

How Timmy Became a Bear

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Cafeteria noise and movement.

Timothy sits alone at a long table, isolated.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

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.

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

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.

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.

Timothy crosses back to his desk and writes a note.

INSERT - NOTE:

"Going for a walk. I'll be back.

- T"

BACK TO SCENE

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'S 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.

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 (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you.
What's making you feel that way?

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

His body trembles.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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. Timothy almost speaks. Stops.

TIMOTHY
(quiet, certain)
I do.

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.

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 (CONT'D)
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.

Small hesitation.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
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.

Human and turtle. Connected.

Stillness.

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 (CONT'D)

My mom works double shifts at the
hospital.

Turdle listens.

A moment.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

So it's mostly just me here.
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 (CONT'D)

You c-collect lunchboxes?

TIMOTHY

(smiles, small)
Yeah. They're cheerful.

Timothy reaches up and takes one down.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Sometimes I imagine just not having
to explain myself.

Silence.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
You can keep it.

Timothy sits on the edge of his bed nearby.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
You don't have to do anything tonight.

Turdle looks up at him.

TURDLE
Why are you d-doing this?

TIMOTHY
Because you needed someone who wouldn't rush you.

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 (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Turdle.

TURDLE
(barely a whisper)
G-goodnight, Timothy.

A quiet beat.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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. 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 (CONT'D)
Leftover pasta.

Sets it down.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
An old apple.

Then he notices something.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

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.

On the counter nearby sits a handwritten note. Timothy notices it.

He unfolds it.

INSERT — NOTE

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

Love, Mom."

BACK TO SCENE

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.

A small habitat sits beside the desk—stones, water, the scarf shaped into a hollow.

Timothy adjusts the fabric. Steps back. Turdle lingers at the edge. Watching.

TIMOTHY
You don't have to use it.

No response.

Timothy sits at his desk. Opens his notebook.

Rough sketches. A small stuffed bear. Unfinished. He glances back.

Turdle steps onto the scarf. It dips.

He freezes but stays. Timothy doesn't move.

Turdle lowers himself into the hollow. A small shift. Then stillness.

Timothy looks back to the page.

Adds a thin heart to the bear's chest. Behind him, Turdle's breathing slows. Timothy listens.

He stays.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

Timothy at his desk. Behind him—Turdle.

A shift. Breathing—faster. Timothy turns.

Turdle is already retreating.

TURDLE
(barely) C-can't—

Timothy kneels. Almost reaches—stops.

TIMOTHY
I'm here.

Nothing changes.

Turdle still spiraling. Timothy stays.

TURDLE
S-something's—

The words collapse. Timothy looks around, too bright.

He dims the lamp. The room softens. Turdle still shaking—
but no longer climbing. Timothy breathes.

Slower.

Turdle's eyes drift—losing the room—

CUT TO:

EXT. CREEK - MORNING

Sunlight. Noise. Movement.

Turtles gather near the creek bank. Eating. Talking over one another.

Turdle, smallest among them.

He bites into a wilted piece of lettuce. Almost immediately he chokes.

Coughing. Gasping.

The others glance over.

TURTLE (O.S.)
Just spit it out.

Turdle tries.

Can't.

A larger turtle hurries over. Concerned.

The turtle presses awkwardly against Turdle's shell, trying to help force the lettuce free.

Too hard. CRACK.

Turdle gasps.

Pain flashes across his face. The larger turtle freezes.

Horrified.

TURTLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to—

Turdle curls inward instantly. Breathing fast.

Ashamed for being hurt. Ashamed for needing help.

The lettuce finally comes loose. No one knows what to do.

Turdle keeps staring at the crack along his shell.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREEK - EVENING

Golden light stretches across the water.

The turtles gather near a fallen log crossing the creek. One by one, they begin heading home.

Turdle hangs back. Watching.

Trying to steady himself.

The others line up along the log.

TURTLE (O.S.)

Come on.

Turdle opens his mouth to answer. Nothing comes out correctly.

TURDLE (YOUNGER)

W-w-w-

He freezes. Panic rising.

