

Teddy and the Moon  
by  
Tim Clague

Sample Script for IWC

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WHITE

Black text on screen:

**This story is not true.**

INT. MARTY'S FRONT ROOM - EARLY MORNING

JOSEPH (a 6 year old boy) is holding a crystal up to the brilliant sunlight that streams in through the window. He has a hearing aid in one ear.

The rainbow colours spill across his face. He smiles.

Something catches his eye out of the window. He stares as it moves past.

JOSEPH

Dad! Uncle Jimjam just drove past our house.

MARTY (O.S.)

Really? Are you sure?

JOSEPH

In a pink car.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE

The family sit on a wall outside their terraced house - in a neat line.

Joseph looks up and down the road eagerly.

DALILA (early 30s, Kenyan) stands smiling.

MARTY (mid 30s, slightly overweight) stands in his black shirt and white **dog collar**, his arms folded.

A pink car drives past, slows and then reverses.

Jimjam, a fraught looking guy in his late 40s, has a large disposable coffee cup in his hand. He looks across at the family and smiles.

Joseph runs out to the car.

JOSEPH

Jimjam! It was you.

DALILA

(chasing Joseph)

Watch the road.

Jimjam gives Joseph a teddy from the back seat. Joseph smiles politely, but probably doesn't want it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMJAM  
(to Dalila)  
Hello Dalila [dah-lee-lah]. Jambo.

DALILA  
Jambo sana.

Marty stands to one side.

MARTY  
What's wrong?

Dalila looks at him wearily. What kind of question is that?  
Jimjam points at the dog collar, ignoring the question.

JIMJAM  
Do priest's really wear those all the  
time?

MARTY  
Actually I'm a chaplain. What about  
yours? Is that mustard?

Jimjam looks down at his scruffy tie. It is. A pause.

SAT-NAV VOICE  
You have arrived at your destination.

Marty points to the drive way.

MARTY  
I'll help you back up. I guess you're  
popping in. Are you?

Dalila and Joseph walk back inside.

Jimjam just stares at the steering wheel. His eyes well up.

Marty leans in through the open car window, and hugs him.

JIMJAM  
(through tears)  
Oh Marty. I'm sorry.

MARTY  
Come on. What's wrong?

JIMJAM  
I don't know. I don't know anything.

Beeeeep! From the car behind.

Marty flies back out of the window. He flashes his dog collar  
impatiently at the car behind.

GRAPHICS

We scroll backwards along a timeline, past several other scenes that we will see later. Black text on screen:

**30 years earlier**

INT. MUM'S HOUSE - THE LATE 1970S

YOUNG MARTY stands in his school uniform.

He is watching The Clangers on the Rediffusion TV set.

MUM (O.S.)

Heaven's above. Just as well your brother has grown or you'd have nothing to wear.

MUM is turning up the legs of Marty's trousers. Marty has to turn away from the television set glancing over his shoulder to keep watching. YOUNG JIMJAM is slumped on the sofa.

MUM (CONT'D)

Turn around properly or you'll have one leg shorter than the other.

YOUNG JIMJAM

One trouser leg shorter than the other.

MUM

You look after your brother, you hear. That's what families do.

Jimjam sticks his tongue out at his brother.

MUM (CONT'D)

James!

YOUNG MARTY

Don't worry mum. Me and Teddy will be alright. We always are.

Jimjam gives Mum a thumbs up and hides a smile.

MUM

Teddies aren't really supposed to go to school Marty. You know?

YOUNG MARTY

Oh.

Pause.

YOUNG MARTY (CONT'D)

I don't want to go then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mum looks to Jimjam for help.

YOUNG JIMJAM

Well will Teddy actually help you if something happens? What will he be able to do?

YOUNG MARTY

I just like him there. He makes me feel safe.

Jimjam shrugs at Mum.

GRAPHICS

We scroll forwards along the timeline. Back to:

INT. MARTY'S FRONT ROOM - TODAY

The television is on - Hollyoaks. Jimjam is siphoning off some home brewed wine. Marty is supervising.

MARTY

Don't spill it. Again.

JIMJAM

Good news, my tongue caught it. Bloody hell.

MARTY

Why do you think you're doing it?

Jimjam takes a swig of coffee to take away the taste.

JIMJAM

Like the girls in this do you? Summer's my favourite.

Jimjam watches the bottle fill.

MARTY

The kids at the college watch it. You have to keep up with it. This is work.

