediately starts to BURN into the LAB BENCH LEGS.

MEANWHILE -

- EMILY and the WHITE MONKEY have rolled to a STOP.

The WHITE MONKEY springs up, and grabs a BROOM.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
The true measure of friendship is
being able to have disagreements
and get over them. I hope you get
over *THIS!*

He SWINGS the BROOM down, to strike her -

- but EMILY rolls sideways just before the impact.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
And *THIS!*

He pulls back the BROOM to swing again -

- inadvertently sticking the BROOM BRISTLES into the GAS FLAMES along the pipes.

The broom IGNITES!

This time as it lands, it is with a BRIGHT SHOWER of FIRE and ORANGE SPARKS!

EMILY kicks out with her legs -

- hitting the WHITE MONKEY -

- who falls backwards into the GAS PIPE, and BREAKS IT!

Immediately, the burning broom IGNITES the JETTING GAS from the broken mains pipe!

EMILY SCREAMS.

HANGING FROM THE CEILING -

- ALFRED dangles, watching all this helplessly.

ON THE LAB BENCH -

- TULIP uses a scalpel blade to cut the twine on her hands.

BUT JUST AS SHE GETS HERSELF FREE -

- the ACID burns through the LAB BENCH legs!

The BENCH SUDDENLY gives way.

The entire construction of glass tubes and filters and liquids on the LAB BENCH topple and SMASH.

And the bench itself becomes a LETHAL SLOPE, down which TULIP SLITHERS toward the acid pool.

She CATCHES herself on a length of RUBBER TUBE - one end of which is jammed over the nozzle of a glass filter.

But under her weight, the RUBBER TUBE starts to slide off the nozzle...

CUT TO -

- the WHITE MONKEY grabs the broken GAS PIPE, and pulling it off the wall, like a FLAME THROWER.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)

FINE! If that's how you want it,
we won't play at all! PLAY TIME
OVER!

EMILY scabbles back from the JET OF FLAME -

- as the RUBBER TUBE slips another notch further down the glass nozzle -

And now EMILY is CORNERED.

And the WHITE MONKEY is using all his strength to bring the FLAME around.

And the WHITE MONKEY'S FACE is PURE UNBRIDLED FLAME-LIT RAGE!

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
WE'RE NOT FRIENDS ANY MORE!

And AT THAT MOMENT -

- the WHITE MONKEY is suddenly YANKED UPWARDS!

REVEAL -

- SAM, holding him. And in the hands of the grown man, we are suddenly reminded of how small the WHITE MONKEY is. Immediately rendered from a crazed nemesis into a writhing furious toddler.

Behind SAM, the basement hatch is open, with GAWAIN and CELINE on the basement stairs.

Then REVEAL CATHERINE.

By the stopcock VALVE to the GAS PIPE -

- switching it off.

The JETTING GAS FLAME cuts dead.

CUT TO -

- the RUBBER HOSE slipping off the glass nozzle.

And TULIP sliding.

But JUST AS TULIP is about to hit the acid -

- and hand GRABS her.

EMILY.

Hauling her up to safety.

As EMILY hugs TULIP, **CUT TO -**

- CATHERINE.

Taking all this in. Or trying to.

CATHERINE
What on EARTH is going on?

Suddenly the toddler-like WHITE MONKEY bursts into tears.

WHITE MONKEY
It wasn't my fault! It was them!



And now all the toys feel oddly like toddlers.

ALFRED
RUBBISH! You were going to
dissolve us!

TULIP
Yeah!

WHITE MONKEY
All I wanted was to play a game!

TULIP
But you kept changing the rules!
It wasn't FAIR!

WHITE MONKEY
What about what you did to me? Was
that FAIR?!



CATHERINE raises her voice over the squabbling voices.

CATHERINE
ENOUGH!

CATHERINE turns to her daughter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Emily? Can you PLEASE explain?

EMILY, dazed, looks around the room.

At ALFRED, and TULIP.

And then the WHITE MONKEY. Whose eyes are brimming with
angry tears.

Then shakes her head.

EMILY
No. Not really.

She looks at the WHITE MONKEY.

EMILY (CONT'D)
But actually you're right. It
wasn't fair, what happened to you.
And I'm sure that Alfred and Tulip
and everyone is very sorry.

WHITE MONKEY
(lip trembling)
They didn't say sorry.

EMILY looks at the four toys.

TULIP
... I am sorry.

ALFRED
I'm sorry too.

GAWAIN
Me too. Sorry.

Everyone looks at CELINE...
... Who clears her throat.
And surprisingly, speaks.

CELINE
Yes. Sorry.

ALFRED looks stunned.

ALFRED
Since when could you speak?

CELINE
Always. I just choose my words...
(beat)
... carefully.

EMILY sits down on the basement steps.
Suddenly a bit overwhelmed by it all.
A tiny metal hand appears on her shoulder.

GAWAIN
Relax, m'lady. I've saved you.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPTION:

THREE MONTHS LATER

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - DAY

- the key turning in the front door latch, and CATHERINE entering.

She walks in and closes the door.

CATHERINE
Hello! I'm home!



