

Disney  
SAVING MR. BANKS

Original Screenplay by  
Kelly Marcel and Sue Smith

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - AUSTRALIA - DAY (1906)

OVER BLACK:

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

TRAVERS (V.O.)  
(singing)  
*Winds in the East  
Mist coming in--*

FADE IN:

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

TRAVERS (V.O.)  
*--Like something is brewing,  
about to begin--*

The shadow's direction becomes purposeful - taking us down through the clouds, whipping us on the wind towards a small town in the distance.

TRAVERS (V.O.)  
*--Can't put me finger on what lies  
in store--*

Downwards and downwards until it skittishly circles a large, bustling park and then swoops us into the lavish gardens.

There, a ten-year-old girl plays in the lush grass; she puts the finishing touches to a miniature version of the large park she sits in - benches made from twigs, trees from flowers, picnic cups from acorns - and gives a satisfied nod. She wraps her arms tightly around her chest, lifts her face to the sky, a half-smile threatening to break across her concentrated face. This is the young P.L. TRAVERS (whom we will also know as GINTY.)

TRAVERS (V.O.)  
*--But I feel what's to happen, all  
happened before--*

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

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

P.L. TRAVERS sits in her rocking chair (in the same position as above) arms clasped tightly around her body, face to the sky. Older, beautiful; striking blue eyes aid her air of stiff and steely determination.

Her office is a canvas of a life well travelled. Buddha smiles from every corner, framed poetry and letters adorn the walls alongside pictures of Pamela throughout the years with men we will not come to know and everywhere, china hens sit on shelves, their wings clasped to their chests, brooding.

Despite the multitude of objects, the room is peaceful, white.

Downstairs the doorbell rings.

Pamela closes her eyes, breathes.

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

INT. SHAWFIELD ST - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Pamela opens the front door and squints as a flood of sunlight and cherry blossom petals float over the threshold.

DIARMUID RUSSELL (45) - bright, youthful - waits to be asked inside. Pamela is not pleased to see him.

DIARMUID  
Mrs Travers.

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

DIARMUID  
You're ready 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--  
(sugaring his tone)  
Why would you cancel the car?

PAMELA  
I shan't be going.

Diarmuid buries his face in his hands.

DIARMUID  
We've been through this--

PAMELA  
I've changed my mind.

DIARMUID  
You can't.

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

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

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

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

DIARMUID  
He'll--

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

DIARMUID  
Look--  
(he sighs)  
--I've represented you for a long  
time. I like to think of you as a  
friend--

Pamela snorts.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

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

PAMELA

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

DIARMUID

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

PAMELA

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

DIARMUID

(over)

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

He looks around.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)

Where is Polly?

PAMELA

I fired her.

Diarmuid shakes his head, sighs.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

It's just as well. It seems I can't afford her anymore anyway!

Pamela looks to the ceiling, breathes.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(momentarily soft)  
You don't know how much she means  
to me.

DIARMUID  
Polly?

PAMELA  
Of course not Polly!

Pamela huffs, digs her heel into the rug.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(it's a filthy word)  
Los Angeles.

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

PAMELA  
Yet!

DIARMUID  
You must make it work Mrs Travers--

PAMELA  
Oh I must, must I?

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

PAMELA  
(over)  
Stop saying money! It's a filthy,  
disgusting word!

DIARMUID  
I am picking up the telephone Mrs  
Travers--

Diarmuid gets up.

PAMELA  
I have final say?

DIARMUID  
You do.

PAMELA  
(to herself)  
I have final say.  
(to Diarmuid)  
(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
And if I don't like what they are  
doing to her?

DIARMUID  
You don't sign the papers. He  
cannot make the film unless you  
grant the rights.  
(beat)  
It's an exploratory trip--

Pamela looks at the cherry blossom again, a piece floats away  
from the tree and sticks to her living room window.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)  
What do you say?

PAMELA  
(to herself)  
I want to keep my house.

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - DAY

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

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

Ginty giggles.

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

GINTY  
No!

TRAVERS  
Pamela?

GINTY  
No.

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

GINTY  
Ginty!

TRAVERS  
Why, thank you ma'am! Ginty it is  
of course!  
(beat)  
Now, have you seen her?

GINTY  
It's me!

Travers puts his nose right up to hers, peering into her face.

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

GINTY  
You can't lose me!

TRAVERS  
Never. I promise. I will never lose  
you!

He swings her up onto his shoulders and gallops off through the park, neighing like a horse.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Hurry now! We mustn't be late! The  
adventure is about to begin!

INT. PLANE - DAY

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 tucks her feet tidily together. She 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?

GINTY & BIDDY  
Yes. Yep!

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

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

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

GINTY  
(to nanny)  
See you soon Katie Nanna!

She picks up her own case; Katie Nanna turns away,  
heartbroken.

TRAVERS  
Walking bus!

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

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

Ginty takes Andrew's leash, her own case and somehow helps  
her sister too.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Ready? And off we go!

Passersby tut and shake their heads at the noisy display as  
Travers and the girls march down the street.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Left, right, left, right! Coming  
through!

Margaret stays for a beat, longingly taking in and storing a  
picture of the home she leaves behind.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MARYBOROUGH - DAY

The procession continues into the bustling downtown.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

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

GINTY

Allora--

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

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

EXT. ANGLE ON MARYBOROUGH - DAY

As it disappears. Ginty stands on the last train platform, watching her home, her past, fade into the distance.

Ginty's face speaks resignation as it, and the train, recede as billowing white smoke and dust fill the frame.

INT. PLANE - DAY

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 battling the memories away. She sighs loudly and digs her heel into the carpet of the plane.

INT. LAX - ARRIVALS - DAY

A bleary eyed Pamela carries her two bags 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 lapel) who bursts into a beaming smile.

RALPH

Travers? P.L. Travers?

PAMELA

Mrs.

RALPH

Welcome, Mrs P.L. Travers! Welcome to the City of Angels.

Pamela sneers. He grabs her bags.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Let me take those.

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

Ralph ushers Pamela through the doors--

EXT. LAX - DAY

--and into the sunlight.

RALPH  
Sun came out to say hello just to  
you.

PAMELA  
Don't be preposterous.

Pamela sniffs the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
It smells. Like--

RALPH  
Jasmine.

PAMELA  
--chlorine and sweat.

Ralph chuckles.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
It's dreadful.

EXT. LIMOSINE - DAY

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

INT. LIMOSINE - DAY

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.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

With its pink facade and flag flying turrets the hotel  
resembles a candy castle simmering under a midday sun.

The limo glides into the forecourt.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

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

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

PAMELA  
Unpack?

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

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

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Yes?

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Odd.

She turns and for the first time takes in--

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Oh my.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Oh no, no, no.

Disney Flowers, Disney champagne, Disney exotic fruit  
baskets, Disney chocolates, Disney posters, cuddly Donald,  
Pluto and Minnie toys and - taking up the entire bed - the  
BIGGEST stuffed Mickey Mouse imaginable. Imagine it. Nope.  
BIGGER!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(muttering to the pears)  
This won't do.

She throws open the balcony doors for fresh air and is  
greeted with dry arid heat, dust, dazzling sunlight--

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

--Arid heat, dazzling sunlight. Travers, Margaret and the  
children climb stand in a line at the top of a pathway. From  
their perspective all there is to see is a cloud of swirling  
red dust; it obscures and then gradually reveals her new  
home. The surrounding land yellow and burnt - unlike the lush  
greens of Maryborough. The house is ramshackle and meagre.

A swayback white nag wanders near a solitary tree and a few skinny chickens strut about the porch.

TRAVERS  
A palace! Complete with mighty  
steed.

GINTY  
And chickens.

MARGARET  
Oh--

Travers puts an arm around her shoulder.

TRAVERS  
We'll build beautiful memories here  
my angel.

Margaret offers him a trusting smile.

MARGARET  
Yes.

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

TRAVERS  
(in the distance)  
--in this house you get to share a  
bedroom!

Margaret looks at the surrounding area, there's simply nothing but barren land and red dust for miles.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POOL - DAY

UNDERWATER

SPLOSH! A green bomb disturbs the tranquil surface and then another SPLOSH!

We rise through the water to see Pamela on her balcony throwing the pears, one by one, into the swimmer-free swimming pool.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUITE - CONTINUOUS

PAMELA  
Good riddance.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Well, first things first.

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

She picks up her bags and goes through to the bedroom where the BIGGEST stuffed Mickey Mouse imaginable takes up the entire bed. Imagine it. Nope. BIGGER!

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Good Lord.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(to Mickey)

And you can stay there until you learn the art of subtlety.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

There.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(satisfied)

Yes.

(answering an imaginary question)

Well, no, I don't suppose I do mind.

She laughs, but Pamela finds joy difficult so it comes out as an ugly snort.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Now, really! Flatterer!

(then scolding herself)

Silly girl.

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



PAMELA (CONT'D)

Oh!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Soap for the brains.

She changes the channel and stares blankly at a man on a black and white screen. It takes a moment before she realizes that staring back at her is the charming, moustached, kindly face of WALTER ELIAS DISNEY (58) on The Wonderful World of Disney Show. Pamela raises an eyebrow--

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Well, well-- There you are.

CU: TV SCREEN

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

WALT

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

Tinkerbell flies into shot.

WALT (CONT'D)

Oh there you are Tink!

She covers Walt in fairy dust.

WALT (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Hey! Get that stuff off of me!

(to audience)

You know, a little sprinkling of fairy dust can make you fly!

Pamela can't help but be drawn in for a tiny moment and then just as quickly, narrows her mistrusting eyes at Walt and switches him off.

PAMELA

Off! That's how we deal with you.

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

A tray of untouched dinner sits outside the door.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela lies in bed awake, staring at the ceiling, she shakes her head - trying to free it of whatever is trapped in there. The moonlight casts a shadow of Mickey on the wall beside her bed.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - MORNING

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

RALPH  
Good morning Mrs!

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

RALPH  
Hm?