Adverts come on the TV. It is a hair product commercial. Jimjam passes the siphoning tube to Marty.

JIMJAM

Here you go, this is one!

MARTY

Careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADVERT (TV)  
A revolution in colour...

JIMJAM  
Watch. Build a foundation first.

ADVERT (TV)  
...specially formulated to cover all 3  
stages of greying this...

JIMJAM  
What 3 stages? Who has ever talked about  
3 stages of greying. Only them.

Jimjam leaps to his feet. Marty smiles at his energetic brother  
as he quickly swaps to an empty wine bottle.

ADVERT (TV)  
...without altering your hair's own  
precious pH balance...

JIMJAM  
Did you know your hair had a pH balance?  
Were you worried about it? What happens  
if it's out of balance?

Jimjam is shouting at the TV. Marty is laughing - he spills a  
bit and is angry with himself.

ADVERT (TV)  
Bring out the natural you.

JIMJAM  
Yeah, the artificial natural you. Don't  
worry ladies it's not really a mush of  
chemicals. Jesus. Layers Marty. Layers of  
lies. Each one built on the last until  
you don't know what the damn truth is  
anymore.

MARTY  
A house build on sand.

JIMJAM  
Yes. Yes Marty. You've got it. They spend  
30 seconds yacking about how they can  
cover 3 stages of greying. Trace it back,  
look at the foundation - what 3 stages.  
Sand. All sand.

JOSEPH  
Why is Uncle Jimjam shouting at the  
television?

Joseph was colouring in wine labels quietly in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimjam takes another slurp from his cup of coffee.

JIMJAM

Why indeed? It can't hear.. it won't make any difference will it?

JOSEPH

Why isn't Uncle Jimjam at work?

Awkward silence.

MARTY

You shouldn't ask that really Joseph.

JOSEPH

Why?

MARTY

You just shouldn't little man.

JIMJAM

Bullshit.  
(to Joseph)  
Sorry mate.

Joseph shrugs it off, pleased of the adult conversation.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

That's the only question. The only question. 'Why?' Keep asking those awkward questions Joe-shmoe.

JOSEPH

Well why then?

Pause. Marty looks nervous. Jimjam just beams a big grin.

JIMJAM

Why should I be?

MARTY

Help me. I've got a job I need you to help me with. Your ideal.

INT. MUM'S HOUSE - 30 YEARS AGO

Mum is buttoning up Young Marty's duffle coat.

MUM

There.  
(shouting)  
Jimjam, are you out of those James' yet?

Marty laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUM (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 James, are you out of those Jimjams yet?

Young Jimjam appears.

YOUNG MARTY  
 Morning Jimjam.

Jimjam shakes his fist at Marty.

YOUNG JIMJAM  
 Nice one mother. Thanks. Told you he  
 wouldn't miss Teddy.

Suddenly Marty is looking around for Teddy. Mum glares at Jimjam.

MUM  
 Teddy had to go away on a trip love. He  
 didn't want to go on his own, but he had  
 to be brave. That's how it had to be.

YOUNG MARTY  
 Where did he go?

Mum looks to Jimjam for help.

YOUNG JIMJAM  
 To the moon.

MUM  
 To live with those other knitted  
 creatures. You know.. Woo, woo.

YOUNG JIMJAM  
 'The Clangers' Mum.

MUM  
 Yeah, them. Now go on, you'll be late.

INT. MARTY'S FRONT ROOM - TODAY

A man in a pink suit (PIERRE) is on a chat show with the host, DICKIE. Jimjam is on his feet, cordless phone to his ear, mug of coffee in his other hand. He winks at Marty who is sitting on the edge of his seat. Marty points his finger as if to say 'Go!'

DICKIE - TV HOST (TV)  
 Next we have James on the line. James,  
 what's your question for Pierre?

JIMJAM  
 Pierre.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIERRE (TV)  
Hello James.

JIMJAM  
The other day, just walking along, looked  
at my watch...

Pierre nods understandingly on the TV.

PIERRE  
Don't tell me. It had -bam- stopped.

JIMJAM  
Indeed. Just like I said to your  
researcher.

PIERRE (TV)  
I hear this a lot. Many, many times.

DICKIE (TV)  
Really?

PIERRE (TV)  
Of course. A lot. Now James. This has to  
do with your energies.

Jimjam mouths to Marty, 'foundation of sand'.

