

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A medicine bottle sits on a saucer on a bedside table with a large, stainless steel spoon next to it. The table is adorned with a few objects of childhood - a child's book, a small toy and a night light.

An ADULT HAND unscrews the cap of the medicine bottle and pours a dose onto the spoon.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Annie! It's time!

CUT TO:

BLACK

NARRATOR
In a house, on a street on the outskirts
of town,
Lived a family and their daughter, Miss
Annabel Brown.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE- DAY

A large variety of TOYS and DOLLS sit on top of the wardrobe.
Lifeless.

NARRATOR
Now , Annie had hundreds and hundreds of
toys.
She didn't need playmates or board games
or boys.

A CHILD'S HAND reaches up from below and starts to remove
several of the toys, one by one.

At the back of the pile of toys is the smallest toy, a
forgotten looking soul with a torn ear and a missing eye -
LITTLE TOMMY TUMMY.

SUPERTITLE: LITTLE TOMMY TUMMY

MOTHER
(o.s.)
Annie! Did you hear me?

The hands move in again and grab Little Tommy Tummy from his
place at the back of the toys.

FADE TO: BLACK

NARRATOR
But lately, she'd noticed that things
weren't the same.
(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And someone was playing some dangerous games.

INT. BEDROOM - BOOKSHELF - DAY

One of the toys we saw removed from the top of the wardrobe, ALFIE, sits on the top shelf of the tall bookshelf, teetering on the edge of a miniature abyss.

NARRATOR

Wee Alfie was pushed from the bookshelf so tall,
And he could do nothing to stop himself fall.

Below Alfie on the floor, sits a GROUP OF TOYS, all propped up to look as though they are looking up at the him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The others watched, horrified, down on the floor,
Believing poor Alfie would soon be no more.

A HUMAN FINGER slowly moves in and begins to push Alfie closer to the edge of the shelf.

The toys down on the floor continue to look up in inanimate trepidation.

The finger gives ALFIE one last nudge and he SLIPS OFF the edge of the shelf.

The toys below can be heard to give out an IMAGINARY when the falling Alfie is stopped at the last minute by the finger catching his arm, giving the impression that Alfie is hanging on for dear life with one hand.

The toys on the floor give out an imaginary CRY OF RELIEF.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But a finger reached out and caught hold of his arm,
And it seemed as if Annie would keep him from harm.

INT. BEDROOM - BY THE WINDOW - DAY

The arm of another toy is moved towards a blind cord. Another HUMAN FINGER holds the toy's hand against the cord, as though the toy were grabbing the cord.

INT. BEDROOM - BOOKSHELF - DAY

Alfie is beginning to lose his hold on the shelf edge - the finger is loosening its grip on the toy's hand.

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The toys below all look at each other in a panic, not knowing what to do.

NARRATOR

Then he started to slip, he just couldn't
hold on,
If nothing can stop him, this toy will be
gone!

INT. BEDROOM - BY THE WINDOW - DAY

The toy holding the cord pulls it back, out of frame.

INT. BEDROOM - BOOKSHELF - DAY

The finger releases its grip on the hanging toy and he FALLS from the high shelf.

The crowd of toys look up helplessly.

From the direction of the window, another toy swings into view. The heroic SAM, holding on to the blind cord, SWOOPS in and catches Alfie, to the relief and adulation of the crowd of toys below.

NARRATOR

Then one second before he lost grip of
the hand,
Someone came to the rescue - Thank
goodness for Sam!

Sam swings back to the window and lets go of the cord. Both Sam and the saved toy are picked up by a pair of HUMAN HANDS and placed on the floor next to the group of toys. The hands hold Sam up in the air above the other toys like a hero.

The smiling but very pale face of ANNIE (8), the child playing, comes into view.

She places Sam back on the ground, next to another toy, EVIE SMEEVY. Annie holds them together, as though they were hugging.

She moves the other toys in to hug Sam as well. Annie picks up Sam and puts him back on top of the wardrobe for all to see.

