



SAVING MR BANKS

The story of the creator of Mary Poppins

by

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and

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Draft

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EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - 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.) (CONT'D)
--*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.) (CONT'D)
--*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 seven 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.) (CONT'D)
--*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 (1959)

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, tutts. 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.

She gestures for him to follow her through to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

DIARMUID
Would you like me to--? PAMELA
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--
(trying to stay calm)
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 it's decision making
capabilities.

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

DIARMUID

You signed a contract. Do you
understand?

PAMELA

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

DIARMUID

He'll sue.

PAMELA

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--

PAMELA

Mrs Travers.

DIARMUID

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.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

We've been trying to do this deal
for twenty years! He's agreed to
both your stipulations. No
animation, script approval-- I--
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 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)
And if I don't like what they are
doing with 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
I want to keep my house.

She pierces Diarmuid with an icy stare, he looks away.

EXT. MARYBROROUGH 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? But no, still doesn't sound quite right-- 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!
(MORE)

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

I was positive I was going to be
beheaded for losing Her Highness
The Royal Princess Ginty Mc
Featherfluffy!

He swings her up onto his shoulders and gallops off through
the park.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Hurry now! We mustn't be late!

INT. PLANE - DAY

Pamela is hot and bothered trying to wrestle a bulging carpet
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 again and she is airborne - the view is now one of blue sky and white fluffy clouds.

She tucks her feet tidily together, folds her hands 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--?

TRAVERS

Who needs a carriage my love? A
stroll is a gift!

(beat, excited)

Everybody ready?

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

GINTY & BIDDY

Yes. Yep!

TRAVERS

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

MARGARET

(to her staff)

Thank you so much. For everything.

She picks up her own case.

TRAVERS
Walking bus!

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

TRAVERS (CONT'D)
Don't forget Jock!

Ginty takes Jock'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 the Goff family march down the street.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The train chugs its way through the night, the cane fields like a moonlit sea around its tracks.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Ginty lies awake on a pull down bunk, she watches dark, ominous shadows dance about the compartment ceiling. She can't sleep, it's too exciting.

GINTY
Allora.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

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

INT. LAX - ARRIVALS - DAY

A bleary eyed Pamela pushes her trolley into the arrivals area. She's immediately hit by dazzling sunlight and a sea of 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 cap and 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 trolley.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Let me take that.

PAMELA
I'm perfectly capable of-- Oh,
nevermind.

Ralph pushes the trolley 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

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

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

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

PORTRER
Would you like me to send someone to unpack for you ma'am?

PAMELA
Unpack?

PORTRER
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 imagination but its 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 Daffy, Donald, Pluto and Minnie toys and - taking up the entire bed - the BIGGEST stuffed Mickey Mouse imaginable. Imagine it. Nope. BIGGER!

Pamela cannot contain her horror. She stares at it in disgust for a moment, her eyes falling upon three pears in the fruit basket. She rushes over and picks them out, turning 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

--Arid heat, dazzling sunlight. Travers, Margaret and the children climb down from a buggy, stopped at the top of a pathway. From Ginty's 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 lush greens of Maryborough. The house is ramshackle and meagre.

TRAVERS

A palace!

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 Biddy's hands and they run towards their new home.

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.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Pamela throws the pears, one by one, off her balcony and into the swimmer-free swimming pool.

PAMELA

Good riddance.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Well, first things first.

She picks up her carpet bag 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.

She gathers up the Disney paraphernalia and shoves it all in a closet.

Mickey is too big despite a massive effort on Pamela's part to squeeze him inside the cupboard, so she 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 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 switches on the TV, flipping through the black and white channels and stopping suddenly as the charming, moustached, kindly face of WALTER ELIAS DISNEY (58) appears 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.

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.
(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It seems you think that I am
responsible for its 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.

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 DI GRADI (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 discomforting 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 Di Gradi, the script writer.

PAMELA

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

DON

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 Bobby Sherman! Dick's music, Bob's 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.

DICK

Don?

BOB

Not a music--?

PAMELA

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 - dutifully emblazoned with the famous mouse.

PAMELA

I am perfectly capable of walking.

A group of Disney characters bounce up to the golf cart, waving brightly. Donald, Goofy, Snow White. Mickey himself holds out his arms to Pamela for a hug - 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 - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Don leads Pamela into the plushly appointed outer office, where a perfectly groomed and manicured secretary smiles brightly at her.

DON

(to secretary)

Could you let--

PAMELA

(over, to secretary)

Would you let Mister Disney know I have arrived please?

The secretary loses her smile at the terse tone, nods curtly and makes her way down a long corridor to an imposing glass door at the other end.

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 secretary)

Carolyn, is he--?

Carolyn knocks on the glass door, pokes her head in and the door swings open to reveal a beaming Walt Disney, in the flesh, his arms outstretched.

WALT

At last!

