

SAVING MR. BANKS

Written by

Kelly Marcel & Sue Smith

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - AUSTRALIA - DAY (1906)

OVER BLACK:

MUSIC - string violins treat us to a familiar song opening and then a voice - male.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

Winds in the East
Mist coming in--

FADE IN:

A whoosh of wind spins us around in a blue sky, spinning, spinning until we slow to a stop and find ourselves amongst white fluffy clouds. A shadow (oddly shaped like an umbrella) dances amongst the nimbus.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

--Like something is brewing,
about to begin--
The shadow's direction becomes purposeful - taking us down through the clouds, whipping us on the wind towards a small town in the distance.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

--Can't put me finger on what lies

IN STORE--

Downwards and downwards until it skittishly circles a large, bustling park and then swoops us into the lavish gardens. There, a ten-year-old girl plays in the lush grass; she puts the finishing touches to a miniature version of the large park she sits in - benches made from twigs, trees from

flowers, picnic cups from acorns - and gives a satisfied nod.

She wraps her arms tightly around her chest, lifts her face to the sky, a half-smile threatening to break across her concentrated face. This is the young P.L. TRAVERS (whom we will also know as GINTY.)

TRAVERS (V.O.)

--But I feel what's to happen, all

HAPPENED BEFORE--

Her little brow is furrowed with imagination and then, all of a sudden, the smile breaks free as something in her mind becomes real.

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - PAMELA'S OFFICE - LONDON - MORNING
(1961)

P.L. TRAVERS sits in her rocking chair (in the same position as above) arms clasped tightly around her body, face to the sky. Older, beautiful; striking blue eyes aid her air of stiff and steely determination. Her office is a canvas of a life well travelled. Buddha smiles from every corner, framed poetry and letters adorn

the walls alongside pictures of Pamela throughout the years with men we will not come to know and everywhere, china hens sit on shelves, their wings clasped to their chests, brooding. Despite the multitude of objects, the room is peaceful, white.

Downstairs the doorbell rings.

Pamela closes her eyes, breathes.

It rings again, Pamela shakes her head, tuts. She stands up, smooths down her skirt with flat palms. Breathes.

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Pamela opens the front door and squints as a flood of sunlight and cherry blossom petals float over the threshold. DIARMUID RUSSELL (45) - bright, youthful - waits to be asked inside. Pamela is not pleased to see him.

DIARMUID

Mrs Travers.

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Pamela and Diarmuid sit in silence. Diarmuid looks at her, she looks out of the window.

DIARMUID PAMELA

You're ready to--? Like pink clouds on sticks.

DIARMUID

Excuse me?

PAMELA

The cherry blossoms

(BEAT)

I was trying to think of what they--
Diarmuid looks at his watch.

DIARMUID

The car should be here, may I use--

(THE PHONE)

PAMELA

(OVER)

I cancelled it.

DIARMUID

You--?

(PANICKED)

What? Pamela!

PAMELA

Mrs Travers.

DIARMUID

Mrs Travers, please, why--
(sugaring his tone)
Why would you cancel the car?

PAMELA

I shan't be going.
Diarmuid buries his face in his hands.

DIARMUID

We've been through this--

PAMELA

I've changed my mind.

DIARMUID

You can't.

PAMELA

With all due respect Mr Russell I am on very good terms with my own faculty and exceedingly confident in its decision making capabilities.

Diarmuid's shoulders visibly sag, he lets out a long frustrated breath.

DIARMUID

You made an agreement. Do you understand? A verbal agreement.

PAMELA

Why in the world are you speaking to me as if I am a neonate?

DIARMUID

HE'LL--

PAMELA

He'll what? Sue? He is most welcome to every penny I don't have.

DIARMUID

LOOK--

(HE SIGHS)

--I've represented you for a long time. I like to think of you as a

FRIEND--

Pamela snorts.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

I like to think of it, believe me I know it's not reciprocated.

(BEAT)

I would never suggest you do something that would cause you anguish but there's no more money Pamela-- Mrs Travers. Simply no more. Sales have dried up, no more royalties. You refuse to write further books so--

(BEAT)

Do you understand? I'm frightened
that you don't understand what that
means.

Pamela looks out of the window, the cherry blossom her
focus.

PAMELA

I know what he's going to do to her-
- she'll be cavorting and
twinkling! Careening towards a
happy ending like a kamikaze--

DIARMUID

--We've been trying to do this deal
for twenty years! He's agreed to
both your stipulations. No
animation, script approval-- I--

PAMELA

Use her to pay my bills? If I
believed in a hell I'd be sitting
in its waiting room--

DIARMUID

(OVER)

--script approval! He's never
granted anything like that before!
I don't know what else to--
He looks around.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

Where is Polly?

PAMELA

I fired her.
Diarmuid shakes his head, sighs.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It's just as well. It seems I can't
afford her anymore anyway!
Pamela looks to the ceiling, breathes.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(MOMENTARILY SOFT)

You don't know how much she means
to me.

DIARMUID

Polly?

PAMELA

Of course not Polly!
Pamela huffs, digs her heel into the rug.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(it's a filthy word)
Los Angeles.

DIARMUID

You have only to go there and work
for two weeks. Collaborate. That's
it. You haven't signed the rights
over, yet.

PAMELA

Yet!

DIARMUID

You must make it work Mrs Travers--

PAMELA

Oh I must, must I?

DIARMUID

You need the money. I don't want
you to see you-- (broke).

PAMELA

(OVER)

Stop saying money! It's a filthy,
disgusting word!

DIARMUID

I am picking up the telephone Mrs

TRAVERS--

Diarmuid gets up.

PAMELA

I have final say?

DIARMUID

You do.

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

I have final say.

(TO DIARMUID)

(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

And if I don't like what they are doing to her?

DIARMUID

You don't sign the papers. He cannot make the film unless you grant the rights.

(BEAT)

It's an exploratory trip--
Pamela looks at the cherry blossom again, a piece floats
away from the tree and sticks to her living room window.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

What do you say?

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

I want to keep my house.

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - DAY

A large hand taps Ginty on the shoulder, she looks up and smiles. TRAVERS GOFF (35) is handsome and rugged, a wild poetic look, like Ted Hughes or Dylan Thomas.

TRAVERS

Excuse me ma'am, have you seen my daughter? I was quite sure I had left her around here somewhere! Ginty giggles.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Her name is Helen, no, Shirley, erm--
- goodness! I've quite forgotten!
Could it be Prunella?

GINTY

No!

TRAVERS

Pamela?

GINTY

No.

TRAVERS

You're right still doesn't sound quite-- I'm sure I have a special name for her--

GINTY

Ginty!

TRAVERS

Why, thank you ma'am! Ginty it is of course!

(BEAT)

Now, have you seen her?

GINTY

It's me!
Travers puts his nose right up to hers, peering into her face.

TRAVERS

Gosh! So it is! Well, thank goodness for that! I was positive I was going to be beheaded for losing Her Highness The Royal Princess Ginty Mc Featherfluffy!

GINTY

You can't lose me!

TRAVERS

Never. I promise. I will never lose you!
He swings her up onto his shoulders and gallops off through the park, neighing like a horse.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Hurry now! We mustn't be late! The adventure is about to begin!

INT. PLANE - DAY

carpet
Pamela is hot and bothered trying to wrestle a bulging bag into an overhead locker.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

PAMELA

I'm perfectly capable thank you.
The flight attendant tries to help anyway.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

They've used all the space; so
greedy.
She glares at the people around her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'll take it Madam. I can put it
up here -

PAMELA

I don't want it up there. I want it
here, in the corresponding holding
area for my assigned seat!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

The flight's closing in just a few
moments Ma'am. I'll have to take
it.
Pamela narrows her eyes at the attendant as if to say `I
dare
you.' A woman, with an infant, stands up.

WOMAN

(TO ATTENDANT)

You can put my bag up front
instead.
The flight attendant smiles thankfully and replaces the
woman's bag with Pamela's.

PAMELA

(TO WOMAN)

Will the child be a nuisance? It's
an eleven hour flight.

WOMAN

(TAKEN ABACK)

Er-- no, I--

PAMELA

Jolly good.
Pamela gives her a watery smile and takes the seat next to
the window, she looks out at the tarmac.
She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, opens her eyes

hands

again and tucks her feet tidily together. She folds her neatly into her lap and looks straight ahead.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF)

I hope we crash.
The passenger across the aisle hears her, horrified!

EXT. GOFF RESIDENCE - MARYBOROUGH - DAY (1906)

BIDDY (3) and MARGARET - the girls mother, delicate, weak - stand outside of their lavish red-bricked home. Suitcases bulge at their feet. Margaret breathes a sigh of relief as she sees Travers hurrying towards them, he swings Ginty from his shoulders and plops her on the ground.

MARGARET

The carriage?

TRIVERS

Who needs a carriage my love? A stroll is a gift!
(beat, excited)
Everybody ready?

GINTY & BIDDY

Yes. Yep!
Margaret takes her youngest child MOYA (1) from the nanny.

TRIVERS

Come along my team! We mustn't miss the train.

MARGARET

(to her staff)
Thank you so much. For everything.

GINTY

(TO NANNY)

See you soon Katie Nanna!
She picks up her own case; Katie Nanna turns away, heartbroken.

TRIVERS

Walking bus!
The family get into line, one behind the other, Travers in the lead.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Don't forget Andrew!
Ginty takes Andrew's leash, her own case and somehow helps her sister too.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Ready? And off we go!
Passersby tut and shake their heads at the noisy display as Travers and the girls march down the street.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Left, right, left, right! Coming through!
Margaret stays for a beat, longingly taking in and storing a picture of the home she leaves behind.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MARYBOROUGH - DAY

The procession continues into the bustling downtown.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

It's hectic as tickets are purchased and a CLERK marks a chalkboard with destinations and mileage. Ginty stops, looks at the list. The last city is--

GINTY

ALLORA--

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Great Western Queensland train chugs its way Westward from the verdant green of Maryborough toward the brown cake of Allora.

EXT. ANGLE ON MARYBOROUGH - DAY

As it disappears. Ginty stands on the last train platform, watching her home, her past, fade into the distance. Ginty's face speaks resignation as it, and the train, recede as billowing white smoke and dust fill the frame.

INT. PLANE - DAY

disturbed
if
Pamela jolts in her seat, her eyes flit open. She's
by her dreams, she flicks her hand in front of her face as
somehow batting the memories away. She sighs loudly and digs
her heel into the carpet of the plane.

INT. LAX - ARRIVALS - DAY

of
A bleary eyed Pamela carries her two bags into the arrivals
area. She's immediately hit by dazzling sunlight and a sea
signs bearing the names of various passengers and companies:
she scans Paramount, Warner Brothers, MGM, finally falling
upon her own name - P.L. Travers - underneath "Walt Disney
Presents".

PAMELA

Oh does he indeed?
She approaches the uniformed driver (RALPH - Mickey Mouse on
his lapel) who bursts into a beaming smile.

RALPH

Travers? P.L. Travers?

PAMELA

Mrs.

RALPH

Welcome, Mrs P.L. Travers! Welcome
to the City of Angels.
Pamela sneers. He grabs her bags.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Let me take those.

PAMELA

I'm perfectly capable of-- Oh,
nevermind.
Ralph ushers Pamela through the doors--

EXT. LAX - DAY

--and into the sunlight.

RALPH

Sun came out to say hello just to you.

PAMELA

Don't be preposterous.
Pamela sniffs the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It smells. Like--

RALPH

Jasmine.

PAMELA

--chlorine and sweat.
Ralph chuckles.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It's dreadful.

EXT. LIMOSINE - DAY

The shiny black, tinted windowed limo cruises up La Cienega Blvd, passing all kinds of monstrous architecture and garish billboard advertising.

INT. LIMOSINE - DAY

in-

Pamela is diminutive on the back seat of the sprawling car. She eyes the champagne on ice, the flutes clinking in the car bar.

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

Absurd.
Ralph looks at her in the rearview.

RALPH

You okay back there Mrs P.L.
Travers?

PAMELA

It's not Mrs P.L. It's just Mrs--
Oh, it's so hot.

RALPH

No problemo! We got a brand new air conditioning system, Missus; cool you right down in no time. Just about make you feel like you're in good old Engerland again! Things they can put in cars these days-- (he shakes his head in

AMAZEMENT)

Gosh almighty.
Pamela presses her fingers to her temples. She looks around, finds a button, pushes it and the screen rises between passenger and driver miraculously relieving her of Ralph's natter.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(happy as a clam)
No problemo.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

With its pink facade and flag flying turrets the hotel resembles a candy castle simmering under a midday sun. The limo glides into the forecourt.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

A porter opens the door to Pamela's suite and places her belongings on a luggage stand in the hallway.

PORTER

Would you like me to unpack for you ma'am?

PAMELA

Unpack?

PORTER

To take your items from their cases and hang them in the wardrobe ma'am.

PAMELA

Young man, if it is your wish to handle ladies garments I suggest you take employment in a launderette.

The porter has no idea what to say, he hovers at the door.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Yes?
His eyes flick to his empty palm and back to Pamela. She closes the door on him.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Odd.
She turns and for the first time takes in--

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Oh my.
--The LUDICROUS suite she has been assigned; it is opulent beyond imagine but it's classy decor has been rather diminished by the array of Disney gifts splattered across every surface of the room.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Oh no, no, no.
Disney Flowers, Disney champagne, Disney exotic fruit baskets, Disney chocolates, Disney posters, cuddly Donald, Pluto and Minnie toys and - taking up the entire bed - the BIGGEST stuffed Mickey Mouse imaginable. Imagine it. Nope.

BIGGER!

disgust
Pamela cannot contain her horror. She stares at it in
for a moment, and then her eyes fall upon three pears in the fruit basket. She stops still for a second before rushing over and picking them out. She turns them over in her hands before an enormous wave of panic washes over her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(muttering to the pears)
This won't do.
She throws open the balcony doors for fresh air and is greeted with dry arid heat, dust, dazzling sunlight--

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

lush
--Arid heat, dazzling sunlight. Travers, Margaret and the children climb stand in a line at the top of a pathway. From their perspective all there is to see is a cloud of swirling red dust; it obscures and then gradually reveals her new home. The surrounding land yellow and burnt - unlike the greens of Maryborough. The house is ramshackle and meagre. A swayback white nag wanders near a solitary tree and a few skinny chickens strut about the porch.

TRAVERS

A palace! Complete with mighty
steed.

GINTY

And chickens.

MARGARET

OH--

Travers puts an arm around her shoulder.

TRAVERS

We'll build beautiful memories here
my angel.
Margaret offers him a trusting smile.

MARGARET

Yes.
Travers takes Ginty and Bidy's hands and they run towards
their new home. The chickens scatter.

TRAVERS

(in the distance)
--in this house you get to share a
bedroom!
Margaret looks at the surrounding area, there's simply
nothing but barren land and red dust for miles.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POOL - DAY

UNDERWATER

SPLOSH! A green bomb disturbs the tranquil surface and then
another SPLOSH!
We rise through the water to see Pamela on her balcony
throwing the pears, one by one, into the swimmer-free
swimming pool.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

PAMELA

Good riddance.
She breathes a sigh of relief and closes the balcony doors.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(TO HERSELF)

Well, first things first.
She gathers up the Disney paraphernalia and shoves it all in a closet.
She picks up her bags and goes through to the bedroom where the BIGGEST stuffed Mickey Mouse imaginable takes up the entire bed. Imagine it. Nope. BIGGER!

