

How Timmy Became a Bear
Written by
Timothy Webber

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912-308-8728
tim@swptcw.com
1409 Botham Jean Blvd
Apt 620
Dallas, TX 75215
tcwebber.com

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

- Timothy, 17, moves through the crowded hallway, unnoticed.

MATCH CUT TO:

- Cafeteria noise and movement.

- Timothy sits alone at a long table, isolated.

MATCH CUT TO:

- Classroom board reads:

MYTHOLOGY: SHAPESHIFTING FOLKLORE

TEACHER (O.S.)

Why do so many cultures have
transformation myths?

- Hands shoot up.

- Timothy raises his hand.

- The Teacher calls on someone else.

- Timothy lowers his hand.

- Writes instead.

- Timothy writes in his notebook:

"Transformation is usually about survival."

- In the margins, deliberate sketches of stitched animals:

Thread winding through trees.

A small stuffed bear, a careful heart of thread across its chest.

A turtle.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Timothy enters.

The room is quiet.

He sets his bag down and sits at a small table.

A puzzle waits there.

He begins working.

Pieces click softly together.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN / DINING AREA - EVENING

The apartment is quiet.

Timothy sets two plates on the table. Careful. Aligned.

A key turns. Diane enters, still in scrubs. Exhausted.

TIMOTHY

Dinner's ready.

She smiles faintly. Sits.

Timothy places the food in front of her. Then sits across.

Diane takes a bite.

DIANE

(soft)

This is really good—

Her eyes close.

Her hand slackens.

The fork slips against the plate.

She's asleep.

Timothy doesn't move.

A beat.

He reaches over. Gently takes the fork from her hand.

Sets it down.

He drapes a blanket over her shoulders.

Making sure it stays.

She doesn't wake.

On the wall—family photos.

In each one, she looks a little more tired.

Timothy sits back down.

His plate untouched.

He watches her sleep.

Holding the quiet together.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy sits at his puzzle table.

The box shows a woodland scene in muted, antique colors,
Birch trees.

A narrow path disappearing into shadow.

Something large half-hidden between trunks.

Not quite visible.

Timothy works methodically. A practiced rhythm.

His hands select pieces, test them, fit them together.

Sections take shape, Tree bark.

Moss.

Threadlike lines winding through branches.

Almost like stitching.

Then he stops.

He searches the remaining pieces.

Looking for edges.

There aren't enough.

He checks the box.

He spreads the pieces wider across the table. Still no
edges.

The image doesn't end.

It spills outward.

Timothy studies the unfinished edge.

Something shifts in his expression.

Not anger. Not frustration.

Understanding.

The apartment is quieter.

Too much space.

Timothy looks at the puzzle again.

An image without edges.

Without anything to contain it.

Something settles.

He pushes his chair back and stands.

The puzzle remains unfinished.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONT)

Timothy stands from the puzzle table.

He looks around his room.

Through the open doorway, the apartment beyond is dark.
Quiet.

His coat hangs on a hook by the door.

Timothy looks at it.

A beat.

He steps over and slips it on.

The coat is old wool, a little too big for him. Inside the pocket, a carefully stitched patch, evidence of repair.

He checks the pockets absently.

Then he looks to the window.

Night outside.

A beat.

Timothy crosses back to his desk and writes a note.

ON THE NOTE:

"Going for a walk.

I'll be back.

- T"

He sets the note where it will be seen.
Timothy takes one last look around the room.
The lunchboxes. The books.
Everything in its place.
He opens his bedroom door and steps out.
The room remains behind him, unchanged.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Timothy moves through the dark, quiet apartment.
He passes the kitchen. His note waits on the table.
The living room is still. The television dark.
Timothy reaches the front door and steps outside.
He closes it softly.
Then locks it.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Timothy walks down the hallway past closed apartment doors.
Muted sounds leak through the walls, a television laugh track, distant voices, a baby crying.
Lives unfolding on different rhythms.
Timothy keeps walking.
No doors open.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Timothy steps outside.
A modest, working-class neighborhood. Quiet. Still.
Streetlights cast a soft, uneven glow across the pavement.
He stands at the corner.
To his left, the familiar route, the corner store, routine, home.

He hesitates.

Then Timothy turns right.

At the far end, trees rise against the night.

Timothy walks toward them.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Timothy steps off the sidewalk towards the trees.

He stops at the edge.

Behind him the sounds of the city linger.

Traffic.

Sirens. Voices.

Ahead:

Wind in the trees.

Insects.

Leaves shifting overhead.

Branches creaking.

Timothy listens.

A beat.

Then he steps into the forest.

Birch trunks rise around him.

The pale bark catches the moonlight.

For a moment, the forest feels familiar.

EXT. DEEPER FOREST - NIGHT

Timothy pauses.

A sound drifts through the trees, soft, broken, rhythmic.

Not wind. Not an animal.

Crying.

Timothy turns toward it.

He moves carefully now. Quietly.

The sound grows closer.

Small. Young.

Heartbroken.

Timothy slows, listening.

The forest holds its breath with him.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Timothy steps into a small clearing.

Birch trees form a loose ring around it, their white bark catching the moonlight.

The ground is carpeted with moss, soft and untouched.

A fallen log rests near the center.

Behind it, movement.

Timothy stops.

Slowly, he lowers himself to his knees.

Not too close.

His hands rest on his thighs.

He waits.

Whatever is here, he makes space for it.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

From behind the fallen log, something shifts.

A small turtle emerges partway into view.

His shell is green, mottled with brown. One edge is cracked. Dirt and moss cling to him.

One leg trembles. Another stays tucked tight.

Wide eyes. Scared. Sad.

Alone.

TURDLE

(soft, uneven - to
himself)

I'm wr-wrong. No one wants me to
stay.

Timothy doesn't move.

He doesn't reach out. Doesn't step closer.

He stays exactly where he is.

Turdle startles when he finally notices Timothy.

Freezes.

Ready to disappear back into himself.

TIMOTHY

(quiet, gentle)

Hey.

Turdle doesn't move.

TIMOTHY

I'm not going to hurt you.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

What's making you feel that way?

TURDLE

E-everything.
I'm wrong.
Nobody wants me.

His body trembles.

TURDLE

I can't talk right.
I can't do anything right.

Timothy listens.

He doesn't interrupt.

Doesn't rush.

Doesn't try to fix it.

After a moment,

TIMOTHY
 (quiet, certain)
 I do.

Turdle looks up, confused.

TURDLE
 You what?

TIMOTHY
 I want you here.

A beat.

TIMOTHY
 You're not wrong.

Silence.

Turdle stares at him, disbelief flickering into something fragile. Hope. Fear.

Timothy holds his gaze. Steady. Kind.

Neither of them moves.

Something has settled.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT (CONT)

Turdle stays where he is. Hesitant.

Timothy remains still. Patient.

TURDLE
 Why w-would you want me?

TIMOTHY
 Because you shouldn't be alone.

A beat.

TIMOTHY
 I know what that feels like.
 And I know how to listen.

Turdle's shell trembles.

TURDLE
 I'm hard to be around. I panic. I
 mess things up.

Timothy listens.

A flicker of recognition crosses his face.

He has heard this voice before.

Turdle looks at him.

Timothy slowly extends his hand. Careful. Open.

He keeps his distance.

TIMOTHY

I can't promise it'll be perfect.

Another beat.

TIMOTHY

But I can promise I won't rush you.

Turdle looks at the offered hand.

Trembling.

Terrified.

Wanting.

Slowly, he reaches out with a tiny flipper.

Places it in Timothy's palm.

Timothy closes his hand gently around it.

The small flipper disappears in his palm.

They hold still.

Human and turtle.

Connected.

EXT. FOREST / STREET - NIGHT

Timothy moves through the trees, carrying Turdle carefully against his chest.

The forest thins.

Streetlights appear ahead.

Turdle tenses as buildings and passing cars come into view. The noise. The speed.

TIMOTHY

(soft)

It's okay. Almost there.

Turdle presses closer. Still scared, but not alone.

Timothy adjusts his grip, instinctively protective.

They cross from forest to street.

An empty bus stop bench passes by.

Timothy glances at it.

Then keeps walking.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Timothy slips inside quietly.

The apartment is dark. Still.

His mother isn't home yet.

Cradling Turdle carefully, Timothy moves down the hall toward his bedroom.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy enters, carrying Turdle carefully.

He switches on a small lamp.

Warm light fills the room.

Turdle looks around, overwhelmed by the space, the walls, the ceiling, the objects everywhere.

The lunchboxes lining the walls catch his eye.

TIMOTHY

This is my room. It's not much. But
it's warm.

Timothy gently sets Turdle down on the desk.

TIMOTHY

My mom works double shifts at the
hospital.