Pamela gets up, smooths down her skirt, and makes her way serenely towards the man, who is hurtling down the corridor to greet her, talking a million miles an hour.

WALT (CONT'D)

Oh my sweet gal! You cannot imagine how excited I am to meet you finally!

Pamela doesn't know what to do with this amount of enthusiasm, he's like a bounding puppy. 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.
'Mister Disney' was my dad, and he was an ass. Come!

He links his arm through hers, much to her chagrin, and leads her into his office.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Disney's office is tastefully furnished and filled with pictures of himself hanging out with movie stars. Framed posters of his films provide splashes of colour to the cream walls, and a cabinet contains his already significant collection of trophies, many of them Academy Awards. If Pamela is impressed she doesn't show it.

WALT

Please take a seat.

Pamela takes a seat in front of Walt's desk, 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)

I can't believe it. P.L. Travers, right here, in my office, after all these years-- twenty of 'em.

(shakes his head)

Twenty. Long. Years.

Pamela narrows her eyes.

WALT (CONT'D)
Wish ya coulda' seen me then Pam! 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)
Look at you! I could eat you up!

PAMELA
That wouldn't be appropriate.

He turns a photo of his daughters to face Pamela.

WALT
When Diane here was seven years old
I-- can I get you a drink? Coffee?
Soda? Cup o' tea?

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, giggling her
little socks off!
(he picks up the phone,
presses a button)
Carolyn, pot of tea please dear--
You're a doll.
(he puts the phone down)
She's a doll. And I asked her
"Diane, what's so funny?" And she
said to me, "Mary Poppins daddy!"
Well, I had no idea what a Mary
Poppins was! And then she gave me
your book. And oh!

He stands up and throws his arms in the air to emphasise his point.

WALT (CONT'D)
My imagination was caught on fire!
ON FIRE! And the embers have burned
from that day to this-- as you
know.

PAMELA
I do.

WALT
Twenty years!

PAMELA
Yes. Twenty. So you keep
saying--

WALT
I've been asking, asking,
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 getting old?

PAMELA
About your daughter.

WALT
Yeah I suppose it is.
(he looks at the picture)
She was 27 last fall.

PAMELA
Oh.

WALT
Man can't break a promise to his
kid, Pam. No matter how long it
takes to fulfil. 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 is MRS Travers.

WALT

I promised her. Fact. You got kids?

PAMELA

Not--

WALT

(over)

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

PAMELA

Well, that's very honourable of you
but--

WALT

That's what being a pop 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! My guys are gonna
do things with it that are
revolutionary.

He's up again.

WALT (CONT'D)

REVOLUTIONARY!

PAMELA

Oh dear...

Pamela rubs her temples as she watches him fly about the room
like an excited chimp.

WALT

Mary Poppins will literally fly off
the pages of your books!

The door opens and Carolyn comes in with the tea, Walt
gestures for her to bring it to him.

WALT (CONT'D)

Imagine! This woman who has only
lived in your head, you'll be able
to meet her, speak to her, hear her
sing.

Carolyn 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

Yes she does!

PAMELA

When?

WALT

In the books!

PAMELA

Those aren't songs! They're
recitations.

(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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. 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 listen to what those Sherman boys have come up with and if they don't blow you away 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?

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, 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 and falling out. I have poured over them gripped, bedevilled, tormented. I love her Pam, you must share her with me.

Pamela is torn between finding Disney captivating and totally barking.

WALT (CONT'D)

Nothing happens without your say so. 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.

She pops it 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 and purposefully strides out of the room, a smile across her face that Disney does not see.

WALT

Goddamn.

INT. DINING ROOM - ALLORA - NIGHT

Ginty and her family at their evening meal. Travers pours wine for Margaret and himself, there is an almost imperceptible glance at his wine glass from her.

TRAVERS

--And we mustn't forget Sid.
Mustn't forget silly silly Sid.

Biddy giggles.

BIDDY

Who's silly Sid?

TRAVERS

Sid is a terrifying creature! He's the three-headed dog who guards the stationary cupboard!

The girls are awe-struck, Margaret gazes at Travers and children with doe-eyes.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Woe betide you if you ask for a nib, an ink bottle, a blotter, or even an eraser without a requisition form. In triplicate!

BIDDY
Tripplegate!

TRAVERS
He is the guardian of the Crown
Jewels, the treasures of Nefertiti--

GINTY
The Mona Lisa!

BIDDY
The--

MARGARET
The Elgin Marbles--?

GINTY
The pyramids--

BIDDY
The uh---

TRAVERS
(to Ginty)
Which ones?

GINTY
All of them!

Travers demonstrates his words, slavering like the three headed dog, wheezing and breathing dragon breath at them.

TRAVERS
Raawwwr! It is Sid, of the dragon
breath. Of the slavering loyalty,
of the mucous laden tubercular
wheeze who will rocket the Joint
Stock Bank of Australia to new
heights of fiduciary responsibility
and fiscal domination. Oh, I have
seen the future! - and it is silly
silly Sid. Let us raise a toast to
his bravery and dedication!