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Good Lord.
Pamela drops her bags, grabs Mickey and places him on the floor, facing the wall.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(TO MICKEY)

And you can stay there until you learn the art of subtlety.
Pamela opens her carpetbag and begins to unpack. She takes from it a bottle of pills, which she places on her night stand, followed by another bottle and another and another. The potions keep coming, as do creams and books and make-up, the bag is endless. Things, things and more things come streaming out of it and once the night stand is full she uses windowsills and any other available surface for her miniature Buddhas. Finally she takes out an impossibly large framed picture of herself. She holds it up, admires it, takes down an existing painting and replaces it with her own image.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

There.
Pamela is restless, she looks around the room, stands in front of a full length mirror, admiring herself. She turns her face slightly to catch it at its best angle. She leans forward and explores the contours of her face, surprisingly unlined for a woman of her years. She smiles, full of vanity.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(SATISFIED)

Yes.
(answering an imaginary

QUESTION)

Well, no, I don't suppose I do mind.
She laughs, but Pamela finds joy difficult so it comes out as an ugly snort.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Now, really! Flatterer!
(then scolding herself)

Silly girl.

She turns her attention away from the mirror and picks up a remote control staring at it with bemusement. She points it at the television hitting random buttons until suddenly the TV bursts into life.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Oh!

She clicks again, the TV goes off, again and it's on. A housewife advertises dish soap with glee, as if dish soap is the greatest thing ever invented.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Soap for the brains.

She changes the channel and stares blankly at a man on a black and white screen. It takes a moment before she

realizes

that staring back at her is the charming, moustached, kindly face of WALTER ELIAS DISNEY (58) on The Wonderful World of Disney Show. Pamela raises an eyebrow--

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Well, well-- There you are.

CU: TV SCREEN

Walt is ringing a little bell but no sound comes out.

WALT

Don't worry! There's nothing wrong with your television set. This is a pixie bell, the sound is much too high for human ears.

Tinkerbell flies into shot.

WALT (CONT'D)

Oh there you are Tink!
She covers Walt in fairy dust.

WALT (CONT'D)

(LAUGHING)

Hey! Get that stuff off of me!

(TO AUDIENCE)

You know, a little sprinkling of fairy dust can make you fly!
Pamela can't help but be drawn in for a tiny moment and then just as quickly, narrows her mistrusting eyes at Walt and

switches him off.

PAMELA

Off! That's how we deal with you.

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

A tray of untouched dinner sits outside the door.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela lies in bed awake, staring at the ceiling, she shakes her head - trying to free it of whatever is trapped in

there.

The moonlight casts a shadow of Mickey on the wall beside her bed.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - MORNING

Pamela waits under the hotel awning, dressed immaculately, not a hair out of place. The limo pulls up to the curb and Pamela groans as she sees Ralph jovially jump out of the car and rush round to open the passenger door.

RALPH

Good morning Mrs!

PAMELA

It's not Mrs, it's-- Oh, why do I bother? We're just not going to get it right are we?

RALPH

Hm?

PAMELA

Will it be the same driver every day?

RALPH

(oblivious to her tone)
Yes ma'am! I'm all yours.

(BEAT)

Sun came out again!

PAMELA

You say it like you're surprised.
Like the sun is particular about
whom it appears for. It seems you
think that I am responsible for
it's miraculous dawning every day.
For goodness sake, it's California!

RALPH

It certainly is!
He gestures for her to get in.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(trying a British accent)
Madame.
Pamela grimaces.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

Pamela tucks her legs in and folds her hands into her lap.
Ralph climbs into the driver's seat.

PAMELA

(as much to herself as

RALPH)

I would so much rather be
accountable for the rain.

RALPH

Oh, that's sad.

PAMELA

Sad is entirely the wrong emotion.
I shan't bother explaining why;

IT'LL SIMPLY

(she makes gesture for
flying over his head)
Zip!

RALPH

Okey dokey.

PAMELA

The rain brings life!

RALPH

So does the sun.

PAMELA

Be quiet!

RALPH

Yes ma'am.
Ralph starts the engine and drives away.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

THREE MEN in suits wave at the limo as it drives through the enormous gates of Disney's Burbank Studio and pulls up in a very twee forecourt.

They are: DON DAGRADI (45) and the SHERMAN BROTHERS, ROBERT (34), he leans on an old worn cane and RICHARD (31), who has a bright, sunny, almost cartoon-ish face.

Don opens the car door for Pamela and puts out a hand to

help

her from the vehicle but she pushes it away.

DON

Pamela! Good morning!

PAMELA

It is so discomfiting to hear a perfect stranger use my first name. Mrs Travers. Please.
The Sherman's look at each other. Uh oh.

DON

I do apologize, Mrs Travers.

(BEAT)

I am Don DaGradi, the script writer.

PAMELA

Co-script-writer. I shall certainly be having my say Mr. DiGraydi.

DON

Gradi. Wonderful! I welcome it.

PAMELA

If indeed we ever sign off on a script.
Bob and Dick flash each other a look. What the fu ?

DON

Uh. Okay, so this is the rest of your team, Dick and Bob Sherman! Music and lyrics.

(TO SHERMANS)

Boys, this is the one and only Mrs
P.L. Travers, creator of our
beloved Mary.

PAMELA

Poppins.

DON

Who else?

PAMELA

Mary Poppins. Never ever just Mary.
(to Dick and Bob)
A pleasure to meet you, though I
fear we shan't be acquainted for
too long.

BOB

Excuse me?

PAMELA

These books simply do not lend
themselves to chirping and
prancing. No. Certainly not a
musical. Now, where is Mister
Disney? I'd very much like to get
this started and finished as
briskly as is humanly possible.

BOB

Don?

DICK PAMELA

Not a music--? If you'll point me in his
direction?

DON

Uh-- erm. Ha! We had planned a
little tour of the studio for you

MRS TRAVERS--

PAMELA

No thank you.

DON

--Wanted to show the place off.

PAMELA

No one likes a show off.

Pamela takes herself off in the direction of a building.

DON

Mrs Trav-- it's a long way to--
Don hurries behind her, Bob looks like he is about to murder
the woman and Dick is finding the whole thing incredibly
amusing.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

The Shermans, Don and Pamela are riding through the studios
on a golf buggy.

PAMELA

I am perfectly capable of walking.
A couple of Disney characters (Donald and Goofy) bounce up
to
the golf cart, waving brightly. Goofy opens his arms to
Pamela for a hug and she recoils in horror.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Shoo! Go away!
The characters stop bouncing and Di Gradi gives them a nod
meaning 'beat it'.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Ghastly.
Bob and Dick Sherman are in shock.

INT. DISNEY - EXTERIOR OFFICE - DAY

Don leads Pamela into the plushly appointed outer office,
where DOLLY - a young, perky secretary - smiles brightly at
her.

DON

(TO DOLLY)

Could you let--

PAMELA

(over, to Dolly)
Would you let Mister Disney know I
have arrived please?
Dolly loses her smile at the terse tone, nods curtly and
picks up the phone.

DOLLY

(whispering into phone)
She's here!

DON

A word of advice Mrs Travers, if I may.

PAMELA

You may. Whether I heed it or not will be another matter entirely.

DON

Wow. Uhm. It's just that he can't stand being called Mr Disney. We are all on a first name basis here.

(TO DOLLY)

Dolly! Is he--?
We hear a man's cough before a beaming Walt Disney, in the flesh, appears at the end of the corridor, his arms outstretched.

WALT

Well, there ya are at last!
Pamela gets up, smooths down her skirt, and makes her way serenely towards the man, who rushes down the corridor to greet her.

WALT (CONT'D)

Oh my dear gal!
Pamela is open mouthed.

WALT (CONT'D)

You can't imagine how excited I am to finally meet you!
Pamela doesn't know what to do with this amount of enthusiasm. She extends a formal hand before he manages to get her in an embrace.

PAMELA

Oh!
He squeezes her tight and then lets go. Pamela struggles to compose herself, she hasn't been that close to a man in decades!

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Hum-- ah. It's an honour, Mister Disney.
Disney winces.

WALT

Walt, you gotta call me Walt, ya know. `Mister Disney' was my old man.

There's a hint of something mournful in the way he says 'old man.'

WALT (CONT'D)

Come here! Come here!
He links his arm through hers, much to her chagrin, and
leads her into his interior office past an imposing floor to ceiling cabinet bursting with Academy Awards.

INT. DISNEY - INTERIOR OFFICE - DAY

He smiles at TOMMIE - who mans the second desk.

WALT

Tommie, say hi to the one and only
P L Travers!

TOMMIE

Hi there! It's so nice to--
But Pamela has already been whisked through to Disney's
personal office.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Disney's office is tastefully furnished and filled with pictures of his daughters and wife. Framed posters of his films provide splashes of color to the cream walls.

WALT

Have a seat, sit down.
He gestures to a comfy couch in the corner but Pamela takes
a seat in front of Walt's desk instead, glancing at the sign above it: We Can Make Them Live. Walt perches on the edge of the desk, close to her, gazing at her.

WALT (CONT'D)

Ya know, I can't believe it. P.L.
Travers, right here, in my office,
after all these years-- almost
twenty of 'em.
(shakes his head)
Twenty. Long. Years.
Pamela narrows her eyes.

WALT (CONT'D)

Wish ya coulda' seen me then Pam!

As lean as a whippet I was! A race horse!
Interestingly, she doesn't pull him up on using her first name and shortening it too!

WALT (CONT'D)

But now, here you are. Look at you!
I could eat you up!

PAMELA

That wouldn't be appropriate.
He turns a photo of his daughters - Diane and Sharon - to face Pamela.

WALT

When Diane here was seven years old
I-- can I get you a drink? Coffee?
Soda?

PAMELA

A pot of tea would be most welc--

WALT

(OVER)

She was seven years old and I was walking past her bedroom and there she was on her bed reading to Sharon, and well, they were just giggling their little socks off!
(he picks up the phone, presses a button)
Tommie, pot of tea please dear--
You're a doll.
(he puts the phone down)
She's a doll. Anyways I asked them "Girls, what's so funny?" And Diane said to me, "Mary Poppins daddy!"
Well, I had no idea what a Mary Poppins was! And then she gave me your book. And by gosh!
He stands up and throws his arms in the air to emphasise his point.

WALT (CONT'D)

My imagination was caught on fire!
And I mean ON FIRE! And those embers have burned ever since-- as you know.

PAMELA WALT

I do. Twenty years!

PAMELA WALT

Yes. Twenty. So you keep I've been asking, asking,

SAYING-- ASKING--

Pamela stops talking and waits for Disney to calm down.

WALT (CONT'D)

I got old asking.
He sits back down on his desk.

PAMELA

What a charming story.

WALT

About my getting old?

PAMELA

About your daughters.

WALT

Yeah I suppose it is.
(he looks at the picture)
They're both women now. Gosh! Can
you believe it?

PAMELA

Children grow up.

WALT

Now Pam, a man can't break a
promise to his kids. No matter how
long it takes to keep. No matter
how long! You might've kept me
dangling all this time but now we
gotcha!

PAMELA

Gotcha indeed! Mister Disney, if
you have dangled then it is at the
end of a rope you have fashioned
for yourself.

WALT

PAMELA--

PAMELA

I was quite clear when you approached me the first time that she wasn't for sale and clear again when you approached me a year later and clear again when you approached me every annum for the subsequent 18 years. Honestly, I feel corralled, ensnared--

WALT

Pam, Pam, the last thing I want is to make you feel--

PAMELA

My name, if you please, is MRS Travers.

WALT

You see, I promised them. That's a fact. You got kids?

PAMELA

NOT--

WALT

(OVER)

I have never, I swear, never broken a promise to either one of my Disney girls.

PAMELA

Well, that's very honourable of you

BUT--

WALT

That's what being a daddy is all about right?

PAMELA

(DEEP BREATH)

Is it?

WALT

This movie isn't just going to make my kids happy. It's going to make ALL kids happy! You see my guys are

gonna do things with it that are,
well, are revolutionary.
He's up again.

WALT (CONT'D)

REVOLUTIONARY, Pam!

PAMELA

OH DEAR--

Pamela rubs her temples as she watches him fly about the room.

WALT

Mary Poppins will literally fly off
the pages of your books!
The door opens and Tommie comes in with the tea, Walt
gestures for her to bring it to him.

WALT (CONT'D)

Now imagine! This magical woman who
has only lived in your head, you'll
be able to meet her, speak to her,
hear her sing.
Tommie places the tray on Walt's desk and leaves the room.
Walt picks up the tea pot.

PAMELA

Yes, this singing, I am glad you've
come to that.
(addressing his tea

MAKING)

Milk first!
Walt puts the pot down immediately like a scolded child and
picks up the milk jug, he pours.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

That's right. Now the tea--
He picks up the pot again and pours the tea.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

And a spoonful of sugar.
He stirs.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

You don't mean for this film to be
a musical?

WALT

(TAKEN ABACK)

I absolutely do!
He presents her with the cup.

PAMELA

No.

WALT

No?

PAMELA

No.
She takes a sip, he waits anxiously to see if his tea is any good.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Not bad. No, Mister Disney, Mary Poppins does not sing.

WALT

Oh yes she does!

PAMELA

When?

WALT

In your books!

PAMELA

Those aren't songs! They're recitations. She is not a giddy woman, she does not jig! Singing is frivolous and wholly unnecessary for a governess, an educatress. No. It would just ruin it.
Walt is baffled. He takes a sip of tea, it's disgusting, he spits it back into his cup surreptitiously, then coughs loudly. Pamela's jaw drops.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I won't have her turned into one of your silly cartoons.
Walt takes a sharp breath on 'silly' and then plasters the smile back on.

WALT

Tell ya what. You just listen to what my Sherman boys have come up with and if they don't knock your socks off then I'm the King of England.
Pamela rolls her eyes.

PAMELA

If you're the King of England then
you shan't exist and knowing the
little of you I do; I shouldn't
think you would like that very
much.

WALT

Bet you would.
She smirks, as does he.

PAMELA

(BEAT)

I do quite like Greensleeves.

WALT

Greensleeves huh?

PAMELA

Come to think of it. That's a song
I wouldn't object to.

WALT

Greensleeves.

PAMELA

Yes.
He's not sure if she's playing with him.

WALT

Pam, I want you to know that the
last thing I would do, the very
last thing, is tarnish a story I
have cherished.
He moves closer to her, takes her hand, she needs it for her
teacup, it's awkward.

WALT (CONT'D)

(gazing into her eyes)
The pages are worn down to tissue,
dog eared and falling out. I have
poured over them gripped,
tormented. Because I love Mary
Poppins, you got to share her with
me.
Pamela is torn between finding Disney captivating and
totally barking.

WALT (CONT'D)

A course nothing happens without

your say so. Absolutely Nothing.

PAMELA

Quite right.
She extricates her hand.

WALT

It's all in the rights agreement.
As approved by your agent, Dermot.

PAMELA

Diarmuid.

WALT

Darmitt.
Disney hands the rights agreement and a pen to her, Pamela takes it without looking and folds it up.

PAMELA

(waving the agreement)
A live action film. No animation.

WALT

Live action.

PAMELA

I'd like that on tape.

WALT

Hm?

PAMELA

Your promise-- and all the
discussions we have here-- on tape.

WALT

Tape you say.
She pops the rights document in her bag. Walt's joviality,
his bright demeanour, vanishes in a split second.

PAMELA

Ah there you are.

(BEAT)

Mary Poppins and the Banks's,
they're family to me.

WALT

I understand. I do.

PAMELA

Well then!

She stands up and smooths down her skirt.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Shall we begin?
He holds out his hand for her to shake.

WALT

Let's make something wonderful.
She leaves his hand hanging in mid air.

PAMELA

Let's see if that's at all possible.
Pamela gets up, smooths down her skirt, snorts at a picture of Disney in a silly hat astride a model train and purposefully strides out of the room, a smile across her face that Disney does not see.

WALT

(PERPLEXED)

Woah.

(BEAT)

Damn.

EXT. VERANDAH - DUSK

Travers sits, looking out at the dimming sky, playing a mournful air on his tin whistle, Ginty curled up in his lap, Andrew the dog asleep beside him. Margaret steps out onto the veranda an almost imperceptible glance at the half-empty bottle at his feet.

MARGARET

It's rather late--
Travers continues to play.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Biddy and Moya are already asleep.
Travers takes the pipe from his lips and sighs.