Turdle listens.

TIMOTHY

So it's mostly just me here.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

But now it's shared.

Turdle takes in the room again.

TURDLE

It's it's b-big.

TIMOTHY

Is it too much?

TURDLE

N-no. Just different.

Turdle looks up at the lunchboxes.

TURDLE

You c-collect lunchboxes?

TIMOTHY

(smiles, small)

Yeah. They're cheerful.

Timothy reaches up and takes one down.

TIMOTHY

When I was little, my mom used to pack my lunch. She'd leave little notes inside.

He turns the lunchbox in his hands.

TURDLE

(quiet)

They're n-nice.

TIMOTHY

This one's my favorite.

He points to the rocket ship.

TIMOTHY

Sometimes I imagine just not having to explain myself.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

But you see me.

Timothy looks at Turdle.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy looks around the room as if seeing it differently now.

He clears a small space on his desk.

A cardboard shoebox.

He removes the lid and lines the inside with an old scarf.

Timothy gently lowers Turdle inside.

For a moment nothing happens.

Then a tiny head slowly emerges.

Turdle looks around.

The puzzle pieces.

The lamp.

Timothy.

TIMOTHY

Hey. It's just me.

Turdle crawls cautiously to the edge of the box.

Timothy places one finger in front of him.

The turtle bumps into it.

Stops.

Then settles.

Timothy exhales, relieved.

He sits back in his chair, watching.

The room is quiet except for the soft ticking of a wall clock.

For the first time tonight, Timothy smiles.

TIMOTHY

Is it comfortable?

Turdle curls deeper into the scarf, breathing in its scent.

TURDLE

Y-yes. It's warm. It smells nice.

TIMOTHY

That's my mom's scarf. She used to wear it all the time.

A small beat.

TIMOTHY

You can keep it.

Timothy sits on the edge of his bed nearby.

TIMOTHY

You're safe here. You don't have to do anything tonight.

Turdle looks up at him.

TIMOTHY

If you need anything, just say my name.

TURDLE

Why are you d-doing this?

TIMOTHY

Because you needed someone who wouldn't rush you.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

And I know how to stay.

Turdle touches the scarf gently, settling deeper into the softness.

Timothy reaches over and switches off the overhead light, leaving the small desk lamp glowing.

He lies down on his bed, facing the nightstand.

TIMOTHY

Goodnight, Turdle.

TURDLE

(barely a whisper)
G-goodnight, Timothy.

A quiet beat.

TURDLE

Thank you f-for staying.

Timothy smiles softly in the lamplight.

TIMOTHY

Thank you for listening.

The room rests in warm silence.

Turdle safe in his small bed.

Timothy watching over him.

For the first time, neither of them is rushing.

FADE OUT.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft morning light slips through the curtains.

The shoebox bed sits beside the unfinished puzzle.

Inside it, Turdle sleeps, wrapped in the scarf.

Timothy lies on his bed, half awake, watching him.

The alarm clock beside the bed clicks.

6:59.

Timothy reaches over and turns it off before it rings.

He sits up slowly, careful not to make noise.

Turdle stirs.

A small head peeks out.

TURDLE

Timothy?

TIMOTHY

Morning.

Turdle looks around, momentarily confused.

Then he remembers.

TURDLE

Oh.

Timothy kneels beside the shoebox.

TIMOTHY

How'd you sleep?

TURDLE

I d-didn't wake up once.

Timothy smiles.

TIMOTHY

That's a good sign.

Turdle notices the window.

Morning sunlight stretches across the room.

TURDLE

It's daytime.

TIMOTHY

Yeah.

A small pause.

Timothy glances at the clock again.

7:02.

TURDLE

Do you live here all day?

Timothy hesitates.

TIMOTHY

Not exactly.

TURDLE

Where do you go?

TIMOTHY

School.

Turdle absorbs this.

The room suddenly feels bigger.

Quieter.

TURDLE

For h-how long?

TIMOTHY

Most of the day.

Turdle withdraws slightly into the scarf.

TIMOTHY

Hey.

Timothy gently taps the shoebox edge.

TIMOTHY

You're still safe here.

TURDLE

But you w-won't be here.

Timothy doesn't answer right away.

TIMOTHY

I'll come back.

Turdle studies him.

TURDLE

P-promise?

TIMOTHY

Promise.

Timothy stands and grabs his backpack.

He pauses at the door.

Looks back at the shoebox.

Turdle is watching him carefully.

TIMOTHY

I'll be quick.

Timothy leaves.

The bedroom door clicks softly shut.

The room falls quiet.

Turdle slowly pulls deeper into the scarf.

The ticking clock grows louder in the silence.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - MORNING

Timothy stands at the kitchen counter.

Turdle sits nearby in his shoebox, safely away from the edge.

Timothy opens the refrigerator.

He scans the shelves.

Then the cabinets.

TIMOTHY

So what do you usually eat?

TURDLE

L-lettuce. Leaves. Sometimes b-berries.

Timothy looks back inside the fridge.

TIMOTHY

Okay.

He lifts a container.

TIMOTHY

Leftover pasta.

Sets it down.

TIMOTHY

An old apple.

Then he notices something.

TIMOTHY

Spinach.

He tears off a few leaves, rinses them under the tap, and places them in a shallow dish.

He slides the dish toward Turdle.

Turdle leans forward and eats, slow and careful.

TURDLE

It's g-good. Thank you.

Timothy watches him closely, studying.

Learning.

TIMOTHY

I'll get better food today.

A small beat.

On the counter nearby sits a handwritten note.

Timothy notices it.

He unfolds it.

ON THE NOTE

"Morning, sweetie.
Heard you moving around last night.
Everything okay?
Love, Mom."

Timothy reads it twice.

Then folds the note again.

He sets it beside the sink.

Timothy looks back at Turdle.

Present.

Watching him eat.

For a moment, everything feels simple.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The shoebox is gone.

Now a small habitat sits beside the desk.

Carefully arranged.

Smooth stones.

A shallow dish of water.

The old scarf, folded into something like a hollow.

Timothy adjusts the edge of the fabric.

Steps back.

Turdle remains near the edge of the enclosure.

Half inside himself.

Eyes tracking everything.

Still.

TIMOTHY

You don't have to use it.

A quiet beat.

No response.

Timothy sits at the desk.

Opens his notebook.

Pages filled with rough sketches.

Lines layered over each other.

Repeated forms.

A rounded shape.

A small stuffed bear.

Unfinished.

He pauses.

Glances back.

Turdle shifts.

Slow.

Careful.

One step onto the scarf.

He stops.

Waits.

Nothing happens.

Another step.

The fabric dips slightly beneath him.

Turdle freezes.

His body tightens.

Ready to retreat.

But he doesn't.

He stays.

Timothy watches.

Still.

He does not move closer.

Does not speak.

Just observes.

Turdle lowers himself.

Timothy looks back to the notebook.

Adds a thin heart on the bear's chest.

He flexes his hand.

Then lets it go still.

Something quiet settles behind his eyes.

Behind him, Turdle's breathing begins to slow.

Not calm.

But no longer rising.

Timothy listens.

He stays.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

Timothy sits at his desk, focused on homework.

Behind him, Turdle rests in his habitat.

For a moment, everything is calm.

Then something shifts.

Turdle's breathing changes.

Faster.

Shallow.

Timothy notices.

He pushes back his chair and crosses the room.

TIMOTHY

Hey—

Turdle is already retreating into his shell.

His body trembles.

TURDLE

(barely)

C-can't... can't-

Timothy kneels beside him.

He almost reaches out.

Stops.

TIMOTHY

I'm here.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

You're okay.

Timothy inhales slowly.

Exhales.

Turdle tries to follow.

Fails.

His breathing spikes harder.

TURDLE

S-something's wrong... something's-

He chokes on the words.

Timothy stills.

This isn't helping.

He looks around the room.

Too bright.

Too open.

He reaches for the lamp.

Dims it.

The room softens.

TIMOTHY

(quiet)

You don't have to do anything.

A beat.

Turdle is still shaking—

but no longer climbing.

TIMOTHY

Just stay with me.

Timothy breathes again.

Slower.

Not perfect.

But steady.

Turdle's eyes become unfocused.

Somewhere else.

The room begins to fall away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREEK - MORNING

Bright sunlight.

A group of young turtles gather near a log.

Lettuce scattered across the ground.

Movement. Noise.

Turdle, smaller, stands among them.

Trying to keep up.

He reaches for a piece of lettuce.

His mouth fumbles.

He chokes.

Other turtles react. Impatient.

TURTLE (O.S.)

Just eat it.

Turdle tries to speak.

TURDLE (YOUNGER)

I... I...

He cannot get the words out.