PAMELA  
Will it be the same driver every day?

RALPH  
(oblivious to her tone)  
Yes ma'am! I'm all yours.  
(beat)  
Sun came out again!

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

RALPH  
It certainly is!

He gestures for her to get in.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
(trying a British accent)  
Madame.

Pamela grimaces.

INT. LIMOSINE - CONTINUOUS

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

PAMELA  
(as much to herself as  
Ralph)  
I would so much rather be  
accountable for the rain.

RALPH  
Oh, that's sad.

PAMELA  
Sad is entirely the wrong emotion.  
I shan't bother explaining why;  
it'll simply  
(she makes gesture for  
flying over his head)  
Zip!

RALPH  
Okey dokey.

PAMELA  
The rain brings life!

RALPH  
So does the sun.

PAMELA  
Be quiet!

RALPH  
Yes ma'am.

Ralph starts the engine and drives away.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

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

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

Don opens the car door for Pamela and puts out a hand to help her from the vehicle but she pushes it away.

DON  
Pamela! Good morning!

PAMELA  
It is so discomfiting to hear a  
perfect stranger use my first name.  
Mrs Travers. Please.

The Sherman's look at each other. Uh oh.

DON  
I do apologize, Mrs Travers.  
(beat)  
I am Don DaGradi, the script  
writer.

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

DON  
Gradi. Wonderful! I welcome it.

PAMELA  
If indeed we ever sign off on a  
script.

Bob and Dick flash each other a look. What the fu\*\*?

DON  
Uh. Okay, so this is the rest of  
your team, Dick and Bob Sherman!  
Music and lyrics.  
(to Shermans)  
Boys, this is the one and only Mrs  
P.L. Travers, creator of our  
beloved Mary.

PAMELA  
Poppins.

DON  
Who else?

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

BOB  
Excuse me?

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

BOB

Don?

DICK  
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.

PAMELA  
I am perfectly capable of walking.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Shoo! Go away!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Ghastly.

Bob and Dick Sherman are in shock.

INT. DISNEY - EXTERIOR OFFICE - DAY

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

DON  
(to Dolly)  
Could you let--

PAMELA  
(over, to Dolly)  
Would you let Mister Disney know I  
have arrived please?

Dolly loses her smile at the terse tone, nods curtly and picks up the phone.

DOLLY  
(whispering into phone)  
She's here!

DON  
A word of advice Mrs Travers, if I  
may.

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

DON  
Wow. Uhm. It's just that he can't  
stand being called Mr Disney. We  
are all on a first name basis here.  
(to Dolly)  
Dolly! Is he--?

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

WALT  
Well, there ya are at last!

Pamela gets up, smooths down her skirt, and makes her way serenely towards the man, who rushes down the corridor to greet her.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Oh my dear gal!

Pamela is open mouthed.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You can't imagine how excited I am  
to finally meet you!

Pamela doesn't know what to do with this amount of enthusiasm. She extends a formal hand before he manages to get her in an embrace.

PAMELA

Oh!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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

Disney winces.

WALT

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

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

WALT (CONT'D)

Come here! Come here!

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

INT. DISNEY - INTERIOR OFFICE - DAY

He smiles at TOMMIE - who mans the second desk.

WALT

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

TOMMIE

Hi there! It's so nice to--

But Pamela has already been whisked through to Disney's personal office.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

WALT

Have a seat, sit down.

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

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

Pamela narrows her eyes.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Wish ya coulda' seen me then Pam!  
As lean as a whippet I was! A race  
horse!

Interestingly, she doesn't pull him up on using her first name and shortening it too!

WALT (CONT'D)  
But now, here you are. Look at you!  
I could eat you up!

PAMELA  
That wouldn't be appropriate.

He turns a photo of his daughters - Diane and Sharon - to face Pamela.

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

PAMELA  
A pot of tea would be most welc--

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



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

WALT (CONT'D)

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

I do.

PAMELA

WALT  
Twenty years!

Yes. Twenty. So you keep  
saying--

PAMELA

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 my getting old?

PAMELA

About your daughters.

WALT

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

PAMELA

Children grow up.

WALT

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

PAMELA

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

WALT

Pamela--

PAMELA

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

WALT

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

PAMELA

My name, if you please, is MRS Travers.

WALT

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

PAMELA

Not--

WALT

(over)

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

PAMELA

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

WALT

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

PAMELA

(deep breath)

Is it?

WALT

This movie isn't just going to make my kids happy. It's going to make ALL kids happy! You see my guys are gonna do things with it that are, well, are revolutionary.

He's up again.

WALT (CONT'D)

REVOLUTIONARY, Pam!

PAMELA

Oh dear--

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

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

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

WALT (CONT'D)  
Now imagine! This magical woman who  
has only lived in your head, you'll  
be able to meet her, speak to her,  
hear her sing.

Tommie places the tray on Walt's desk and leaves the room.  
Walt picks up the tea pot.

PAMELA  
Yes, this singing, I am glad you've  
come to that.  
(addressing his tea  
making)  
Milk first!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
That's right. Now the tea--

He picks up the pot again and pours the tea.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
And a spoonful of sugar.

He stirs.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
You don't mean for this film to be  
a musical?

WALT  
(taken aback)  
I absolutely do!

He presents her with the cup.

PAMELA  
No.

WALT  
No?

PAMELA  
No.

She takes a sip, he waits anxiously to see if his tea is any good.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Not bad. No, Mister Disney, Mary Poppins does not sing.

WALT  
Oh yes she does!

PAMELA  
When?

WALT  
In your books!

PAMELA  
Those aren't songs! They're recitations. She is not a giddy woman, she does not jig! Singing is frivolous and wholly unnecessary for a governess, an educatress. No. It would just ruin it.

Walt is baffled. He takes a sip of tea, it's disgusting, he spits it back into his cup surreptitiously, then coughs loudly. Pamela's jaw drops.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
I won't have her turned into one of your silly cartoons.

Walt takes a sharp breath on 'silly' and then plasters the smile back on.

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

Pamela rolls her eyes.

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

WALT  
Bet you would.

She smirks, as does he.

PAMELA  
(beat)  
I do quite like Greensleeves.

WALT  
Greensleeves huh?

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

WALT  
Greensleeves.

PAMELA  
Yes.

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

WALT  
Pam, I want you to know that the  
last thing I would do, the very  
last thing, is tarnish a story I  
have cherished.

He moves closer to her, takes her hand, she needs it for her  
teacup, it's awkward.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(gazing into her eyes)  
The pages are worn down to tissue,  
dog eared and falling out. I have  
poured over them gripped,  
tormented. Because I love Mary  
Poppins, you got to share her with  
me.

Pamela is torn between finding Disney captivating and totally  
barking.

WALT (CONT'D)  
A course nothing happens without  
your say so. Absolutely Nothing.

PAMELA  
Quite right.

She extricates her hand.

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

PAMELA  
Diarmuid.

WALT  
Darmitt.

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

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

WALT  
Live action.

PAMELA  
I'd like that on tape.

WALT  
Hm?

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

WALT  
Tape you say.

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

PAMELA  
Ah there you are.  
(beat)  
Mary Poppins and the Banks's,  
they're family to me.

WALT  
I understand. I do.

PAMELA  
Well then!

She stands up and smooths down her skirt.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Shall we begin?

He holds out his hand for her to shake.

WALT  
Let's make something wonderful.

She leaves his hand hanging in mid air.

PAMELA  
Let's see if that's at all  
possible.

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

WALT  
(perplexed)  
Woah.  
(beat)  
Damn.

EXT. VERANDAH - DUSK

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

MARGARET  
It's rather late--

Travers continues to play.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Biddy and Moya are already asleep.

Travers takes the pipe from his lips and sighs.

TRIVERS  
Ginty.

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

GINTY  
Good night father.  
(beat)  
'night mother.

MARGARET  
Good night dear.

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

TRIVERS  
I'll make us a good life.  
(beat)  
I promise.  
(beat)  
I'll make you proud again.

Margaret strokes Travers face and turns her face to the sky.

MARGARET  
Look at the stars.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Pamela sits at a large meeting table as Dolly bustles around her placing refreshments. Pamela lays out her pencils one by one, makes sure her notebook is 'just so.'

A bowl of fruit is set down upon her notebook and she snatches it away, glaring at the table which is now laden with every type of snack and beverage imaginable from bagels to candy, coffee to soda, there are exotic fruits, enormous bouquets of flowers.

PAMELA  
(peering around a vase at  
DaGradi)  
What is all this jollification?

DON  
We have a whole script to get  
through. It's gonna be a long day  
Mrs T.

She shoots him dead with a killer stare.

DON (CONT'D)  
--ravers.

PAMELA  
We could save a starving country  
with benefaction from this room  
alone! Ugh, It's so vulgar.

She gets up and moves the giant bouquet of flowers off the table and plops it on top of Dick's piano. Bob moves it from the piano to the floor.

BOB  
(seething)  
That is a very expensive piano.

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

Bob hasn't a clue what to say. Pamela smoothes down her skirt and re-takes her seat.

Everybody waits.

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



PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Let us begin.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Hm.

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

DON DAGRADI	PAMELA
(reading)	(reading)
Scene one. Exterior Cherry	Scene one. Ext. Ext? What's
Tree Lane. London. Day. Bert--	Ext?

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

DON  
Exterior. It means the scene is taking place outside.

PAMELA  
Ah, I see, an abbreviation.  
(beat)  
Scene One. Exterior--  
(beat)  
Oh, I'm sorry Mr DaGradi, did you feel you should--?

DON  
No, No, Mrs Travers please go ahead.

PAMELA  
Yes, I do think it's best. I've the most practise. Readings of my books you know? Anyway--  
(beat)  
Scene one. Exterior. 17 Cherry Tree Lane, London. Day.

She nods.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Yes. That's good, that can stay.

DICK  
(laughing)  
That's just the scene heading!

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

BOB & DICK  
No one's going to see it.