The family hold aloft their glasses, wine for the adults and milk for the little girls.

GINTY
To silly silly Sid.

TRAVERS/BIDDY/MARGARET
To silly silly Sid!

EXT. VERANDAH - NIGHT

Travers sits, looking out at the evening sky, playing a mournful air on his pipe, Ginty curled up in his lap, Jock the dog asleep beside him. Margaret steps out onto the veranda.

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 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. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The Sherman brothers, Don DiGradi and Pamela sit awkwardly around a large meeting table. It is 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 just stares at it all.

PAMELA

What is all this jollification?

DON
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. He in turn moves it from the piano to the floor.

DICK
(seething)
This is a Steinway.

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.

Dick hasn't a clue what to say.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
Let us begin.

Pamela takes a seat, 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 DI GRADI (reading) Scene one. Exteri--	PAMELA (reading) Scene one. Ext. Ext? What's 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 Di Gradi, 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

That's just the scene heading!

PAMELA

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

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.

They dutifully make the note.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Good-- onwards.

They are interrupted by a secretary (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.
Bert, a one-man band--
(she looks up)
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? My dear, Olivier is
one of the greats, Burton, Guinness
- greats without question. 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)
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
 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 as Bob sings, Dick pounds the keys with gusto, smiling away and occasionally joining in for a word or two of the song, almost unable to contain himself with glee. Bob, on the other hand, is much more serious, eyeing Travers for her every reaction.

BOB
 (singing)
*Room here for everyone gather
 around,
 The constable's*

BOB/DICK
"responstable."

BOB
Now, how does that sound?

PAMELA
 Hold it!

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.

Silence.

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

Another half-eaten room service meal sits outside the door.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Pamela lies awake staring at the ceiling.

PAMELA
Irresponstable.

EXT. BACK PADDOCK - ALLORA

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 as an echidna lumbers towards her little park, snuffles at it and then plods away. 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.

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

GINTY
Poor Uncle Albert! How can we fix him?

TRAVERS
We have to teach the witch how to be happy again.
(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!

Travers leans down and swings Ginty up onto the horse, placing her in front, facing him.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

(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.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

I can make you fly! Yes, yes.
 Spread your arms like wings, then
 and we shall take off!

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, heading for the fence. Ginty squeals with delight, travelling backwards at such speed.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Yah!

In one clean leap, they're up and over the fence, everything slows in mid-air, like Ginty really is flying backwards.

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

Travers and Ginty still mid-air, reanimate and land. The horse kicking up great clods of earth as they gallop away into the distance.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - ANIMATION BUILDING - DAY

Don DiGradi 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.

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! No, I shall find you a
photograph of my own home. That
will suit.

(to herself, slightly
hysterical)

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

DON
What's wrong with the--?

PAMELA
It's too grand! The Banks family -
they're normal, everyday sort of
people.

Don allows a tiny smile. She's 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 (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Okay.

She stops again in front of a sketch of Mrs Banks.

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 Araminta?

No response.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
Gwendolyn?

No response.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
Winifred!

DON
I could go with Winifred.

DICK
Yeah, Winifred's good.

PAMELA
I know!

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
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 lets out a long, loud, unashamed moan.

BOB
Does it mattterrrrrrrr?!

Pamela stares at him.

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)
I shan't say it again Robert.

Bob storms out of the room (as fast as his limp and cane will 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. 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?

TRAVERS

For you my dear!

(he flicks the blade in
the air like a swordsman)

Swish! Which kind of kisses do you
prefer Gintamina? Scratchy ones or
silky ones?

(beat)

Swoosh! A man must shave for to
spare his daughter's cheeks!

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 meeting room door where fractious voices ring out.

PAMELA (O.S.)

No no no no no no no. A 29th time,
NO and yes I've been counting. No.
That makes 30!

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

Well?

DOLLY

She has a lot of-- ideas.

DISNEY

Ideas?

DOLLY

About how she, uh, sees things.

DISNEY

And 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.

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. We 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
find a section for the bird woman--

DISNEY

But she's boring!

DOLLY

It will 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 meeting room from now on and oh! She doesn't want the colour red in the film-- at all.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Dick, Don and Pamela sit around the meeting table. Bob hovers 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 god's sake.

PAMELA

And?

DISNEY

There's buses and mail boxes and guards uniforms-- the goddamn British flag! Pam, 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? 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

Very well. No red in the film.

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 meeting room.
He stops, turns, shakes his fist at the closed door and moves
on.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Walt stands looking out of his window, a Gitane balancing
between his lips.

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.

DISNEY

That woman.

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

Pamela enters the lobby and heads for the elevator. She spies the bar, a few people animatedly 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.

INT. BANK - ALLORA - DAY

An upright, top hatted gentleman holds the door of the bank open chivalrously for Ginty - who wears a rather tattered school uniform.