TRAVERS

Ginty.
He kisses her cheek and gently lifts her from his lap.

GINTY

Good night father.

(BEAT)

`night mother.

MARGARET

Good night dear.
Margaret strokes her hand over Ginty's hair as the little girl slips into the house but hovers unseen by the door, watching her parents. Travers pats his knee and Margaret perches on it.

TRAVERS

I'll make us a good life.

(BEAT)

I promise.

(BEAT)

I'll make you proud again.
Margaret strokes Travers face and turns her face to the sky.

MARGARET

Look at the stars.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Pamela sits at a large meeting table as Dolly bustles around her placing refreshments. Pamela lays out her pencils one by one, makes sure her notebook is `just so.'
A bowl of fruit is set down upon her notebook and she snatches it away, glaring at the table which is now laden with every type of snack and beverage imaginable from bagels to candy, coffee to soda, there are exotic fruits, enormous bouquets of flowers.

PAMELA

(peering around a vase at

DAGRADI)

What is all this jollification?

DON

We have a whole script to get through. It's gonna be a long day Mrs T.
She shoots him dead with a killer stare.

DON (CONT'D)

--ravers.

PAMELA

We could save a starving country

with benefaction from this room
alone! Ugh, It's so vulgar.
She gets up and moves the giant bouquet of flowers off the
table and plops it on top of Dick's piano. Bob moves it from
the piano to the floor.

BOB

(SEETHING)

That is a very expensive piano.

PAMELA

And these are beautiful blooms
butchered for our visual and nasal
enjoyment when we could have just
as easily gone to the window,
looked out and gazed upon them
happily minding their own business
and very much still alive.

Bob hasn't a clue what to say. Pamela smoothes down her
skirt

and re-takes her seat.

Everybody waits.

Pamela flicks her eyes at the tape recorder which Don duly
turns on.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Let us begin.

She perches her glasses on her nose and raises an eyebrow at
the cover of her script - "Walt Disney's Mary Poppins."

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Hm.

A rustling of papers and one or two uneasy glances as the
men, too, open their scripts.

DON DAGRADI PAMELA

(READING) (READING)

Scene one. Exterior Cherry Scene one. Ext. Ext? What's
Tree Lane. London. Day. Bert-- Ext?

Dick and Bob cover their faces with the embarrassment of it
all.

DON

Exterior. It means the scene is
taking place outside.

PAMELA

Ah, I see, an abbreviation.

(BEAT)

Scene One. Exterior--

(BEAT)

Oh, I'm sorry Mr DaGradi, did you feel you should--?

DON

No, No, Mrs Travers please go ahead.

PAMELA

Yes, I do think it's best. I've the most practise. Readings of my books you know? Anyway--

(BEAT)

Scene one. Exterior. 17 Cherry Tree Lane, London. Day.
She nods.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Yes. That's good, that can stay.

DICK

(LAUGHING)

That's just the scene heading!

PAMELA

--Though I do think we should say number 17, instead of just 17, yes? It's proper.

BOB & DICK

No one's going to see it.

PAMELA

I will see it.
She makes a note in her script and looks to the others who are dumbstruck.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Write it down, write it down, chop chop.

Don makes the note and is ready to move on but Pamela is staring at Dick and Bob. They dutifully pick up their

pencils

and note their scripts too.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Is that on the tape?
Don glances towards the swirling tape recorder and nods.

DON

Yes.

PAMELA

Good-- onwards.
They are interrupted by DOLLY carrying a new tray of refreshments.

DOLLY

I'm sorry to interrupt.

PAMELA

Is this a joke?

DOLLY

Excuse me?

PAMELA

Do you think you are a comedienne?

DOLLY

I'm sorry I don't understand.
Dolly gingerly places the tray on the table and hovers, distributing fruit and biscuits within reachable distance.

PAMELA

Unbelievable.
Pamela shakes her head but decides to ignore Dolly and carry on.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Scene One. Exterior. Number 17
Cherry Tree Lane. London. Day.

(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Bert, a one-man band--
(she looks up)
The rumour is that this is to be
your Mister Van Dyke is it?

DICK

We do hope so!

PAMELA

Hmmm, we'll see about that. He's
totally wrong, totally and utterly.

BOB

Dick is one of the greats!

PAMELA

Dick Van Dyke? Robert, my dear,
Olivier is one of the greats,
Burton, Guinness - greats without
question.

(speaking loudly into the

TAPE RECORDER)

I can assure you Dick Van Dyke is
not.

(back to script)

Bert, a one-man band plays to a
small gathering outside the gates
to the park.

(BEAT)

BERT SAYS--

(she looks to Don)

You can do Bert.

DON

(through gritted teeth)

Thank you.

(BEING BERT)

Alright Ladies and gents, comical
poem, suitable for the occasion--
Dick jumps up and sits at the piano.

DON (CONT'D)

--extemporized and thought up
before your very eyes! Alright,
here we go--

Dick begins to play and sing, he pounds the keys with gusto,
smiling away, acting it out with all his heart and soul,
almost unable to contain himself with glee. Bob occasionally
joins in for a word or two but is much more serious, eyeing
Travers for her every reaction.

DICK

(SINGING)

Room here for everyone gather
around,

THE CONSTABLE'S

BOB/DICK

"responstable."

DICK

Now, how does that sound?

PAMELA

No no no no no no no.

Dolly winces on everyone's behalf and leaves the room.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Responstable is not a word.

DICK

(EXCITED)

We made it up!

PAMELA

Well, un-make it up.

Dick quickly hides the next set of sheet music entitled:

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I've a thought! I've always liked
Ta Ra Ra Boom De Ay. Now, that
would be a wonderful song for the
film! Oh! And Admiral Boom could
sing it! Do you see?

Dick's fingers crunch the piano keys.

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVENING

Pamela's door opens a crack and another half-eaten room service meal appears as she kicks it into the hallway. She shuts the door quickly behind her.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Pamela lies awake staring at the ceiling.

PAMELA

Irresponstable.

EXT. FIELD - NEAR GOFF HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON:

A tiny park, about half a metre square - it has grass, tiny trees made from flowers, a small hole filled with water for

a

pond, park benches made with twigs and miniature wooden clothes-peg people. Ginty puts the finishing touches to the bandstand and sits back, staring in wonder.

The moment is broken with the sound of hooves as her father appears, atop his horse.

TRAVERS

Ahhh, there's my girl.
The horse moves up to her.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

That's it Albert. Give Ginty a smooch. There's a good boy, give her a little smooch.
The velvety muzzle of the horse "smooches" Ginty's neck and ear as Travers climbs down from the nag.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Poor old Albert; he's your secret uncle you know? But a miserable, horrid witch turned him into a nag.

GINTY

Why did she do that?!

TRAVERS

Because she hated the sound of his laugh.

GINTY

Poor Uncle Albert! How can we fix him?

TRAVERS

We have to teach the witch how to be happy again.

GINTY

How?

TRAVERS

I'm not quite sure darling.

(BEAT)

Your mother's been calling you for a good hour. I shouldn't go if I were you, she's after little slaves

for housework!

(RECITING YEATS)

Ah, I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink

AND PEEP;

And the young lie long and dream in

THEIR BED

Of the matching of ribbons for
bosom and head.
Travers sighs, let's the words ring in his ears, touches the
end of daughter's nose.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what it feels
like to fly Ginty?
She nods. He hauls himself onto Albert, leans down and
swings
Ginty up so she is facing him.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

You trust me?
She nods and wraps her arms around him looking backwards
over
his shoulder.
He grips her firmly around the waist and she spreads her
arms.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Gee up, Albert. Yah!
Travers kicks the horse into a trot, then into a canter, he
points a finger in the air as if shooting for the stars.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Yah!
Ginty squeals with delight.

INT. LIMOSINE - MORNING

Pamela looks out of the window at the palm trees, the empty
sidewalks. She looks dazed, extremely tired--

PAMELA

Nobody walks.

RALPH

(SADLY)

Leisurely stroll's a gift.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - MORNING

The limo floats along the windy canyon roads, cresting the top of the hill and revealing an awe inspiring vista.

RALPH

Beautiful ain't it?

PAMELA

(refusing him the

SATISFACTION)

If you like that sort of thing.

RALPH

I do.

EXT. FIELD - ALLORA - DAY

up
Travers and Ginty gallop at great speed. The horse kicking great clods of earth as they hurtle away into the distance.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

row
Don DaGradi and the Shermans are escorting Pamela along a row of storyboard illustrations for the film. Dolly trundles along behind, carrying a tray with a cup of tea on it which Pamela occasionally picks up and takes a sip from.

DON

We do find it helps to have a visual. It's fun!
She stops in front of a sketch of the Banks house.

PAMELA

No, no, no. Goodness no.

DICK

No?

PAMELA

The Banks house doesn't look like that! My house is a terraced house with a pink door, white bricked

with a crack in the gable. The window frames are lead-lined and the flower boxes grow pink nasturtiums to go with the pink

DOOR AND--

(gesturing to the tape

RECORDER)

Did we get that?
(to herself, slightly

HYSTERICAL)

Oh dear, it's all a big mistake.
It's all wrong.

DON

It's all wrong?

PAMELA

It's too grand! The Banks family - they're normal, everyday sort of people. This isn't normal. It isn't everyday! They're not aristocrats!

DICK

Interesting.
Don allows a tiny smile. She is right. Pamela lingers over a picture of the parrot head umbrella, a split second of something like recognition on her face and then she simply moves on.

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

Okay.
She stops again in front of a sketch of Mrs Banks wearing a suffragette ribbon.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(SIGHING)

Do I even have to say it?

DON

Um-- yeah?

PAMELA

Why in the world have you made Mrs Banks a silly suffragette?

BOB

I wonder if Emmeline P would agree
with that adjective--

PAMELA

Quite possibly, looking back.
Dick mouths `oh my god!'

DON

It does seem strange that Mrs Banks
allows her children to spend all of
their time with the nanny when she
has no job to speak of--

PAMELA

Are you calling Mrs Banks
neglectful?

BOB

Yep.

DON

No! Of course not! We just felt
that if she had a job it would go
some way to explaining--

PAMELA

Being a mother is a job. A very
difficult job and one that not
everybody is up to, that not
everybody should have taken on in
the first place!
The boys see that Pamela is talking about something
meaningful to her and they begin to soften for a brief
moment, until--

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I will NOT have her called Cynthia!
Absolutely not. It feels unlucky.
Dick makes a curly wurly cuckoo sign at Bob.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

No it should be something warm, a
bit sexy.
They all nearly choke at the word `sexy' coming out of her
mouth.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

How about Mavis?

DON

Sybil?

BOB

Sure.

PAMELA

Prudence?

DICK

Gwendolyn?

BOB

Great.

PAMELA

Winifred!

DON

I could go with Winifred.

PAMELA

Yes, that's because it's very good.
She comes to the next sketch and stops abruptly in front of
it, a split second of utter confusion crosses her face.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

This isn't Mr Banks?
She turns to face Don and the boys.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

This isn't him.

DON

Ahm, yeah, that's him--

PAMELA

He has a set of moustaches!

DON

In the books he--

PAMELA

I told the illustrator I didn't
like the facial hair but she chose
to ignore me. This is MY film and
this time around I shall have MY
way.

DOLLY

(clearing her throat)
Mrs Travers, it was a specific
request, from Walt.
Pamela doesn't acknowledge that Dolly has spoken; Dolly
flushes.

PAMELA

(to the boys)
Why?
Everyone shrugs, they don't know why.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

He didn't, he doesn't, Mr Banks is
clean shaven!
Bob buries his face in his hands and let's out a long, loud,
unashamed moan.

BOB

Does it matttterrerrrrr?!

DON

Bob, Bob, Bob--
Pamela stares at Bob.

PAMELA

You can wait outside!
She points at the door, ordering him out with her finger.

Bob

is literally stunned. Dick stifles a laugh.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

will

I shan't say it again Robert.
Bob storms out of the room (as fast as his limp and cane
allow him) slamming the door and from behind it we hear:

BOB (O.S.)

KILL ME! KILL ME NOW!

PAMELA

(TO DICK)

What is wrong with his leg?

DICK

He got shot.

PAMELA

Hardly surprising.
Pamela smiles sweetly.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Can I expect anymore drama from
anyone else?

INT. BAR/LOBBY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

spies
relieved

Pamela enters the lobby and heads for the elevator. She
the bar, full of people laughing, exclaiming, enjoying one
another's company. She takes it in melancholically for a
second and then jabs the elevator button repeatedly,
when the doors finally slide open.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - WASHROOM - ALLORA - MORNING

Travers faces his reflection in the mirror as Ginty looks on
from the doorway. He picks up his razor and begins to scrape
away the stubble.

GINTY

Why do you do that?

TRIVERS

For you my dear!
(he flicks the blade in
the air like a swordsman)
Swish! Which kind of kisses do you
prefer Gintamina? Swoosh! Scratchy
ones or silky ones?

GINTY

(THINKS)

Silky ones.
A man must shave for to spare his
daughter's cheeks! Swish!

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING

Pamela stares at herself in the clouded bathroom mirror. She
runs a finger through the steam on the glass.

PAMELA

Swish.
And again.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Swoosh.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dolly, carrying a tray of cakes, stops at the rehearsal room door where fractious voices ring out.

PAMELA (O.S.)

Stop! Stop! Stop! What on earth are you talking about? Supercali--? Supercali-- or whatever the infernal thing is!

DICK

It's something to say when you don't know what to say!

PAMELA

Well I always know what to say. The slamming of a piano lid. Dolly pushes the door open with her foot.

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

If you so much as step one foot in here with that tray I shall scream! One cannot live on cake alone!

INT. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

Dolly stands in Disney's office.

DISNEY

Hit me with it.

DOLLY

She has a lot of-- ideas.

DISNEY

Ya? What kind of ideas?

DOLLY

About how she, uh, sees things.

DISNEY

And just how does she `see' things? Dolly sighs and pulls out a note pad.

DOLLY

(READING)

The name Cynthia has been changed to Winifred.

WALT

Okay that'll work.

DOLLY

She won't approve Dick Van Dyke.
Walt laughs, Dolly allows herself a little giggle too.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

The sketches of the Banks house
make it look too opulent, there
must be no hint of romance between
Mary Poppins and Bert, she wants to
know why Mr Banks has been given a
moustache, the--

WALT

I asked for that.

DOLLY

Yes. They did tell her but she
wants to know why.

WALT

Because I asked for it.

DOLLY

Right. Of course. Uh-- the tape
measure Mary Poppins uses to record
Jane and Micheal's height must be a
roll tape, not a ruler, we must add
gravi-- gravitas, she says.

DISNEY

Gahd! Anything else?

DOLLY

She only wants green vegetables and
broth, I don't know what that is
but she wants it in the room from
now on and oh! She doesn't want the
colour red in the film-- at all.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

hovers
Dick, Don and Pamela sit around the meeting table. Bob
by the door in a right humph. Disney prefers to stand,
grazing occasionally from a bowl of candy.

PAMELA

I've simply gone off the colour.
Their mouths are agape.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

You did say I was to have final say
did you not?

DISNEY

We can't make the film without the
colour red! It's set in London for
pete's sake.

PAMELA

And?

DISNEY

There's buses and mail boxes and
guards uniforms-- heck! The British
flag! Pamela, I'm not sure why

YOU'RE--

PAMELA

I understand your predicament Mr
Disney, I do. I just-- hm-- I don't
know what it is, I'm just suddenly
very anti-red. I shan't be wearing
it ever again.

Disney comes and sits on the table in front of Pam and locks
eyes with her.

DISNEY

Is this a test Pam? Are you
requiring proof of how badly I
wanna make you happy so that we can
create this beautiful thing
together?

Pamela averts her eyes for a split second, embarrassed about
'creating something beautiful' with Walt, but quickly
recovers and eyeballs him right back.

PAMELA

I took you at your word Mr Disney
and it seems my first stipulation
has been denied. There will be many
more, so-- perhaps we should just
call it quits and I should hand you
back these?