The toys on top of the wardrobe all gather and congratulate Sam for saving Alfie. At the back of the wardrobe sits Little Tommy Tummy, who looks at his hero with his back to him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But relief was short lived, they soon
were to find,
For Fate had more sinister mischief in
mind.

INT. BEDROOM CORNER - EVENING

Annie sits on the floor facing the corner and hunched over something unseen. There are several TOYS sitting on the floor beside her.

She quickly picks one of the toys up and rushes it over to --

INT. TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

Annie's hand RUSHES the toy into the group of toys sitting on top of the wardrobe. Annie's other hand searches around and pulls out Sam. She puts the two toys together, as though they are speaking.

NARRATOR

"Sam, oh dear Sam! Come here quick if you will,
Your truest love Evie is quite gravely ill!"

The toys on top of the wardrobe all sit up and take notice.

INT. BEDROOM CORNER - EVENING

Annie rushes Sam down to Evie, who lies in a makeshift cardboard bed. Around her are gathered some various toys. Annie's hand grabs DOCTOR SMOO and brings him to meet Sam.

NARRATOR

"Dear Sam, I'm afraid I don't quite know what's wrong,
But I'm sorry, I don't think she's got very long."

The toys all turn and look to Sam who slowly approaches the cardboard bed where Evie lies motionless.

Sam goes to her side and Annie's hand moves in and turns Evie's head towards Sam. Annie joins their hands together.

The other toys all bow their heads.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie, Sam and the other toys sit beside Evie's bedside, holding a candle lit vigil for her. The toys at the top of the wardrobe all peer over the edge to see.

Little Tommy Tummy is at the back of the crowd, unable to see properly.

CANDLE

Snuffed out.

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

A small MOUND OF EARTH under a tree.

Annie kneels with her toys. Sam sits at the front of the group, his head bowed.

Annie's hand takes one of the toys and places its hand on Sam's shoulder. The group, including Annie, all bow their heads.

Little Tommy Tummy and the other toys watch from the bedroom window.

NARRATOR

The next day they buried her, under the
tree,
With a bunch of wild flowers for everyone
to see.

INT. TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

Annie's hands place the toys back on top of the wardrobe, each wearing a little black arm band.

Dr Smoo, HORATIO THE OWL and other SENIOR TOYS are locked in deep conversation.

DR SMOO

What does this mean?

HORATIO OWL

Are we mortal now tooooo?

DR SMOO

How did this happen?

HORATIO OWL

Oh, what shall we dooooo?

At the back of the group, Little Tommy Tummy leans forward to see that the space Evie Smeevy used to occupy at the top of the wardrobe is now empty.

He looks over to see Sam, sitting at the far corner of the wardrobe, away from the other toys. Head is bowed in silence.

INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - EVENING

A hand places Sam by the window. He sits staring out of the window at the little grave outside.

NARRATOR

Poor Sam was heartbroken, his true love
was gone.
And Little Tommy Tummy knew something was
wrong.

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CONTINUED:

From his spot on top of the wardrobe, Little Tommy Tummy watches Sam.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light creeps across the toys on top of the wardrobe.

Little Tommy Tummy looks out from his spot to the window.

Sam is gone.

NARRATOR

Next day, as dawn broke, rose a terrible cry!

Their dear Sam, their saviour, had decided to die!

The toys peer over the edge of the wardrobe to see --

SAM, lying on the floor at the bottom of the wardrobe. He is bent out of shape and STUFFING is leaking from single neat cuts in each of his wrists.

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

There are now two little mounds of earth under the tree.

Annie and the toys all sit nearby.

INT. TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

The toys have gathered together. Horatio the Owl is in the centre of the group.

TOY #1

What's going on?

TOY #2

Who is next?

NARRATOR

Nobody knew.

TOY #3

Without Sam, who will save us? Please tell us, Dr Smoo!

Little Tommy Tummy, who has been watching from the back of the group, tries to step forward. The other toys all stop and watch him.

A beat of silence.