GINTY

Thank you.

She and the gentleman 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 bank manager)

Belhatchett. Bell. Hatchett. Ha!
What sort of name is that?

CLERK

Randolph Belhatchett is our
wealthiest client and shareholder,
sir. He owns the Downs, all of it--
them-- it?

TRAVERS

And this Mr Belhatchett has seen
fit to make a complaint that I was
missed an appointment with him? Ha!

Travers is not taking this seriously at all.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

(in a comedy voice)

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

The clerk laughs nervously.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

That's right! Bell Hatchett!
Beautiful hatchet. That's what it
means. And I suppose if the poor
dumb lambs or cows on his Downs,
are five minutes late with their
milking or their calving, or they
don't drop dead on schedule when he
wants a crown 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! Off with ye heads
and out with ye sweetbreads! Whack!
There's a leg! Whack! A lamb's fry!
A steak and kidney pie! Whack whack
whack!

The clerk is enthralled and intimidated all at the same time.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Whack!

Travers falls into his chair laughing until he looks up, into the bank, and his eyes widen.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Woops!

The clerk follows Travers gaze and pales. They are looking at the man who held the door for Ginty, none other than Randolph Belhatchett.

CLERK

Christ!

Travers is up and out of his seat, making his way to Belhatchett.

TRAVERS

Mr Belhatchett!

He thrusts out a hand, which Randolph doesn't take.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

Allow me to apologise profusely for my lack of personage at our meeting the other day. Pleeeeeeeease do accept my apologies, sincere as they are and directly from my heart.

RANDOLPH

I want you gone.

CLERK

Oh--

TRAVERS

Of course! Yes! Sir! Gone I shall be!

Travers salutes.

GINTY

Daddy?

All eyes fall upon the little girl who no one yet has noticed. Travers is suddenly overcome with embarrassment and guilt.

TRAVERS

Ginty! Sweet thing! What are you doing here?

Ginty looks up at Belhatchett and the manager.

GINTY

You're supposed to take me to the dentist. Remember?

TRAVERS

Ah! The dentist! Yes! What kind of father am I?

GINTY

(scared)

Are you fired again?

(looking at Belhatchett)

Are you going to--?

TRAVERS

Ah, yes it does seem that--

RANDOLPH

(to Ginty)

No. No sweetheart-- he isn't.

Randolph walks away, stopping to whisper in Travers ear.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

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

How about this? We forget the nasty old dentist and we go get ice cream instead!?

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. They can't make us endure their reality, bleak and bloody as it is. Money, money, money. Don't you buy into it Ginty! It'll bite you on the bot!

(he sighs)

It's a chimera. 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.

LATER

Pamela is still awake, staring at the ceiling-- she 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. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The meeting 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.

We join them in the middle of a song. Don Di Gradi is enchanted, Pamela is expressionless. Walt sits quietly in the corner, tapping his feet along to the music.

BOB
 (singing)
*He knows dum dum
 Will help dum dum dum duuum!*

Dick whistles the Robin's part of the song.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*For 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!*

DON
 It's fantastic!

DICK
 We'll work out the other lyrics.

BOB
 You see how it goes up on the word
 down?

DICK
 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 one of
your themed parks 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!

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 ones 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)
No weight Mister Disney! See?

Dick, Don, Bob and Disney look out of the window as the pages flutter 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 walks past Donald and Goofy as she 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
There there. Shush shush now--

Ginty and Biddy run in and out of the sheets, chasing a large 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 Biddy 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!

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 Katie Nanna, your mother's ugly step sister!

Margaret laughs.

GINTY

Gracious!

BIDDY

Really?!

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 evasive hen running into each other, falling over each other, cursing and laughing.

GINTY
Katie Nanna!

TRAVERS
Oh she's a foul fowl!

INT. GINTY BIDDY & MOYA'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--

TRAVERS
--Meg sweet, I had a throat scratch--
-

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

TRAVERS
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.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - BURBANK - NIGHT

Disney lies on his couch, lit only by a warm lamplight and the glow of his cigarette. He turns the pages of his well worn copy of Mary Poppins.

Piano music tinkles from somewhere in the building and Walt gets up to follow its sound.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - BURBANK - 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.

WALT

You're still here?

Dick nods. 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?

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 - Walt's a terrible singer - 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

Oh yeah.

The men smile, bittersweet.

DICK (CONT'D)

She might not say no, 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 Hollywood producer and I was just a kid from Missouri with a sketch of a rodent 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)

Get some sleep boys.

Walt leaves the room.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela, still wide awake, hears a clattering noise from outside, she jumps out of her bed and goes to her balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela looks out over the swimming pool and sees a man - the spitting image of her father, Travers Goff - lying beside a couple of fallen loungers.

She gasps, leans forward over the railings, the resemblance is uncanny. Two hotel porters rush out and help him to his feet. The man is swaying and virtually unable to walk.