PIERRE (TV) (CONT'D)  
When the energies in the body are  
misaligned it causes an imbalance.  
(to host)  
A bit like a magnet, we all have a  
positive and negative side. D'accord?

DICKIE (TV)  
Oh right, yes, I know.

PIERRE (TV)  
You need to get your energies balanced  
again.

DICKIE (TV)  
Okay. We'll come onto how to do that  
later. Does that answer your question  
James?

JIMJAM  
No. Of course not. Nowhere near. Back up  
a bit. What energies are these you're  
going on about?

Marty covers his mouth as he laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIERRE (TV)

Well everybody has these energies flowing through them.

JIMJAM

What?

PIERRE (TV)

Yes. Of course.

JIMJAM

Of course? What are you talking about sir? There aren't any energies. Why would you believe that?

PIERRE (TV)

I can feel them... a lot of people feel them... Ancient cultures across the world...

JIMJAM

Stop. Pierre. Stop. A feeling isn't a fact. Ancient cultures didn't know about the bodies circulatory system did they? So they made stuff up. Move on.

PIERRE (TV)

Well let me ask - what do you believe causes these energies then?

JIMJAM

Monsieur. There are no energies. You keep asking questions that assumes there are. There aren't. You made them up. Or someone did.

PIERRE (TV)

How do you explain the watch then James, answer me that.

JIMJAM

The battery was dead. I've got a new one now, works like a dream.

Marty has his face buried in a cushion by now.

DICKIE (TV)

Okay, well thanks for that view James.

JIMJAM

And you should be ashamed of yourself Dickie. I saw you take on Norman Lamont over the ERM.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMJAM(CONT'D)

Now you're just sitting there - nodding, letting Pierre use you as back up, making you answer yes to something about positive and negative magnets as if that backs up all his claims. Magnets have north and south but that's beside the point. Get a back bone man and rip some logic into Pierre there.

DICKIE (TV)

We'll have to leave it there James.

JIMJAM

(to Marty)

Yep. You were right. Same cheeky techniques. Energies? It's as if the past 200 years never happened.

GRAPHICS

We scroll backwards along the timeline:

**1 year earlier**

INT. RECTORY

Marty sits on a chair next to a door in an old wooden hallway. From far away we can hear lines from a hymn.

HYMN

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The wind and waves obey Him,

A buzzer sounds. Marty goes through the door.

A priest sits behind a desk. He is a large, loud man - like a cliché Sergeant in a US cop show.

PRIEST

Great. Horoscopes. What sign are you?

MARTY

Aries.

PRIEST

(throwing the paper across  
the room)

Wrong answer.

MARTY

Well, I thought... April 3rd.

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PRIEST

Doesn't matter. This kind of nonsense is bombarding the minds of young Christians. It seems like oh-just-a-little-bit-of-fun. But really it's an assault from a pagan anti-Christian religion.

MARTY

Oh.

PRIEST

I need you to watch out for that kind of back door shenanigans. Superstitious nonsensical nonsense. You'll see a lot of that with the young people. Find a way to, gently mind, just 'pop' the bubble.

Marty just smiles. The priest gives him a cheery wink, pounds his fist together and points at Marty - go to it!

INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN - TODAY

Dalila is serving up beans on toast to Joseph. Jimjam is rooting through the kitchen cupboards - he has the coffee percolator pot in his hand.

JIMJAM

We shouldn't be too long Da.

Dalila nods. Jimjam looks around the edge of the cupboard.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

Joseph tucks into his beans on toast.

DALILA

I wish you had come earlier.

JIMJAM

Sorry.

DALILA

We haven't seen you since... you know.

JOSEPH

Grandma's funeral?

DALILA

Eat your beans Joe.

JIMJAM

Sorry I missed your birthday as well Joe-shmoe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH  
That's okay. You can owe me.

JIMJAM  
Cheers mate.

DALILA  
Joe! And I didn't hear you say grace.

Joseph offers Dalila his hearing aid.

DALILA (CONT'D)  
You want your soul to go to hell or what?

Jimjam goes back to looking in the cupboard.

JIMJAM  
Got any more mugs Dalila?

Dalila points at the mountain of washing up. Jimjam looks sheepish.

DALILA  
You better go. You'll be late. Make sure Marty pulls his weight. He's not enjoyed being tasked with this.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

Jimjam drives through the Wiltshire countryside. Marty in the passenger seat.