She takes the rights agreement out of her bag and offers it
to him.

Disney smiles at Pamela.

DISNEY

Alright. No red in the film.
Pamela glances at the tape recorder.

DON

What?!

DICK

Walt?
Don and the Shermans can't believe he has given in! Disney strides out of the room.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Disney marches down the corridor away from the rehearsal room. He stops, turns, goes back to the door, puts his hand on the handle, stops himself and moves on.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dick, Don and Bob are left astounded. They look at one another.

BOB

He doesn't have the rights--
All three turn their heads to turn to her.

PAMELA

Quite.
Pamela smiles a broad satisfied smile at the boys, smooths down her skirt and opens the script.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Now, If you're insisting upon this musicality you feel is SO important for my film then I suggest I hear one of your ditties.
No one is in the mood to sing for her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I shall keep an open mind!

DICK

Nanny?

DON

Yeah, do nanny.
Dick begins to play--

BOB

(SPOKEN)

Wanted a nanny for two adorable children.
Pamela sighs, so do Don and Bob.

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

If you want this choice (expecting Dick to stop) position, No no! They can't make deman-- have a cheery disposition--

But Dick ignores her and carries on.

DICK

ROSY CHEEKS--

BOB PAMELA

No warts! Who in the world put that in?!

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

Play games, all sorts! Hm.

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

You must be kind, you must be Well of all the ridiculous--!

WITTY

very sweet and fairly pretty

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

Take us on outings, give us Completely defeats the--

TREATS

Bob and Don are trying to stop themselves from laughing as Dick barrels right over everything Pamela says, almost as if the two of them are doing a duet.

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

Sing songs, bring sweets No sweets!

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

Never be cross or cruel Who would give a child cast--
Never give us castor oil or ?

GRUEL

Dick grimaces (a la Michael Banks.)

DICK (CONT'D)

Love us as a son and daughter

BOB PAMELA

And never smell of barley What in the world does
water smelling of barley water have
to do with anything?

BOB

You wrote that in your book! She
wrote that in her--!

DON

Yeah, I think--

DICK PAMELA

(over) You can't say that--
If you won't scold and

DOMINATE US

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

We will never give you cause Hate is too strong a wor--
to hate us--

DICK PAMELA

We won't hide your spectacles (into tape recorder)
so you cant see Nobody's listening to me!

DICK PAMELA

Put toads in your bed-- Ridiculous!

DICK (CONT'D) PAMELA

Or pepper in your tea No.

DICK

Hurry, Nanny!

MANY THANKS

Sincerely,
Jane and Michael Banks:
Jane and Michael Banks.

PAMELA

Well I simply don't know what to say. That's the worst song I've ever heard.

(BEAT)

Ever.

DICK

Alright.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Walt stands looking out of his window.

DISNEY POV:

Pamela sits on a bench, her feet tucked together, her arms clasped around her body, her face to the sky. She sits perfectly still until the limo pulls up and Ralph gets out, patiently waiting beside the car so as not to disturb her. Pamela, opens her eyes and Ralph nods hello. He opens the back door for her and she climbs in.

WALT

Tommie!

Tommie appears in his office with a glass and hands it to Walt.

TOMMIE

Scotch Mist.

WALT

What do you think?

TOMMIE

What do I think I-- what?

WALT

You're a woman.

TOMMIE

That's a canny observation Walt.

WALT

What am I missing?

TOMMIE

You think the female of the species
has some kind of psychic insight
when it comes to others of her
kind?

Walt continues to stare out of the window.

TOMMIE (CONT'D)

We don't.

(BEAT)

You'll get yourself an ulcer with
all that unriddling. Give it up.
Tommie waits for a response but he's still window bound,
filled with intrigue as he watches the car disappear.

WALT

(UNDER)

That woman.

INT. BAR/LOBBY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

spies
Pamela enters the lobby and heads for the elevator. She
the bar again, a few people chatting over cocktails. The
elevator doors open but she chooses to go and sit at the bar
instead.

BARMAN

Good afternoon Ma'am. What can I
fix you?

PAMELA

A pot of tea.

BARMAN

Sure thing.
Pamela looks around at the other women in the bar, all
glamorous, coiffured, very different to the practical Mrs
Travers.
The tea pot arrives.

PAMELA

Thank you. Tea is a balm for the
soul don't you agree?
But the barman has already moved on to another patron.
Time moves swiftly, the teapot is drained, the customers
come
and go. The barman talks with another customer further along
the bar. Nobody notices Pamela. In this setting she looks
like a little old lady, awkwardly perched on a stool,
staring
into her empty cup.

EXT. BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA - ALLORA - DAY

Ginty - in a rather tattered school uniform - is diminutive
in front of the huge double doors to the bank. An upright,
top hatted gentleman holds the door of the bank open
chivalrously for her.

INT. BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

Ginty and the man enter the bank.

GINTY

Thank you.
A bank worker tips his hat to the gentleman.

BANK WORKER

Good afternoon Mr Belhatchett.
Cashiers look up from their posts and nod courteously.
Ginty and RANDOLPH BELHATCHETT are startled for a second by

a

loud crash. Their eyes flit to the glass door of Travers'
office. The etching on the glass reads:

TRAVERS GOFF - BANK MANAGER

INT. TRAVERS OFFICE - DAY

Travers has just dropped (purposefully) a tray of coins on
the floor. He has a wild edge to him, he may well have been
drinking.

TRAVERS

(TO CLERK)

Belhatchett. Bell. Hatchett. Ha!

It's a ridiculous moniker!

CLERK

SIR--

TRAVERS

And Mr Belhatchett has complained that I opened his stupid bank five minutes late has he? Hahaaa!

(in a comedy voice)

Time's Money, Goff, y'know! Time's money my man!

The clerk laughs nervously.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Bell Hatchett! Beautiful hatchet. That's what it means. And I suppose if the poor dumb lambs on his downs, are five minutes late with their calving, or they don't drop dead on schedule when he wants a roast, he takes to them with the business end of his beautiful hatchet.

Travers wields a glinting letter opener in the air, stabbing piles of papers, filing cabinets, desks.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

There, whack! That'll teach you for not dropping your bairns on schedule. Whack! Whack! Whack!

Travers looks at the figure standing outside his door and
his eyes widen.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Whack. Whoops!

(through the door)

Mr Belhatchett! Allow me to--

Travers pushes the door open to reveal Ginty at his side and is felled.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Ginty!

RANDOLPH

I want you gone.

All eyes fall upon the little girl whom everyone seems to have forgotten. Travers is overcome with embarrassment and guilt.

TRAVERS

Sweet thing! What are you doing here?
Ginty looks up at Belhatchett and the manager.

GINTY

You said today was--

TRAVERS

Ice cream day! Yes! I did! What kind of father am I?

GINTY

(SCARED)

Are you fired again?

TRAVERS

Ah, yes it does seem that--

RANDOLPH

(TO GINTY)

No. No sweetheart-- he isn't.

TRAVERS

(TO GINTY)

Just wait in my office for a second darling.
Randolph walks away, stopping to whisper in Travers ear.

RANDOLPH

If you can't straighten up for your own sake. Do it for your daughter.
(muttering to himself)
Irresponsible.
Travers holds out his arms to Ginty and she runs into them.

TRAVERS

Ice cream is so rare because it only comes from Siberian cows. Did you know that?!

(BEAT)

Brrrrrrrrr!

EXT. RIVER - ALLORA - DAY

Ginty and Travers sit by the river. Ginty eats an enormous

ice cream and Travers sips continuously from his hip flask.

TRAVERS

We share a Celtic soul, you and I.
This world is just an illusion,
Ginty old girl. As long as we hold
that thought dear, they can't break
us. Money, money, money. Don't you
buy into it Ginty! It'll bite you
on the bot!

How did we end up here eh? Look at
it. Barren. Breathless.

Get as far away from this place as
possible my love. Find yourself a
patch of green.

(HE SIGHS)

It's a chimera you know? The world,
the bank, you and I, Mr Randolph-
whackety-whack-Belhatchett. All an
illusion.

He stares across the river, experiencing a wave of deep
melancholy. Ginty looks up at him, aware of his profound
unhappiness, but unable to understand its source.

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Another untouched meal in the hallway.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela lies in the dark, the phone pressed to her ear.

PAMELA

(INTO PHONE)

I loathe this place, Mr Russell.
How can a place so sunny be so
cold?
We don't hear what Diarmuid says.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I meant heartless. I'm afraid a
jumper wouldn't suffice. It's
bringing up these-- it's so hot and
stuffy I feel like I am being
attacked. These odd dreams, like my
subconscious is after me. Punishing
me for entertaining the idea that I
might hand her over. I am at war

with myself Mr Russell.

(BEAT)

The script is ghastly, exactly as I

EXPECTED--

(BEAT)

Yes, a few more days and then I'll

DECIDE--

(BEAT)

I know, I know I need the money.
The money. The money.

(TO HERSELF)

Money. It'll bite you on the--

(INTO PHONE)

It's all an illusion you know Mr
Russell? All an illusion.

(BEAT)

Very well. Good morning and
goodnight.

She hangs up the phone, and continues sitting upright. Wide
awake. Staring into the darkness.
Pamela checks through her multitude of pill bottles for
something to help her. Nothing. She groans as she drags
herself out of bed, pacing the room, counting steps.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Serves me right. Money, money,
money. Bit me on the bot.

Her eyes stray to the big Mickey Mouse. She drags it onto

the

bed with her and climbs back under the covers, clinging onto
the stuffed toy for comfort.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

The room is decidedly more lively, with sketches of the cast
and models of the sets all about the place. And of course,
the requisite abundance of brightly coloured food now
accompanied by some healthier options - vegetables and a
fluorescent looking soup.

Bob and Dick are at the piano. Don sits in the corner,
sketching energetically on his notepad what seems to be a
cartoon sketch of Pamela Travers.

DICK

It's gotta be like a slogan!

BOB

Her prescription for life.

DICK

Yeah! Yes! A stitch in time!

BOB

An apple a day.

DON

(from across the room)
Time and tide wait for--

BOB

Sugar!

DICK

Sugar?

DICK (CONT'D)

What? That's not--

BOB

Jeff had vaccination day at school
yesterday.

DICK

Ouch.

BOB

No ouch.

DICK

No ouch?

BOB

Sugar. They put it in a cube.

DICK

Medicine in sugar?

BOB

Cube's an odd word.

BOB (CONT'D)

Spoonful?
Dick throws his hands and legs in the air almost falling off
his stool!

DON

(UNDER)

Yeah, we have sugar.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - MORNING

Pamela steps from the car and Walt is there to greet her.

WALT

May I walk with you?

PAMELA

I'm sure your country doesn't have
any laws about sharing a pavement.
As they walk the sound of the piano filters out of the
rehearsal room window and down onto the lot.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

Dick is playing about with a verse.

BOB

Go back to the chorus.

DICK & BOB

(singing it incorrectly)
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the
medicine go down!

BOB

Wait! WAIT! She always does what's
unexpected.
She goes UP the bannisters.
Dick is confused.

BOB (CONT'D)

So go up.
Dick plays a high note.

BOB (CONT'D)

Try B.
He takes a pencil from behind his ear and marks Dick's sheet
music. Dick immediately begins finding the tune on the piano

DICK & BOB

(singing 'down' in an up

KEY)

Just a spoonful of sugar helps the
medicine go down.
Don looks up from his sketching.

DICK

Yes!
The sound of Walt's cough signals his imminent arrival.

DON

Man is in the forest.
Pamela and Walt enter the room.

DON (CONT'D)

(TO WALT)

I want you to hear this.
(to the boys)
Play him what you got.
Walt takes a seat beside the piano. Pamela folds her arms
across her chest defiantly.

DICK

It's just a chorus--

BOB

Tell us what you think.
He knows dum dum
Will help dum dum dum duuum!
Bob whistles what will end up being the Robin's part of the
song.

DICK

(SINGING)

Just a spoonful of sugar helps the
medicine go down--
the medicine go do-own,
medicine go down
Just a spoonful of sugar
helps the medicine go down
In a most de da dee daaa!

BOB

We'll work out the other lyrics.

DICK

You see how it goes up on the word
down?

BOB

On the word down it goes up!

PAMELA

(UNHAPPY)

Up.

DON

It's ironic.

PAMELA

Is it?

WALT

Forget ironic, it's iconic.
Pamela rolls her eyes.

PAMELA

(SARCASTIC)

Bravo.

WALT

I won't be able to stop singing
that for weeks!

PAMELA

It seems enormously patronising to
me. The very sort of annoying tune
you would have playing in your
themed park I daresay. All giddy
and carefree, encouraging children
to face the world unarmed. All they
need is a spoon and some sugar and
a brain full of fluff and they're
equipped with life's tools.
Wonderful!
Dick is completely deflated.

WALT

What's your point Pam?

PAMELA

MRS Travers! My point is that,
unlike yourself, Mary Poppins is
the very enemy of sentiment and
whimsy. She is truthful, she
doesn't sugar coat the darkness in
the world that these children will
eventually come to know. She
prepares them for it, she deals in
honesty. One must clean one's room;
it won't magically do it itself!
She waves the script in the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

This whole script is flim flam!
Where is its reality? Where is its
heart, where is the gravitas?
She opens a window and flings the script out.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

flutter
No weight Mister Disney! See?
Dick, Don and Bob look out of the window as the pages
downwards and spread themselves over the Disney lot.

WALT

No whimsy or sentiment says the
woman who sends a flying nanny with
a talking umbrella to save the
children.

PAMELA

You think Mary Poppins is saving
the children Mr Disney?
Pamela sighs, shakes her head.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - LATE AFTERNOON

Pamela makes her way to the bench she waits on for Ralph.
She sits down, wraps her arms around herself, closes her
eyes.

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

It goes up.

EXT. BACK PADDOCK - ALLORA - DAY

Margaret sweats as she hangs out laundry whilst desperately
shushing her screaming infant.

MARGARET

large
There there. Shush shush now--
Ginty and Biddy run in and out of the sheets, chasing a
hen that squawks and flaps its wings trying to escape the

girls.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(to the girls)
If you could just--

TRAVERS

(CALLING)

Ahoy Goffs!
The girls and Margaret look up, surprised to see Travers so early.

GINTY

Father!
She runs at him and swings her high into the air with one arm, catching Bidy with the other.

MARGARET

What a lovely surprise! Did you finish early?

TRAVERS

I couldn't stop thinking about my beautiful girls on this beautiful day in this beautiful place and I thought to hell with it!
(to Ginty and Bidy)
And what do we say about beauty ladies?

GINTY/BIDDY/TRAVERS

A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

MARGARET

BUT--

TRAVERS

Buts are for goats my love!
He dips her and smooches her.

GINTY & BIDDY

Urgh!

TRAVERS

(whispering to Margaret)
I'll put in extra hours tomorrow.

(TO GINTY)

What are we playing?

GINTY

The hen got out and we've been
trying to catch her!
Travers spies the clucking demon.

TRAVERS

That's no hen! That's Aunt Ellie,
your mother's horrendiferous
sister!

GINTY

(LAUGHING)

That's a made up word!

BIDDY

Really?!

GINTY

Not the aunt!

(BEAT)

Quick! Catch her before she flies
away on the--

TRAVERS/GINTY

East Wind!
Travers throws his jacket to the ground and begins to chase
the hen, tearing through the clean sheets and treading them
into the ground.

MARGARET

Oh!

TRAVERS

I'll wash them again my love!
Margaret look at the dirty sheets and shrugs.
The kids run after their father squealing and giggling as
the poor little hen runs for its life. Even the dog joins in,
Margaret goes to retrieve the discarded jacket and sees a
whisky bottle protruding from the inside pocket, she slips
it back inside - out of sight, out of mind.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Go Sergeant Ginty! Fell the beast!
Ginty dives on the hapless bird, who pecks her soundly and
scarpers. It's chaos. Travers, the girls, the dog and the
other, evasive hen running into each other, falling over each
cursing and laughing.