A fallen log stretches across shallow water.

The other turtles cross easily.

Leaving him behind.

TURDLE (YOUNGER)

(hollow)

I'm wr-wrong...

The group disappears into the distance.

Turdle stands alone.

The world feels too loud.

Too fast.

Too much.

He turns.

Leaves the creek.

CUT TO:

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

Silence returns.

Turdle is pulled inward.

Shaking.

Spent.

Timothy remains beside him.

He does not reach.

Does not rush.

TIMOTHY

(quiet)

You're not wrong.

A long beat.
Turdle's breathing begins to slow.
Not calm.
But no longer rising.
Timothy watches.
He notices the crack in the shell.
Stillness.
Understanding settles.

TIMOTHY

(soft)
This happened to you.

Not a question.
The room holds it.
Neither of them moves.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The front door opens quietly.
DIANE BELL, 40s, worn but kind, steps inside. A hospital badge hangs from her bag.
She moves through the apartment on autopilot.
Shoes off. Lights low.
In the kitchen, she starts the coffee maker.
Then she pauses.
A voice drifts from down the hall.
Timothy's.
Not on the phone.
Talking.
Diane listens.
She walks to Timothy's bedroom door and knocks gently.

DIANE

Timmy? You awake?

A beat.

The door opens partway.

Timothy stands there. A little tense.

TIMOTHY

Hey, Mom. You're home early.

DIANE

Late shift ended early.

She glances past him.

Curious, not suspicious.

DIANE

Who are you talking to?

Timothy hesitates.

Swallows.

TIMOTHY

I, uh-

He decides.

TIMOTHY

Come in.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

I need to show you something.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane steps inside.

She immediately notices the small habitat in the corner.

Turdle.

DIANE

(startled, gentle)
Is that a turtle?

TIMOTHY

His name is Turdle. I found him in
the woods.

Diane crouches closer.

She notices the cracked shell.

The fear in his eyes.

DIANE

Oh, honey.
He's hurt.

TIMOTHY

I know.
I'm taking care of him.

He gestures toward the habitat.

TIMOTHY

I've been researching.
Food. Water. Warmth.
He's safe here.

Diane sits on the edge of Timothy's bed.

Exhaustion settles into her shoulders.

DIANE

Timmy... I work double shifts.
I'm barely keeping us afloat.

She exhales slowly.

DIANE

I don't know how we'd afford all
this.
Supplies.
A vet if he needs one.

TIMOTHY

I'll pay for it.

She looks at him.

TIMOTHY

I have money saved.
Birthdays. Helping Mrs. Chen.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

Please, Mom.
I want to take care of him.

Diane studies him.

Something about him is different.

More present.

DIANE

(soft)
You've seemed different lately.

TIMOTHY

Yeah.

DIANE

I'm sorry I'm not around more.
The double shifts—

TIMOTHY

I know.
This isn't about you.

He glances at Turdle.

TIMOTHY

I can help him.

A quiet beat.

Diane turns toward Turdle.

DIANE

(to Turdle)
What's your name, little guy?

Turdle freezes.

Pulls slightly into his shell.

Diane smiles faintly.

DIANE

Guess he's shy.

She looks back at Timothy.

DIANE

Can you be gentle with him?

TIMOTHY

I will.

DIANE

Okay.
But you're responsible.
Food. Cleaning. Quiet.

TIMOTHY

I promise.

DIANE

And if he needs a vet-

TIMOTHY

I'll handle it.

Diane stands slowly, exhausted.

DIANE

I'm going to sleep for four hours.
Then I have to go back.

She kisses Timothy's forehead.

DIANE

I'm glad you found a friend.

She pauses in the doorway.

Watching Timothy and Turdle together.

Tired.

But relieved.

She leaves.

The door closes.

Silence.

Turdle slowly peeks out of his shell.

TURDLE

Your m-mom is nice.

TIMOTHY

Yeah.
She is.

TURDLE

You take c-care of her too.

Timothy thinks about that.

TIMOTHY

I guess I do.

INT. TIMOTHY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shell tapping lightly against the wall.

Not sudden.

Building.

Timothy is beside him.

He does not rush.

TIMOTHY

I'm here.

Turdle shakes harder.

TURDLE

I can't stop it.

Timothy stays close.

TURDLE

I can't stop being afraid.

The words land.

Timothy grips the edge of the habitat.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

Turdle...

No response.

He gently lifts him.

Turdle trembles instantly.

Rigid.

Frightened.

Timothy tries to hold him steady.

Turdle pulls tighter into himself.

Timothy stops.

He lowers him back into the habitat.

Timothy looks down at his hands.

Then back at Turdle.

Small.

Hidden.

Still withdrawn.

TIMOTHY

(soft)

There has to be a way to stay.

The room remains still behind him.

FADE.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Timothy sits at a computer.

Search results fill the screen.

"How to care for a turtle."

"Reptile stress symptoms."

"Habitat adjustments."

Nothing fits.

His jaw tightens.

He stops.

Moves to the shelves.

Pulls down a turtle care guide.

Flips through it.

Stops.

Puts it back.

A voice behind him.

LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

Finding what you need?

Timothy turns.

The Librarian stands a few feet away.

Calm. Observing.

TIMOTHY

(hesitant)

I don't think it's... physical.

She considers that.

Steps closer, but not too close.

LIBRARIAN

Then you're probably not going to find it in those.

A small beat.

TIMOTHY

Do you have anything about... I don't know—

He struggles to phrase it.

TIMOTHY

—when something doesn't stop. Even when nothing's happening.

The Librarian watches him carefully.

LIBRARIAN

We don't have much on that.

A beat.

LIBRARIAN

But sometimes people used to write about it differently.

She gestures lightly across the room.

LIBRARIAN

Back corner.

Timothy follows her gaze.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - FOLKLORE SECTION - DAY

The shelves here are older.

Worn spines. Leather bindings.

Titles faded with time.

Timothy runs his finger along a row.

Stops.

A book.

Faded illustration on the cover.

Birch trees.

A narrow path.

Something half-hidden between the trunks.

It lingers.

Timothy pulls the book free.

Opens it.

Turns a page.

Faded fragments.

Another page.

More incomplete text.

Then—

A partially worn name.

"...Stitch..."

He leans closer.

Turns the page.

More fragments.

"Wait for ... new moon.

Enter ... at midnight.

... the silver thread.

Bring ... you ... mended"

The rest worn away.

Timothy stills.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - TABLE - DAY

Timothy sits.

The book open.

His notebook beside it.

He writes.

Carefully.

Not copying everything.

Choosing.

He pauses.

Looks at the page.

Then down at his hands.

Still.

Thinking.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy sits at his desk.

Writing.

Across the room, Turdle sleeps.

Pulled tight into himself.

Timothy glances over.

Then back to the page.

CLOSE ON THE NOTEBOOK

A short list.

Incomplete.

But forming.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is dim.

Different now.

The desk has been pushed aside.
Blankets hang low, forming a small hollow in the corner.
Moss. Dirt. The scarf lining the inside.
The rocket ship lunchbox tucked near the back.
Turdle rests just inside.
Timothy kneels nearby.
Adjusting the space.
The bedroom door opens.
Diane stands there.
Still. Taking it in.

DIANE

Timmy.

Timothy turns.

Tense.

TIMOTHY

Mom.

Diane steps in slowly.
Eyes moving across the room.
The dirt.
The hollow.
The smell.

DIANE

What is this?

TIMOTHY

It's for him.

A beat.

DIANE

Why is there dirt on the carpet?

TIMOTHY

He settles here.

Diane looks again.

Trying to understand.

Failing.

DIANE

This is your room.

TIMOTHY

I know.

A beat.

DIANE

You've been in here all day.

TIMOTHY

He needs me.

DIANE

And you need sleep.

No answer.

Diane steps closer to the hollow.

Turdle pulls back.

Timothy shifts slightly.

Blocking without thinking.

Diane notices.

That lands.

DIANE

Timmy.

Softer now.

DIANE

I can't lose you to something that
isn't real.

TIMOTHY

This is real.

Silence.

DIANE

This cannot keep going.

Timothy goes still.

DIANE

Tomorrow we clean this out.

A beat.

DIANE

And we figure something else out
for the turtle.

TIMOTHY

No.

DIANE

You can't stay in here like this.

TIMOTHY

I'm trying to...

That stops her.

A long beat.

DIANE

I know.

Quiet.

Honest.

DIANE

That's what scares me.

She steps back.

DIANE

Tomorrow.

She leaves.

The door closes hard.

Silence.

Timothy stands there.

Then slowly turns back to the hollow.

To Turdle.

To the jar on the floor.

ENOUGH.

He looks at his hands.

Flexes them.

Human hands.