DALILA (V.O.)  
He doesn't like rocking other people's beliefs.

Jimjam drinks his coffee out of the percolator pot he has brought with him.

Marty waves at some of the college kids hanging around.

GRAPHICS

A very short jump back along the timeline.  
**1 week earlier**

INT. AD AGENCY

A large table has a couple of cuddly toys on, including the one we saw Jimjam give to Joseph. 2 hip young media types - Sannah and Yann and looking at them.

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CONTINUED:

Jimjam is at the back of the room. He is struggling with the coffee machine. His demeanor is much more of a man in control.

A Young Trendy barges in with 3 bottle of Vodka.

YOUNG TRENDY

Is this not the vodka website launch?

Sannah holds up the teddy bear at him. He leaves sharpish, smiling to himself. Sannah throws a miserable look at Yann.

YANN

Must be because you look so maternal.

Sannah pulls a face.

JIMJAM

Sannah? What's the foundation that we can build a brand on here?

SANNAH

If the foundation is 'toys are fun' we could just explore that. Why not?

JIMJAM

No. Never explore. Assume - we assume it's true from the off. We NEVER want that questioned or explored. 'Toys are fun' - it's a fact as far as we are concerned and as far as the customer is concerned.

YANN

Or the customer's pestering kids.

JIMJAM

Move on. Sannah.

SANNAH

Maybe its about how much more fun they are then.

Jimjam kind of nods.

YANN

Go the other way. If people buy for either excitement or fear. Why don't we try fear.

Sannah shows him the cute expression on the bear's face.

YANN (CONT'D)

These are proper toys. No sharp edges. No dodgy Chinese lead in the paint. No choking hazard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YANN(CONT'D)

No military undertones liable to turn your little Johnny into a gang member / nazi hoodie. Create a new assumption - toys are dangerous. It's a case of how dangerous.

SANNAH

Scare the parents.

YANN

And those suckers are damn easy to scare. They almost lurch from one crisis to the next. This could be next.

SANNAH

Like that injection thing.

JIMJAM

(quietly)

MMR.

Yann nods confidently.

YANN

I mean imagine if you sold some other vaccine things. That MMR scare would have been a ddddddream.

Jimjam kicks back from the desk. His cup is upset and the coffee spills out across the table.

Yann and Sannah move backwards as the river of brown coffee trails across the desk towards them.

JIMJAM

You don't know what you're on about you idiot.

Yann glances nervously at Sannah.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

Pester power. Fear. Jesus Christ. It's a bloody... toy.

The coffee drips onto the floor. Sannah and Yann back away from the table.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

Why does it have to be more than that?

Jimjam picks it up. The head flopping around.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

It's just a toy.

Drip, drip, drip of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YANN

Does that mean our assumption has changed then? Or not?

INT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE - TODAY

Jimjam looks at the road ahead.

EXT. FIELD - 30 YEARS AGO

Young Jimjam walks through the long grass.

Young Marty follows in his footsteps.

YOUNG MARTY

Is Teddy really on the moon?

YOUNG JIMJAM

Yes.

YOUNG MARTY

Really?

YOUNG JIMJAM

Everyone knows it. Don't ask anyone though - make yourself look a divvy.

INT. CAR - TODAY

The pink car winds its way past Silbury hill (ancient large artificial mound).

SAT-NAV VOICE

Turn right.

JIMJAM

Joe seemed okay.

(hands him coffee pot)

Warm that up. I mean, no worse.

MARTY

He's doing okay. Dalila finds it tough.

JIMJAM

What? You just have to speak up a bit don't you.

MARTY

No! She thinks... Because it was her that didn't want him to have the old injection thing you know.

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CONTINUED:

SAT-NAV VOICE

Turn right.

MARTY

Turn right!

JIMJAM

It's not that way.

MARTY

Are you even questioning the machine?  
Just turn right.

They pass a sign that says 'no entry'. Jimjam just looks at Marty. Marty hides his blushes by rummaging around in the glove box for the electric cup warmer.

Jimjam starts to speak. But doesn't. Pause. A moment between the brothers.

SAT-NAV VOICE

Turn right.

Jimjam throws the sat-nav out of the window.

INT. AD AGENCY - LADIES TOILET - ONE WEEK AGO

The door opens, the light flicks on. Julia, a smart businesswoman in an ultra-sharp suit, props open the door.