GINTY

Aunt Ellie!

TRIVERS

Oh she's a foul fowl!

INT. TRAVER'S BEDROOM/CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Biddy and Moya sleep but Ginty is awake, the hen snuggled firmly under her arm. She can hear the tense voices of her parents.

MARGARET

--darling, it's just that um-- a

LITTLE CONCERNED--

TRIVERS

--Meg sweet, I had a throat scratch-

-

MARGARET

--the bank is getting you down again? Perhaps my sister--

TRIVERS

God no! No. I can endure. I will endure. For the girl's sake-- Just, please-- not Ellie.

MARGARET

Oh my dear--
Travers weeps and Ginty closes her eyes, buries her little face in the hens feathers.

GINTY

(WHISPERING)

Foul fowl.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela sits up in bed - leaning back into the open arms of Mickey Mouse - applying face cream, then hand cream, her

face

is screwed into a twist of unhappiness.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - NIGHT

Disney sits on Pamela's bench, deep in contemplation.
Piano music tinkles from somewhere in the building and then

a

VOICE--

DICK

All around the cathedral
the saints and apostles
look down as she sells her wares
Walt is dragged from his thoughts and gets up to follow the
sound.

DICK (CONT'D)

Although you can't see it
you know they are smiling
Each time someone shows that he

CARES--

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK

Walt walks towards the music room, visibly moved by the
song,
a cough rattling in his throat.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

Also in lamplight, Dick Sherman sits at his piano. Bob
asleep
on a couch in the corner. Walt pushes the door open, Dick
knows he's there but keeps tinkling away.

DICK

Though her words are simple and few
listen, listen, she's calling to

YOU--

"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a
bag."

WALT

That'll work.
Dick nods, still playing. Walt makes his way to the piano,

sighs, sits next to Dick on the stool.

WALT (CONT'D)

She's going to say no isn't she?

(BEAT)

Woman's a conundrum.
Dick stops playing and flicks to a new page of sheet music.

DICK

A man has dreams of walking with

GIANTS

To carve his niche in the edifice

OF TIME

(SINGING)

Before the mortar of his zeal
Has a chance to congeal
The cup is dashed from his lips
The flame is snuffed aborning
He's brought to rack and ruin in

HIS PRIME--

Walt laughs out loud, he sings with Dick reading the lyrics from the music sheet.

WALT & DICK

My world was calm, well ordered,

EXEMPLARY

Then came this person, with chaos
in her wake
And now my life's ambitions go with
one fell blow
It's quite a bitter pill to take.

WALT

Inspired by someone we know?

DICK

(FEIGNING INNOCENCE)

You'd have to ask Bob.
The men smile, bittersweet.

DICK (CONT'D)

She might surprise us all.

WALT

She won't.

DICK

You don't know that.

WALT

I do. I know it, I know it only too well.

(BEAT)

I've fought this battle from her side. Pat Powers, he wanted the mouse and I didn't have a bean back then.

Dick raises his eyebrows.

WALT (CONT'D)

He was this big terrifying New York producer and I was just a kid from Missouri with a sketch of Mickey but-- it woulda' killed me to give him up.
Walt peers down at the sleeping Bob.

WALT (CONT'D)

Honest to god killed me. That mouse, he's family.

(BEAT)

Go home.
Walt leaves the room.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

Pamela sits by the pool, arms clasped around her, looking at the stars. The pink and green of the hotel shimmers in the water making it look like a chalk painting.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

The world is an illusion Ginty.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - LATE AFTERNOON

Ginty sits on the front step of the porch, arms clasped around her body, face to the sky.
The sounds of the evening closes in - crickets, the last deafening chorus of the birds.
Travers walks up the path to their home, trailing his suit jacket over his shoulder, his shirt and tie loosened. His

shirtsleeves are marked with sweat. His face is a study of something close to despair. He looks up to see Pamela sitting on the front step and immediately arranges his features into a bright smile of greeting.

TRAVERS

Ahh the Countess Mary Sparklestick!
Pray tell me, what are you
concentrating so hard on?

GINTY

I am laying eggs!

TRAVERS

Really!?! Fabulous!

GINTY

Today I am a hen.

TRAVERS

Indeed! I can see the feathers
sprouting as we speak!
Margaret steps out onto the veranda, takes one look at her
husband and knows he is drunk.

MARGARET

Helen Goff, would you lay the table
for supper please?

GINTY

I'm not Helen!

TRAVERS

(OVER)

She can't possibly lay a table;
she's busy laying eggs!

MARGARET

I need-- (help.)

TRAVERS

She's laying!

MARGARET

(her face contorts in

PAIN)

I'm sorry!
She goes back indoors and slams the door behind her. Ginty
gets up to go indoors and Travers catches her by the arm.

He swallows hard, eyes welling.

TRAVERS

(urgent, his voice)

BREAKING)

Don't you ever stop dreaming Ginty my love. You can be anyone you want to be. Anyone.

GINTY

I want to be like you.

TRAVERS

Don't.

(HE CHOKES)

Don't leave yourself always searching for-- something--

He coughs to stop a crying jag and leaves her alone on the porch.

Ginty is unnerved by her Travers' demeanor, she creeps

around

to the side of the house where she watches her father

appears

in the window of the washroom. She doesn't know what to do

as

he leans his head against the wall and breaks down sobbing.

OMITTED

INT. LIMO - MORNING

Ralph looks at Pamela in his rear-view, she seems weak, the steely fight flown away on the East wind. Her arms wrapped around her chest, her face turned to the window.

RALPH

Ya alright Mrs?
Pamela doesn't even hear him.

INT. ALLORA SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Ginty stares out of the window, in a daydream, a paintbrush

in her hand, dripping colour down her arm.
She is nudged to the present by her teacher, MRS CORRY.

MRS CORRY

Helen Goff? Wake up dear. You want
your banner to be ready for the
fair don't you?
Ginty turns back to her painting - her banner reads:

ALLORA FAIR

Around the words Ginty is painting a gorgeous carousel with
stunning horses, one of which is white with roses on its
bridal.

INT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

are
sticks
Margaret, Biddy and Ginty walk into the fairground. Tents
erected, farmers show off their sheep, children clutch
of cotton candy and a carousel spins with one stunning white
horse amongst the drearier others, roses upon its bridal.

BIDDY

Mrs Brill said Father's presenting
the medals.

MARGARET

(a flutter of pride)
He is indeed! On behalf of the
bank.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

Pamela stares out of the window, not really concentrating on
what's going on in the room.

DON

Mrs Travers?
Again, she doesn't hear.

DON (CONT'D)

Mrs Travers?
Pamela looks at Don.

DON (CONT'D)

We were just saying that we'd like
to play you the song in the bank.

(BEAT)

Would that be good?
Pamela nods, noncommittal.

DON (CONT'D)

(as Dawes Snr)
So you have tuppence? May I be
permitted to see it?
(changing voice to Michael

BANKS)

No, I want it to feed the birds!
(back to Dawes Snr)
Fiddlesticks boy! Feed the birds
and what've you got?

DON/DICK/BOB

Fat birds!

DICK

(singing more sotto than

USUAL)

But! If you invest your tuppence
wisely in the bank

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

DICK (V.O.)

Safe and sound--
A small stage and dais stand central of the event over which
a large sign reads:

SPONSORED BY THE BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA

DICK (V.O.)

Soon that tuppence safely invested
in the bank will compound--
The Allora townsfolk are out in force. Ginty walks with her
family. Her father attempting to memorise speech notes as
they pass through the crowds.

DICK (V.O.)

And you'll achieve that sense of

CONQUEST--

Margaret nudges him as Randolph Belhatchett and his family walk past.

TRAVERS

(clears his throat)

Mr Belhatchett.

his
Randolph looks at Travers, then at Travers shaking hands,
family nod and move on. Margaret looks upset by this.

DICK (V.O.)

As your affluence expands--

them
Travers buys two immense sticks of fairy floss and hands
to Ginty and Bidy.

MARGARET

Travers, Bidy's stomach--

TRAVERS

Oh, for Gods' sake, Meg, stop

whinnying like an old nag will you?

but
Margaret is aghast at being spoken to like that in public

she keep her mouth shut.

Ginty notices Travers eyes stray towards the refreshments tent.

GINTY

(PANICKED)

Father-- will you ride the carousel
with me!?

But the refreshment tent has Travers in its grip.

TRAVERS

Meet you there in a blink of an
eye!

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

As before.

DICK

(SINGING)

In the hands of the directors
who invest as propriety demands.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

Ginty stands with her family at the carousel, eyeing the refreshment tent.

MARGARET

(TO GINTY)

I'll take Biddy to get ready for her dance.

(BEAT)

Where's your father?

Margaret sees the direction of Ginty's gaze. Her face falls but she takes Biddy by the hand and heads for the stage.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Come on Biddy.

INT. REFRESHMENT TENT - DAY

Ginty appears in the tent's entrance. On first glance she sees only an unidentified group of local drinkers. Relief begins to dawn and she turns away.

It is then that she hears Travers laugh, and turns back to see the group part, revealing Travers at its centre.

TRAVERS

Indeed, a published poet--
She takes a deep breath and moves forward, grabs Travers hand.

GINTY

Father, come and look. Biddy's dancing.

TRAVERS

In a moment, my princess. I'm talking.

(BEAT)

Back in Ireland, I miss her green

HILLS SO--

GINTY

But she's-- she really wants you to watch, Dad. You'll miss it.

TRAVERS

Not now Biddy!

GINTY

I'm Ginty.

TRAVERS

Ginty! Shoo!

Devastated, Ginty doesn't know what to do, she pulls at his shirt sleeve again.

GINTY

You said don't give up.

A waiter approaches and takes her by the arm, leading her away.

WAITER

Excuse me, Miss. It's gentlemen only in this section of the tent. I think you'll be more comfortable at the far end.

(BEAT)

Are you alright sweetheart?

GINTY

(TO WAITER)

I'm scared my father is--
Despairing she looks up and sees her mother, carrying Moya, in the entrance. Her mother's face falls and crumples.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

Travers steps heavily, one at a time, up the steps onto the dais, and finds his way to the speaker's podium. Margaret and Ginty watch, hearts in mouths, Biddy blissfully unaware.

TRAVERS

Good afternoon, distinguished guests, our biggest supporter Mr Randolph Belhatchett and his lovely wife, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls!

Randolph looks at Travers with displeasure and then at one of the bank staff.

RANDOLPH

Why is he speaking for the bank?

BANK WORKER

He's the manager.

TRIVERS

I'm honoured to be here on behalf of the Belhatchett Bank of Australia. Shortly, it will be my very pleasant duty to present the awards to our young performers. But before I begin, I'd like to say a very few words to our very youngest citizens about the role of the - er, the Bank in our community. Ginty allows herself to breathe. So far, so good.

MARGARET

He's using too many `verys'. He always says `very' too much when

HE'S--

She can't say it. Ginty takes her mother's hand but Margaret pushes the hand away.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

herself
still
Pamela turns away from Don and the Shermans and takes to look at a sketch of Mr Banks, pinned to the wall, he has a moustache.

DON

(as Dawes Snr)
Very well, my boy, give me the

MONEY

(AS MICHAEL)

No I won't I want it to feed the birds!
(as Dawes Snr)
Banks!

(AS BANKS)

Yes sir. Now Micheal...

DICK

When you deposit tuppence in a bank account,

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Soon you'll see that it blooms into
credit of a generous amount

SEMIANNUALLY

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

Travers is now in lip synch with Dick Sherman.

TRIVERS DICK (V.O.)

And you'll achieve that sense And you'll achieve that sense
of stature of stature
As your influence expands as your influence expands
To the high financial strata To the high financial strata
That established credit now That established credit now

COMMANDS-- COMMANDS--

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don is up and singing with the boys. They are enjoying
themselves so much that they don't notice Pamela's eyes well
slightly.

DON/DICK/BOB

You can purchase first and second

TRUST DEEDS

Think of the foreclosures!
Bonds! Chattels! Dividends! Shares!

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

As before.

TRIVERS

Bankruptcies! Debtor sales!
Opportunities!
All manner of private enterprise!
Shipyards! The Mercantile!

Collieries! Tanneries!
Incorporations! Amalgamations!
Banks!

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As before.

DON

(as Dawes Snr)
While stand the banks of England.
England stands!

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

There's a smattering of applause, Travers is encouraged,
Margaret and Ginty look relieved, even hopeful.
But then Travers momentarily looks lost, a slight breeze

tugs

the speech notes from his hand and they float down in front
of the dais.

TRAVERS

Uhhh. Thank you kindly. Thanking
you. Now-- what, what am I doing
next? Oh! It's a marvellous idea to
encourage children to open
accounts. My daughter, the Princess
Ginty-- she's-- uh.
(looks at Ginty)
How old are you? Come up here.
Ginty - what? Me?
Ginty glances to her mother and then, on trembling legs,
makes her way forward and up the stairs onto the dais.
Margaret watches, growing uneasy.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Ginty has a bank account-- and
that's good. Give her a drink!
The audience is shocked.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

(MUMBLING)

I mean give her a hand.
Everyone is beginning to look uncomfortable.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

I shall return in just a moment to
present the awards. But right now I

must-- relieve myself.
Gasps from the audience.
Margaret - dying.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Give us your shoulder, Ginty, will
you? I'm busting. There's a good
girl.
Father and daughter walk towards the edge of the stage,
Travers leaning on Ginty's shoulder. The shameful glare of
Allora burning into them.

DON (O.S.)

When fall the banks of England,
England falls!
Travers somehow loses his footing before reaching the steps
and topples off the stage. There's an audible, horrible snap
as he lands in an undignified pile. But, despite his ugly
injury, Travers cannot stop laughing.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys are laughing, congratulating one another.

DON

I love it!

DICK

You think Walt's gonna like it?
Pamela takes a last look at the Mr Banks picture and spins
around viciously.

PAMELA

Why did you have to make him so
cruel?
The boys jubilation is halted immediately.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

He was not a monster!

DON

Who are we talking about? I'm
confused.

PAMELA

You all have children yes?

DON

Yes.

DICK BOB

Yep. Yes.

PAMELA

And do those children write you letters, make drawings for you?

DON

Of course.

DICK

Mine like to make folded paper--

PAMELA

(cutting him off)

And would you tear up those gifts? In front of them?!

Silence. They know where this is going.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It's a dreadful thing to do! I don't understand! Why must father tear up the advertisement his children have written and throw it in the fireplace!? Why won't he mend their kite? Why have you made him so unspeakably awful?

(BEAT)

For all the world to see, in glorious technicolor? You claim to make them live-- if that happens can't he? Can't they at least live well?

Pamela chokes back a sudden rush of distress.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I can't bear it.

(SOFTLY)

PLEASE DON'T--

The boys are shocked at the level of upset.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Please don't-- I'll feel like I let him down again--
She leaves the room, head hung.

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Travers is in bed, his leg elevated and set with plaster. He is shaking badly with DT's, his mood is poisonous. Ginty sits on the edge of the bed as the DOCTOR packs up his bag.

TRAVERS

I don't suppose there's any more
you can give me for the pain?
The doctor shakes his head at Travers wanton greed for more.

DOCTOR

(leaving the room)
When will enough be enough Travers?

GINTY

I've brought you something father.

TRAVERS

Be a darling Ginty my old pal! Help
father out won't you?
Ginty is wary.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

In my washroom-- there's a bottle
of medicine that father needs--

GINTY

Mother took it away.
Travers slams his fist on the bed, scaring Ginty.

TRAVERS

Godammit!
Nervous, hopeful, Ginty withdraws a folded sheet of paper
from her pocket.

GINTY

I wrote a poem for you. It - it
won first prize, at school.
Travers takes the page, tries to hold it steady in his
shaking hand.

GINTY (CONT'D)

Would you like me to read it to
you?
The agony as Ginty watches the shaking hand. Finally, the
humiliation is too much for Travers. He scans the page
rapidly and lowers his hand.