He kneels.

Touches the scarf.

The moss.

The edge of the hollow.

His breathing slows.

Not calm.

Decided.

TIMOTHY

(whisper)

I need a better way to stay.

He looks toward the window.

Toward the trees beyond it.

CUT.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door is closed.

The room is dim.

Turdle sleeps in the hollow.

Timothy stands next to the habitat.

He doesn't move.

A long beat.

He looks at the hollow. The moss. The scarf. The rocket ship lunchbox.

Then at his hands.

Then at the window.

He sits on the floor.

Close to Turdle. Not quite touching.

He watches him breathe.

Slow. Tucked in.

Old habit of fear.

Timothy pulls his knees up.

He opens his mouth like he might say something.

Doesn't.

A long beat.

He thinks about his mother.

He thinks about school.

He thinks about the notebook.

He looks at Turdle.

TIMOTHY

(barely audible)

What am I doing.

Not a question he expects answered.

Turdle shifts slightly in sleep. Settles.

Timothy watches.

The room is quiet.

He stays on the floor until the decision stops feeling like a choice.

Then he gets up.

He crosses to the desk.

Opens his notebook.

ON THE PAGE

"Bring something you have mended."

Timothy looks around the room.

His gaze settles on his coat hanging nearby.

He takes it down.

An old wool coat.

Worn. Familiar.

He turns it inside out.

Along the inner seam is a small patch.

Hand-stitched.

Careful.

Patient work.

Timothy runs his thumb slowly across the stitches.

He remembers doing this.

Years ago.

He nods to himself.

It will do.

He sets the coat beside him.

Across the room, Turdle sleeps in the habitat.

Even asleep, he stays tucked in.

Old habits of fear.

Timothy watches him for a long moment.

Then he crosses to his desk.

He writes a short note.

CLOSE ON NOTE

"Going for a walk.

Need to do something for Turdle.

I'll be back before morning.

Love you always."

Timothy leaves the note on the desk where Diane will see it.

He sits back.

The room is quiet.

No panic.

No urgency.

Just the understanding that he has reached the end of what hands can do.

Timothy looks once more at Turdle.

Still.

Waiting.

FADE OUT.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

New moon.

The room is dim. Almost midnight.

Timothy kneels beside Turdle's habitat.

Turdle senses something different. He stiffens.

TIMOTHY

I'm going out tonight.
Into the forest.

TURDLE

W-what do you mean?

TIMOTHY

To find a way to stay.

Turdle trembles.

TURDLE

You're... leaving?

TIMOTHY

Just for tonight.

TURDLE

What if you d-don't come back?

TIMOTHY

I will.

He meets Turdle's eyes. Steady.

TIMOTHY

I'm not abandoning you.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

I love you.

Turdle freezes. Then gathers himself.

TURDLE

I l-love you too.

Timothy stands and slips on his coat.

His fingers brush the stitched patch inside the pocket.

One last look.

Then he leaves the room.

The door closes softly.

CUT TO.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MIDNIGHT

Timothy steps outside.

The street is empty.

Silent.

No moon hangs overhead. Only streetlights cut small circles into the dark.

Timothy stands for a moment.

Then he starts walking.

The forest waits at the end of the road.

This time he does not wander.

He walks like someone following a decision already made.

Timothy moves down the street, carrying the quiet with him.

CUT TO.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - MIDNIGHT

Timothy steps into the forest.

The darkness deepens immediately.

No moon.

No path.

A faint glow appears ahead.

Suspended between two trees, a thin SILVER THREAD shimmers softly.

Not quite light.

Not quite thread.

Timothy stops.

Watching.

The thread shifts gently, catching what little light exists.

Like spider silk.

Something almost glowing.

Timothy reaches toward it.

Stops just short of touching.

Instead, he follows.

The thread moves deeper into the forest.

Night sounds gather around him.

An owl calling.

Branches creaking.

Wind passing through leaves.

He passes familiar ground.

The clearing where he found Turdle.

Then farther.

Into forest Timothy has never seen.

Older.

Darker.

Listening.

CUT TO.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - NIGHT

The silver thread winds ahead.

Suddenly it splits.

Two glowing paths diverge through the trees.

Timothy stops.

Both threads shimmer the same.

No sign pointing either way.

At his feet, pale stones lie scattered between the roots.

Their shapes curved and uneven.

Like pieces from a puzzle that never found their edges.

Timothy brushes the stitched patch inside his coat.

The small repaired seam beneath his fingers.

A reminder.

He mends things.

He doesn't abandon them.

Timothy chooses the rougher path.

The one climbing slightly uphill.

The silver thread steadies.

He continues.

CUT TO.

EXT. FOREST POOL - NIGHT

The trees open around a still pool of water.

Perfectly smooth.

A mirror of darkness.

The silver thread stretches across the surface.

Straight.

Unbroken.

No bridge.

No stones.

Timothy steps into the water.

Cold.

The surface ripples.

His reflection shatters.

Reforms.

For a moment he cannot tell where he ends and the water begins.

He keeps walking.

The water rises to his knees.

Then lowers again.

Timothy climbs out the other side.

Soaked.

Steady.

The silver thread waits.

CUT TO.

EXT. DEEPER FOREST - NIGHT

The forest grows darker.

The air thicker.

A voice drifts through the trees.

VOICE (O.S.)

Why are you walking the silver
path?

Timothy stops.

TIMOTHY

To become something that can stay.

Silence.

VOICE (O.S.)
What will you give?

TIMOTHY
What I can give.

A pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
Even your name?

Timothy doesn't hesitate.

TIMOTHY
If it means he can breathe.

The forest grows still.

The silver thread glows brighter.

The path ahead opens through the trees.

Timothy steps forward.

CUT TO.

EXT. STITCHWITCH'S CLEARING - NIGHT

The SILVER THREAD leads Timothy into a clearing.

At its center stands a small COTTAGE.

Stone and wood. Ancient.

Smoke curls from the chimney.

Warm light glows behind the windows.

A garden surrounds the cottage. Strange plants. Unfamiliar shapes.

Beautiful.

Uncanny.

Timothy stops at the edge of the clearing.

The cottage door opens.

The STITCHWITCH steps out.

Timeless. Neither old nor young.

Her clothing is stitched from mismatched fabrics. A sewing basket hangs from her arm.

Her eyes settle on Timothy.

Seeing more than he shows.

STITCHWITCH

(soft, threaded)

You followed the silver path.

A small beat.

STITCHWITCH

You followed the thread.

She steps closer.

STITCHWITCH

You came asking to be remade.

Timothy straightens.

STITCHWITCH

Tell me, Timothy.

What shape are you asking for?

TIMOTHY

I want to be a home.

The Stitchwitch waits.

TIMOTHY

For someone who needs one.

Warmth. Softness.

He swallows.

TIMOTHY

Someone who needs to be held
without end.

He meets her gaze.

TIMOTHY

I want to be what he needs.

A quiet beat.

STITCHWITCH

And what will you give?

TIMOTHY

Anything.

Another beat.

TIMOTHY

Everything.
Just tell me the cost.

The Stitchwitch smiles.

Not cruel.

Not kind.

STITCHWITCH

Come inside.

She turns and walks toward the cottage.

Timothy hesitates only a moment.

Then follows.

The door closes behind them.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The door shuts with a soft, final sound.

Timothy stands inside a room unlike anything he has ever seen.

Spools of thread line the walls in impossible colors.

They shimmer faintly, as if breathing.

Fabric hangs from beams and rafters.

Silk. Wool. Leather.

Fur.

Needles drift slowly through the air, stitching invisible seams.

A loom works quietly in the corner, weaving something unseen.

Shelves hold jars filled with feathers, buttons, stones, teeth.

At the center stands a large worktable covered in patterns, scissors, and chalk marks.

In the hearth, a blue-green fire burns steadily.

The air is warm.

Alive.

The Stitchwitch moves through the room, brushing her fingers across hanging fabrics.

The materials respond.

Subtle.

Immediate.

This place knows her.

She gestures toward a stool.

STITCHWITCH

Sit.

Timothy obeys.

Small on the stool.

Hands tight on the edge.

STITCHWITCH

We have work to speak of.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Stitchwitch circles Timothy slowly.

Not watching him.

Listening.

Sensing.

STITCHWITCH

You want to be a home.
Such a heavy word for such a small
boy.

TIMOTHY

There's someone who needs me.
A turtle.
His name is Turdle.

The Stitchwitch waits.

TIMOTHY

When panic hits, he needs
stillness.
Warmth that doesn't fade.
A home that stays.

STITCHWITCH

And you cannot give him this?

Timothy looks down at his hands.

TIMOTHY

Not like this.
I get tired.
I get cold.
I have to leave.