JULIA

In!

Jimjam looks bemused but goes in.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'm not listening to this James. I'll do you the favour of not listening. Now do me a favour...

JIMJAM

I just don't think I'm...

JULIA

James.

JIMJAM

I just don't believe I'm making a difference anymore. We used to try and change the world and now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA

Yeah well, the world changes by itself. You just think you change it because you happen to be doing stuff at the same time.

JIMJAM

This new campaign...

JULIA

Don't get us in trouble with the ASA. You are a liability at the moment. We can't carry passengers.

The door rattles.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(to door)

Hold it in Jennifer!

(to Jimjam)

Feel like we're manipulating people?

Jimjam nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Well that's our job. We think, so people don't have to.

JIMJAM

It's just...taking things too far.

JULIA

Do. Me. A. Favour. 2 weeks. Do whatever you need to do to stop acting so - funky.

JIMJAM

2 weeks off?

JULIA

This ain't 2 weeks off. This is two weeks emergency self-help. Sort it out. Find something to believe it.

EXT. VILLAGE HALL CAR PARK - DAY

Jimjam and Marty drive into a car park next to a village hall. The village hall has been dressed up in a rainbow banners. A sign says 'Psychic Reading Today - Douglas Fairweather'.

INT. CAR

Jimjam and Marty look around. No car park spaces.

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CONTINUED:

JIMJAM

Hell. Can't you...?

Jimjam points to the sky. Marty just shakes his head.

MARTY

I'm not Ned Flanders you know.

Then he spots a space.

MARTY (CONT'D)

There look.

Marty just smiles. Jimjam shakes his head in disbelief.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Forgive our lack of faith Father.

A line is forming out of the door. Jimjam cracks his knuckles.

EXT. VILLAGE HALL - LATER

Jimjam and Marty are in the queue. The GOTH GIRL behind them is talking.

GOTH GIRL

But I don't believe it, no way, crochet.

MARTY

Well no, really? Well no, who would believe that?

The Goth Girl just opens her eyes very wide and nods.

MARTY (CONT'D)

But you believe he could see the future this...

GOTH GIRL

Nostradamus. Cross my bra and hope to fart he could. But when he looked into the future, to now...

JIMJAM

When he..? Not if he?

GOTH GIRL

Yes. When he did that I don't believe he offered us a literal vision of the future, but rather a warning.

The brothers just look at her.

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CONTINUED:

GOTH GIRL (CONT'D)

Maybe. What do you guys feel like believing in today.

JIMJAM

I'm gonna....

Jimjam makes a 'cup of coffee' sign. Marty looks nervous.

MARTY

Hurry back before we have to speak to the psychic dude.

Jimjam shakes his head in a disappointed way.

MARTY (CONT'D)

The guy who says that he is psychic.

Jimjam nods his head.

GOTH GIRL

That guy has some seriously negative energy around him.

MARTY

Don't get him started on the energies.

EXT. AD AGENCY CAR PARK - ONE WEEK AGO

Jimjam is in his dishevelled suit. He walks across the full company car park on his own. His face, a mixture of emotions. Smiles, sadness, fear - they all mix to create confusion.

As he walks he undoes the noose of his tie. He throws it into the bin with a cavalier attitude.

A few steps later he stops, walks back and looks in the bin.

CAR PARK ATTENDANT

Sorry James.

JIMJAM

2 weeks. Not bad.

CAR PARK ATTENDANT

I just got the call from above. I have to give you Sannah's car, seeing as how, you know, you won't be around and seeing clients for a while.

The Car Park Attendant takes Jimjam's BMW key fob off of him, and hands him a new set of keys. The new set of keys have a glittery key fob that spells the word 'Honey'.

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CONTINUED:

Jimjam presses the key fob. The pink car in the corner flashes its lights.

Jimjam just raises his eyebrows.

He looks back at the bin - his tie is sitting on top of a hotdog covered in mustard.

INT. VILLAGE HALL

Jimjam goes up to the small counter.

JIMJAM  
Coffee please.

COUNTER LADY  
We've got green tea if you like.  
Cleansing.

Pause. Jimjam shakes his head.

COUNTER LADY (CONT'D)  
Coffee?

Jimjam nods his head. Jimjam spots something on the counter. He picks it up and shows it to the counter lady. It's a flyer with a photo of Pierre from the television.

JIMJAM  
When's this guy show up?