PAMELA  
I will see it.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Write it down, write it down, chop  
chop.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Is that on the tape?

Don glances towards the swirling tape recorder and nods.

DON  
Yes.

PAMELA  
Good-- onwards.

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

DOLLY  
I'm sorry to interrupt.

PAMELA  
Is this a joke?

DOLLY  
Excuse me?

PAMELA  
Do you think you are a comedienne?

DOLLY  
I'm sorry I don't understand.

Dolly gingerly places the tray on the table and hovers, distributing fruit and biscuits within reachable distance.

PAMELA  
Unbelievable.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Scene One. Exterior. Number 17  
Cherry Tree Lane. London. Day.  
(MORE)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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

DICK

We do hope so!

PAMELA

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

BOB

Dick is one of the greats!

PAMELA

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

(speaking loudly into the  
tape recorder)

I can assure you Dick Van Dyke is  
not.

(back to script)

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

(beat)

Bert says--

(she looks to Don)

You can do Bert.

DON

(through gritted teeth)

Thank you.

(being Bert)

Alright Ladies and gents, comical  
poem, suitable for the occasion--

Dick jumps up and sits at the piano.

DON (CONT'D)

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

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

DICK

(singing)

*Room here for everyone gather  
around,  
The constable's*

BOB/DICK  
"responstable."

DICK  
Now, how does that sound?

PAMELA  
No no no no no no.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Responstable is not a word.

DICK  
(excited)  
We made it up!

PAMELA  
Well, un-make it up.

Dick quickly hides the next set of sheet music entitled:  
SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.

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

Dick's fingers crunch the piano keys.

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVENING

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

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL

Pamela lies awake staring at the ceiling.

PAMELA  
Irresponstable.

EXT. FIELD - NEAR GOFF HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON:

A tiny park, about half a metre square - it has grass, tiny  
trees made from flowers, a small hole filled with water for a  
pond, park benches made with twigs and miniature wooden  
clothes-peg people. Ginty puts the finishing touches to the  
bandstand and sits back, staring in wonder.

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

TRIVERS  
Ahhh, there's my girl.

The horse moves up to her.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)  
That's it Albert. Give Ginty a smooch. There's a good boy, give her a little smooch.

The velvety muzzle of the horse "smooches" Ginty's neck and ear as Travers climbs down from the nag.

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

GINTY  
Why did she do that?!

TRIVERS  
Because she hated the sound of his laugh.

GINTY  
Poor Uncle Albert! How can we fix him?

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

GINTY  
How?

TRIVERS  
I'm not quite sure darling.  
(beat)  
Your mother's been calling you for a good hour. I shouldn't go if I were you, she's after little slaves for housework!  
(reciting Yeats)  
*Ah, I must scrub and bake and sweep  
Till stars are beginning to blink  
and peep;  
And the young lie long and dream in  
their bed  
Of the matching of ribbons for  
bosom and head.*

Travers sighs, let's the words ring in his ears, touches the end of daughter's nose.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Do you want to know what it feels  
like to fly Ginty?

She nods. He hauls himself onto Albert, leans down and swings Ginty up so she is facing him.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
You trust me?

She nods and wraps her arms around him looking backwards over his shoulder.

He grips her firmly around the waist and she spreads her arms.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Gee up, Albert. Yah!

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

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Yah!

Ginty squeals with delight.

INT. LIMOSINE - MORNING

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

PAMELA  
Nobody walks.

RALPH  
(sadly)  
Leisurely stroll's a gift.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - MORNING

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

RALPH  
Beautiful ain't it?

PAMELA  
(refusing him the  
satisfaction)  
If you like that sort of thing.

RALPH  
I do.

EXT. FIELD - ALLORA - DAY

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

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

DON

We do find it helps to have a visual. It's fun!

She stops in front of a sketch of the Banks house.

PAMELA

No, no, no. Goodness no.

DICK

No?

PAMELA

The Banks house doesn't look like that! My house is a terraced house with a pink door, white bricked with a crack in the gable. The window frames are lead-lined and the flower boxes grow pink nasturtiums to go with the pink door and--

(gesturing to the tape recorder)

Did we get that?

(to herself, slightly hysterical)

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

DON

It's all wrong?

PAMELA

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

DICK

Interesting.

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

PAMELA  
(to herself)  
Okay.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
Do I even have to say it?

DON  
Um-- yeah?

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

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

PAMELA  
Quite possibly, looking back.

Dick mouths 'oh my god!'

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

PAMELA  
Are you calling Mrs Banks  
neglectful?

BOB  
Yep.

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

PAMELA  
Being a mother is a job. A very  
difficult job and one that not  
everybody is up to, that not  
everybody should have taken on in  
the first place!

The boys see that Pamela is talking about something  
meaningful to her and they begin to soften for a brief  
moment, until--



PAMELA (CONT'D)  
I will NOT have her called Cynthia!  
Absolutely not. It feels unlucky.

Dick makes a curly wurly cuckoo sign at Bob.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
No it should be something warm, a  
bit sexy.

They all nearly choke at the word 'sexy' coming out of her  
mouth.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
How about Mavis?

DON  
Sybil?

BOB  
Sure.

PAMELA  
Prudence?

DICK  
Gwendolyn?

BOB  
Great.

PAMELA  
Winifred!

DON  
I could go with Winifred.

PAMELA  
Yes, that's because it's very good.

She comes to the next sketch and stops abruptly in front of  
it, a split second of utter confusion crosses her face.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
This isn't Mr Banks?

She turns to face Don and the boys.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
This isn't him.

DON  
Ahm, yeah, that's him--

PAMELA  
He has a set of moustaches!

DON  
In the books he--

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

DOLLY  
(clearing her throat)  
Mrs Travers, it was a specific request, from Walt.

Pamela doesn't acknowledge that Dolly has spoken; Dolly flushes.

PAMELA  
(to the boys)  
Why?

Everyone shrugs, they don't know why.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
He didn't, he doesn't, Mr Banks is clean shaven!

Bob buries his face in his hands and let's out a long, loud, unashamed moan.

BOB  
Does it mattterrrrrrrr?!

DON  
Bob, Bob, Bob--

Pamela stares at Bob.

PAMELA  
You can wait outside!

She points at the door, ordering him out with her finger. Bob is literally stunned. Dick stifles a laugh.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
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. BAR/LOBBY - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INT. GOFF HOUSE - WASHROOM - ALLORA - MORNING

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

GINTY  
Why do you do that?

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

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

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING

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

PAMELA  
Swish.

And again.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Swoosh.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - DAY

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

PAMELA (O.S.)  
Stop! Stop! Stop! What on earth are you talking about? Supercali--? Supercali-- or whatever the infernal thing is!

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

PAMELA  
Well I always know what to say.

The slamming of a piano lid. Dolly pushes the door open with her foot.

PAMELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If you so much as step one foot in here with that tray I shall scream! One cannot live on cake alone!

INT. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

Dolly stands in Disney's office.

DISNEY  
Hit me with it.

DOLLY  
She has a lot of-- ideas.

DISNEY  
Ya? What kind of ideas?

DOLLY  
About how she, uh, sees things.

DISNEY  
And just how does she 'see' things?

Dolly sighs and pulls out a note pad.

DOLLY  
(reading)  
The name Cynthia has been changed to Winifred.

WALT  
Okay that'll work.

DOLLY  
She won't approve Dick Van Dyke.

Walt laughs, Dolly allows herself a little giggle too.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

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

WALT

I asked for that.

DOLLY

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

WALT

Because I asked for it.

DOLLY

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

DISNEY

Gahd! Anything else?

DOLLY

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

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 pete's sake.

PAMELA

And?

DISNEY

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

PAMELA

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

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

DISNEY

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

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

PAMELA

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

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

Disney smiles at Pamela.

DISNEY

Alright. No red in the film.

Pamela glances at the tape recorder.

DON

What?!

DICK

Walt?

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

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB  
He doesn't have the rights--

All three turn their heads to turn to her.

PAMELA  
Quite.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Now, If you're insisting upon this musicality you feel is SO important for my film then I suggest I hear one of your ditties.

No one is in the mood to sing for her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
I shall keep an open mind!

DICK  
Nanny?

DON  
Yeah, do nanny.

Dick begins to play--

BOB  
(spoken)  
Wanted a nanny for two adorable children.

Pamela sighs, so do Don and Bob.

DICK (CONT'D)  
If you want this choice position, have a cheery disposition--

PAMELA  
(expecting Dick to stop)  
No no! They can't make deman--

But Dick ignores her and carries on.

DICK  
Rosy cheeks--

BOB  
No warts!

PAMELA  
Who in the world put that  
in?!

DICK (CONT'D)  
Play games, all sorts!

PAMELA  
Hm.

DICK (CONT'D)  
You must be kind, you must be  
witty  
very sweet and fairly pretty

PAMELA  
Well of all the ridiculous--!

DICK (CONT'D)  
Take us on outings, give us  
treats

PAMELA  
Completely defeats the--

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

DICK (CONT'D)  
Sing songs, bring sweets

PAMELA  
No sweets!

DICK (CONT'D)  
Never be cross or cruel  
Never give us castor oil or  
gruel

PAMELA  
Who would give a child cast--  
?

Dick grimaces (a la Michael Banks.)

DICK (CONT'D)  
Love us as a son and daughter

BOB  
And never smell of barley  
water

PAMELA  
What in the world does  
smelling of barley water have  
to do with anything?

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

DON  
Yeah, I think--

DICK  
(over)  
If you won't scold and  
dominate us

PAMELA  
You can't say that--

DICK (CONT'D)  
We will never give you cause  
to hate us--

PAMELA  
Hate is too strong a wor--



DICK  
We won't hide your spectacles  
so you cant see

PAMELA  
(into tape recorder)  
Nobody's listening to me!

DICK  
Put toads in your bed--

PAMELA  
Ridiculous!

DICK (CONT'D)  
Or pepper in your tea

PAMELA  
No.