A beat.

TIMOTHY

I'm not the shape that stays.
And he needs staying.

The Stitchwitch stops circling.

STITCHWITCH

So you want me to change your
shape.

TIMOTHY

Yes.

STITCHWITCH

Into what?

TIMOTHY

Something soft.
Something warm.
Something that can hold him.
Something that will never leave.

A breath.

TIMOTHY

A bear.
A stuffed bear.
With softness inside.
Room for him.

The Stitchwitch studies him carefully.

STITCHWITCH

You are asking to become a toy.
A vessel.
You will have no voice.

TIMOTHY

I'm already a ghost, ma'am.

Silence.

The Stitchwitch raises one hand.

STITCHWITCH

I do not grant wishes.
I mend what the world tears open.
But there is always a heavy cost.

The air shivers.

For a moment Timothy experiences fragments slipping away.

The smell of coffee.

The name of a favorite song.

His own reflection.

Blurring.

Fading.

The Stitchwitch steps closer.

STITCHWITCH

And the mother?
The woman who works two jobs?

Timothy's jaw tightens.

TIMOTHY

(quiet)
Eventually...
she'll understand.

STITCHWITCH

Liars make the best stuffing.

Silence.

STITCHWITCH

If you become only what he needs,
there may be nothing left of you to
give.

Timothy closes his eyes.

TIMOTHY

He's worth staying for.

He opens them again.

The Stitchwitch lowers her hand.

The visions vanish.

The room returns.

Still.

STITCHWITCH

You accept this willingly.
Knowing Transformations are not
free.

TIMOTHY

I do.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - WORKTABLE

The Stitchwitch moves to the worktable.

She lays out materials carefully.

Soft brown fabric.

Thread that glows faintly.

Stuffing light as clouds.

Two dark buttons.

Needles.

Old.

Sharp.

STITCHWITCH

I will make you into what you ask.
A bear.
Stuffed and sewn.

STITCHWITCH

With room enough inside for him to
rest.

Her gaze sharpens.

STITCHWITCH

You will remain aware.
But you will not live as you do
now.
You will never be human again.

TIMOTHY

Will he know it's me?

STITCHWITCH

In ways.
You will learn.
He will learn.

A beat.

STITCHWITCH

Once you are sewn, there is no
returning.

TIMOTHY

I'm not trying to return.

A quiet breath.

TIMOTHY

I'm trying to stay.

The Stitchwitch nods once.

STITCHWITCH

Bring me the thing you mended.

Timothy removes his coat and turns it inside out.

He shows the stitched patch.

TIMOTHY

This.

The Stitchwitch examines the seam.

STITCHWITCH

You did not hide the tear.
You closed it.

TIMOTHY

It was my mother's.
I couldn't leave it broken.

A small swallow.

TIMOTHY

She taught me how to care for
things.
How to listen.
How to mend.

A beat.

STITCHWITCH

Your mother will grieve.

Silence.

TIMOTHY

I'll leave her a note.

STITCHWITCH

Words do not mend grief.

TIMOTHY

I know.
But it's what I can leave.

A pause.

TIMOTHY

I think she'd understand.

For the first time, the Stitchwitch softens.

STITCHWITCH

You understand mending.
Making something whole.
Stand in the center of the room.

Fabric hangs around him.

Threads glimmer softly.

STITCHWITCH

Close your eyes.

Tears slide down Timothy's face.

But he is peaceful.

TIMOTHY

(whisper)
I'm ready.

FADE.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Stitchwitch raises her hands.

She begins to SING.

Not words.

Not quite music.

A woven sound. Old. Patient.

Thread lifts from the spools around the room.

Silver.

Gold.

Brown.

The threads rise into the air and circle Timothy.

The glow deepens.

The threads weave themselves around him.

Layer upon layer.

Timothy's edges begin to blur.

His body softens.

Losing shape.

As if he, too, is made of thread.

The threads tighten.

Then pull.

Timothy's form begins to UNWIND.

TIMOTHY'S POV

The room spins.

Memories flash.

His mother's laugh.

The smell of her perfume.

The sound of a school bell.

The quiet rustle of Turdle's shell in the night.

His body loosens.

Unraveling.

Timothy reaches for breath.

There is no breath.

He tries to move.

There is only drifting.

He is coming apart.

The Stitchwitch's voice carries through the unraveling.

STITCHWITCH (CHANTING)

Thread.

Stitch.

Hold.

Stay.

Timothy's fingers fray.

His memories loosen like threads pulled free.

He tries to gasp.

Only a sudden, terrifying softness.

Darkness.

Total.

Timothy is nowhere.

No body.

No edges.

Only awareness.

Floating.

Terror.

Then slowly,

Peace.

He lets go.

THE VOID

Voices drift through the dark.

DIANE (V.O.)
Timmy...

TURDLE (V.O.)
Timothy...

A single point of light appears.

Warm.

Golden.

It grows.

Or Timothy moves toward it.

The difference no longer matters.

The light expands.

Sensation returns.

Softness.

Warmth.

No bones.

No skin.

Stuffing.

Fabric wraps around awareness.

Thread pulls through him.

The Stitchwitch sews.

Each stitch anchors him deeper into shape.

Arms form.

Round.

Gentle.

Legs short.

Carefully sewn.

A body large and yielding.

Inside—

A hollow space.

Lined with the softest fabric.

Warm.

Safe.

A place to rest.

A place to breathe.

A home.

The final stitches close with impossible speed.

The song rises.

Then stops.

The magic binds.

What was Timothy is finished.

What remains—

Timmy Bear.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Button eyes open.

Timmy Bear sees.

Not sharply.

Not far away.

Softly.

Closely.

The world feels rounder now.

Kinder.

He tries to move.

He rolls slightly to one side.

Pushes.

With effort, he sits up.

Heavy.

Soft.

Balanced in a new way.

He looks at his paws.

Rounded.

Sewn.

No fingers.

He tries to flex them.

They do not bend.

But they hold.

They can hold.

The Stitchwitch watches quietly.

STITCHWITCH

How do you feel?

Timmy Bear tries to speak.

Nothing comes out.

A flicker of panic.

STITCHWITCH

You cannot speak as you did.

She steps closer.

STITCHWITCH

But you can communicate.

Timmy Bear concentrates.

Not words.

Feelings.

Intent.

The Stitchwitch listens.

STITCHWITCH

(interpreting)
 Strange.
 Heavy.
 Different.

A beat.

STITCHWITCH

But coherent.

She gestures.

STITCHWITCH

Stand, if you can.

Timmy Bear braces himself.

Pushes upward.

Wobbles.

Falls back.

He tries again.

This time he stands.

Stubby legs.

Arms out for balance.

A careful, awkward waddle.

It works.

The Stitchwitch smiles faintly.

STITCHWITCH

Yes.
 You are complete.

She circles him, inspecting her work.

STITCHWITCH

The hollow within you is lined with
 silk.
 Warm.
 Safe.

STITCHWITCH

When your turtle enters,
 he will be held.

She places a hand on his chest.

STITCHWITCH

You will feel him.
His heartbeat.

STITCHWITCH

And he will feel yours.

Timmy Bear grows still.

He feels something.

A rhythm.

Not blood.

Magic.

Steady.

Present.

Love made tangible.

He presses his paw to his chest.

He has a heart.

INT. STITCHWITCH'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Stitchwitch stands before him.

STITCHWITCH

Your turtle will learn your
language.
Gestures.
Stillness.
The way you hold him.

STITCHWITCH

He will understand.

She pauses.

Considering.

STITCHWITCH

And you can hum.

She gestures.

STITCHWITCH

Try.

Timmy Bear concentrates.

A sound emerges.

Soft.

Low.

A gentle hum.

Not language.

Comfort.

The Stitchwitch nods.

STITCHWITCH

Good.

STITCHWITCH

You can hum to soothe him.
To steady him.
It will be enough.

She rests a hand against his chest.

STITCHWITCH

As long as you love him,
you will move.

She meets his button eyes.

STITCHWITCH

If that ever fades,
you may grow still.

Timmy Bear projects one clear certainty.

I will stay.

The Stitchwitch studies him.

Then a small smile.

STITCHWITCH

I believe you.

She walks to the door.

Opens it.

The forest waits outside.
Pre-dawn darkness.
The silver thread still glows.
Leading home.

STITCHWITCH

Dawn approaches.
Your turtle waits.

She gestures to the path.

STITCHWITCH

Go.

A final pause.

STITCHWITCH

Begin your life as Timmy Bear.

The silver thread glows softly.
Leading him home.
Timmy Bear steps out of the cottage.
The Stitchwitch stands in the doorway behind him, watching.
Timmy pauses.
He turns back, projecting a simple thought.
Thank you.
The Stitchwitch meets his button-eyed gaze.