LITTLE TOMMY TUMMY

It's Annie who plays with us, her love and her hate, determines our own, and decides on our fate!

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CONTINUED:

TOY #2

Oh shut up, you freak, you sad, thick
little boy!

TOY #3

What kind of little girl would kill her
own toys?

They all laugh at the little toy and turn back to their
debate as if no one has spoken.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE - NIGHT

Annie's HAND sneaks up from below and silently makes its way
towards a toy sitting at the far end of the wardrobe - WIGGY
WOO WOO.

The hand whisks him away.

INT. BEDROOM - BY ANNIE'S BED - MORNING

Annie is playing with two toys, FERGIE and VELVET near her
bed.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

A terrible CRY. Fergie and Velvet appear at the top of the
wardrobe.

TOY #1

Oh quickly, come quickly. Please come
over here,
For Wiggy Woo Woo has gone too, now, we
fear!

INT. BEDROOM - BY ANNIE'S BED - DAY

The toys have gathered beside the corner of Annie's bed.
Before them lies the body of Wiggy Woo Woo. His head is
CRUSHED under one of the legs of the bed.

HORATIO OWL

Oh no, it's not right, this just isn't
fair!,
Someone call the police - go and get
Detective Bear!"

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Annie and the toys are all in attendance for Wiggy Woo Woo's
funeral. All have their heads bowed. All, that is, except
Little Tommy Tummy, who is looking up at Annie.

After a moment, he too bows his head.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

The toys are all sitting listening to a toy standing before them is DETECTIVE BEAR, dressed like Sherlock Holmes.

DETECTIVE BEAR
I'll find him. I'll catch him and make
him atone.
But it's dangerous and so I must do this
alone!

The toys all applaud the brave Detective Bear. He takes a bow and then turns to survey the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - BY THE BED - DAY

Detective Bear is examining the area by the bed where Wiggy Woo Woo was found with his MAGNIFYING GLASS. There is a piece of stuffing on the floor.

NARRATOR
Soon hot on the trail, Detective Bear
found a clue,
That led him away and far out of view.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDER THE TABLE - DAY

Detective Bear, holding the piece of stuffing in one hand and his magnifying glass in the other, is still hot on the trail, examining every detail in his path.

Then he stops and slowly looks up at something offscreen.

A large SHADOW looms across him.

His magnifying glass falls to the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDER THE TABLE - LATER

The toys are all gathered once more. At their feet lies Detective Bear's magnifying glass. They all sit in silence, looking up at something --

Detective Bear swinging from the underside of the table,
HANGED.

INT. TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

Two toys are fighting each other. The other toys are gathered around to watch.

Horatio the Owl enters and gives a loud "TWIT-TWOO". The fighting toys stop.

HORATIO OWL
This doesn't make sense. It just can't be
troooo

(MORE)

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HORATIO OWL (CONT'D)

We need to stay calm and decide what to dooooo!

Little Tommy Tummy, at the back of the crowd, slowly slinks back into his dark little spot. He stops for a moment and then moves away from the toys.

One toy spots him.

TOY #3

Where are you going? Stop there, don't even blink!

LITTLE TOMMY TUMMY

I'm going away, to a place I can think.

TOY #1

That's rubbish, you're lying, that's just a pretext!
You're off to think about who to kill next!

All the other toys turn and fix on Little Tommy Tummy.

TOY #2

Let's get him, the swine! Yes, he did it, it's true!

The toys begin to slowly approach the little toy.

NARRATOR

But another toy turned and said --

TOY #3

-- What if it's you?

The toys all turn on each other, blaming each other for the deaths.

HORATIO OWL

Hooo, noooo, you've no proof! You've no case! This is wrong!
We'll all be accusing each other before long!

The toys continue quarreling, paying no attention to Horatio.

At the back of the wardrobe, Little Tommy Tummy edges his way to the gap between the wardrobe and the wall.

He takes a look down the seemingly cavernous gap and then JUMPS down into it, leaving the other toys to fight.