TRAVERS

It's hardly Yeats, is it?
Ginty is devastated. But more than this there's a hardening in her small face, a sense of disillusionment that so far she's held in check. Here are the first signs of the Pamela to come.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

her Pamela rushes from the rehearsal room, down the corridor, face twisted, desperately trying to maintain composure. Don rushes out after her.

DON

Mrs Travers!
He stops, recognizing she doesn't need to be followed.

INT. KITCHEN - GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty rummages through kitchen cabinets, drawers, the trash but doesn't find what she's looking for.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

Pamela rushes past Minnie Mouse and Daisy Duck, through the lot, past Ralph - who's taking his lunch at the cafeteria - and towards a patch of green, a communal lawn at the back of a soundstage.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty fights the smell of the warm rubbish in the midday sun as she ransacks the outdoor trash cans, finally finding what it is she's looking for.

EXT. GRASS AREA - DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

Pamela flops down onto the ground, digging her fingers into the dirt and lawn.

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty creeps into her father's room, he sleeps fitfully, and presses the half-full bottle into his hand. Covering both hand and bottle with his bed covers before leaving the room.

EXT. GRASS AREA - DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

in Pamela picks a daisy, finds a stray twig and arranges them
the grass.

RALPH

Mrs?
Pamela looks up, her eyes are red rimmed but she's not crying.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I, uh, brought you a tea.
He hands her the tea in a takeaway cup.

PAMELA

It's blasphemy to drink tea from a paper cup.
Ralph, shifts nervously from foot to foot. He's not quite sure what to say to her or why he brought the tea.
Pamela puts the tea down and continues to fiddle with bits and pieces of twig and bloom that she's plucking from the area around her.

RALPH

Everything okay Ma'am? Would you like me to drive you home?

PAMELA

All the way to England? Yes, please.
Ralph lowers himself onto his haunches.

RALPH

You got family back there Mrs?

PAMELA

You're an impertinent man you know?
You ask an awful lot of questions that have no relevance to you being able to carry out your duties.

RALPH

(LAUGHING)

I know! I do, do that. Yes!

PAMELA

And you have no barometer.
Ralph is confused.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Let us say that I haven't family
who'd notice whether I was halfway
across the world or sitting in my
living room.
She pulls a thread from the hem of her skirt, ties two twigs
together.

RALPH

MA'AM; I--

Ralph sees that she has a little collection of things, he
looks around for some more. Pamela takes a stick and digs a
small line through the grass then hands it to him.

PAMELA

Make a little furrow, there.
Ralph dutifully does as he's told, looking over his shoulder
for fear of being caught digging holes in Disney soil.
Ralph pokes the ground, thinking.

RALPH

I gotta kid.

PAMELA

Well, most people do.

RALPH

Jane-- she's got all kinds of
troubles.
Pamela raises an eyebrow.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Handicapped you know? Myelitis--
transverse.

(BEAT)

She's in a wheelchair see? That's
why I concern myself with the
weather-- sunny day she can sit out
in the garden. Rainy day I have to
leave her cooped up inside.

(BEAT)

Worry `bout the future, but then I
stop cuz you can't do that. Only
today.

Pamela takes the plastic lid off the paper cup and pokes holes in it.

PAMELA

Now look.
She takes the lid, twigs now sticking out of the poked holes and places it in the centre of what we now see is one of Pamela's tiny parks, she gently rest a leaf on the twig struts forming a roof.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

liquid
It's a band stand.
She takes the cup of tea and gently pours the steaming
into Ralph's trench, which runs all the way around the park.

RALPH

A river!

PAMELA

(CORRECTING HIM)

Lake.

RALPH

Lake.

(BEAT)

Hey! I wish I could take her there!
He points at the miniature park.

PAMELA

Wouldn't that be nice?

INT. GINTY BIDDY & MOYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

poem
Ginty, Biddy and Moya sleep soundly, Ginty clutching the
to her chest.
The door creeps open and Margaret stands in the shadows
looking at her children, tears stream down her face but she
seems calm, something has crossed over in her eyes. There's
just nothing there--

MARGARET

(WHISPERING)

I know you gave it to him.
(squeezing Ginty's hand)
All the hope is in the bottom of
that bottle, Helen.

GINTY

Mother?

MARGARET

I want you to take care of the children.
Ginty is groggy, she doesn't understand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Watch over them.
Ginty sits up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I know you love your father more.
But one day you'll understand.

GINTY

What?
Margaret leaves the room and Ginty is straight out of bed following her. Behind, in the room, Moya has awoken and is crying.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - NIGHT

Ginty runs out onto the porch where she sees her mother in her white nightdress striding purposefully through the garden like some ethereal ghost.

GINTY

Mother!
She runs out into the yard but stops as she hears Bidy.

BIDDY (O.S.)

Ginty!
Ginty turns back to the house and then back towards her mother but Margaret has disappeared into the darkness.

GINTY

(CALLING)

Mother! Mother!
The baby is screaming now.

INT. GINTY BIDDY & MOYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginty wrenches the eiderdown off the bed and wraps Bidy in it, she scoops Moya up from the crib.

BIDDY

Where's ma?

GINTY

Once upon a time there were three

little girls alone in a house.

They were frightened of the big
wide world just outside the door.

She takes them through the hallway, stopping momentarily
outside the door to her fathers bedroom. It is slightly ajar
and he looks incredibly frail and delirious.

GINTY (CONT'D)

They were so afraid.

She moves forward, her eyes flit to the front door,
expecting
her mother to be standing there any minute but there is
nothing.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

The mud-stained hem of Margaret's nightdress sweeps along
the
ground, as her feet move towards, and then into, the water
of
the creek. One step, two, three, the water coming up over
her
ankles, soaking the nightgown.

GINTY (V.O.)

But the stars were guarding them,
they glittered as they spoke "We
shall send a guide to show them the
way to the magical ladder which
will bring them all the way up to

SEE US"

EXT. LIVING ROOM - GOFF HOUSE - NIGHT

Biddy and Moya are calming as Ginty places the girls in
front
of the fireplace.

GINTY

And who do you think those
sparkling messengers sent? Who was

it that came flying through the
starry, starry sky to carry us up
to see them?
Ginty wraps Moya in a blanket and puts her in Bidy's arms.

BIDDY

An elf?

EXT. PORCH - GOFF HOUSE - NIGHT

to
Ginty begins to untie Albert from the fence still speaking
the girls through the window.

GINTY

Their old Uncle Albert of course!
(beat, to Bidy)
Stay right here, be good--
Ginty climbs atop the horse.

BIDDY

Are you going to the sky?

GINTY

I'm going to find the end of the
story so I can bring it back for
you!

BIDDY

Is it happy?

EXT. PADDOCK - NIGHT

Ginty rides fast, desperately searching the darkness for her
mother and turning back frequently to check that the lamp
still burns on the porch.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

Margaret is up to her neck in the freezing water of the
creek. Shivering cold. She wills herself forward into the
water. She wants to sink down and simply float away.
From behind her comes the clip clopping of hooves. Margaret
turns her head and there, atop the horse, is Ginty.
Margaret begins to weep.
Ginty jumps down from the horse and rushes to her mother,

wading into the water to grab hold of her.
Ginty bobs up and down in front of her mother in the deep water.

MARGARET

Sometimes a person we love, through
no fault of his own, can't see past
the end of his nose.

GINTY

It's time to go home, ma.
She reaches out her hand--

OMITTED

INT. SUITE - EVENING

Pamela looks through a stack of books intently, jotting something down on a piece Beverly Hills Hotel stationery every now and then.
Presently, the phone rings. Pamela almost jumps out of her skin. She rushes to grab it.

PAMELA

(INTO PHONE)

Mrs Travers! Hello!

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - BURBANK - EVENING.

Walt sits at his desk, flicking through cartoon drawings of penguins.

WALT

(coughs into phone)
Pam!

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHONE CALLS AS NECESSARY.

PAMELA

(DISAPPOINTED)

Mr Disney.

WALT

Callin' to check up on you.

PAMELA

Are you a doctor?

WALT

Hm?

PAMELA

Check ups are for medical practitioners no?

WALT

Pam, are you always so battle ready? P.L. Travers in her breast plate and chain mail, sword up in the air and off with your head!

PAMELA

What can I do for you Mister Disney?

WALT

Please, I beg of you, please please call me Walt.

PAMELA

Walt-- er.

WALT

I heard things didn't go so well today.

PAMELA

They went as well as they've gone every other day that I've been here. I don't recall `special' phone calls from you on any of those other evenings.

WALT

What's this all about Pam? Really? Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)

I'm wondering what I have to do to make you happy.

PAMELA

Ha!

WALT

Aren't you wondering that too?

Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)

(he has an idea)
You know, you've never been to
Disneyland! It's the happiest place
on Earth!
(shouting away from the

PHONE)

Tommie! Cancel my morning tomorrow.
I'm taking a ride with my favorite
author!

(INTO PHONE)

Any excuse.

PAMELA

I cannot tell you how uninterested,
no, positively sickened I am at the
thought of going to see your dollar
printing machine Mr-- Walter.
She notices Mickey's innocent eyes staring at her and gently
turns his face away.

WALT

Oh come on! When does anybody get
to go to Disneyland with Walt
Disney himself?!

PAMELA

Disappointments are to the soul
what the thunderstorm is to the
air.
Walt slams the phone down. Pamela stares at it in shock!

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? He hung up! I'm! I! I
can't believe he hung up!
Walt leans back in his chair and grins, Tommie enters.

WALT

I'm not a violent man Tommie but if
Mrs P.L. Travers were to get hit by
a large truck I--
(he doesn't allow himself

TO FINISH)

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Dick, Bob and Don are drained. They stare at each other in silence. Just the look tells us how much this all means to them. It's desperate. Walt flings the door to the room open.

WALT

Okay boys. We gotta fix this.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - TRAVERS BEDROOM - ALLORA - MORNING

Ginty sits beside her father, he is restless and sweating in his sleep as she wipes his face with a damp sponge. The sound of a buggy pulling up outside breaks the silence.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Oh my!
And then a new voice, clear as a crystal bell.

AUNT ELLIE (O.S.)

Margaret, my poor child. I simply had to come. We must fix this.
Travers eyes spring wide open in horror.

TRAVERS

The Aunt.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - MORNING

A parrot headed umbrella hangs from the back of a chair. An enormous carpetbag - similar to the one Pamela carries - plonked on the living room table and there beside it, upright, imposing and matronly is AUNT ELLIE herself. Hair scraped back, hands neatly perched inside her apron pocket - a very different version but Mary Poppins all the same. Ginty looks on in awed silence as Ellie begins to remove an endless supply of belongings from her bag.

ELLIE

Now, I've brought every new fangled treatment available in Sydney.
Bidy is open mouthed.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Close your mouth please Bidy, we are not a codfish.
(to both girls)
I spy a multitude of jobs to be done!

MARGARET

They've been so worried-- I've--

ELLIE

Do stop babbling nonsense! I'm here now and I shall fix everything.

(BEAT)

Girls!

(BEAT)

Feverfew and camomile to lower his body temperature. Garlic, sorrel, sage. Deadly nightshade. And if those don't work-- well I shouldn't like to say.

trance
Young Pamela and Bidy look on in a kind of bewildered
as item after item emerges from the carpetbag.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

--tincture of horseradish--

LAUDANUM--

(to Ginty and Bidy)

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I thought I had made it quite clear you were to begin helping.
Ellie claps her hands together.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Spit spot!

INT. LIMOSINE - MORNING

Ralph drives along solemnly. Pamela looks out of the window, confused.

PAMELA

Where are we--? This isn't the way.

RALPH

Change of venue this morning apparently.

PAMELA

(realizing where she's

BEING TAKEN)

Ugh.

RALPH

I was thinking about our-- tea party?

PAMELA

I'm sure I don't know what you're--

RALPH

(OVER)

Yesterday, the little park.

PAMELA

Little park? I haven't a clue what you're talking about.

RALPH

BUT--

PAMELA

Concentrate on the road. Always chitter chattering!

EXT. DISNEYLAND ENTRANCE - DAY

Ralph drives Pamela up to the entrance to the park. Two security guards stop the car briefly and then the gates pull open to reveal Walt Disney waiting for Pamela.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ralph is goggle-eyed at seeing Walt.

RALPH

Oh! Isn't that nice? Holy mackerel! Wowzers. Never met him myself but there he is! Right there. Real. Living, breathing. Oh boy!

EXT. DISNEYLAND - DAY

Disney

Ralph jump out of the car to let his passenger out but
is there first.

WALT

Welcome to the Magic Kingdom!
Pamela steps out of the car and her eyes nearly pop out of
her head with brightness of the place, unbelievable colour
and excitement.

PAMELA

Is it all like this?
Pamela pops a headache pill.

WALT

Yup! Isn't it wonderful?
Ralph hovers at the car, filling his eyeballs with as much
Walt Disney as he can get before he has to drive away.

PAMELA

Do you always get everything you
want Walter?

WALT

Pretty much!

PAMELA

With the exception to the rights to
my books of course!

WALT

War ain't over yet Pam!
Walt takes Pamela by the arm and leads her through the gates
and a murmur goes through the crowds as they gawp. A YOUNG
WOMAN breaks free and rushes up to Walt.

YOUNG WOMAN

I love you so much! Can I--?
She proffers a pen and paper but Walt is prepared, he takes

a

signed postcard with his face on it from his top pocket and
hands it to the woman.

PAMELA

(DISGUSTED)

Pre-signed?

WALT

(TO WOMAN)

You should get hers too.

(gesturing to Pamela)

This woman's a bona fide genius!
The woman looks expectantly at Pamela who just snorts. she realizes she's getting nothing and, clutching her precious postcard to her chest, melts back into the crowd who part like the red sea for Walt and his guest.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

Walt and Pamela make their way down Main Street. Walt stops anyone from getting too close by immediately handing out postcards to anyone who gets near.

WALT

In Adventureland there is a tree--
this is a fun fact. A tidbit.

PAMELA

Tidbit.

WALT

(OVER)

It has three million leaves, four
million flowers.

PAMELA

Gosh.

WALT

And they said only God could make a
tree!

Pamela rolls her eyes.

There is a protracted silence as they walk, both encompassed
by their own thoughts. The sunshine, the joyful crowds just
background colour.

They pass by a store front and Walt glances up at the
window.

It reads: Elias Disney Contractor Est. 1895. Pamela notices
the look but doesn't say anything.

WALT (CONT'D)

Where did she come from?

PAMELA

Who?

WALT

I think you know who.

PAMELA

She flew in through the window one day.

WALT

Through the window huh?
Pamela nods curtly.

WALT (CONT'D)

It's just that easy isn't it Mrs Travers?
He sees right through her.

WALT (CONT'D)

I know you don't wanna be here so I'm gonna take you to one ride-- my favourite amusement and then I'll set you free.
Way ahead of them the carousel spins in the distance.

EXT. KING ARTHUR'S CAROUSEL - DISNEYLAND - DAY

The carousel slows to a halt and a herd of excited children climb down from the horses and disappear into the park.

WALT

Mrs Travers, I would be honoured if you would ride Jingles. She's Mrs Disney's favourite horse.
He escorts Pamela to a beautiful white horse, roses on it's bridal.

PAMELA

No thank you. I'm happy to watch.

WALT

No greater joy than that seen through the eyes of a child.
Pamela looks at the children climbing onto the carousel.

WALT (CONT'D)

There's a child in us all.

PAMELA

Maybe in you Mister Disney, but certainly not I.

WALT

Get on the horse Pamela!
Pamela sighs and allows Walt to help her onto the horse.

WALT (CONT'D)

When we first met, you said to me
'they're family.'

PAMELA

I said what?

WALT

Mary Poppins, the Banks's, they're
family.

(BEAT)

The boys have had an idea for your
Mister Banks. I think it'll make
you happy.

PAMELA

You brought me all the way out here
to tell me that?