DICK  
*Hurry, Nanny!*  
*Many thanks*  
*Sincerely,*  
Jane and Michael Banks:  
Jane and Michael Banks.

PAMELA  
Well I simply don't know what to  
say. That's the worst song I've  
ever heard.  
(beat)  
Ever.

DICK  
Alright.

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Walt stands looking out of his window.

DISNEY POV:

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

WALT  
Tommie!

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

TOMMIE  
Scotch Mist.

WALT  
What do you think?

TOMMIE  
What do I think I-- what?

WALT  
You're a woman.

TOMMIE  
That's a canny observation Walt.

WALT  
What am I missing?

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

Walt continues to stare out of the window.

TOMMIE (CONT'D)  
We don't.  
(beat)  
You'll get yourself an ulcer with  
all that unriddling. Give it up.

Tommie waits for a response but he's still window bound,  
filled with intrigue as he watches the car disappear.

WALT  
(under)  
That woman.

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

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

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

PAMELA  
A pot of tea.

BARMAN  
Sure thing.

Pamela looks around at the other women in the bar, all  
glamorous, coiffured, very different to the practical Mrs  
Travers.

The tea pot arrives.

PAMELA  
Thank you. Tea is a balm for the  
soul don't you agree?

But the barman has already moved on to another patron.

Time moves swiftly, the teapot is drained, the customers come and go. The barman talks with another customer further along the bar. Nobody notices Pamela. In this setting she looks like a little old lady, awkwardly perched on a stool, staring into her empty cup.

EXT. BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA - ALLORA - DAY

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

INT. BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

Ginty and the man enter the bank.

GINTY  
Thank you.

A bank worker tips his hat to the gentleman.

BANK WORKER  
Good afternoon Mr Belhatchett.

Cashiers look up from their posts and nod courteously.

Ginty and RANDOLPH BELHATCHETT are startled for a second by a loud crash. Their eyes flit to the glass door of Travers' office. The etching on the glass reads:

**TRAVERS GOFF - BANK MANAGER**

INT. TRAVERS OFFICE - DAY

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

TRAVERS  
(to Clerk)  
Belhatchett. Bell. Hatchett. Ha!  
It's a ridiculous moniker!

CLERK  
Sir--

TRAVERS  
And Mr Belhatchett has complained  
that I opened his stupid bank five  
minutes late has he? Hahaaa!  
(in a comedy voice)  
Time's Money, Goff, y'know! Time's  
money my man!

The clerk laughs nervously.

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

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

TRIVERS (CONT'D)  
There, whack! That'll teach you for  
not dropping your bairns on  
schedule. Whack! Whack! Whack!

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

TRIVERS (CONT'D)  
Whack. Whoops!  
(through the door)  
Mr Belhatchett! Allow me to--

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

TRIVERS (CONT'D)  
Ginty!

RANDOLPH  
I want you gone.

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

TRIVERS  
Sweet thing! What are you doing  
here?

Ginty looks up at Belhatchett and the manager.

GINTY  
You said today was--

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

GINTY  
(scared)  
Are you fired again?

TRAVERS  
Ah, yes it does seem that--

RANDOLPH  
(to Ginty)  
No. No sweetheart-- he isn't.

TRAVERS  
(to Ginty)  
Just wait in my office for a second  
darling.

Randolph walks away, stopping to whisper in Travers ear.

RANDOLPH  
If you can't straighten up for your  
own sake. Do it for your daughter.  
(muttering to himself)  
Irresponsible.

Travers holds out his arms to Ginty and she runs into them.

TRAVERS  
Ice cream is so rare because it  
only comes from Siberian cows. Did  
you know that?!  
(beat)  
Brrrrrrrrr!

EXT. RIVER - ALLORA - DAY

Ginty and Travers sit by the river. Ginty eats an enormous  
ice cream and Travers sips continuously from his hip flask.

TRAVERS  
We share a Celtic soul, you and I.  
This world is just an illusion,  
Ginty old girl. As long as we hold  
that thought dear, they can't break  
us. Money, money, money. Don't you  
buy into it Ginty! It'll bite you  
on the bot!  
How did we end up here eh? Look at  
it. Barren. Breathless.  
Get as far away from this place as  
possible my love. Find yourself a  
patch of green.  
(he sighs)  
It's a chimera you know? The world,  
the bank, you and I, Mr Randolph-  
whackety-whack-Belhatchett. All an  
illusion.

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

EXT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Another untouched meal in the hallway.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

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

PAMELA

(into phone)

I loathe this place, Mr Russell.  
How can a place so sunny be so  
cold?

We don't hear what Diarmuid says.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

The script is ghastly, exactly as I  
expected--

(beat)

Yes, a few more days and then I'll  
decide--

(beat)

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

(to herself)

Money. It'll bite you on the--

(into phone)

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

(beat)

Very well. Good morning and  
goodnight.

She hangs up the phone, and continues sitting upright. Wide  
awake. Staring into the darkness.

Pamela checks through her multitude of pill bottles for  
something to help her. Nothing. She groans as she drags  
herself out of bed, pacing the room, counting steps.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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

Her eyes stray to the big Mickey Mouse. She drags it onto the  
bed with her and climbs back under the covers, clinging onto  
the stuffed toy for comfort.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

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

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

DICK  
It's gotta be like a slogan!

BOB  
Her prescription for life.

DICK  
Yeah! Yes! A stitch in time!

BOB  
An apple a day.

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

BOB  
Sugar!

DICK  
Sugar?

DICK (CONT'D)  
What? That's not--

BOB  
Jeff had vaccination day at school  
yesterday.

DICK  
Ouch.

BOB  
No ouch.

DICK  
No ouch?

BOB  
Sugar. They put it in a cube.

DICK  
Medicine in sugar?

BOB  
Cube's an odd word.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Spoonful?

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

DON  
(under)  
Yeah, we have sugar.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - MORNING

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

WALT  
May I walk with you?

PAMELA  
I'm sure your country doesn't have any laws about sharing a pavement.

As they walk the sound of the piano filters out of the rehearsal room window and down onto the lot.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

Dick is playing about with a verse.

BOB  
Go back to the chorus.

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

BOB  
Wait! WAIT! She always does what's unexpected.  
She goes UP the bannisters.

Dick is confused.

BOB (CONT'D)  
So go up.

Dick plays a high note.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Try B.

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



DICK & BOB  
(singing 'down' in an up  
key)  
Just a spoonful of sugar helps the  
medicine go down.

Don looks up from his sketching.

DICK  
Yes!

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

DON  
Man is in the forest.

Pamela and Walt enter the room.

DON (CONT'D)  
(to Walt)  
I want you to hear this.  
(to the boys)  
Play him what you got.

Walt takes a seat beside the piano. Pamela folds her arms  
across her chest defiantly.

DICK  
It's just a chorus--

BOB  
Tell us what you think.  
*He knows dum dum*  
*Will help dum dum dum duuuum!*

Bob whistles what will end up being the Robin's part of the  
song.

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

BOB  
We'll work out the other lyrics.

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

BOB  
On the word down it goes up!

PAMELA  
(unhappy)  
Up.

DON  
It's ironic.

PAMELA  
Is it?

WALT  
Forget ironic, it's iconic.

Pamela rolls her eyes.

PAMELA  
(sarcastic)  
Bravo.

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

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

Dick is completely deflated.

WALT  
What's your point Pam?

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

She waves the script in the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
This whole script is flim flam!  
Where is its reality? Where is its  
heart, where is the gravitas?

She opens a window and flings the script out.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
No weight Mister Disney! See?

Dick, Don and Bob 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 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 Bidy 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?

TRIVERS

I couldn't stop thinking about my beautiful girls on this beautiful day in this beautiful place and I thought to hell with it!

(to Ginty and Biddy)

And what do we say about beauty ladies?

GINTY/BIDDY/TRIVERS

A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

MARGARET

But--

TRIVERS

Buts are for goats my love!

He dips her and smooches her.

GINTY & BIDDY

Urgh!

TRIVERS

(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.

TRIVERS

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

GINTY

(laughing)

That's a made up word!

BIDDY

Really?!

GINTY  
Not the aunt!  
(beat)  
Quick! Catch her before she flies  
away on the--

TRAVERS/GINTY  
East Wind!

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

MARGARET  
Oh!

TRAVERS  
I'll wash them again my love!

Margaret look at the dirty sheets and shrugs.

The kids run after their father squealing and giggling as the poor little hen runs for its life. Even the dog joins in, Margaret goes to retrieve the discarded jacket and sees a whisky bottle protruding from the inside pocket, she slips it back inside - out of sight, out of mind.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
Go Sergeant Ginty! Fell the beast!

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

GINTY  
Aunt Ellie!

TRAVERS  
Oh she's a foul fowl!

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

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

MARGARET  
--darling, it's just that um-- a  
little concerned--

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

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

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

MARGARET  
Oh my dear--

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

GINTY  
(whispering)  
Foul fowl.

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela sits up in bed - leaning back into the open arms of  
Mickey Mouse - applying face cream, then hand cream, her face  
is screwed into a twist of unhappiness.

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - NIGHT

Disney sits on Pamela's bench, deep in contemplation.

Piano music tinkles from somewhere in the building and then a  
voice--

DICK  
*All around the cathedral  
the saints and apostles  
look down as she sells her wares*

Walt is dragged from his thoughts and gets up to follow the  
sound.

DICK (CONT'D)  
*Although you can't see it  
you know they are smiling  
Each time someone shows that he  
cares--*

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

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

DICK

Though her words are simple and few  
listen, listen, she's calling to  
you--  
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag  
tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a  
bag."

WALT

That'll work.

Dick nods, still playing. Walt makes his way to the piano, sighs, sits next to Dick on the stool.

WALT (CONT'D)

She's going to say no isn't she?  
(beat)  
Woman's a conundrum.

Dick stops playing and flicks to a new page of sheet music.