COUNTER LADY  
Tomorrow.

JIMJAM  
Oh dear. Shame.

COUNTER LADY  
Everything happens for a reason.

JIMJAM  
Really? Are you sure?

Jimjam turns around. The Goth Girl is now at the front of the queue. Marty is gone. To one side of the queue is a curtained off area.

Jimjam goes up to the curtain. He holds back for a moment, listening in.

DOUGLAS  
Maybe it's not a pet, an animal maybe.

Jimjam smiles at how Douglas is fumbling about.

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DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Actually it could be a stuffed animal.

Jimjam turns around and taunts Goth Girl with a big thumbs up.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Yes that's it. She wants you to know about your childhood toy. She knows you loved him very much. It was a kind of teddy.

Jimjam suddenly turns back around.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

That's right. Teddy. I got that very strongly. Teddy.

Jimjam enters through the curtain. Marty isn't sticking to their plan. The layout is very plain. Just a little folding table, Marty and Douglas.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

That's his name I think. Well, phew, she wants you to know that she hasn't forgotten the promise she made.

Jimjam puts his hand on Marty's shoulder. Marty looks towards to his big brother - tears streaming down his face.

Jimjam's face turns to thunder. He glares at Douglas and back to Marty.

MARTY

He was talking about, I knew it wasn't true, but he was talking about mum.

DOUGLAS

She wants you both to know that she is...

Jimjam holds his hand up to Douglas' face.

MARTY

I'm sorry Jimjam. I know that...

JIMJAM

It's okay. Let's go.

DOUGLAS

Your brother needed to hear these things I believe.

JIMJAM

What things? About some old bear. You know his childhood toy is called teddy. Well done. Hmmm. What could be the most sensible explanation for that? Of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMJAM(CONT'D)

Obviously that means you can speak to our dead mother who lives in an afterlife. That must be it.

DOUGLAS

Sometimes we need to hear the words of those that have passed over. Why would you deny your brother that?

JIMJAM

Why do you taunt him and not let him move on? People must love each other when they can. Or they regret it when they can't. Everyone would be better off. Sorry though, you might have to get a proper job.

Jimjam leads Marty out of the building.

EXT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP - TODAY

Jimjam sits in the pink car. He looks into the distance.

Marty is in the fish and chip shop buying chips.

INT. HEADMASTERS OFFICE - 30 YEARS AGO

Young Marty and Young Jimjam sit on two small chairs. On the other side of the desk sits the imposing figure of the Headmaster.

The Headmaster flicks through some notes.

In the distance we can hear children sing the hymn "The Wise Man and the Foolish Man".

HYMN (O.C.)

But the foolish man built his house upon the sand;  
And the rains came tumbling down.

HEADMASTER

So this is your brother then James?

YOUNG JIMJAM

Yes sir.

HEADMASTER

Martin isn't it? Am I right?

Marty nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Well Martin. This is a very simple school. We have only lesson to learn and only one goal.

HYMN (O.C.)

The rains came down and the floods came up;  
And the house on the sand went ploof.

Marty looks at Jimjam and then back to the Headmaster.

HEADMASTER

The lesson is... Honesty. Always say the truth, as you see it. No matter how hard that is. And the goal? Change the world.

He laughs a cheery laugh.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)

Simple eh? Am I right? Make sure he learns it James. I'm sure you will.

EXT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP - TODAY CONT.

Marty walks out of the chip shop and back across to the car. He stops for a moment and goes back in.

He comes out again with a take away cup of coffee.

HYMN (V.O.)

So be wise and build your house upon the rock  
Be wise and build your house upon the rock  
Be wise and build your house upon the rock  
On the rock of the Lord Jesus Christ

WHITE

Black text on screen:

**1 day earlier**

INT. MARTY'S FRONT ROOM

Marty is lying on the sofa. He has his T-shirt pulled up around his chest. On his stomach lies a crystal.

Jimjam is watching it wobble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMJAM

Stop breathing you divvy. It's flopping around as much as your belly.

MARTY

(quietly)  
Don't make me laugh.

Dalila walks in holding up Jimjam's tie.

DALILA

Voila! The mustard stain is gone. A miracle.

(seeing the scene)  
What is this?

JIMJAM

(holding up leaflet)  
Crystal healing - apparently. And look. Tomorrow.

(reading)  
Leading world renowned psychic Douglas Fairweather will heal more souls.