WALT

No. I brought you all the way out
here for monetary gain. Had a wager
with the boys that I couldn't get
you on a ride. I win!

He clambers onto his own horse, gestures to the ride
controller and off they go!

Pamela gently bobs up and down, Walt waves to her and she
sees the unbridled thrill from the child in Mister Disney
spilling out. The tiniest, tiniest of smiles threatens to
surface on her lips as he points a finger in the air as if
shooting for the stars.

WALT (CONT'D)

Yah!

INT. TRAVER'S BEDROOM - ALLORA - DAY

Travers has a violent coughing fit, he looks to his hand,
disturbed to see blood there. He grimaces at Ellie who has
her back to him as she folds clothes, a look of deep
satisfaction on her face.

ELLIE

Well begun, is half done!
His face softens as his hazy gaze falls upon Ginty, outside
the window, sweeping. Their eyes meet for a brief moment, an
unspoken understanding of what is to come, before his close
with tiredness.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

All the tables have been pushed to the walls, Don is just pushing the last one away as Pamela comes in, followed by Dolly with the tray carrying Pamela's tea.

DON

Good morning Mrs Travers!
She looks at the new arrangement of the room.

PAMELA

What horrors have you in store for
my beautiful characters today, hm?
Bob clenches a fist but Dick gives him a look that says:
keep
calm.

DON

Now, Mrs Travers you sit here.
He ushers her to a chair facing the centre of the room. He hands pages to Bob and pages to Dolly. Don and Dolly drop to their knees so that they are half the height of Bob. Pamela raises an eyebrow.

DON (CONT'D)

We thought about what you said Mrs
Travers and Mr Banks isn't cruel.
He isn't. We've got a new ending
for the film. Oh god, I hope you
like it.
Bob pulls a kite out from behind his back.

DON (CONT'D)

(AS MICHAEL)

Michael says, "He mended it! It's
wonderful!"

DOLLY

(AS JANE)

However did you manage it?

PAMELA

(TO HERSELF)

He mended it?
Dick strikes a chord on the piano.

DICK

(SINGING)

With tuppence for paper and strings
You can have your own set of wings
With your feet on the ground
You're a bird in flight
with your fist holding tight
To the string of your kite
Oh oh oh oh

Bob takes the hands of Don and Dolly and he dances around
with them (awkwardly as they are still on their knees and

Bob

has a limp.) Pamela's eyes on the fixed kite.

DICK & BOB

Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height
Let's go fly a kite and send it

SOARING

Up through the atmosphere
Up where the air is clear
Oh let's go fly a kite
Don notices Pamela's foot tapping, he stands up.

DON

And then Mrs Banks goes to fetch
her suffragettes ribbon.

DOLLY

(as Mrs Banks)
"A proper kite needs a proper tail
don't you think?!"
Don drops to his knees again.

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY

Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height
Is Pamela humming too?!

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY (CONT'D)

Let's go fly a kite and send it

SOARING

Don bows to Pamela puts his hand out to her and to his
surprise, she accepts and they begin to waltz. Pamela is
surprisingly elegant and accomplished.

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY/PAMELA

Up through the atmosphere
Up where the air is clear
Oh let's go fly a kite
Everybody is up and dancing, it's like something out of a

Disney movie!

DICK

When you send it flying up there
All at once you're lighter than air
Dolly breaks away and rushes from the room.

DICK (CONT'D)

You can dance on the breeze over
houses and trees--

INT. DISNEY OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Dolly pants her way to the top of the stairs, and sees Walt just about to enter his office.

DOLLY

Mr Disney! Walt!
Walt spins around.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to interrupt. It's just
she-- she's dancing! Mrs Travers.
She's dancing with Don!
He cracks a great big smile.

DICK (V.O.)

With your fist holding tight
To the string of your kite

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

As before.

BOB/DICK/DON/PAMELA

Oh Oh Oh Oh
Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height
Let's go fly a kite and send it

SOARING

Up through the atmosphere
Up where the air is clear
Oh let's go fly a kite!
They all collapse in a heap, exhausted and thrilled.

PAMELA

Well.

BOB

Well?

PAMELA

Yes! He fixes the kite! Oh, I love it!
Dick punches the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Though proper English would be 'Let us go and fly a kite.'
Bob glares at her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

But I might be willing to overlook that.

BOB

Did we get that on tape?
Everybody sighs with relief and Pamela looks to the caricature of Mr Banks with deep warmth.

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - EVENING

self,
Ginty sits with her father, he's a shadow of his former
extremely ill. The shaking has stopped, his lips are parched
and blueish.

TRAVERS

Look at you-- all ship shape.
Travers reaches up a shaking hand and musses up Ginty's
perfectly plaited hair.

GINTY

takes
I re-wrote the poem father.
Travers doesn't respond. Ginty reaches into her pocket,
out tuppence.

GINTY (CONT'D)

The aunt gave me tuppence.
She shows it to him in her open palm.

GINTY (CONT'D)

Shall I buy you something father?

TRAVERS

(BARELY AUDIBLE)

PEARS--

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela sits bolt upright in bed, panicked.

PAMELA

Father?

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

Ginty skips off the porch, clutching her tuppence.
Chattering
to herself about pears.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - MORNING

The limo crests the top of the hill.

INT. LIMO - MORNING

Ralph admires the view as he always does.

PAMELA

Do you know you're quite right? It
is beautiful. Exquisite.

RALPH

It's always new.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Pamela leans on the piano peering at her script. The boys
are
dotted about the room; all are mid-work.

DON

(TO PAMELA)

So Jolly Holiday's in?

PAMELA

As you wish.
Pamela is genuinely curious.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Now, how in the world does Mister
Disney propose to train penguins to
dance?!

BOB

Are you serious?

PAMELA

I've heard about his implausibly
leaved trees so I assume he does
have some insane penguin wrangling
scheme but it does seem rather far
fetched. Can you train penguins?

DON

(LAUGHING)

No I don't think you can train an

ACTUAL--

DICK

(OVER)

They're animated.
Pamela is confounded.

PAMELA

Sorry?

DON

Dick.

DICK

Cartoons.
He draws a little squiggle in the air to illustrate his
point.

DON

Dick.
Pamela's face turns beetroot red, she pushes herself away
from the table and storms out of the room, slamming the door
behind her.

DON (CONT'D)

Crap.

DICK

What? Are we getting real penguins?

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

up Pamela comes storming into the offices suite. Dolly smiles from her desk.

DOLLY

Good afternoon Mrs Travers!

PAMELA

Where is Mister Disney?

DOLLY

If you'd like to take a seat--

PAMELA

I would not like to take a seat thank you. I would like to-- She heads for Disney's office and Dolly is up and running after her down the corridor.

DOLLY

Mrs Travers, please!
Pamela blows past Tommie's desk.

PAMELA

DISNEY!

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

of Pamela pushes open Walt's doors, catching him in the midst signing a stack of postcards of his grinning face, an unlit cigarette in his pen hand.

TOMMIE

Walt, I'm so sorry.

WALT

Don't worry Tommie, please close the door.
Disney gestures to his cigarette.

WALT (CONT'D)

Never let anybody see me smoking.

I'd hate to encourage bad habits.
Please, sit down.

PAMELA

I shall not sit in the seat of a
trickster! A fraudster! A sneak!

WALT

PAMELA--

PAMELA

MRS TRAVERS. PLEASE!

WALT

Mrs Travers, what in the world has
upset you so?

PAMELA

Penguins!
Walt is confused.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Penguins have very much upset me
Mister Disney! Animated, dancing
penguins! Now, you have seduced me
with the music Mr Disney, yes you
have. Those Sherman boys have quite
turned my head but I shall not be
moved on the matter of cartoons.
Not one inch sir!

WALT

It's a sequence--

PAMELA

You promised me. You promised me
that this film would not be an
animation!

WALT

And it isn't!

PAMELA

So they're real penguins?

WALT

No they're animated.

PAMELA

(SUDDEN REALIZATION)

Oh.
(to herself, smiling)

RUEFULLY)

You foolish old woman.
Pamela reaches into her purse and pulls out the assignment
of rights papers and leaves them on the table.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Good day Mister Disney.
She turns on her heel and leaves. Disney stares at the pages
aghast.

WALT

Pam! Pamela! Mrs Travers! Wait!

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Pamela flies past Dolly's desk.

PAMELA

Please call my driver and have him
pick me up.

DOLLY

Yes ma'am, when?

PAMELA

NOW!

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - DAY

Pamela flees to her bench, wrapping her arms around herself.
Disney comes after her.

WALT

Please Mrs Travers-- You must
listen.

PAMELA

You shouldn't make promises you
can't keep, especially to children,
they hold on to them you see? And
those promises they just sit there
inside of them, like little doses

of poison, all those broken
promises, eating away forever.

WALT

Pamela? I don't understand why this
is so hard for you. Please, make me

UNDERSTAND--

PAMELA

The books weren't written for the
children. They were written for the
promise breakers.

WALT

The promise breakers? Mrs Travers I-

-

But she's gone, face to the sky, eyes closed, breathing.

WALT (CONT'D)

Mrs Travers?
Ralph pulls up and gets out of the car.

RALPH

Woah! Mister Disney!

WALT

Hi.

RALPH

Hi! I'm such a huge fan. It's such
an honour to--
He suddenly sees that Pamela is more deeply entrenched in
herself than usual and his priority becomes her.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(TO WALT)

Excuse me.
Ralph moves past Walt and gently taps Pamela on the
shoulder,
she opens her eyes, relieved to see him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You ready to go Mrs?

PAMELA

Yes. Thank you.

WALT

PAMELA--

PAMELA

(TEARING UP)

I'm so sorry Mister Disney. To have put everyone to so much trouble.

WALT

You must reconsider. You must.

PAMELA

I simply can't give her up. Not yet. Perhaps not ever. I don't know

WHY

DISNEY

You do know why!

PAMELA

I can't, he's--

DISNEY

He's?

PAMELA

I just-- Goodbye Mr Disney.
She goes to get in the car and Disney puts a hand to stop
her but Ralph blocks it.

RALPH

The lady's ready to go now sir.
Walt steps away and Ralph closes the door to the car.

WALT

He's?
Walt watches the car disappear, wracked with frustration and confusion. He takes a seat on Pamela's bench and wraps his arms around himself and looks to the sky.

EXT. LAX - DAY

Ralph climbs out of the limo and opens the back door for Pamela. He gestures for a valet to come and take her bags
and opens the trunk of the car.

RALPH

It's been a pleasure driving you
Mrs.

PAMELA

No one likes a fibber.

RALPH

(CHUCKLES)

I really have enjoyed it. Didn't
know who you were at first and then
guess what?

PAMELA

You found out?

RALPH

I was telling my daughter all about
my day and how I was driving this
nice writer lady, Mrs Travers for
Mr Disney and--

PAMELA

AND--

RALPH

AND--

(he leans into the

PASSENGER WINDOW)

And she makes me go to her bedroom
and get this!
(he pulls out a Mary

POPPINS BOOK)

Can't stop reading it. I'm very
slow mind you.
Pamela smiles.

PAMELA

Would you like me to sign it?

RALPH

(DELIGHTED)

Would you?!

PAMELA

I'd be honoured.
Ralph hands her his pen and she begins to write.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Your daughters name?

RALPH

Jane.

PAMELA

Really?

RALPH

Uh huh. Like the girl in the book.

PAMELA

(reading as she writes)
To Jane and her dearest father--
(she looks at him)
I've just this instant realized I
don't know your name.

RALPH

Ralph.
She shakes his hand.

PAMELA

Pamela.

RALPH

Pamela.

PAMELA

You're the only American I have
ever liked, Ralph.
Ralph is chuffed to bits.

RALPH

May I ask why?

PAMELA

No. Now take this--
She hands him the piece of Beverly Hills Hotel stationery
with her notes on.

RALPH

(READING)

Albert Einstein, Van Gogh,
Roosevelt, Frida Kahlo--

(BEAT)

What is this?

PAMELA

They all had difficulties. Jane can do anything that anyone else can do, do you understand?
Ralph looks at her in awe.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Look at the bottom.

RALPH

Walt Disney!

PAMELA

Deficiencies in concentration and hyperactive behavior. Explains everything!
Pamela turns to leave.

RALPH

Thank you Mrs.
Pamela doesn't look back.

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Tommie and Dolly silence their gossiping as a tired and broken Walt Disney appears in front of them.

WALT

She's gone?
Tommie looks down at her paperwork and nods at Walt apologetically.

TOMMIE

Flight left 10 minutes ago.
Tommie hands him the itinerary, he glares at it.

WALT

(expecting to read her

NAME)

PAMELA TRA--

(BEAT)

Goff? Who's Helen Goff?

TOMMIE

Her. That's her real name.
Walt is confused.

DOLLY

Yuh, didn't you know? She's all
hoity toity. British this and
British that and she's really an
Aussie called Helen Goff. Stuck up--

WALT

Then who's Travers?
Tommie and Dolly look at each other and shrug.

WALT (CONT'D)

(smiles to himself)
I've been talking to the wrong
person.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty skips up the path, clutching a brown paper bag. She
ruffles Andrew's fur before entering the house.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty senses something wrong, she hears hushed, urgent and
emotional voices in the hall. She pokes her head into the
hallway. There, huddled together, whispering are her mother,
the doctor and Aunt Ellie.
Ellie is holding a pile of blood stained sheets.
Ginty stands frozen, trying to still the panicked beating of
her heart.
Margaret spies Ginty and moves towards her as if in slo-mo.
There are flecks of blood on her dress. She is ashen,
shattered. She comes down to Ginty's level.

MARGARET

DADDY--

Ginty cannot react.
Margaret sweeps her into her arms and Ginty drops the brown
paper bag; it tears and scatters pearls all over the floor.
Ginty's eyes fix on Aunt Ellie's umbrella on the back of the
chair, drawn into its beady black eyes.

GINTY

I want to see my father.

MARGARET

No, you mustn't.

GINTY

I want to see him!

Suddenly she turns into a wildcat - lashing, thrashing, biting, screaming. Nothing will stop her seeing Travers.

AUNT ELLIE

Let her go Margaret.
Margaret is forced to let go and Ginty runs for her father's bedroom.

INT. TRAVERS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ginty stands in the bedroom, a long way from the bed. She stands there, it seems, for an eternity. Then, finally, step by step she draws closer. The empty bottle on the floor. The sheets twisted, still wet with sweat, flecked and spotted with blood. The front of her father's nightdress is also bloodstained. Ginty's eyes reach his face. Travers lies,

eyes

open, mouth open, teeth slightly red-stained, neither peaceful nor distressed. Just-- nothing.

GINTY

I dropped the pears.
She perches on the edge of the bed and takes his hand.

GINTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry daddy.
Ellie appears in the doorway, Ginty addresses her without turning around.

GINTY (CONT'D)

You promised you would fix everything.

EXT. SHAWFIELD STREET - LONDON - DAY

climbs

A black London Taxi pulls up outside the house. Pamela out of the car, struggling to pull her huge Mickey Mouse out too.

INT. SHAWFIELD STREET - LONDON - DAY

Pamela moves through the vestibule, lugging her suitcase.

PAMELA

Hello house.

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pamela sits in a chair in the living room watching in
and darkness. She gently closes her eyes, ringed with sadness

a lifetime's despair.

There's a knock at the door and she jolts awake, she doesn't
know how long she's been asleep but it's black outside. She
gets up and rushes to the door as quickly as her feet will
take her.

She swings it open.

PAMELA

Oh dear god!
Standing on the doorstep is Walt Disney. Pamela is, quite
literally, speechless.

WALT

It was one heck of a job getting a
seat on the very next flight, let
me tell you.

PAMELA

But, you always get what you want
eventually. Isn't that right
Walter?
He looks down at her hand clenched into a fist and shaking.

WALT

How about you show me how to make
one of those nice English pots of
tea?

INT. PAMELA'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Pamela sits at the table, as Disney carries in a tray with a
teapot, a milk jug, a sugar bowl and two cups. These he
places on the table and proceeds to pour tea.