MAN
(slurring)
Thanking you s'much. S'very kind.

Pamela stares at the space vacated by the drunken man as she hangs precariously over the balcony. She spreads her arms wide--

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 and 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 Sparklestic!
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
Ginty, could you lay the table for
supper--

She reaches for Travers jacket.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Darling, let me take your--

TRAVERS

(over)

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

MARGARET

(her 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. Don't you ever be like
your old pa-- you follow your heart
and soul, your dreams and rainbows--
don't let anyone get in the way.

Anyone. 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' demeanour, she creeps around to the side of the house where she watches as the silhouette of her father appears in the window of the washroom. She watches the silhouette as it lifts a glass to its lips and drinks.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - MORNING

Pamela drags herself out of bed, day by day she is more exhausted. She clearly hasn't slept a wink-- again.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - MORNING

Pamela is brushed and dressed, ready for another laborious day at the studio. She looks at the door, looks at herself in the mirror, licks a finger and presses a stubborn stray hair back into place. She looks at Mickey, who stares back with his big trusting eyes and her face creases into a singular, silent sob and then she pulls herself together and leaves the room.

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

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. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

Margaret is pinning a highland dancing outfit on Biddy, checking the hem of the skirt, and the detail on the velvet jacket.

Ginty perches nearby, shelling peas.

BIDDY

Miss MacKenny said Father's
presenting the medals.

MARGARET

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

BIDDY

He might pin one on me for my
dancing!

MARGARET

He might!

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING 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!

BOB
(singing)
*But! If you invest your tuppence
wisely in the bank*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

BOB (V.O.)
Safe and sound--

The fairground has been set up for show day - tents are erected, beautiful animals pad about their cages, a carousel spins around with stunning white horses, roses on their bridals. A small stage and dais stand central of the event over which a large sign reads:

SPONSORED BY THE AUSTRALIAN JOINT STOCK BANK

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*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.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*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.

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

BOB (V.O.)
As your affluence expands--

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

MARGARET
 Travers, Biddy's stomach--

TRAVERS
 Oh, for Gods' sake, Meg, stop
 whinnying like an old nag will you?

Margaret is aghast at being spoken to like that in public but she keep her mouth shut.

Ginty notices Travers eyes stray towards the refreshments tent.

GINTY
 (panicked)
 Father... come look at the
 elephants!

But the refreshment tent has Travers in its grip.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

As before.

BOB
 (singing)
*In the hands of the directors
 who invest as propriety demands.*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

The family watch a group of school children on the stage singing "God Save The King." Travers quietly slips away from his family and disappears into the crowd.

MARGARET
(to Ginty)
I'll take Biddy to get ready for
her dance.

Margaret turns to speak to Travers but he's gone.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Where's--?

Ginty stands on tip toes, scanning the crowd.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Trav--?

Margaret's face falls but she takes Biddy by the hand and heads for the stage.

Ginty sprints, straight for the refreshment tent.

Her running feet.

Her thumping heart.

Her breathless whisper, in time to the rhythm.

GINTY
Please, please, please--

INT. REFRESHMENT TENT - DAY

On first glance, Ginty sees only an unidentified group of local drinkers. She scans the group, and then, as relief begins to dawn, she starts to turn away.

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

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.

MAN

He's almost at the punch line,
darling. You can't drag him off
now.

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 pa is--

Despairing she looks up and sees her mother, carrying Moya,
in the entrance. Her mother's face falls and crumples.

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

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.

TRAVERS

I'm honoured to be here on behalf of the Australian Joint Stock Bank. 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 Joint Stock 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. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM

Pamela turns away from Don and the Sherman's and takes herself to look at a sketch of Mr Banks, pinned to the wall, he still 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...

BOB

*When you deposit tuppence in a bank account,
Soon you'll see that it blooms into credit of a generous amount
Semiannually*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

Travers is now in lip synch with Bob Sherman.

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

BOB (V.O.)
 And you'll achieve that sense
 of stature
 as your influence expands
 To the high financial strata
 That established credit now
 commands--

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Don is up and singing with the boys. They are enjoying themselves so much that they don't even 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 - DAY

As before.

TRAVERS
 Bankruptcies! Debtor sales!
 Opportunities!
 All manner of private enterprise!
 Shipyards! The Mercantile!
 Collieries! Tanneries!
 Incorporations! Amalgamations!
 Banks!

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

As before.

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

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

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
 Uhmm. Thank you kindly. Thanking
 you.
 (MORE)

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

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. His leg forms a clear 'S'
 shape. But, despite his ugly injury, Travers cannot stop
 laughing.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The boys are laughing, congratulating one another.

DON

I love it!

BOB

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 jubilance 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

Yep.

BOB

Yes.

PAMELA

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

DON

Of course.

BOB

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 Mr Banks tear up the advertisement his children have written and throw it in the fireplace!?