DICK

A man has dreams of walking with  
giants  
To carve his niche in the edifice  
of time  
(singing)  
*Before the mortar of his zeal  
Has a chance to congeal  
The cup is dashed from his lips  
The flame is snuffed aborning  
He's brought to rack and ruin in  
his prime--*

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

WALT & DICK

*My world was calm, well ordered,  
exemplary  
Then came this person, with chaos  
in her wake  
And now my life's ambitions go with  
one fell blow  
It's quite a bitter pill to take.*

WALT

Inspired by someone we know?

DICK

(feigning innocence)  
You'd have to ask Bob.

The men smile, bittersweet.

DICK (CONT'D)  
She might surprise us all.

WALT  
She won't.

DICK  
You don't know that.

WALT  
I do. I know it, I know it only too well.  
(beat)  
I've fought this battle from her side. Pat Powers, he wanted the mouse and I didn't have a bean back then.

Dick raises his eyebrows.

WALT (CONT'D)  
He was this big terrifying New York producer and I was just a kid from Missouri with a sketch of Mickey but-- it woulda' killed me to give him up.

Walt peers down at the sleeping Bob.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Honest to god killed me. That mouse, he's family.  
(beat)  
Go home.

Walt leaves the room.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - POOL - NIGHT

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

TRAVERS (V.O.)  
The world is an illusion Ginty.

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - LATE AFTERNOON

Ginty sits on the front step of the porch, arms clasped around her body, face to the sky.

The sounds of the evening closes in - crickets, the last deafening chorus of the birds.



Travers walks up the path to their home, trailing his suit jacket over his shoulder, his shirt and tie loosened. His shirtsleeves are marked with sweat. His face is a study of something close to despair.

He looks up to see Pamela sitting on the front step and immediately arranges his features into a bright smile of greeting.

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

GINTY  
I am laying eggs!

TRAVERS  
Really!? Fabulous!

GINTY  
Today I am a hen.

TRAVERS  
Indeed! I can see the feathers  
sprouting as we speak!

Margaret steps out onto the veranda, takes one look at her husband and knows he is drunk.

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

GINTY  
I'm not Helen!

TRAVERS  
(over)  
She can't possibly lay a table;  
she's busy laying eggs!

MARGARET  
I need-- (help.)

TRAVERS  
She's laying!

MARGARET  
(her face contorts in  
pain)  
I'm sorry!

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

He swallows hard, eyes welling.

TRIVERS  
(urgent, his voice  
breaking)  
Don't you ever stop dreaming Ginty  
my love. You can be anyone you want  
to be. Anyone.

GINTY  
I want to be like you.

TRIVERS  
Don't.  
(he chokes)  
Don't leave yourself always  
searching for-- something--

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

Ginty is unnerved by her Travers' demeanor, she creeps around to the side of the house where she watches her father appears in the window of the washroom. She doesn't know what to do as he leans his head against the wall and breaks down sobbing.

OMITTED

INT. LIMO - MORNING

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

RALPH  
Ya alright Mrs?

Pamela doesn't even hear him.

INT. ALLORA SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Ginty stares out of the window, in a daydream, a paintbrush in her hand, dripping colour down her arm.

She is nudged to the present by her teacher, MRS CORRY.

MRS CORRY  
Helen Goff? Wake up dear. You want  
your banner to be ready for the  
fair don't you?

Ginty turns back to her painting - her banner reads:

**ALLORA FAIR**

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

INT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

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

BIDDY

Mrs Brill said Father's presenting  
the medals.

MARGARET

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - MORNING

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

DON

Mrs Travers?

Again, she doesn't hear.

DON (CONT'D)

Mrs Travers?

Pamela looks at Don.

DON (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

Would that be good?

Pamela nods, noncommittal.

DON (CONT'D)

(as Dawes Snr)

So you have tuppence? May I be  
permitted to see it?

(changing voice to Michael  
Banks)

No, I want it to feed the birds!

(back to Dawes Snr)

Fiddlesticks boy! Feed the birds  
and what've you got?

DON/DICK/BOB  
Fat birds!

DICK  
(singing more sotto than  
usual)  
*But! If you invest your tuppence  
wisely in the bank*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

DICK (V.O.)  
*Safe and sound--*

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

**SPONSORED BY THE BELHATCHETT BANK OF AUSTRALIA**

DICK (V.O.)  
*Soon that tuppence safely invested  
in the bank will compound--*

The Allora townsfolk are out in force. Ginty walks with her  
family. Her father attempting to memorise speech notes as  
they pass through the crowds.

DICK (V.O.)  
*And you'll achieve that sense of  
conquest--*

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

TRAVERS  
(clears his throat)  
Mr Belhatchett.

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

DICK (V.O.)  
*As your affluence expands--*

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

MARGARET  
Travers, Bidy'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-- will you ride the carousel  
with me!?

But the refreshment tent has Travers in its grip.

TRIVERS  
Meet you there in a blink of an  
eye!

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

As before.

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

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - DAY

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

MARGARET  
(to Ginty)  
I'll take Bidy to get ready for  
her dance.  
(beat)  
Where's your father?

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

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Come on Bidy.

INT. REFRESHMENT TENT - DAY

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

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

TRIVERS  
Indeed, a published poet--

She takes a deep breath and moves forward, grabs Travers hand.

GINTY  
Father, come and look. Bidy's  
dancing.

TRAVERS  
In a moment, my princess. I'm  
talking.  
(beat)  
Back in Ireland, I miss her green  
hills so--

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

TRAVERS  
Not now Bidy!

GINTY  
I'm Ginty.

TRAVERS  
Ginty! Shoo!

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

GINTY  
You said don't give up.

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

WAITER  
Excuse me, Miss. It's gentlemen  
only in this section of the tent.  
I think you'll be more comfortable  
at the far end.  
(beat)  
Are you alright sweetheart?

GINTY  
(to waiter)  
I'm scared my father is--

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

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

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

TRIVERS

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

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

RANDOLPH

Why is he speaking for the bank?

BANK WORKER

He's the manager.

TRIVERS

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

Ginty allows herself to breathe. So far, so good.

MARGARET

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

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pamela turns away from Don and the Shermans 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...

DICK

*When you deposit tuppence in a bank account,*

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
*Soon you'll see that it blooms into  
credit of a generous amount  
Semiannually*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

Travers is now in lip synch with Dick Sherman.

TRAVERS	DICK (V.O.)
And you'll achieve that sense of stature	<i>And you'll achieve that sense of stature</i>
As your influence expands	<i>as your influence expands</i>
To the high financial strata	<i>To the high financial strata</i>
That established credit now commands--	<i>That established credit now commands--</i>

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

DON/DICK/BOB  
*You can purchase first and second  
trust deeds  
Think of the foreclosures!  
Bonds! Chattels! Dividends! Shares!*

EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

As before.

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As before.

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



EXT. FAIRGROUND - ALLORA - CONTINUOUS

There's a smattering of applause, Travers is encouraged, Margaret and Ginty look relieved, even hopeful.

But then Travers momentarily looks lost, a slight breeze tugs the speech notes from his hand and they float down in front of the dais.

TRIVERS

Uhhh. Thank you kindly. Thanking you. Now-- what, what am I doing next? Oh! It's a marvellous idea to encourage children to open accounts. My daughter, the Princess Ginty-- she's-- uh.

(looks at Ginty)

How old are you? Come up here.

Ginty - what? Me?

Ginty glances to her mother and then, on trembling legs, makes her way forward and up the stairs onto the dais.

Margaret watches, growing uneasy.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)

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

The audience is shocked.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

I mean give her a hand.

Everyone is beginning to look uncomfortable.

TRIVERS (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.

TRIVERS (CONT'D)

Give us your shoulder, Ginty, will you? I'm busting. There's a good girl.

Father and daughter walk towards the edge of the stage, Travers leaning on Ginty's shoulder. The shameful glare of Allora burning into them.

DON (O.S.)  
When fall the banks of England,  
England falls!

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys are laughing, congratulating one another.

DON  
I love it!

DICK  
You think Walt's gonna like it?

Pamela takes a last look at the Mr Banks picture and spins around viciously.

PAMELA  
Why did you have to make him so  
cruel?

The boys jubilation is halted immediately.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
He was not a monster!

DON  
Who are we talking about? I'm  
confused.

PAMELA  
You all have children yes?

DON  
Yes.

Yep.

DICK

Yes.

BOB

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

DON  
Of course.

DICK  
Mine like to make folded paper--

PAMELA  
(cutting him off)  
And would you tear up those gifts?  
In front of them?!

Silence. They know where this is going.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
It's a dreadful thing to do! I  
don't understand! Why must father  
tear up the advertisement his  
children have written and throw it  
in the fireplace!? Why won't he  
mend their kite? Why have you made  
him so unspeakably awful?  
(beat)  
For all the world to see, in  
glorious technicolor? You claim to  
make them live-- if that happens  
can't he? Can't they at least live  
well?

Pamela chokes back a sudden rush of distress.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
I can't bear it.  
(softly)  
Please don't--

The boys are shocked at the level of upset.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Please don't-- I'll feel like I let  
him down again--

She leaves the room, head hung.

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Travers is in bed, his leg elevated and set with plaster. He  
is shaking badly with DT's, his mood is poisonous.

Ginty sits on the edge of the bed as the DOCTOR packs up his  
bag.

TRAVERS  
I don't suppose there's any more  
you can give me for the pain?

The doctor shakes his head at Travers wanton greed for more.

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

GINTY  
I've brought you something father.

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

Ginty is wary.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)  
In my washroom-- there's a bottle  
of medicine that father needs--

GINTY  
Mother took it away.

Travers slams his fist on the bed, scaring Ginty.

TRAVERS  
Godammit!

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

GINTY  
I wrote a poem for you. It - it  
won first prize, at school.

Travers takes the page, tries to hold it steady in his  
shaking hand.

GINTY (CONT'D)  
Would you like me to read it to  
you?

The agony as Ginty watches the shaking hand. Finally, the  
humiliation is too much for Travers. He scans the page  
rapidly and lowers his hand.