PAMELA

Milk. The milk goes in first.
He attends to it.

WALT

I remember.

PAMELA

And whiskey. I'll have whiskey in mine.
Disney follows her gesture to the whiskey decanter. She takes it from him and pours a generous slug into her teacup.

WALT

(SURPRISED)

Oh.

(BEAT)

Oh well, when in Rome!
He pours a slug into his tea too.

PAMELA

You've come to change my mind. To beat me into submission.

WALT

No, I've come because you misjudge me.

PAMELA

How do I misjudge you?

WALT

You look at me and you see some kind of Hollywood King Midas.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

You think I've built an empire and that I want to use your Mary Poppins as just another brick in my kingdom. You think I see her with a carpetbag full of greenbacks.

PAMELA

And don't you?

WALT

If that was all it was would I have pursued an cranky, stubborn dame like you for twenty years? I'd've have saved myself an ulcer!

(BEAT)

No, you expected me to disappoint you and so you made sure I did. You see, I think life disappoints you,

Mrs Travers. I think it's done that a lot. Maybe Mary Poppins is the only person in your life who hasn't.

PAMELA

Mary Poppins isn't real.

WALT

Oh, no, that's not true. She's real as can be to my daughter's and to thousands of other children-- adults too. She's been there as a nighttime comfort to a heck of a lot of people.

PAMELA

Well, Where is she when I need her? Hm? I open the door to Mary Poppins and who should be standing there but Walt Disney!
He laughs.

WALT

Mrs Travers, I am so sorry. I hoped this would be a magical experience for you, for all of us. But I let you down-- and in doing so, I've broken a twenty year old promise to my girls.

(BEAT)

I've been wracking my brains, trying to figure out why this has been so hard for you and I--

(BEAT)

You see, I have my own Mr Banks. Mine had a moustache.

PAMELA

Ah! Not true then that Disney created man in his own image?

WALT

But it is true that you created yourself in someone else's yes? She doesn't answer. Walt takes mouthful of laced tea and coughs a little.

WALT (CONT'D)

Ever been to Kansas City, Mrs

Travers? Do you know Missouri at all?

PAMELA

Can't say I do and as I have no plans to ever set foot on American soil again I'm afraid I never will.

WALT

It's mighty cold there in the winters. Bitter.

Walt stops talking, catches himself, looks away and then gives in. His enthusiasm completely disappears and he's suddenly as ragged and as weary as Pamela.

WALT (CONT'D)

(it pours out)

My dad, Elias Disney, he owned a newspaper delivery route there. Thousand papers. Twice daily. Morning and evening edition. Elias, he was a tough businessman. A save-a-penny anywhere you can type of fella so he wouldn't employ any delivery boys, he just used me and my big brother Roy. I was eight then-- eight years old.

(BEAT)

Like I said, those winters were harsh and old Elias didn't believe in new shoes until the old ones were worn right through so--

(BEAT)

Honestly, Mrs Travers, the snow would be up to here--
He gestures to his knees.

WALT (CONT'D)

You'd push through it like wading through molasses.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

And the cold and the wet would be seeping through the shoes and the skin would be raw and peeling from our faces-- and sometimes I'd find myself sunk down in the snow, waking up, cuz I must've passed out

for a moment-- I dunno. Then school, too cold to figure out an equation. And back into the snow so by the time we got home it'd be just getting dark, and every part of you would sting like crazy as it slowly came back to life in the warmth. My mother would feed us dinner and then it'd be time to go out again for the evening edition.

(BEAT)

Best be quick Walt, best be quick or poppa's gonna show you the buckle end again boy.
Walt smiles at Pamela, sips his tea.

WALT (CONT'D)

Now, I don't tell you all this to make you sad Mrs Travers, I don't. I love my life - it's a miracle. And I loved my daddy, boy I loved him. But, there isn't a day goes by where I don't think of that little boy in the snow and old Elias with his fist and strap and I'm just so tired-- I'm tired of remembering it that way. Aren't you tired Mrs Travers? We all have our tales but don't you want to find a way to finish the story? Let it all go and have a life that isn't dictated by a past?

(BEAT)

It's not the children she comes to save. It's their father.

(BEAT)

It's your father--?

(BEAT)

Travers Goff.

PAMELA

I don't know what you think you know about me Walter--

WALT

You must've loved and admired him a lot to take his name--

PAMELA

I--

WALT

Mrs. Travers. It's all about him
isn't it? All of this. Everything.
Pamela looks at her hands, they're shaking.

WALT (CONT'D)

Forgiveness. It's what I learned
from your books.

PAMELA

I don't need to forgive my father.
He was a wonderful man.

WALT

No, you need to forgive Helen Goff.
Life is a harsh sentence to lay
down for yourself.
Pamela looks down at the table top.

WALT (CONT'D)

Give her to me, Mrs Travers. Trust
me with your precious Mary Poppins.
I won't disappoint you. I swear
that every time a person goes into
a movie house - from Leicester to
St Louis, they will see George
Banks being saved. They will love
him and his kids, they will weep
for his cares, and wring their
hands when he loses his job. And
when he flies that kite, oh! They
will rejoice, they will sing. In
every movie house, all over the
world, in the eyes and the hearts
of my kids, and other kids and
their mothers and fathers for
generations to come, George Banks
will be honoured. George Banks will
be redeemed. George Banks and all
he stands for will be saved.
Maybe not in life, but in
imagination. Because that's what we
storytellers do. We restore order
with imagination. We instill hope
again and again and again. Trust
me, Mrs Travers. Let me prove it to
you. I give you my word.

INT. PAMELA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pamela is alone. The unsigned rights papers in front of her on the table. She looks at Mickey who occupies the chair opposite her, her face softens under his gaze.

PAMELA

Enough.

EXT. ANIMATION BUILDING - THREE YEARS LATER - DAY

Disney employees pass by a giant movie poster which reads: MARY POPPINS - OPENING SOON! Walt exits the building. He's but a few steps out of the door when Tommie appears behind him.

TOMMIE

Walt.
She hands him a sheet of paper.

TOMMIE (CONT'D)

Invitation list for the premiere.

WALT

Is that everyone?

TOMMIE

Not everyone.
She looks at Walt questioningly.

WALT

(SIGHS)

We'll premiere in London as well.
It'll be more convenient for her.
Tommie holds his look.

WALT (CONT'D)

There'll be cameras, press,
interviews-- I have to protect the
picture.

TOMMIE

Okay.
Walt walks away, he's lost a bit of steam. Tommy watches him go.

OMITTED

INT. PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY.

Pamela taps away on her typewriter with gusto. She pings the return and breathes, satisfied.

PAMELA

I should say so too.
The doorbell sounds, voices.
Pamela begins to tap again.

POLLY (O.S.)

Mrs Travers!
Pamela tuts, tries to carry on with her work.

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

Mrs Travers!
Pamela rises from her chair, smoothes down her skirt.

PAMELA

For goodness sake!
She rises from her chair, smoothes down her skirt and makes her way to the front door.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Please don't screech like an alleycat!

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pamela and Diarmuid sit together. Pamela is quite changed, she looks younger, radiant, worry free.

DIARMUID

I am so pleased to hear that Mrs Travers.

PAMELA

I should think you'll have a draft very soon.

(CALLING OUT)

Polly! Where's that tea?

(TO DIARMUID)

It's coming along marvelously!

Polly kicks the door open with her foot and plonks the tea down in front of Pamela and Diarmuid. She sneezes twice, doesn't bother to pour and turns to leave.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(TO POLLY)

Would you pour please?

POLLY

You're perfectly capable of doing it yourself.

Polly leaves, Pamela rolls her eyes.

PAMELA

She's quite the worst maid I've ever had!

DIARMUID

So why do you keep her?

PAMELA

I don't know-- she reminds me of me.

Diarmuid laughs.

DIARMUID

Do you have a title?

PAMELA

Mary Poppins in the Kitchen.

DIARMUID

Wonderful. Should we start talking about the film rights?

Pamela narrows her eyes at him.

PAMELA

NEVER again.

DIARMUID

Okay.

(BEAT)

Now, tell me, Have you got your tiara for the premiere?

PAMELA

Oh, I'm not going.

DIARMUID

Why not?

PAMELA

Hollywood premieres are not for old trout like me. Anyway, it's not

CONVENIENT--

DIARMUID

He hasn't invited you, has he?
Pamela doesn't reply.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

Mary Poppins wouldn't stand for that.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Pamela is hot and bothered trying to wrestle her cabin baggage into an overhead locker. The same flight attendant from the top of the film appears.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

PAMELA

I'm perfectly capable thank you.
The flight attendant recognizes her with something akin to horror.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Suit yourself-- ma'am.

PAMELA

(CHEERY)

I shall!

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, good afternoon and welcome aboard this flight to Los Angeles. Just a few announcements before we begin our taxi for takeoff--

Pamela takes the seat next to the window, she looks out at the tarmac.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, opens her eyes again and tucks her feet tidily together. She folds her

hands

neatly into her lap and looks straight ahead.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Walt enters the outer office walking briskly towards his own office.

WALT

Morning Dolly.
Dolly opens her mouth to speak but he's already past and

APPROACHING--

TOMMIE'S DESK

Tommie sits, arms crossed and stares, half bemused at Walt.

WALT (CONT'D)

What?
Tommie nods toward his office. Pamela is sitting in a chair, back to them.

PAMELA

Me again!

INT. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

Walt semi-recovers as quickly as possible and enters his office.

WALT

Mrs Travers! How wonderful to see you. What brings you to--

PAMELA

I'm here for my premiere.

WALT

Great!

PAMELA

I didn't receive my invitation, but I just assumed the American postal service had fallen down on the job as per usual.
She smiles sweetly.

WALT

I'll have a-- uh, replacement sent to your hotel right away.

PAMELA

That's very kind, Mr Disney. I knew you wouldn't have forgotten me.

WALT

Pam, how could I?

PAMELA

How indeed? You did, after all, assure me that I wouldn't be disappointed.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

The porter lets Pamela into her room, and doesn't even bother hovering for a tip. Pamela turns and it's like deju vu - the flowers, the chocolates, the champagne, a VIP invitation to the premiere of Walt Disney's Mary Poppins. And, of course, the ubiquitous stuffed Mickey Mouse.

PAMELA

(TO MICKEY)

I thought I left you in London.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - FORECOURT - NIGHT

Pamela looks wonderful in a long white gown with turquoise silk gloves to her elbows and matching wrap falling from her shoulders.

PAMELA

(TO DOORMAN)

Would you call me a taxi please?

DOORMAN

Absolutely. The doorman goes to find her a cab and in his absence a limo pulls up to the kerb. Pamela doesn't dare get her hopes up

person but the door swings open and there he is, her favorite
in America.

RALPH

Had a feeling a certain friend of
mine might be needing me tonight.

PAMELA

Ralph!
She rushes to him and they give each other a friendly hug.

RALPH

You look like a million bucks!
Let's get you to the ball.
He opens the back door for her and she climbs in.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

It's spectacular! Disney's biggest Hollywood opening. Bulbs
flash continuously as limo after limo pulls up at the red
carpet. Ushers are dressed as English bobbies. Reporters
stand on podiums in colourful suits, Penguins dance their
hearts out in front of the theater. Pearly Kings and Queens
play for the onlookers. Crowds and crowds of fans scream
every time a bulb flashes, waving their autograph books and
posters in the air. Every Disney character imaginable
bounces up and down the lines of well-wishers, hugging them, dancing
for them, signing their booklets. Hollywood Blvd is
completely shut down and the atmosphere is like the happiest
party you could ever go to.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Ralph takes the car slowly through the crowds. Onlookers
press their faces against the windows trying to make out who
is inside. Pamela is nervous, everyone else has someone with
them but Pamela must brave the crowd alone.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - HOLLYWOOD -NIGHT

The limo stops at the edge of the carpet and Ralph jumps
out.
He rushes round to Pamela's side and helps her from the car.

arm
Immediately a round of flashes go off and Pamela puts her
up to shield her eyes. It's too much.

RALPH

(in her ear)

This is your night. None of this
would be possible without you.

and
She brings her arm down, straightens her dress and breaks
into a smile, making her way down the carpet to frantic
whispers amongst the press and autograph hunters of: "Who is
that?" "Is that anyone?" Pamela spots Walt, Dick Van Dyke

Julie Andrews being interviewed together up ahead.
Mickey Mouse bounces down the carpet and slows-- he and
Pamela lock eyes for a brief moment. He holds out his gloved
hand, she takes it and together they watch as a huge toy
train chugs to a halt on the blvd and hundreds upon hundreds
of coloured balloons fly out of it's roof and into the air.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT

her.
Pamela moves through the spangling, glittering, perfect
toothed Hollywood crowd and no-one pays any attention to

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Travers
The auditorium is jam packed. Pamela is seated in front of
Walt Disney. Don, the Shermans and their families are in the
same row as her - Bob Sherman next to her. The lights begin
to dim. The overture begins--
We stay close on Pamela as the sounds of the overture fade
and the melody of a single tin whistle playing one of

old melody's rings in her ears.

We hear snippets of the film in the background but we remain
with Pamela.

She looks around at the faces in the audience - laughing,
humming, sad, happy, joyous.

Intercut with images from Pamela's childhood and the voices
of Bert and Jane -

Ellie's parrot head umbrella--

BERT

You know, begging your pardon, but
the one my heart goes out to is
your father.

The carousel horses at the Allora fair--

BERT (CONT'D)

There he is in that cold, heartless
bank day after day, hemmed in by
mounds of cold, heartless
money.

The tuppence and rolling pears--

BERT (CONT'D)

I don't like to see any living
thing caged up.

Uncle Albert with Ginty on his back, carrying her river
soaked mother back to the house--

JANE

Father in a cage?

Ginty pressing the final bottle into her father's hand--

BERT

They makes cages in all sizes and
shapes, you know.

The image of the dead Travers in his bloodstained bed--

BERT (CONT'D)

Bank-shaped some of 'em, carpets
and all.

DISSOLVE TO:

Children in the audience, their little faces tilted upwards.
Rapt.

MICHEAL

You won't ever leave us will you?

JANE

Whatever would we do without you?

MARY POPPINS

I shall stay until the wind
changes.

And then an image from the film:

George Banks walks away from us down the misty tree-lined
London street, on his way to be fired from the bank.

Walt Disney watches with quiet satisfaction.

Pamela however has tears coursing down her face. Her
shoulders heave as she tries desperately not to sob out loud
but people are noticing, looking at her.

Disney leans forward, placing a hand on her shoulder. She
reaches up and grips it tightly, unable to speak.

WALT

It's all right, Mrs Travers. It's alright. Mr Banks is going to be all right. I promise.
Pamela nods in gratitude, but cannot contain her sobs. It's all pouring from her now, in one immense catharsis.

PAMELA

No, no. It's just that-- I can't, I can't abide cartoons!
We stay on her face as we bring up the final song of the film: Let's Go Fly A Kite. The audience around her are smiling, laughing, singing along. Pamela, the tears, silent now, still pouring down her cheeks as she slowly begins to mouth along with the lyrics.
And in her head one final image appears.
Travers gaze falls upon Ginty, outside his bedroom window, sweeping. Their eyes meet for a brief moment, an unspoken understanding of what is to come, before his close with tiredness.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

Never. I promise. I will never lose you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - DAY

The shadow of an umbrella leaves the ten-year-old Ginty sitting in the lush grass, arms wrapped tightly around her chest, face to the sky as a smile breaks free across her face.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

(SINGING)

Winds in the East
Mist coming in--
The shadow of an umbrella, floats higher and higher--

TRAVERS

--Like something is brewing,
about to begin--
And further and further--

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Can't put me finger on what lies in

STORE--

We give chase but cannot catch up--

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

But I feel what's to happen, all

HAPPENED BEFORE--

And the umbrella floats up, up, up into the atmosphere and

AWAY--

FADE OUT:

END