INT. BACK OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

Little Tommy Tummy squeezes his way down to the floor.

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CONTINUED:

NARRATOR

But Tommy was small and escaped without
heed,
As he slipped out unnoticed, he spied the
next deed!

Little Tommy Tummy turns his head and sees Annie sneaking up
to the wardrobe. She surreptitiously reaches up and grabs a
toy, making off with it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now he knew who was guilty, his task, it
was great,
He needed to stop her before it was too
late.

Little Tommy Tummy continues on his way down.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The row of little graves has gotten a little longer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A blindfolded toy is left beside a chair. The FAMILY DOG
approaches it ominously. GROWLS.

INT. BEDROOM - BY THE WINDOW - DAY

A toy is looking out the window through the blinds at the
graves outside. Annie's hand reaches for the blind cord and
TRAPS it in the blinds, its legs jutting out.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The row of graves gets longer.

INT. BEDROOM - BOOKSHELF - DAY

FIVE TOYS sit in a row on a shelf.

Annie's finger appears flicks each of the toys off the shelf,
one by one, sending them to their doom below.

EXT. GARDEN PATH STEPS - DAY

A TOY has a six inch nail placed at its head.

A hammer is raised.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Annie's hand pats the top of another little mound of earth in
the row of graves.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A pair of hands wrap a TOY in tin foil and place it in an oven.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Annie puts the plug in the bathroom sink. Runs the hot water.

A toy with a large pebble attached to its feet is placed next to the running tap. A grimace.

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

One by one, the toys start to fade from the top of the wardrobe until there are only a few left.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The row of graves has gotten even longer.

Annie, smiling maniacally.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annie's feet stop at the wardrobe. The door is open a tiny crack.

INT. INSIDE THE WARDROBE - DAY

Little Tommy Tummy watches --

The legs stretch as ANNIE reaches up to the top of the wardrobe on her tiptoes.

NARRATOR

Now Tommy, he knew that he had to act
fast,
They needed a hero - had his time come at
last?

The crack in the wardrobe door closes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie is asleep in her bed, sleeping nice dreams if her compusure is anything to go by.

The wardrobe door starts to CREAK open. A small TOY HAND can be seen pushing it.

An EYE peers out from inside.

EXT. GARDEN - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

The back door CREAKS open to reveal - a Little Tommy Tummy, silhouetted in the doorway, with a spade in one hand and something resembling a sack in the other.

EXT. GARDEN - BY THE GRAVES - NIGHT.

The spade is driven deep into one of the graves. It begins shovelling the dirt away.

The moon shines full.

The shovel is thrown down on the grass.

A toy HAND can be seen protruding from the dirt. A SHADOW crosses the grave.

Little Tommy Tummy makes his way back to the house, dragging the sack which now contains something larger than himself.

One of the graves. Now EMPTY.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wardrobe door CREAKS shut. Annie continues in her angelic slumber.

INT. THE WARDROBE.

The spade is dropped to the floor.

The sack flops into the back corner of the wardrobe. Little Tommy Tummy stands before it.

He pulls the sack down and a lifeless form that we cannot see properly falls forward.

Little Tommy Tummy pokes it with the spade. It merely falls to one side. He pokes it again. It only falls to the other side.

He stands back and stares for a moment.

NARRATOR

The contents of the sack were lifeless,
still broken,
And he knew that the little girl mustn't
be woken!

FADE TO:

BLACK.

We hear the door of the wardrobe CREAK open.

CUT TO:

The interior of the wardrobe FLOODS WITH LIGHT. Little Tommy Tummy is struggling with a TORCH.

Two BATTERIES fall to the floor. They CLATTER to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops and peers out through the crack in the wardrobe door to see --

POV:

Annie still sleeping soundly.

A COAT hanging up in the wardrobe is unhooked from its hanging place and falls to the bottom of the wardrobe. The shoulders of the coat rustle, caused by something moving inside it. Little Tommy Tummy appears from under it.

Another coat falls to the bottom of the wardrobe.