(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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? 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--

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.

DOCTOR

Okay Travers, everything seems to
be in order. You've a slight chest
infection we need to keep an eye
on.

TRAVERS

Slight? Feels like an elephant is
sitting on my torso.

DOCTOR

And your liver-- well.

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 and leaves the room.

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?

TRAVERS
I'm not a cripple!

Once again, 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 (CONT'D)
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

Pamela rushes from the meeting room, down the corridor, her 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

Pamela picks a daisy, finds a stray twig and arranges them in 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)

I haven't family.

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

She's got all kinds of troubles.

Pamela raises an eyebrow.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 Special needs you know?
 (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)
 It's a band stand.

She takes the cup of tea and gently pours the steaming liquid 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

Ginty, Biddy and Moya sleep soundly, Ginty clutching the poem 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--

She gently taps Ginty awake, kneeling beside the bed.

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

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 Biddy.

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 Biddy 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 knew nothing about the big
wide world outside.

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 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 faeries were guarding them
and they said to each other "We
shall send them a guide to show
them the way through the cold, dark
world to fairyland."

EXT. PADDOCK - GOFF HOUSE - NIGHT

Biddy and Moya are calming.

GINTY

And who do you think they sent?
Who do you think they sent flying
through the starry, starry sky to
carry us off to fairyland?

BIDDY

An elf?

Ginty begins to untie Albert from the fence.

GINTY

Their old Uncle Albert of course!

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, are her children.

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.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

Pamela scans the bookshelves in the drawing room, she takes a couple and leaves.

INT. SUITE - EVENING

Pamela flicks through the books intently, jotting something down on a scrap of paper 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.

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

WALT

(into phone)

Pam!

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHONE CALLS AS NECESSARY.

PAMELA
(disappointed)
Mr Disney.

WALT
I wanted to check up on you.

PAMELA
Are you a doctor?

WALT
Hm?

PAMELA
Check ups are for medical
practitioners no?

WALT
Do you always have to be so battle
ready? P.L. Travers in her breast
plate and chain mail, sword aloft
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 too 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
I'm wondering how we can make you
happy.

PAMELA
Ha!

WALT
You're wondering that too.

Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)
 (he has an idea)
 Say, you've never been to
 Disneyland! It's the happiest place
 on Earth!
 (shouting away from the
 phone)
 Carolyn! Cancel my morning
 tomorrow. I must take a ride with
 my favourite 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
 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)
 He hung up! I'm! I! I can't believe
 he hung up!

Walt leans back in his chair and grins, Carolyn enters.

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

INT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA

Margaret and the children are wrapped in blankets as she cradles all three in front of the open fire. Ginty wipes away the tear that trickles down her mothers face.

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.

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.

Ginty and Biddy look 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 fever treatment available in Sydney.

She glances at the girls.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Will you just stand there and stare or will you help? 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 and ease the fever.

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Garlic - we shall crush it for a poultice. Sorrel - quenches the thirst. Gentian. Sage. Deadly nightshade. And if those don't work - well I shouldn't like to say.

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

ELLIE (CONT'D)

--tincture of horseradish--
laudanum--

(to Ginty and Biddy)
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 VIP ENTRANCE - DAY

Ralph drives Pamela right up to the VIP entrance to the park. Walt Disney himself is waiting at the gate.

RALPH

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

Ralph jumps out of the car to let his passenger out.

EXT. DISNEYLAND - DAY

Pamela makes her way towards Walt. Ralph hovers at the car, filling his eyeballs with as much Walt Disney as he can get before he has to drive away.

WALT

Pam!

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, he turns to some passersby.

WALT (CONT'D)

This woman's a goddamn genius!

The passersby are astounded at seeing the one and only Walt Disney.

WALT (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Magic Kingdom!

Pamela's 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?
(beat)
See that tree there?

Walt gestures to an absolutely enormous tree.

WALT (CONT'D)
Three million leaves, four million
flowers.

PAMELA
Gosh.

WALT
And they said only God could make a
tree!

Pamela rolls her eyes.

WALT (CONT'D)
I know you don't wanna be here so
I'm gonna take you to one-- to my
favourite amusement and then I'll
set you free.

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 my
wife's favourite horse.

He escorts Pamela to a beautiful white horse, roses on its
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 clammers 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.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

Ellie - a look of deep satisfaction on her face - helps
Margaret and the girls collect scattered clothing, fold it
and put it away.

They shake out tablecloths and tea towels, wash dishes and
stack them neatly into cupboards, sweep dust from the porch
and turn the chaos into an orderly, comfortable, home.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM

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. Watch.

Bob pulls a kite out from behind his back.

DON (CONT'D)

(as Michael)

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.

BOB

(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.) Pamela's eyes on the fixed kite.

BOB (CONT'D)

*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.
(as Mrs Banks)
A proper kite needs a proper tail
don't you think?!