STITCHWITCH

Do not thank me yet.

A small pause.

STITCHWITCH

Thank me when you understand what
it costs you to stay.

Her voice softens.

STITCHWITCH

But you are welcome, Timothy.
May your staying be enough.

She steps backward.

The door closes.

The cottage begins to fade.

Not collapsing.

Not vanishing all at once.

It thins.

Stone.

Wood.

Warm light.

Until the forest slowly reclaims the clearing.

Gone.

Timmy Bear stands alone.

Ahead, the silver thread glows faintly.

He follows.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN APPROACHING

His gait is different now.

Slower.

Heavier.

A careful waddle between the trees.

But his direction is certain.

Timmy Bear moves through the deep woods.

He reaches the mirror pool.

His reflection appears in the water.

A small stuffed bear.

He studies it for a moment.

Then continues.

He reaches the split path.

No hesitation this time.

The thread guides him.
The birch grove appears.
The sky begins to pale.
First light spreads between the trees.
A new day.
A new life.
Timmy Bear continues.
Small against the towering forest.
Steady.
Heading home.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Timmy Bear steps out of the forest and onto the quiet street.
Morning light begins to spread across the neighborhood.
A stuffed bear walks down the sidewalk.
A MAN carrying coffee glances up.
Blinks.
Looks again.
Timmy Bear has already slipped behind a parked car.
Gone.
The man shakes his head and keeps walking.
Timmy Bear continues on.
Careful.
Deliberate.
He stops in front of the apartment building.
Looks up.
Home.
Inside, his mother sleeps after her night shift.

For a moment he simply stands there.

He cannot go to her.

Cannot explain.

Cannot say goodbye.

He remembers the note he left.

She will find it.

It will not explain.

But it will be there.

Timmy Bear slips inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

The lobby is empty.

Timmy Bear waddles past the mailboxes.

Toward the stairs.

He begins climbing.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAWN

Timmy Bear reaches his apartment door.

He stops.

Looks at it.

Home.

He presses his paw against the knob.

It does not turn.

Locked.

He has no key.

No pockets.

He waits a moment.

Thinking.

Then he remembers.

The window.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAWN

Timmy Bear climbs the fire escape.

Slow.

Awkward.

Careful.

His paws slip once, then grip again.

He reaches the bedroom window.

Cracked open.

Just like Timothy always left it.

Timmy Bear pushes it wider.

He squeezes through.

Disappearing inside.

CUT TO.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Early morning light slips through the window.

The room is exactly as Timothy left it.

Except for Turdle.

He paces in his corner, frantic.

Suddenly, a soft thud.

Timmy Bear slips inside.

Turdle SCREAMS.

TURDLE

Wh-who's there?

He retreats fully into his shell.

Complete panic.

Timmy Bear freezes.

Does not move closer.

He waits.

Then, softly, a hum.

Low.

Gentle.

Familiar.

Turdle pauses.

That sound.

Timmy Bear hums again.

The same lullaby Timothy always used.

Turdle peeks out, trembling.

TURDLE

Timothy?

Timmy Bear nods.

TURDLE

No. No, you're a bear. Where is
Timothy?

Timmy Bear lowers himself to Turdle's level.

He holds out his paws.

Open.

Gentle.

The same gesture Timothy always made.

Turdle studies him.

The button eyes.

The stitched smile.

The careful way he moves.

Something clicks.

TURDLE

Timothy? Is that really you?

Timmy Bear nods again.

He taps his chest.

Points to Turdle.

Brings his paws together.

Together.

Turdle's breath catches.

TURDLE

You changed?

He creeps closer.

TURDLE

You changed... for me.

Timmy Bear hums softly.

Opens his arms.

An invitation.

Turdle sees it now.

He moves forward.

Climbs into Timmy Bear's lap.

Timmy Bear's arms close around him.

Soft.

Warm.

Constant.

Turdle sobs.

TURDLE

You are so soft. So warm.

TURDLE

You really are a home.

Timmy Bear rocks gently.

Hums.

After a moment, Turdle looks up.

TURDLE

Can I... go inside?

Timmy Bear nods.

He helps Turdle find the opening in his belly.

Silk lined.

Warm.

Turdle climbs inside.

From within.

TURDLE

Timothy?

Timmy Bear hums.

Yes.

TURDLE

I'm here.

A Beat.

TURDLE

I'm really here.

Timmy Bear wraps his arms around his belly.

Holding Turdle through the fabric.

Holding him.

Staying.

The room settles.

The unfinished puzzle sits on the desk.

The note to his mother rests nearby.

Morning light grows brighter.

Timmy Bear hums.

The same steady rhythm.

Staying.

FADE OUT.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light fills the room.

Timmy Bear sits on the bed.

Turdle is inside him, safe and warm.

They cannot stay.

Soon, Timothy's mother will return.

Timmy Bear looks around the room.

The lunchbox collection on the wall.

The books on the desk.

The unfinished puzzle.

His life.

On the desk, the note to his mother waits.

Timmy Bear takes it all in.

From inside him, Turdle speaks.

TURDLE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Do we have to g-go?

Timmy Bear hums softly.

Yes.

TURDLE (O.S.)

Where will we g-go?

Timmy Bear rests his chin gently against Turdle.

Gentle.

Hopeful.

The forest.

Timmy Bear moves carefully, gathering what he can.

A small lunchbox.

The rocket ship one.

A photograph of his mother from the nightstand.

His mother's scarf.

He gathers them the only way he can: pressed to his body,
held against his seams.

These things matter.

One last look.

The bed where he slept as a human.

The window where he watched the world.

The door his mother will soon walk through.

Timmy Bear pauses.

CLOSE ON THE NOTE ON THE DESK.

**CLOSE ON TIMMY BEAR'S BUTTON EYES, FILLED WITH SOMETHING LIKE
SORROW.**

The room holds his absence.

Timmy Bear climbs out the window.

Down the fire escape.

Into the alley.

Toward the forest.

Toward their new life.

EXT. STREETS / FOREST EDGE - DAY

Early morning.

Timmy Bear moves through quiet streets, keeping to shadows
and corners.

A CHILD spots him and points.

CHILD

Teddy bear!

The PARENT barely looks.

PARENT

Don't be silly. Bears don't walk.

The child turns back.

Timmy Bear is already gone.
He waddles on, steady and determined.
Each step takes him farther from the human world.
Closer to what comes next.
The forest edge appears ahead.
Timmy Bear stops.
The same place he crossed before.
Once seeking.
Once transformed.
Now returning to stay.
From inside him, Turdle speaks.

TURDLE (O.S.)

Are we going to the c-clearing?
Where you f-found me?

Timmy Bear hums softly.
Yes.

TURDLE (O.S.)

Will we stay there?

Timmy Bear hums again.
Yes.
Home.
Timmy Bear steps into the forest.
The trees close around him.
City sounds fade.
Leaves rustle.
Birds call.
Wind moves through branches.
Timmy Bear walks on.
He is home.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Timmy Bear steps into the clearing.

The birch trees.

The soft moss.

The fallen log.

The place where it all began.

The clearing feels unchanged.

And yet,

Nearby stands a large TREE STUMP.

Old.

Wide.

Hollowed out by time.

Big enough for a bear.

Timmy Bear notices it.

He approaches.

Peers inside.

Dry.

Sheltered.

Roots curve inward, forming small, natural spaces.

Protected from wind.

From rain.

Enough.

Timmy Bear steps inside.

The forest settles around him.

INT. TREE STUMP - DAY

Soft, dappled light filters down from an opening above.

The interior is hollow and warm.

Earth underfoot.

Roots curve inward, forming natural walls.

A small side opening leads back into the forest.

Cozy.

Protected.

Still.

Timmy Bear stands just inside.

From the opening in his belly, TURDLE slowly emerges.

He looks around.

Takes it in.

The light.

The quiet.

The smell of wood and earth.

Turdle climbs onto Timmy Bear's shoulder.

TURDLE

It's it's p-perfect.

Timmy Bear hums softly.

TURDLE

We can really l-live here?

Timmy Bear hums again.

Yes.

Timmy Bear begins arranging the space.

He places the small ROCKET SHIP LUNCHBOX into a nook formed by roots, the PHOTO OF HIS MOTHER carefully beside it.

Small gestures.

Deliberate.

Tender.

A life being built from what remains.

Warm light fills the stump.

Quiet.

Safe.

Together.

INT. STUMP HOUSE AND FOREST CLEARING - DAY/NIGHT

A rhythm forms:

- MORNING

Soft light filters into the stump house.

Timmy Bear sits, still and watchful.

From the opening in his belly, TURDLE slowly emerges.

They greet the day together.