TRAVERS  
It's hardly Yeats, is it?

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

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - BURBANK - DAY

Pamela rushes from the rehearsal 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)  
Let us say that I haven't family who'd notice whether I was halfway across the world or sitting in my living room.

She pulls a thread from the hem of her skirt, ties two twigs together.

RALPH  
Ma'am; I--

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

PAMELA  
Make a little furrow, there.

Ralph dutifully does as he's told, looking over his shoulder for fear of being caught digging holes in Disney soil.

Ralph pokes the ground, thinking.

RALPH  
I gotta kid.

PAMELA  
Well, most people do.

RALPH  
Jane-- she's got all kinds of  
troubles.

Pamela raises an eyebrow.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Handicapped you know? Myelitis--  
transverse. \*  
(beat)  
She's in a wheelchair see? That's  
why I concern myself with the  
weather-- sunny day she can sit out  
in the garden. Rainy day I have to  
leave her cooped up inside.  
(beat)  
Worry 'bout the future, but then I  
stop cuz you can't do that. Only  
today.

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

PAMELA  
Now look.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
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, Bidy 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--

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

GINTY  
Mother?

MARGARET  
I want you to take care of the  
children.

Ginty is groggy, she doesn't understand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Watch over them.

Ginty sits up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
I know you love your father more.  
But one day you'll understand.

GINTY  
What?

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

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - NIGHT

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

GINTY  
Mother!

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

BIDDY (O.S.)  
Ginty!



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

GINTY  
(calling)  
Mother! Mother!

The baby is screaming now.

INT. GINTY BIDDY & MOYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

BIDDY  
Where's ma?

GINTY  
Once upon a time there were three  
little girls alone in a house.  
They were frightened of the big  
wide world just outside the door.

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

GINTY (CONT'D)  
They were so afraid.

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

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

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

GINTY (V.O.)  
But the stars were guarding them,  
they glittered as they spoke "We  
shall send a guide to show them the  
way to the magical ladder which  
will bring them all the way up to  
see us"

EXT. LIVING ROOM - GOFF HOUSE - NIGHT

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

GINTY  
And who do you think those  
sparkling messengers sent? Who was  
it that came flying through the  
starry, starry sky to carry us up  
to see them?

Ginty wraps Moya in a blanket and puts her in Biddy's arms.

BIDDY  
An elf?

EXT. PORCH - GOFF HOUSE - NIGHT

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

GINTY  
Their old Uncle Albert of course!  
(beat, to Biddy)  
Stay right here, be good--

Ginty climbs atop the horse.

BIDDY  
Are you going to the sky?

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

BIDDY  
Is it happy?

EXT. PADDOCK - NIGHT

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

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

Margaret is up to her neck in the freezing water of the  
creek. Shivering cold. She wills herself forward into the  
water. She wants to sink down and simply float away.

From behind her comes the clip clopping of hooves. Margaret  
turns her head and there, atop the horse, is Ginty.

Margaret begins to weep.

Ginty jumps down from the horse and rushes to her mother,  
wading into the water to grab hold of her.

Ginty bobs up and down in front of her mother in the deep water.

MARGARET

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

GINTY

It's time to go home, ma.

She reaches out her hand--

OMITTED

INT. SUITE - EVENING

Pamela looks through a stack of books intently, jotting something down on a piece Beverly Hills Hotel stationery every now and then.

Presently, the phone rings. Pamela almost jumps out of her skin. She rushes to grab it.

PAMELA

(into phone)

Mrs Travers! Hello!

INT. DISNEY'S OFFICE - BURBANK - EVENING.

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

WALT

(coughs into phone)

Pam!

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHONE CALLS AS NECESSARY.

PAMELA

(disappointed)

Mr Disney.

WALT

Callin' to check up on you.

PAMELA

Are you a doctor?

WALT

Hm?

PAMELA

Check ups are for medical practitioners no?

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

PAMELA  
What can I do for you Mister  
Disney?

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

PAMELA  
Walt-- er.

WALT  
I heard things didn't go so well  
today.

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

WALT  
What's this all about Pam? Really?

Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)  
I'm wondering what I have to do to  
make you happy.

PAMELA  
Ha!

WALT  
Aren't you wondering that too?

Silence.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(he has an idea)  
You know, you've never been to  
Disneyland! It's the happiest place  
on Earth!  
(shouting away from the  
phone)  
Tommie! Cancel my morning tomorrow.  
I'm taking a ride with my favorite  
author!  
(into phone)  
Any excuse.

PAMELA  
I cannot tell you how uninterested,  
no, positively sickened I am at the  
thought of going to see your dollar  
printing machine Mr-- Walter.

She notices Mickey's innocent eyes staring at her and gently  
turns his face away.

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

PAMELA  
Disappointments are to the soul  
what the thunderstorm is to the  
air.

Walt slams the phone down. Pamela stares at it in shock!

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello? He hung up! I'm! I! I  
can't believe he hung up!

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

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

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

WALT  
Okay boys. We gotta fix this.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - TRAVERS BEDROOM - ALLORA - MORNING

Ginty sits beside her father, he is restless and sweating in  
his sleep as she wipes his face with a damp sponge.

The sound of a buggy pulling up outside breaks the silence.

MARGARET (O.S.)  
Oh my!

And then a new voice, clear as a crystal bell.

AUNT ELLIE (O.S.)  
Margaret, my poor child. I simply  
had to come. We must fix this.

Travers eyes spring wide open in horror.

TRAVERS  
The Aunt.

INT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - MORNING

A parrot headed umbrella hangs from the back of a chair.

An enormous carpetbag - similar to the one Pamela carries -  
plonked on the living room table and there beside it,  
upright, imposing and matronly is AUNT ELLIE herself. Hair  
scraped back, hands neatly perched inside her apron pocket -  
a very different version but Mary Poppins all the same.

Ginty looks on in awed silence as Ellie begins to remove an  
endless supply of belongings from her bag.

ELLIE  
Now, I've brought every new fangled  
treatment available in Sydney.

Biddy is open mouthed.

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

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

ELLIE  
Do stop babbling nonsense! I'm here  
now and I shall fix everything.  
(beat)  
Girls!  
(beat)  
Feverfew and camomile to lower his  
body temperature. Garlic, sorrel,  
sage. Deadly nightshade. And if  
those don't work-- well I shouldn't  
like to say.

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)  
(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
I thought I had made it quite clear  
you were to begin helping.

Ellie claps her hands together.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Spit spot!

INT. LIMOSINE - MORNING

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

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

RALPH  
Change of venue this morning  
apparently.

PAMELA  
(realizing where she's  
being taken)  
Ugh.

RALPH  
I was thinking about our-- tea  
party?

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

RALPH  
(over)  
Yesterday, the little park.

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

RALPH  
But--

PAMELA  
Concentrate on the road. Always  
chitter chattering!

EXT. DISNEYLAND ENTRANCE - DAY

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

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ralph is goggle-eyed at seeing Walt.

RALPH

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

EXT. DISNEYLAND - DAY

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

WALT

Welcome to the Magic Kingdom!

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

PAMELA

Is it all like this?

Pamela pops a headache pill.

WALT

Yup! Isn't it wonderful?

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

PAMELA

Do you always get everything you  
want Walter?

WALT

Pretty much!

PAMELA

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

WALT

War ain't over yet Pam!

Walt takes Pamela by the arm and leads her through the gates and a murmur goes through the crowds as they gawp. A YOUNG WOMAN breaks free and rushes up to Walt.

YOUNG WOMAN

I love you so much! Can I--?

She proffers a pen and paper but Walt is prepared, he takes a signed postcard with his face on it from his top pocket and hands it to the woman.



PAMELA  
(disgusted)  
Pre-signed?

WALT  
(to Woman)  
You should get hers too.  
(gesturing to Pamela)  
This woman's a bona fide genius!

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

EXT. MAIN STREET - DISNEYLAND - CONTINUOUS

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

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

PAMELA  
Tidbit.

WALT  
(over)  
It has three million leaves, four  
million flowers.

PAMELA  
Gosh.

WALT  
And they said only God could make a  
tree!

Pamela rolls her eyes.

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

They pass by a store front and Walt glances up at the window. It reads: **Elias Disney Contractor Est. 1895**. Pamela notices the look but doesn't say anything.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Where did she come from?

PAMELA  
Who?

WALT  
I think you know who.

PAMELA  
She flew in through the window one day.

WALT  
Through the window huh?

Pamela nods curtly.

WALT (CONT'D)  
It's just that easy isn't it Mrs Travers?

He sees right through her.

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

Way ahead of them the carousel spins in the distance.

EXT. KING ARTHUR'S CAROUSEL - DISNEYLAND - DAY

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

WALT  
Mrs Travers, I would be honoured if you would ride Jingles. She's Mrs Disney's favourite horse.

He escorts Pamela to a beautiful white horse, roses on it's bridal.

PAMELA  
No thank you. I'm happy to watch.

WALT  
No greater joy than that seen through the eyes of a child.

Pamela looks at the children climbing onto the carousel.

WALT (CONT'D)  
There's a child in us all.

PAMELA  
Maybe in you Mister Disney, but certainly not I.

WALT  
Get on the horse Pamela!

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

WALT (CONT'D)  
When we first met, you said to me  
'they're family.'

PAMELA  
I said what?

WALT  
Mary Poppins, the Banks's, they're  
family.  
(beat)  
The boys have had an idea for your  
Mister Banks. I think it'll make  
you happy.

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

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

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

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

WALT (CONT'D)  
Yah!

INT. TRAVER'S BEDROOM - ALLORA - DAY

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

ELLIE  
Well begun, is half done!

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

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

DON  
Good morning Mrs Travers!

She looks at the new arrangement of the room.

PAMELA  
What horrors have you in store for  
my beautiful characters today, hm?

Bob clenches a fist but Dick gives him a look that says: keep calm.

DON  
Now, Mrs Travers you sit here.