Don drops to his knees again.

BOB/DICK/DON/SECRETARY

*Let's go fly a kite
Up to the highest height*

Is Pamela humming too?!

BOB/DICK/DON/SECRETARY (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/SECRETARY/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!

BOB

*When you send it flying up there
All at once you're lighter than air*

Dolly breaks away and rushes from the room.

BOB (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 Disney 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!

Disney cracks a great big smile.

BOB (V.O.)
*With your fist holding tight
To the string of your kite*

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING 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.

Everybody sighs with relief and Pamela looks to the caricature of Mr Banks with deep warmth.

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - EVENING

Ginty sits with her father, he's a shadow of his former self, 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
I re-wrote the poem father.

Travers doesn't respond. Ginty reaches into her pocket, takes out tuppence.

GINTY (CONT'D)
She 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. DISNEY STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Pamela is genuinely curious.

PAMELA

How in the world does Mister Disney
propose to train penguins to
dance?!

BOB

Are you serious?
(to Dick)
Is she serious?

Dick shrugs.

PAMELA

I've seen his implausibly leaved
trees so I assume he does have some
insane penguin wrangling scheme but
it does seem rather far fetched.

DON

Mrs Travers. He doesn't intend to
train actual penguins.

PAMELA

Oh?

DICK

They're animated.

DON

(over)

No!

PAMELA

I'm sorry?

DICK

(realizing he's said
something he shouldn't)
Not-- nothing. No.

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

Ugh.

BOB

I thought we were home free after your cavorting with the old bag.

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

CAROLYN

Good afternoon Mrs Travers!

PAMELA

Where is Mister Disney?

CAROLYN

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 Carolyn is up and running after her down the corridor.

CAROLYN

Mrs Travers, please!

PAMELA

DISNEY!

Pamela pushes open Walt's doors, catching him with a cigarette in his mouth.

CAROLYN

Walt, I'm so sorry.

WALT

Don't worry Carolyn, 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 reaches into her purse and pulls out the assignment of
rights papers.

PAMELA

Cartoons are for children! Cartoons
are an illusion, they are not real,
real-- reality!

She tears them in half and flings them at Disney.

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 Carolyn's desk.

PAMELA

Please call my driver and have him pick me up.

CAROLYN

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?

PAMELA

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

WALT

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

WALT
You must reconsider.

PAMELA
Life is filled with prickles and
heartbreaks. It all too frequently
disappoints. It simply cannot be
dunked in molasses or swallowed
down with a spoonful of sugar, as I
think your version of Mary Poppins
would have the world believe.

DISNEY
And so you're prepared to deny
millions and millions of people -
people who haven't even been born
yet. People from generations we
can't yet imagine. You're prepared
to deny them--

PAMELA
I simply can't let her go. Not yet.
Perhaps not ever.
(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)
I don't know why I can't but 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 watches the car disappear and then takes a seat on Pamela's bench, he wraps his arms around himself and looks to the sky.

WALT
(to himself)
That goddamned woman.

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 lady writer for Mr Disney and she asked me your name. Couldn't remember it so the next day I brought the sign home, you know, the one I held up for you when I picked you up at the airport?

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.

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 scrap of paper.

RALPH
(reading)
Albert Einstein, Van Gogh,
Roosevelt, Frida Kahlo--
(beat)
What is this?

PAMELA
They all had special needs. 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
Attention deficit and
hyperactivity. Explains everything!

Pamela turns to leave.

RALPH
Thank you Mrs.

Pamela doesn't look back.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty skips up the path, clutching a brown paper bag. She ruffles Jocks 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 pears 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.

GINNY

I want to see my father.

MARGARET

No, you mustn't.

GINNY

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.

GINNY

I dropped the pears.

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

GINNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry daddy.

Ellie appears in the doorway, Ginty addresses her without turning around.

GINTY (CONT'D)

I thought you said you would fix
everything.

EXT. SHAWFIELD STREET - LONDON - AFTERNOON

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

INT. SHAWFIELD STREET - LONDON - AFTERNOON

Pamela moves through the vestibule, lugging her suitcase.

PAMELA

Hello house.

INT. SHAWFIELD STREET - AFTERNOON

Pamela sits in a chair in the living room watching the afternoon light fade and replace itself with darkness. She gently closes her eyes, ringed with sadness and 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 my 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 cups 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, whilst in Rome!

He pours a slug into his tea too.

PAMELA

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

WALT

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. You think I've built an empire and that I want to use your Poppins as just another brick in the colossus. 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 obstreperous argumentative dame like you for twenty years?

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

I could have made another twenty
Mickey Mouse movies in that time--
and saved myself an ulcer!

(beat)

You expected me to disappoint you
and so you made sure I did. 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, now, that's not true. She's
real as can be to my daughter Diane
and to thousands upon thousands of
other children-- adults too. She's
been there as a nighttime comfort
to so many.