EMILY (O.S.)

Hi Mum!

Followed a moment later by -

TULIP (O.S.)

Hi!

GAWAIN (O.S.)

Good morrow!

ALFRED (O.S.)

Hello!

Then -

WHITE MONKEY (O.S.)

Hiya!

CATHERINE smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE enters the kitchen -

- which is renovated, and looks lovely.

EMILY and the toys are all sitting around the kitchen table, except the WHITE MONKEY, who is on the kitchen counter, wearing an apron and a chef's hat, preparing something.

The others are playing MONOPOLY.

OUTSIDE, the GARDEN has also been transformed.

Through the window we can see SAM, putting finishing touches on a TREE HOUSE.

CATHERINE picks up a card on the side table.

CATHERINE

What's this?

EMILY

Invite to Anya's party. Next Saturday.

CATHERINE smiles slightly to herself, but doesn't make a big deal out of it.

CATHERINE

Cool.

TULIP is moving her counter. She lands on a square with a cluster of houses.

As she moves her counter - the dog - she slightly nudges the row of houses out of line.

TULIP

What the - ? How many houses do you have?

ALFRED leans forward and in a slightly OCD manner, re-straightens the houses.

ALFRED

In total, or just on that square?

REVEAL in front of ALFRED, stacks of very neatly piled money.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

That will be ten thousand pounds.

EMILY

He's gentrifying the whole board.

WHITE MONKEY

TA DAA!

Everyone looks round.

The WHITE MONKEY reveals what he's been working on.

Sort of.

It's hard to tell what it actually is. It's cylinder shaped mound of white cream or ICING, with UNPEELED BANANAS sticking randomly out of it, and dotted with shreds of a PINK SUBSTANCE, drizzled with a BRIGHT GREEN SYRUP.

CATHERINE

... That looks interesting.

WHITE MONKEY

I know.

TULIP

What is it?

WHITE MONKEY

Banana cake. I followed a recipe.

He points to an open recipe book - which shows a photo of a banana cake which looks literally nothing like the thing he has made.

EMILY

But you didn't peel the bananas.

WHITE MONKEY

They're more nutritious this way.

CATHERINE points to the shreds of pink.



CATHERINE
And what's that?

WHITE MONKEY
Ham.
(he gestures to the green
liquid)
With a cabbage glaze.

The WHITE MONKEY reaches behind him and picks up a sieve.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
And now, the final touch.

With a flourish, he uses the sieve to cover the construction
in a white powder.

CATHERINE
... Icing sugar?

WHITE MONKEY
Of course.

Beat.

WHITE MONKEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
But I used salt.



EXT. GARDEN - DAY

OUTSIDE, SAM notices that CATHERINE has come back and is in
the kitchen.

He ducks behind the tree, and quickly smooths down his hair -
- then changes his mind. And ruffles it.

Then he pulls his T-shirt off, to reveal his muscled torso...

... And steps out from the tree -

- to make a quick display of drinking heartily from a bottle
of water.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CATHERINE sees SAM doing ALL this, half smiling, half-rolling
her eyes...

She goes to the window and taps on the glass.

CATHERINE
Hey.

SAM looks round from the garden. Pretends to have only just noticed her. Waves and smiles.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Come and get some...

WHITE MONKEY
(prompts)
Banana cake.

CATHERINE
... Tea.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

SAM pulls his T-shirt back on.

Through the kitchen window, we watch as SAM goes to join the others in the kitchen.

CATHERINE joins the game at the table.

SAM gamely takes a bite of 'cake', and forces a smile and thumbs up to the hopeful-looking WHITE MONKEY.

CELINE chats to CATHERINE.

ALFRED rolls the dice.

Pulls a CARD from community chest -

- and falls back in a dead faint.

And as EMILY and TULIP high-five -

- we PULL BACK, from the window, into the garden.

TITLE:

THE END

BUT...

It isn't *quite* the end.

Because as the end credits start, **CUT TO -**

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- EMILY'S desk in her bedroom.

Her sketchbook is open.

In the moonlight, we can see a drawing of an animal.

A SLOTH.

Then REVEAL...

... that EMILY'S bed is empty.

CUT TO -

INT. HALL - NIGHT

- TULIP and ALFRED in the hall, by the basement hatch.

Around the edges of the hatch, there is a glow of light.

TULIP raises a finger to her lips. *Quiet...*

ALFRED nods.

Then very carefully, very softly, TULIP starts to pull the hatch up.

CUT TO -

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

- the basement.

And the workbench.

The workbench is scattered with the TOYMAKER'S old tools and equipment.

And in the middle of the bench, there is a NEW TOY being constructed.

A stuffed toy.

A SLOTH.

EMILY is putting the final stitches into its side. Poking in a bit of stuffing just before the last stitch draws tight.

Then the toy is done.

EMILY looks down at the SLOTH.

And a beat later -

- the SLOTH, like ALFRED at the start of the movie, **BLINKS**.

CUT TO -

- TULIP and ALFRED on the basement stairs, watching.

ALFRED'S eyes widen.



And a small smile starts to creep over TULIP'S face.

CUT TO BLACK