Timmy Bear hums a gentle morning tune.

Turdle climbs onto his head, peering out at the forest.

- MIDDAY

Turdle practices walking.

He stumbles.

Timmy Bear catches him before he hits the ground.

A reassuring hum.

Turdle tries exploring alone.

He gets farther than usual.

Then freezes. Panic rising.

Timmy Bear stays back.

Waiting.

Turdle breathes.

Then slowly walks back to him on his own.

- AFTERNOON

They explore the forest.

Turdle rides on Timmy Bear's shoulder.

When frightened, he retreats into the hollow.

Turdle tries climbing a fallen log.

Halfway across he freezes.

The panic rises again.

Timmy Bear does not rush in.

Turdle backs down slowly.

- NIGHT

Inside the stump house.

Darkness outside.

Turdle climbs into Timmy Bear without hesitation now.

Timmy Bear hums softly as Turdle drifts to sleep inside the hollow.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - DAY (PARALLEL SCENE)

DIANE enters the apartment, exhausted from her shift.

She moves automatically, shoes off, bag down, then pauses.

Something is wrong.

She goes to Timothy's room.

The door creaks open.

The room is empty.

The window stands slightly open.

Curtains stir in the breeze.

DIANE

Timmy?

No answer.

She steps inside.

Her eyes move across the room,

the desk,

the lunchboxes on the wall.

Then she sees it.
The NOTE on the desk.
She picks it up.
CLOSE ON DIANE'S FACE as she reads.
Confusion.
Fear.
Her breath catches.
Heartbreak settles in,
not sudden,
but heavy,
inevitable.
She sinks onto Timothy's bed.
The mattress creaks beneath her.
She clutches the note to her chest.
Her eyes drift to the unfinished puzzle on the desk.
Birch trees.
A narrow path disappearing into shadow.
Her fingers pause on the edge.
Something about it unsettles her.
Pieces without edges.
Forever incomplete.
Her son is gone.
Tears come, quiet at first... then breaking through.

DIANE

(through tears)
Where are you, baby?

She looks toward the corner of the room.
The habitat.

Empty.

The food dish.

Unused.

Abandoned.

The turtle is gone too.

DIANE

I don't know where you went.

No answer.

Only the soft rustle of curtains.

The room.

The bed.

The puzzle.

Everything exactly where he left it.

DIANE

(into phone)

Yes, my son is missing.

Seventeen.

He left sometime during the night.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. STUMP HOUSE - DAY

Timmy Bear sits inside the hollow tree.

Turdle sleeps safely within his belly.

Warm.

Held.

At peace.

INT. TIMOTHY'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (WEEKS LATER)

The room is mostly the same.

But smaller.

The habitat is gone. The dishes are cleared. The bed is neatly made.

DIANE sits at Timothy's desk.

In front of her: The unfinished puzzle.

She picks up a piece. Studies it.

Turns it in her fingers.

It doesn't fit anywhere.

She sets it down.

On the desk beside her sits a small stack of papers,

Missing Person poster.

A police report.

A photocopy of Timothy's school picture.

Diane looks older.

Not broken.

Just carrying something heavy.

Her eyes drift to the window. Still cracked open.

She rises. Walks to it. Looks out toward the tree line in the distance.

A long beat.

DIANE

(softly, to the air)

If you needed to go... I hope you
found what you were looking for.

She rests her hand on the window frame.

As she looks toward the tree line, a breeze moves the curtains, though the window is barely open.

Not confirmation. Just resonance.

Another beat.

DIANE

I hope someone's holding you.

She closes the window.

Not angrily. Not dramatically.

Just gently.

She turns back into the room.

The puzzle remains unfinished.

FADE OUT.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - EVENING (WEEKS LATER)

The routine is familiar now.

But something is off.

Turdle paces inside the stump, agitated.

His shell pulls tight.

His breathing quickens.

Timmy Bear watches from nearby.

A questioning HUM, gentle. Concerned.

TURDLE

(frustrated, unraveling)
I don't know what's happening.

Timmy Bear hums softly, reassurance.

Timmy Bear moves closer, careful.

Extends his paws.

TURDLE

(sharp, pulling away)
Don't.

Timmy Bear freezes.

TURDLE

You changed shape for me. And I'm
still scared.

A beat.

Timmy Bear hums urgently - no, no, that's not it.

TURDLE

I thought it would stop. I thought
it would be over.

He can't meet Timmy Bear's eyes.

TURDLE

What if this is all I am?

Timmy Bear reaches again,

slow, open, offering.

Turdle turns away.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness settles.

Wind rises in the trees.

A storm building.

Rain begins to fall.

Turdle spirals.

He paces faster now.

Can't settle.

Won't climb into Timmy Bear's hollow.

TURDLE

(panicked)

It's back. It always comes back.

Lightning FLASHES outside the stump.

TURDLE

(whisper, devastated)

I don't want you to regret me.

Rain pounds harder.

Timmy Bear steps forward,

desperate now.

His arms open wide.

Turdle flinches back.

Timmy Bear presses his paw to Turdle's shell.

The storm rages outside.

Rain leaks through cracks in the stump.

Water drips down roots.
Lightning FLASHES,
the interior briefly lit, then dark again.
Turdle is fully panicked now.
Pacing.
Spinning.
Breathing fast.

TURDLE

Everything's too m-much!

He collapses against the wall.
Shell locked tight.
Shaking.
Timmy Bear freezes.
Not helpless.
Listening.
Another lightning flash.
Timmy Bear looks at Turdle,
really looks.
Not wrong.
Overwhelmed.
A child drowning in his own feelings.
Something shifts.
Timmy Bear lowers himself to the ground.
Doesn't reach.
Doesn't hum.
Just stays.
Still.
Present.

The storm continues,
Timmy Bear does not move.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - NIGHT (CONT)

The storm rages.
Rain drips through the stump.
Wind screams outside.
Thunder rolls overhead.
Turdle spirals.

TURDLE

(sobbing, shouting)
I'm b-broken! I'm wr-wrong! I'm not
e-enough!

Lightning FLASHES.
Timmy Bear does something unexpected.
He stops trying to guide the moment.
He stays where he is.
He sits back.
Lets the storm have its sound.
Lets Turdle have his fear.
Turdle screams into the noise,
until his voice cracks.
Silence, just rain now.
Timmy Bear rises.
He waddles to the root nook.
Behind the ROCKET SHIP LUNCHBOX,
he reaches for something small.
A GLASS JAR.
Handwritten label:

ENOUGH

Timmy Bear carries it gently back.
Sets it on the ground between them.
Points to the jar.
Points to Turdle.
Points to himself.
Turdle stares at it, confused.
Still crying.

TURDLE

It's eempty. There's n-nothing in
it.

Timmy Bear hums softly - Yes.
He opens the jar.
Holds it between them.
Turdle studies the jar.
A beat.

TURDLE

I'm a-already enough?

Timmy Bear nods.
Yes.

TURDLE

But I'm still like this.

Timmy Bear shakes his head.
He taps his own chest.
Then gestures to Turdle.
Here.
Turdle stares at the empty jar.
At the bear.
At himself.

Something shifts.

The storm outside begins to soften.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - NIGHT (CONT)

Rain continues outside.

Softer now, but steady.

Turdle is crying harder.

Different tears.

Not panic.

Release.

TURDLE

I'm so t-tired of being scared.
I'm so tired of feeling wr-wrong.

He folds in on himself.

TURDLE

I just want
(breaks)
I just want someone to h-hold me.
Forever. And never let g-go.

Timmy Bear does not hesitate.

He opens his arms.

No instruction.

Only room.

He pulls Turdle into his chest.

Soft.

Warm.

Steady.

Then Timmy Bear tightens his hold.

His arms settle around Turdle.

Firm enough to be felt.

Gentle enough to breathe.

He is not letting go.

CLOSE ON Timmy Bear's arms.

Firm. Protective.

CLOSE ON his button eyes.

No fear.

Only certainty.

CLOSE ON Turdle's face.

Shock.

Then relief.

Timmy Bear hums.

Not a lullaby.

A vow.

Turdle feels it.

The pressure.

The warmth.

The decision.

This is it.

TURDLE

(whisper)

You're not going to let go? You're staying?

Timmy Bear hums - Yes.

TURDLE

Even like this?

Timmy Bear hums again - Yes.

TURDLE

(crying)

Promise?

Timmy Bear hums - Here. Promise.

Turdle sobs into Timmy Bear's chest.

Completely held.

Outside, the storm still rages.

Inside the stump,

there is only warmth.

Only holding.

Only enough.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - NIGHT (CONT)

Timmy Bear still holds Turdle.

He has not shifted.

His arms remain locked.

Unmoving. Certain.