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

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

(beat)

I've been wracking my brains,
trying to figure out what's been
making this all so hard for you and
I--

(beat)

I have my own Mr Banks. Mine had a
moustache.

PAMELA

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

WALT

Do you know Missouri at all Mrs
Travers?

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 cold there in the winters.

Bitter.

(beat)

My father, Elias, he owned the newspaper delivery route in our town. Thousand papers. Twice daily. Morning and evening edition.

Walt's normal enthusiasm has completely disappeared. He's suddenly as ragged and as weary as Pamela.

WALT (CONT'D)

Elias, he was a shrewd businessman. A save-a-penny anywhere you can type of fella so he didn't employ any delivery boys, he just used me and my brother Roy. I was eight then-- eight. 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 treacle. 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 sunken in the snow, waking up, cuz I must've passed out for a moment-- I dunno. And 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 round.

(beat)

Best be quick Walt, best be quick or poppa's gonna show you the buckle end again boy. He was a mean old drunk.

Walt smiles at Pamela, sips his tea.

WALT (CONT'D)

I don't tell you this to make you sad Mrs Travers, I don't. I love my life - it's a miracle.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

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 bottle 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)

Your father--?

PAMELA

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

WALT

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

PAMELA

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

WALT

No, but you need to forgive Pamela Travers. 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 and I promise you 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 his kids, and weep for his cares, and tremble when he loses his job. And when he flies that kite, they will rejoice and 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.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

We restore order with imagination.
We instil hope again and again and
again. Trust me, Mrs Travers. Let
me prove it to you. I give you my
word. You won't be disappointed.

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pamela is alone. The unsigned rights papers in front of her
on the table.

PAMELA

Enough.

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

TAG - 3 YEARS LATER

A housekeeper (POLLY) bustles about the place, dusting the
mirrors, polishing the furniture.

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY.

Pamela sits in her rocking chair (in the same position as
above) arms clasped tightly around her body, face to the sky
as if she can see through the ceiling.

She breathes.

Downstairs the doorbell sounds, voices.

Pamela opens her eyes.

POLLY (O.S.)

Mrs Travers!

Pamela tuts.

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

Mrs Travers!

Pamela rises from her chair, smoothes down her skirt.

PAMELA

For goodness sake!

She leaves the room.

PAMELA (O.S) (CONT'D)

Please don't screech like an
alleycat!

INT. SHAWFIELD STREET - 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 marvellously!

Polly kicks the door open with her foot and plonks the tea down in front of Pamela and Diarmuid. She 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. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

DISNEY POV:

An absolutely enormous Mary Poppins billboard hangs on the
outside wall of the stage opposite his window.

Disney smiles - satisfied.

Carolyn appears at his side and hands him a sheet of paper

CAROLYN

This is everyone.

Disney looks at it, it's the list of premier guests. Carolyn
admires the amazing billboard.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

You don't think we should--?

DISNEY

She's a liability.

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 she is airborne - the view is now one of blue sky and white fluffy clouds.

She tucks her feet tidily together, 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

Any messages Carolyn?

Carolyn looks at Walt with a pained expression on her face and then flicks her eyes to the seating area. Walt turns, looks and stops dead.

PAMELA

Me again!

He semi-recovers as quickly as possible.

WALT

Mrs Travers! How wonderful to see you. Come, come!

He puts out an arm for her to take, which she refuses, and they make their way into his office.

INT. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

Walt gestures for Pamela to take seat, which she does.

PAMELA

I'm here for my premiere.

Walt gulps.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

I didn't receive my invitation, but I just assumed the American postal service had fallen down on the job as 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 *deja 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. FOYER - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - 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 but the door swings open and there he is, her favourite person 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 a million dollars!
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. Immediately a round of flashes go off and Pamela puts her arm 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.

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?"

Mickey Mouse bounces down the carpet and as he passes her he speaks--

MICKEY MOUSE
 Hello, Mary Poppins.

Behind her a huge toy train chugs to a halt on the blvd and hundreds upon hundreds of coloured balloons fly out of its roof and into the air.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT

Pamela moves through the spangling, glittering, perfect toothed Hollywood crowd and no-one pays any attention to her.

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

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 Travers 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 the three children on his back, carrying
their 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.

Prompted by a nod from Disney, Bob Sherman leans in and takes
her hand. She grips it tightly.

BOB
 (whispering)
 Listen to them, listen, they love
 it!

Pamela is unable to speak.

Walt leans forward, placing a hand on her shoulder.

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 as though 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.

Ginty and her father stand together in front of one of her tiny parks. They grip each others hands and jump! Disappearing into the park itself, like they were jumping into a chalk painting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN - MARYBOROUGH - DAY

The shadow of an umbrella leaves the seven-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
 (singing)
*Winds in the East
 Mist coming in--*

The shadow of an umbrella, floats higher and higher--

TRAVERS (CONT'D)
*--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