He ushers her to a chair facing the centre of the room. He hands pages to Bob and pages to Dolly. Don and Dolly drop to their knees so that they are half the height of Bob.

Pamela raises an eyebrow.

DON (CONT'D)  
We thought about what you said Mrs  
Travers and Mr Banks isn't cruel.  
He isn't. We've got a new ending  
for the film. Oh god, I hope you  
like it.

Bob pulls a kite out from behind his back.

DON (CONT'D)  
(as Michael)  
Michael says, "He mended it! It's  
wonderful!"

DOLLY  
(as Jane)  
However did you manage it?

PAMELA  
(to herself)  
He mended it?

Dick strikes a chord on the piano.

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

Bob takes the hands of Don and Dolly and he dances around with them (awkwardly as they are still on their knees and Bob has a limp.) Pamela's eyes on the fixed kite.

DICK & BOB  
*Let's go fly a kite  
Up to the highest height  
Let's go fly a kite and send it  
soaring  
Up through the atmosphere  
Up where the air is clear  
Oh let's go fly a kite*

Don notices Pamela's foot tapping, he stands up.

DON  
And then Mrs Banks goes to fetch  
her suffragettes ribbon.

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

Don drops to his knees again.

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY  
*Let's go fly a kite  
Up to the highest height*

Is Pamela humming too?!

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY (CONT'D)  
*Let's go fly a kite and send it  
soaring*

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

BOB/DICK/DON/DOLLY/PAMELA  
*Up through the atmosphere  
Up where the air is clear  
Oh let's go fly a kite*

Everybody is up and dancing, it's like something out of a Disney movie!

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

Dolly breaks away and rushes from the room.

DICK (CONT'D)  
*You can dance on the breeze over  
houses and trees--*

INT. DISNEY OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

DOLLY  
Mr Disney! Walt!

Walt spins around.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to interrupt. It's just  
she-- she's dancing! Mrs Travers.  
She's dancing with Don!

He cracks a great big smile.

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

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

As before.

BOB/DICK/DON/PAMELA  
*Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Let's go fly a kite  
Up to the highest height  
Let's go fly a kite and send it  
soaring  
Up through the atmosphere  
Up where the air is clear  
Oh let's go fly a kite!*

They all collapse in a heap, exhausted and thrilled.

PAMELA  
Well.

BOB  
Well?

PAMELA  
Yes! He fixes the kite! Oh, I love  
it!

Dick punches the air.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Though proper English would be 'Let  
us go and fly a kite.'

Bob glares at her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
But I might be willing to overlook  
that.

BOB  
Did we get that on tape?

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

INT. TRAVERS BEDROOM - GOFF HOUSE - EVENING

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)  
The aunt gave me tuppence.

She shows it to him in her open palm.

GINTY (CONT'D)  
Shall I buy you something father?

TRAVERS  
(barely audible)  
Pears--

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - NIGHT

Pamela sits bolt upright in bed, panicked.

PAMELA  
Father?

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - ALLORA - DAY

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

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - MORNING

The limo crests the top of the hill.

INT. LIMO - MORNING

Ralph admires the view as he always does.

PAMELA

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

RALPH

It's always new.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

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

DON

(to Pamela)

So Jolly Holiday's in?

PAMELA

As you wish.

Pamela is genuinely curious.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

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

BOB

Are you serious?

PAMELA

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

DON

(laughing)

No I don't think you can train an actual--



DICK  
(over)  
They're animated.

Pamela is confounded.

PAMELA  
Sorry?

DON  
Dick.

DICK  
Cartoons.

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

DON  
Dick.

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

DON (CONT'D)  
Crap.

DICK  
What? Are we getting real penguins?

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

DOLLY  
Good afternoon Mrs Travers!

PAMELA  
Where is Mister Disney?

DOLLY  
If you'd like to take a seat--

PAMELA  
I would not like to take a seat  
thank you. I would like to--

She heads for Disney's office and Dolly is up and running after her down the corridor.

DOLLY  
Mrs Travers, please!

Pamela blows past Tommie's desk.

PAMELA  
DISNEY!

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

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

TOMMIE  
Walt, I'm so sorry.

WALT  
Don't worry Tommie, please close the door.

Disney gestures to his cigarette.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Never let anybody see me smoking.  
I'd hate to encourage bad habits.  
Please, sit down.

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

WALT  
Pamela--

PAMELA  
MRS TRAVERS. PLEASE!

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

PAMELA  
Penguins!

Walt is confused.

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

WALT  
It's a sequence--

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

WALT  
And it isn't!

PAMELA  
So they're real penguins?

WALT  
No they're animated.

PAMELA  
(sudden realization)  
Oh.  
(to herself, smiling  
ruefully)  
You foolish old woman.

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Good day Mister Disney.

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

WALT  
Pam! Pamela! Mrs Travers! Wait!

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Pamela flies past Dolly's desk.

PAMELA  
Please call my driver and have him  
pick me up.

DOLLY  
Yes ma'am, when?

PAMELA  
NOW!

EXT. DISNEY STUDIOS - DAY

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

WALT  
Please Mrs Travers-- You must  
listen.

PAMELA  
You shouldn't make promises you  
can't keep, especially to children,  
they hold on to them you see? And  
those promises they just sit there  
inside of them, like little doses  
of poison, all those broken  
promises, eating away forever.

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

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

WALT  
The promise breakers? Mrs Travers I--  
-

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

WALT (CONT'D)  
Mrs Travers?

Ralph pulls up and gets out of the car.

RALPH  
Woah! Mister Disney!

WALT  
Hi.

RALPH  
Hi! I'm such a huge fan. It's such  
an honour to--

He suddenly sees that Pamela is more deeply entrenched in  
herself than usual and his priority becomes her.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
(to Walt)  
Excuse me.

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

RALPH (CONT'D)  
You ready to go Mrs?

PAMELA  
Yes. Thank you.

WALT  
Pamela--

PAMELA  
(tearing up)  
I'm so sorry Mister Disney. To have  
put everyone to so much trouble.

WALT  
You must reconsider. You must.

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

DISNEY  
You do know why!

PAMELA  
I can't, he's--

DISNEY  
He's?

PAMELA  
I just-- Goodbye Mr Disney.

She goes to get in the car and Disney puts a hand to stop her  
but Ralph blocks it.

RALPH  
The lady's ready to go now sir.

Walt steps away and Ralph closes the door to the car.

WALT  
He's?

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

EXT. LAX - DAY

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

RALPH  
It's been a pleasure driving you  
Mrs.

PAMELA  
No one likes a fibber.

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

PAMELA  
You found out?

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

PAMELA  
And--

RALPH  
And--  
(he leans into the passenger window)  
And she makes me go to her bedroom and get this!  
(he pulls out a Mary Poppins book)  
Can't stop reading it. I'm very slow mind you.

Pamela smiles.

PAMELA  
Would you like me to sign it?

RALPH  
(delighted)  
Would you?!

PAMELA  
I'd be honoured.

Ralph hands her his pen and she begins to write.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Your daughters name?

RALPH  
Jane.

PAMELA  
Really?

RALPH  
Uh huh. Like the girl in the book.

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

RALPH  
Ralph.

She shakes his hand.

PAMELA  
Pamela.

RALPH  
Pamela.

PAMELA  
You're the only American I have  
ever liked, Ralph.

Ralph is chuffed to bits.

RALPH  
May I ask why?

PAMELA  
No. Now take this--

She hands him the piece of Beverly Hills Hotel stationery  
with her notes on.

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

PAMELA  
They all had difficulties. Jane can  
do anything that anyone else can  
do, do you understand?

Ralph looks at her in awe.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Look at the bottom.

RALPH  
Walt Disney!

PAMELA  
Deficiencies in concentration and  
hyperactive behavior. Explains  
everything!

Pamela turns to leave.

RALPH  
Thank you Mrs.

Pamela doesn't look back.

INT. DISNEY - OUTER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

WALT  
She's gone?

Tommie looks down at her paperwork and nods at Walt apologetically.

TOMMIE  
Flight left 10 minutes ago.

Tommie hands him the itinerary, he glares at it.

WALT  
(expecting to read her name)  
Pamela Tra--  
(beat)  
Goff? Who's Helen Goff?

TOMMIE  
Her. That's her real name.

Walt is confused.

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

WALT  
Then who's Travers?

Tommie and Dolly look at each other and shrug.

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

EXT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

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



INT. GOFF HOUSE - DAY

Ginty senses something wrong, she hears hushed, urgent and emotional voices in the hall. She pokes her head into the hallway. There, huddled together, whispering are her mother, the doctor and Aunt Ellie.

Ellie is holding a pile of blood stained sheets.

Ginty stands frozen, trying to still the panicked beating of her heart.

Margaret spies Ginty and moves towards her as if in slo-mo. There are flecks of blood on her dress. She is ashen, shattered. She comes down to Ginty's level.

MARGARET

Daddy--

Ginty cannot react.

Margaret sweeps her into her arms and Ginty drops the brown paper bag; it tears and scatters pearls all over the floor.

Ginty's eyes fix on Aunt Ellie's umbrella on the back of the chair, drawn into its beady black eyes.

GINTY

I want to see my father.

MARGARET

No, you mustn't.

GINTY

I want to see him!

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

AUNT ELLIE

Let her go Margaret.

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

INT. TRAVERS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ginty stands in the bedroom, a long way from the bed. She stands there, it seems, for an eternity. Then, finally, step by step she draws closer. The empty bottle on the floor. The sheets twisted, still wet with sweat, flecked and spotted with blood. The front of her father's nightdress is also bloodstained. Ginty's eyes reach his face. Travers lies, eyes open, mouth open, teeth slightly red-stained, neither peaceful nor distressed. Just-- nothing.

GINTY  
I dropped the pears.

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

GINTY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry daddy.

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

GINTY (CONT'D)  
You promised you would fix everything.

EXT. SHAWFIELD STREET - LONDON - DAY

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 - DAY

Pamela moves through the vestibule, lugging her suitcase.