DALILA

Really Marty! This isn't what Reverend Riley meant I'm sure.

Dalila leaves - waving aside their silliness.

MARTY

So. Perhaps the combination of the cold object with a kind of a placebo effect could...

Flash of lightening. Thunder.

DALILA (O.C.)

See what such ungodly behaviour by a man of the cloth brings.

Joseph runs in and jumps on Marty sending the crystals flying.

MARTY

It's okay Joe.  
(to Jimjam)  
It's just God moving the furniture.

JIMJAM

Knock over a lamp did he?

Marty gives him a glare. Joseph turns his hearing aid down.

Jimjam looks at them. He looks sad.

EXT. ROADSIDE - TODAY

The pink car is parked in a lay-by.

Marty and Jimjam can be seen as small dots walking off across a field.

They are carrying their fish and chips.

MARTY

I'm sorry about back there Jimjam.

JIMJAM

Leave it. It only hurts because you know it isn't real. Otherwise, you'd be happy.

MARTY

I guess so.

JIMJAM

If you believed that there was life after death then you'd...

MARTY

Ummmm?

JIMJAM

Sorry Chaplain. Forgot.

MARTY

Where to tomorrow? Back to see Pierre?

Jimjam just marches up the hill. Marty follows.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What's next Jimjam? Come on! I won't muck it up again.

Jimjam stops for a moment. He turns to look at the view. He opens his take away cup. Marty walks into him sending the coffee flying on the ground. Jimjam nearly falls over but Marty catches him. They look at the spilt drink.

JIMJAM

I just drink it out of habit anyway. I don't even like it that much.

EXT. OLD BURIAL MOUND - SUNSET

An ancient burial mound lies at the top of the hill. The sun begins to set across the rolling hills.

Jimjam and Marty sit and eat their fish and chips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMJAM

Julia said I had to sort myself out. So I think our adventures may have come to an end.

MARTY

Why do you think you have to do everything on your own? We'll do it together.

JIMJAM

You can't come with me Marty. Not for the next part.

MARTY

Come on. Let's show Pierre there isn't these energies.

JIMJAM

Marty. There isn't a God.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - JOSEPH'S ROOM - YESTERDAY

Joseph is asleep in bed. He has the teddy that Jimjam gave him.

JIMJAM

Remember when we were that young?

MARTY

We were never that young.

JIMJAM

You were. I remember it.

MARTY

Do I copy things Mum used to say?

Marty and Jimjam back out of the room silently.

JIMJAM

Like God moving furniture?

MARTY

It's a nice story you know. Simple. Cute way to explain something he won't understand - make the world just a bit less scary. Seemed easy at the time.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - YESTERDAY

MARTY

Now we don't know how to tell him it's really the clouds banging together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimjam rolls his eyes.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Well what is it then?

JIMJAM  
It's the rapid expansion of the air. The air heats up due to the lightening.

MARTY  
Pah, too difficult to explain to him.

Jimjam looks at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What?

EXT. OLD BURIAL MOUND - TODAY

The sun sets.

MARTY  
Is this because of the thunder thing?

JIMJAM  
Yes, well no. It's all part of it. It's fine to use God for things we don't understand - as a kind of fix all to explain things. Why it thunders, why we are here. But surely we've grown out of that now. That's for children. It is time...to put away these childish things.

MARTY  
Oh come on. Millions of people aren't children.

Jimjam looks out towards the countryside.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
(trying to laugh it off)  
You just have to believe.

JIMJAM  
No. I don't think I'll be doing that anymore. I just don't think I can go along with it. We were taught to always tell the truth, as we see it. No matter how hard that is. The truth is - no God.

MARTY  
Why would you say this? Why would you come, ask for my help and then insult me like this? Insult Dalila. Joe looks to you. Think of him. Leave it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMJAM

Why? Why can't we discuss it? Is it somehow above discussion. Is this the foundation of sand that your house is built on. That this is something we can't discuss. It's holy - oooo, don't talk about it. Well fine - that's your assumption. But I don't go for it anymore.

MARTY

God still loves you Jimjam. I doubt he gives a damn what you think.

JIMJAM

I guess not. I guess he's too busy answering prayers about parking spaces. And if he does parking spaces does that mean he made the flood that killed Mum?

MARTY

(standing)

I can't believe you just said that.

JIMJAM

And why did he save you Marty and not Mum? Because you are a believer? Does God have favorites like a sleazy boss?