Rain continues outside.

Turdle presses his face into Timmy Bear's chest.

TURDLE

You gave up being h-human.
For me.

A beat.

TURDLE

And is that okay for you?

Timmy Bear hums.

Not Immediate.

Soft

Certain, but carrying weight.

Yes.

TURDLE

Was it was it worth it?

Timmy Bear's hum changes.

It becomes a melody.

Layered.

Intentional.

As he hums, images surface.

FLASHES:

Timothy in crowded hallways, unseen.

A classroom. Hand raised. Ignored.

An unfinished puzzle with no edges.

An empty apartment.

Notes left on a table.

Loneliness.

The forest.

The clearing.

Turdle crying.

"I do."

The Stitchwitch.

Thread.

Firelight.

Transformation.

Now:

This moment.

Holding.

Being needed.

The melody resolves.

Simple.

Steady.

Enough.

Turdle listens.

Breathing slows.

TURDLE

You were invisible too.

Timmy Bear hums - Yes.

TURDLE

And I see you.

Timmy Bear hums again.

TURDLE

You were alone. And now you're not.

Timmy Bear hums - We're not.

TURDLE

We're both enough. Just like this.

Timmy Bear hums.

Strong.

Certain.

Yes.

EXT. FOREST STUMP - NIGHT

Timmy Bear sits outside the hollow stump.

A photo of Diane rests nearby.

Wind moves through the trees.

Inside the stump

TURDLE (O.S.)

Does it still hurt?

Timmy Bear hums softly.

Not sad. Not happy.

A complicated sound.

He gestures gently:

Turdle

the stump

the photo

Everything together.

Turdle settles deeper inside the hollow.

Safe.

Timmy Bear watches the trees.

Still.

Staying.

EXT. STUMP HOUSE - NIGHT (CONT)

Timmy Bear still holds Turdle.

Slowly, Turdle's body softens.

The tension drains out of him.

He stops resisting.

Stops questioning.

He exhales.

TURDLE

Can I can I go inside? Into your h-
hollow? And you stay holding me?

A small, hopeful pause.

TURDLE

Forever. Inside and out.

Timmy Bear hums - Yes.

He adjusts his arms carefully.

Still holding.

Turdle climbs into the opening in Timmy Bear's belly.

The silk-lined space receives him.

Warm.

Secure.

Timmy Bear's arms remain wrapped around his body.

Holding from the outside.

Inside and around.

Complete.

From within:

TURDLE
(muffled, calm)
Timmy?

Timmy Bear hums.

Yes.

TURDLE
Thank you.
For choosing me.
For holding me.

A beat.

TURDLE
Thank you for staying.

Timmy Bear hums softly.

Silence.

TURDLE
I think... I can stay too.

Only rain now.

Gentler.

TURDLE
I love you.

Timmy Bear hums.

A steady rhythm.

Like a heartbeat.

Love you too.

Outside, the storm fades.

Rain lightens.

Wind settles.

Thunder drifts away.

Inside the stump:

CLOSE ON Timmy Bear's arms.

Still locked.

CLOSE ON the place where Turdle rests inside him.

CLOSE ON Timmy Bear's face.

Button eyes.

Peace.

PULL BACK.

A small bear in a hollow stump.

Holding a small turtle.

Forever.

Enough.

INT. STUMP HOUSE - DAWN

Soft morning light filters through the opening above.

The storm is gone.

The forest is washed clean.

Everything feels new.

Timmy Bear has not moved.

His arms are still locked around his body.

Still holding.

All night.

Forever.

From within his hollow, Turdle stirs.

TURDLE

(sleepy)

Timmy?

Timmy Bear hums - Morning.

TURDLE

You're still holding me.

Timmy Bear hums again - Still here.

TURDLE

(amazed)

You really meant it.

Timmy Bear hums.

Turdle peeks out of the hollow.

Just his head.

He looks up at Timmy Bear's face.

Smiles.

TURDLE

I feel different.

Timmy Bear hums - How?

TURDLE

Lighter. Like something heavy is gone.

A beat.

TURDLE

Not my shell. Something inside.

He thinks for a moment.

TURDLE

(smiles)

I think I can feel it now.

Timmy Bear hums.

TURDLE

That I am enough. Just like this.

Timmy Bear hums.

Soft.

Certain.

Yes.

EXT. STUMP HOUSE / CLEARING - MORNING

Morning light fills the clearing.

Timmy Bear and Turdle emerge from the stump house,
greeting the day.

The routine is the same.

The feeling is not.

Turdle moves across the moss.

He still stumbles.

Still unsteady.

But this time, he laughs.

TURDLE

(after tripping)
I'm still clumsy!

Timmy Bear hums - Perfect clumsy.

Turdle laughs again.

TURDLE

Yeah. Perfect clumsy.

They wander the clearing together.

Timmy Bear pauses beside a FLOWE that bloomed overnight.

Turdle leans in, curious.

Nearby, a SPIDER WEB glistens with rain.

A BIRD sings from above.

Turdle notices everything.

Present.

Engaged.

Not lost in fear.

Not shrinking.

Just here.

TURDLE

Everything's so b-beautiful.

He looks around, amazed.

TURDLE

Was it always here?

Timmy Bear hums.

You just couldn't see it.

Turdle nods.

Then looks up at Timmy Bear.

Really looks.

TURDLE

I can see now.

A quiet beat.

TURDLE

Not the old story. The one in front
of me.

He smiles.

Another beat.

TURDLE

(soft)
A home.

Timmy Bear hums.

TURDLE

My home.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The apartment is quieter now.

Timothy's bedroom door is open.

DIANE stands inside.

The bed is neatly made.

The desk is mostly cleared.

On the wall — The lunchboxes remain.

On the desk — The unfinished forest puzzle.

She sits.

Studies the image.

Birch trees.

A narrow path disappearing into shadow.

Diane studies it.

Something about it feels familiar.

A memory.

She picks up a puzzle piece.

Turns it in her fingers.

Doesn't try to place it.

She remembers Timothy at this desk,
patiently searching for where things fit.

Diane looks at the unfinished puzzle.

The missing edges.

Her fingers rest on the image.

The forest.

A narrow path.

She studies it.

A quiet shift.

DIANE

(soft)

You found somewhere to stay.

A beat.

DIANE

I hope... you're still in there.

She nods once.

Not understanding.

But accepting.

She closes the puzzle box lid gently.

She sets the puzzle box gently on the shelf.

Not finished.

But kept.

A long beat.

DIANE

I hope you know you were always
enough.

A faint smile through tears.

She turns off the desk lamp.

The room darkens.

Through the window -

birch branches moving in the evening wind.

CUT TO:

INT. STUMP HOUSE - GOLDEN HOUR

Golden light filters through the trees.

Timmy Bear and Turdle return to the stump house,
settling in for the evening.

Inside, the space glows.

Warm.

Safe.

Home.

Turdle begins to climb into the hollow in Timmy Bear's belly,
then pauses.

TURDLE

Timmy?

Timmy Bear hums.

Yes?

TURDLE

Do you ever miss it? Being human?

Timmy Bear is still.

Then a hum.

Thoughtful.

Sometimes.

TURDLE

What do you miss m-most?

Timmy Bear hums again.

Softer.

Sad.

My mother.

TURDLE

(quiet)

I'm sorry you lost her.

Timmy Bear hums.

Gently.

Not lost.

He gestures toward the PHOTO in the root nook.

Then rests a paw against his chest.

TURDLE

Do you think she's okay?

Timmy Bear hums.

A hopeful sound.

I think so.

A beat.

Another hum.

She's strong.

TURDLE

Do you think she'd understand? What
you did? For me?

Timmy Bear hums.

Uncertain.

But hopeful.

Maybe.

Turdle settles fully inside Timmy Bear's hollow.

TURDLE

We're enough.

Timmy Bear hums.

Yes.

TURDLE

Forever?

Timmy Bear hums.

Simple.

Certain.

Enough.

But not untouched.

CLOSE ON:

The GLASS JAR labeled ENOUGH in the root nook.

Timmy Bear's arms wrapping around his own belly,
holding Turdle through the fabric.

The PHOTO OF HIS MOTHER,
slightly faded, still present.

The ROCKET SHIP LUNCHBOX.

The SCARF.

PULL BACK:

The stump house glowing softly from within.

Timmy Bear still.

Peaceful.

PULL BACK THROUGH:

The opening of the stump.

The clearing.

The birch trees.

The moss.

PULL BACK FURTHER:

The forest at golden hour.

Birds returning to their nests.

The day gently ending.

Peace settling.

Love remaining.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

Timmy Bear's humming continues.

Soft.

Steady.

Enduring.

TITLE CARD:

For those who needed someone to stay.

You are enough.