PAMELA  
Hello house.

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pamela sits in a chair in the living room watching in 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 dear god!

Standing on the doorstep is Walt Disney. Pamela is, quite literally, speechless.

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

PAMELA  
But, you always get what you want  
eventually. Isn't that right  
Walter?

He looks down at her hand clenched into a fist and shaking.

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

INT. PAMELA'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

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

PAMELA  
Milk. The milk goes in first.

He attends to it.

WALT  
I remember.

PAMELA  
And whiskey. I'll have whiskey in  
mine.

Disney follows her gesture to the whiskey decanter. She takes  
it from him and pours a generous slug into her teacup.

WALT  
(surprised)  
Oh.  
(beat)  
Oh well, when in Rome!

He pours a slug into his tea too.

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

WALT  
No, I've come because you misjudge  
me.

PAMELA  
How do I misjudge you?

WALT  
You look at me and you see some  
kind of Hollywood King Midas.  
(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

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

PAMELA

And don't you?

WALT

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

(beat)

No, you expected me to disappoint you and so you made sure I did. You see, I think life disappoints you, Mrs Travers. I think it's done that a lot. Maybe Mary Poppins is the only person in your life who hasn't.

PAMELA

Mary Poppins isn't real.

WALT

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

PAMELA

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

He laughs.

WALT

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

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

WALT  
But it is true that you created  
yourself in someone else's yes?

She doesn't answer. Walt takes mouthful of laced tea and  
coughs a little.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Ever been to Kansas City, Mrs  
Travers? Do you know Missouri at  
all?

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

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

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

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

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

(beat)  
Honestly, Mrs Travers, the snow  
would be up to here--

He gestures to his knees.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You'd push through it like wading  
through molasses.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

And the cold and the wet would be seeping through the shoes and the skin would be raw and peeling from our faces-- and sometimes I'd find myself sunk down in the snow, waking up, cuz I must've passed out for a moment-- I dunno. Then school, too cold to figure out an equation. And back into the snow so by the time we got home it'd be just getting dark, and every part of you would sting like crazy as it slowly came back to life in the warmth. My mother would feed us dinner and then it'd be time to go out again for the evening edition.

(beat)

Best be quick Walt, best be quick or poppa's gonna show you the buckle end again boy.

Walt smiles at Pamela, sips his tea.

WALT (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

It's your father--?

(beat)

Travers Goff.

PAMELA

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

WALT

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

PAMELA

I--

WALT  
Mrs. Travers. It's all about him  
isn't it? All of this. Everything.

Pamela looks at her hands, they're shaking.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Forgiveness. It's what I learned  
from your books.

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

WALT  
No, you need to forgive Helen Goff.  
Life is a harsh sentence to lay  
down for yourself.

Pamela looks down at the table top.

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

INT. PAMELA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

PAMELA  
Enough.

EXT. ANIMATION BUILDING - THREE YEARS LATER - DAY

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

TOMMIE

Walt.

She hands him a sheet of paper.

TOMMIE (CONT'D)

Invitation list for the premiere.

WALT

Is that everyone?

TOMMIE

Not everyone.

She looks at Walt questioningly.

WALT

(sighs)

We'll premiere in London as well.  
It'll be more convenient for her.

Tommie holds his look.

WALT (CONT'D)

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

TOMMIE

Okay.

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

OMITTED

INT. PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY.

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

PAMELA

I should say so too.

The doorbell sounds, voices.

Pamela begins to tap again.



POLLY (O.S.)  
Mrs Travers!

Pamela tuts, tries to carry on with her work.

POLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mrs Travers!

Pamela rises from her chair, smoothes down her skirt.

PAMELA  
For goodness sake!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Please don't screech like an alleycat!

INT. PAMELA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

DIARMUID  
I am so pleased to hear that Mrs Travers.

PAMELA  
I should think you'll have a draft very soon.  
(calling out)  
Polly! Where's that tea?  
(to Diarmuid)  
It's coming along marvelously!

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

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(to Polly)  
Would you pour please?

POLLY  
You're perfectly capable of doing it yourself.

Polly leaves, Pamela rolls her eyes.

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

DIARMUID  
So why do you keep her?

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

Diarmuid laughs.

DIARMUID  
Do you have a title?

PAMELA  
Mary Poppins in the Kitchen.

DIARMUID  
Wonderful. Should we start talking  
about the film rights?

Pamela narrows her eyes at him.

PAMELA  
NEVER again.

DIARMUID  
Okay.  
(beat)  
Now, tell me, Have you got your  
tiara for the premiere?

PAMELA  
Oh, I'm not going.

DIARMUID  
Why not?

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

DIARMUID  
He hasn't invited you, has he?

Pamela doesn't reply.

DIARMUID (CONT'D)  
Mary Poppins wouldn't stand for  
that.

INT. PLANE - DAY

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

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Can I help you?

PAMELA  
I'm perfectly capable thank you.

The flight attendant recognizes her with something akin to horror.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Suit yourself-- ma'am.

PAMELA  
(cheery)  
I shall!

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

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

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, opens her eyes again and tucks her feet tidily together. She folds her hands neatly into her lap and looks straight ahead.

INT. DISNEY STUDIOS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

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

WALT  
Morning Dolly.

Dolly opens her mouth to speak but he's already past and approaching--

TOMMIE'S DESK

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

WALT (CONT'D)  
What?

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

PAMELA  
Me again!

INT. DISNEY OFFICE - DAY

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

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

PAMELA  
I'm here for my premiere.

WALT  
Great!

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

She smiles sweetly.

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

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

WALT  
Pam, how could I?

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

INT. SUITE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

The porter lets Pamela into her room, and doesn't even bother  
hovering for a tip.

Pamela turns and it's like deju vu - the flowers, the  
chocolates, the champagne, a VIP invitation to the premiere  
of Walt Disney's Mary Poppins. And, of course, the ubiquitous  
stuffed Mickey Mouse.

PAMELA  
(to Mickey)  
I thought I left you in London.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - FORECOURT - NIGHT

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

PAMELA  
(to doorman)  
Would you call me a taxi please?

DOORMAN  
Absolutely.

The doorman goes to find her a cab and in his absence a limo pulls up to the kerb. Pamela doesn't dare get her hopes up but the door swings open and there he is, her favorite 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 like a million bucks!  
Let's get you to the ball.

He opens the back door for her and she climbs in.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

It's spectacular! Disney's biggest Hollywood opening. Bulbs flash continuously as limo after limo pulls up at the red carpet. Ushers are dressed as English bobbies. Reporters stand on podiums in colourful suits, Penguins dance their hearts out in front of the theater. Pearly Kings and Queens play for the onlookers. Crowds and crowds of fans scream every time a bulb flashes, waving their autograph books and posters in the air. Every Disney character imaginable bounces up and down the lines of well-wishers, hugging them, dancing for them, signing their booklets. Hollywood Blvd is completely shut down and the atmosphere is like the happiest party you could ever go to.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Ralph takes the car slowly through the crowds. Onlookers press their faces against the windows trying to make out who is inside. Pamela is nervous, everyone else has someone with them but Pamela must brave the crowd alone.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - HOLLYWOOD -NIGHT

The limo stops at the edge of the carpet and Ralph jumps out. He rushes round to Pamela's side and helps her from the car. 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?" Pamela spots Walt, Dick Van Dyke and Julie Andrews being interviewed together up ahead.

Mickey Mouse bounces down the carpet and slows-- he and Pamela lock eyes for a brief moment. He holds out his gloved hand, she takes it and together they watch as a huge toy train chugs to a halt on the blvd and hundreds upon hundreds of coloured balloons fly out of it's roof and into the air.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT

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 Ginty on his back, carrying her river  
soaked mother back to the house--

JANE  
Father in a cage?

Ginty pressing the final bottle into her father's hand--

BERT  
They makes cages in all sizes and  
shapes, you know.

The image of the dead Travers in his bloodstained bed--

BERT (CONT'D)  
Bank-shaped some of 'em, carpets  
and all.

DISSOLVE TO:

Children in the audience, their little faces tilted upwards.  
Rapt.

MICHEAL  
You won't ever leave us will you?

JANE  
Whatever would we do without you?

MARY POPPINS  
I shall stay until the wind  
changes.

And then an image from the film:

George Banks walks away from us down the misty tree-lined  
London street, on his way to be fired from the bank.

Walt Disney watches with quiet satisfaction.

Pamela however has tears coursing down her face. Her  
shoulders heave as she tries desperately not to sob out loud  
but people are noticing, looking at her.

Disney leans forward, placing a hand on her shoulder. She  
reaches up and grips it tightly, unable to speak.

WALT  
It's all right, Mrs Travers. It's  
alright. Mr Banks is going to be  
all right. I promise.

Pamela nods in gratitude, but cannot contain her sobs. It's all pouring from her now, in one immense catharsis.

PAMELA

No, no. It's just that-- I can't, I can't abide cartoons!

We stay on her face as we bring up the final song of the film: Let's Go Fly A Kite. The audience around her are smiling, laughing, singing along. Pamela, the tears, silent now, still pouring down her cheeks as she slowly begins to mouth along with the lyrics.

And in her head one final image appears.

Travers gaze falls upon Ginty, outside his bedroom window, sweeping. Their eyes meet for a brief moment, an unspoken understanding of what is to come, before his close with tiredness.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

Never. I promise. I will never lose you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARYBOROUGH PARK - DAY

The shadow of an umbrella leaves the ten-year-old Ginty sitting in the lush grass, arms wrapped tightly around her chest, face to the sky as a smile breaks free across her face.

TRAVERS (V.O.)

(singing)  
*Winds in the East  
Mist coming in--*

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

TRAVERS

*--Like something is brewing,  
about to begin--*

And further and further--

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

*Can't put me finger on what lies in  
store--*

We give chase but cannot catch up--

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

*But I feel what's to happen, all  
happened before--*



And the umbrella floats up, up, up into the atmosphere and  
away--

FADE OUT:

END