Marty walks off back down the hill. He turns.

MARTY

You just don't get it. I can't believe how stupid you are. I know you laugh at me because I don't...question things like you do. I don't challenge everything.

JIMJAM

Come on. I don't laugh at you.

MARTY

But I know what I believe. It's solid. I know my life might seem a bit twee but funny isn't it - every time you get yourself in a tizzy you seem to run back to it.

JIMJAM

This isn't about you. This is about proof, the...truth, the...

MARTY

Everything doesn't need proof Jimjam. Just accept it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMJAM

Perhaps. Perhaps Teddy really does live on the moon. Maybe Mum was right. Maybe we should just believe her. But Marty, Teddy probably isn't on the moon is he?

Marty stops. Jimjam catches up with him.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

You can't prove he is. I can't prove he isn't. But he's probably not. My faith doesn't reach that far.

MARTY

You can't live without belief. I can't...

JIMJAM

You don't believe in Pierre or Douglas Fairweather.

(pointing at burial mound)

Or the Gods that that mound was built for. I just took that idea and...

MARTY

You are a braver man than me.

JIMJAM

Maybe. But I think once you know there isn't a safety net you try much harder.

MARTY

For God's sake Jimjam. I don't even know what to say to you. Please, just keep an open mind.

JIMJAM

I'm ready to consider anything. Are you? Really?

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE

Dalila stands at the window watching. Outside Jimjam is getting into the pink car. Marty helps load his suitcase into the boot.

Dalila looks displeased. Joseph is by her side.

DALILA

This isn't what Reverend Riley meant I'm sure.

JOSEPH

What?

DALILA

Your uncle Jimjam has to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEPH

Why?

DALILA

He has turned his back on our Lord.

JOSEPH

Why?

DALILA

Don't ask questions.

Marty comes around the side of the car. There is a moment.

JOSEPH

Why?

Joseph fiddles with his hearing aid in case he missed a reply.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE

The brothers stand next to the car.

MARTY

Well, it's never boring when you visit.

JIMJAM

A change is as good as a rest they say.  
I've changed.

MARTY

Thanks for all your help. It didn't quite  
work out as planned but...

JIMJAM

Good luck.

MARTY

Sounds a bit like you believe in luck  
there Jimjam.

JIMJAM

True. Okay then - Live your good life.

Marty hugs Jimjam.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)

Thank you my brother. You saved my life.

Marty doesn't know what to say. Jimjam gets in the car, and  
starts to drive away.

Marty slams the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

Hey! Know the way without the sat-nav thing?

JIMJAM

(smiling)

No.

He drives off.

MARTY

(so he can't hear)

God bless.

EXT. FIELD - 30 YEARS AGO

Young Marty and Young Jimjam are walking back through the long grass. Marty follows in Jimjams's tracks.

YOUNG JIMJAM

Miss Teddy?

YOUNG MARTY

Yes.

YOUNG JIMJAM

You don't need him.

YOUNG MARTY

How do we win at school?

YOUNG JIMJAM

What do you mean?

YOUNG MARTY

How do we change the world?

No reply.

YOUNG MARTY (CONT'D)

Well?

YOUNG JIMJAM

Why don't you walk on your own.

YOUNG MARTY

Don't want to. Why don't you walk that way, it's quicker.

YOUNG JIMJAM

Don't want to.

INT. AD AGENCY CAR PARK

The pink car is back in the car park.

INT. AD AGENCY

Jimjam is opening all the windows in his office.

JULIA  
So? Back a week early.

JIMJAM  
So!

JULIA  
The word on the street is that you don't believe in anything anymore.

JIMJAM  
Kind of.

Julia just raises her eyebrows.

JIMJAM (CONT'D)  
I just believe I'm comfortable with not having to believe in things.

JULIA  
Hell of a week.

JIMJAM  
It's easy to change your mind. It's built for it.

JULIA  
Can you change people's minds about which stuffed toy to buy?

JIMJAM  
Just tell people the facts.

JULIA  
Right. Well. We'll have to see about when, or whether, you can re-join us here. If I speak to...  
(seeing jimjam laugh)  
What's funny?

JIMJAM  
We all make assumptions. Don't we.

JULIA  
Don't you want to come back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMJAM

Don't you want hear my ideas first? Then  
you can decide if you believe in me or  
not.

Black text on screen:

**The truth shall set you free. John 8:32**