Two metal COATHANGERS interlink with each other.

The hook of a metal coathanger is looped around the lifeless form lying on the floor of the wardrobe.

Another metal coathanger is moved towards one of the batteries.

INT. BEDROOM - OUTSIDE THE WARDROBE - NIGHT

A bright LIGHT shines through the crack between the wardrobe doors. We can also hear several BUZZES of electricity.

INT. THE WARDROBE.

Little Tommy Tummy, his face illuminated by the ELECTRICAL SPARKS, looks down at the sack. The sparks fade and the sack begins to MOVE. Little Tommy Tummy starts to back away from the sack and looks up as a TOWERING SHADOW crosses his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY

The row of little graves.

FADE TO BLACK.

NARRATOR

And while Annie slept, without stir,
without snore,
The toys, heavy-heartedly, settled their
score.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - TOP OF THE WARDROBE - DAY

There are not many toys left on top of the wardrobe. Empty spaces abound. Little Tommy Tummy sits in a clear space, in plain sight.

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CONTINUED:

Annie appears at the edge of the wardrobe. A pair of scissors rise up from the edge of the wardrobe also, wielded by Annie.

CUT TO:

A toy hand wraps itself around a blind cord.

CUT TO:

Annie is almost upon Little Tommy Tummy. She raises the scissors and reaches out for him. She picks him up.

The toys on the floor all look up in horror.

CUT TO:

The hand holding the cord pulls it back, out of frame.

CUT TO:

Annie opens the scissors and starts to CUT Little Tommy Tummy's ear.

The toys on the floor all look away. One of them looks up at something else moving above them, and follows it with their head.

NARRATOR

The toys hid their eyes, and in terror
they shook,
But one of them noticed and yelled out
loud, "Look!"

Annie looks up, away from Little Tommy Tummy, and in shock, sees - SAM, holding on to the blind cord, swinging towards her.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For swining from the blind cord,
determined and calm,
Was their hero, resurrected. Their
saviour, their Sam!

Sam lands on Annie's face. She drops Little Tommy Tummy, who hits the floor with the scissors still in his ear. Annie falls back, recoiling in horror at the partially rotted toy clinging to her face. She lies back on the floor. Sam stands over her face. He looks over to the group of toys on the floor, who CHEER his return. But as he looks away, Annie scrambles backwards, throwing Sam away from her. She crawls to the bedroom door, trying to escape, but it is locked. She turns around to see Sam and the toys approaching her. She is cornered.

Sam and the toys move in.

Annie's eyes widen in fright.

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We hear a childlike banshee cry.

FADE TO: BLACK

FADE TO:

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING.

Bird calls echo across the garden. Under the tree is the same row of little mounds. Only now, there is a larger, human sized mound at the end of the row.

ANGLE ON: THE BEDROOM WINDOW

The toys are all sitting at the window, looking out at the garden.

INT. BEDROOM - BY THE WINDOW - MORNING

The toys all watch the fresh grave outside and are all jubilant. Sam stands among the crowd and, although rotted, is afforded the same adulation he observed before. Some of the toys part and Evie Smeevy, rotted yet resurrected, comes forward. She and Sam hold hands and start to dance before the toys, the graves in the background outside.

Little Tommy Tummy watches it all, still from his place at the back of the crowd.

But, Horatio Owl stops.

HORATIO OWL

Hoo hoo, we have done it! The battle is won!

But who's left to play with us now Annie is gone?

The toys all stop. Even Sam and Evey Smeevy stop their dance and contemplate.

But at the back of the crowd, Little Tommy Tummy turns and smiles to himself.

FADE TO: BLACK

FADE TO:

EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY

The rows of earth. The human sized one has been dug up. Into view steps Annie, covered in earth and cradling her toys, including Little Tommy Tummy. She looks at us and smiles, hugging her toys lovingly.

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CONTINUED:

MOTHER

(o.s.)

Annie? What have you done to my lawn?!

FADE TO: BLACK

THE END.