The silence stretches too long.

The others shift awkwardly. they move on. Cross the log.

Gone.

Turdle stands alone. The creek louder now. The evening colder.

He turns. Leaves.

TURDLE (YOUNGER) (CONT'D)

I'm wr-wrong..

CUT TO:

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

Silence.

Turdle curled inward. Shaking. Timothy beside him.

Still.

TIMOTHY
(quiet)
You're not wrong.

A long beat.

Turdle's breathing slows. Timothy watches.

Notices the crack in the shell. He doesn't touch it.

Just sees it.

A quiet realization. He stays.

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?

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 (CONT'D)
Who are you talking to?

Timothy hesitates. Swallows.

TIMOTHY

I, uh—

He decides.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Come in.

A long moment.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I need to show you something.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane steps in.

She sees the habitat. Turdle.

DIANE

(startled, soft)

Is that a turtle?

TIMOTHY

I found him in the woods.

Diane crouches closer. Sees the cracked shell. The way he pulls inward.

DIANE

Oh... he's hurt.

Timothy nods.

Diane sits on the bed. Tired.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Timmy... I'm barely keeping us afloat
right now.

He listens. Doesn't argue.

TIMOTHY

I can take care of him.

She studies him. Something's different. Quieter. Steadier.

DIANE

You've been different.

Timothy doesn't answer. Diane looks back at Turdle.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Just... be gentle with him.

TIMOTHY
I will.

She exhales.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Okay.

She stands.

DIANE (CONT'D)
I'm going to sleep.

Pauses at the door. Looks at him.

Then leaves. The door closes.

Silence.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A soft tapping.

Timothy kneels beside the habitat. Turdle shaking.

TIMOTHY
I'm here.

TURDLE
I c-can't-The rest won't come.

Timothy gently lifts him-Turdle goes rigid.

Timothy stops. Lowers him back. Silence.

Timothy looks at his hands. Then at Turdle.

Small. Hidden.

TIMOTHY
(soft)
There has to be a way to stay.

Stillness.

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 Reptile & Amphibian Biology section. Pulls down a 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 the discarded science books.

TIMOTHY
(hesitant)
I don't think it's... physical.

She considers that, looking down at the text on animal anatomy.

Steps closer, but not too close.

LIBRARIAN
Then you're probably not going to
find it in the Science aisle.

She takes a step back, gesturing down the current row toward the adjacent shelves.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Psychology and Mental Health are
just one aisle over. If it's a
trauma response, or something...
unseen.

Timothy walks with her toward the transition space.

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

He struggles to phrase it.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 -when something doesn't stop. Even
 when nothing's happening. Like a
 panic that just... stays.

The Librarian stops walking. She watches him carefully,
 processing the depth of his question. She realizes a clinical
 mental health textbook won't answer this.

LIBRARIAN
 We don't have much on that in the
 modern text. It's too abstract.

A thought strikes her. She looks past the psychology shelves,
 all the way to the end of the room where the aisle ends.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
 But sometimes people used to write
 about it differently. Before we had
 medical terms for it, we used
 metaphors. Shapeshifting. Curses.

She gestures lightly across the room to the very last row
 against the brick wall.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
 Keep going past the World Mythology
 shelves.

She looks past Timothy.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
 Back corner. The Folklore
 collection.

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. 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.
Not copying. Selecting.

INSERT — NOTEBOOK

A short list:

- quiet
- warm
- enclosed
- safe
- doesn't leave Incomplete.

BACK TO SCENE

Timothy studies the words. Then looks down at his hands.
Still. Thinking.

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.

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.

No answer.

DIANE

You've been in here all day.

TIMOTHY
He needs me.

DIANE
And you need sleep.

Diane steps closer to the hollow. Turdle pulls back.

Timothy shifts slightly. Blocking without thinking. Diane notices.

That lands.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Timmy.

Softer now.

DIANE (CONT'D)
I can't lose you to something that
isn't real.

Silence.

TIMOTHY
This is real.

DIANE
This cannot keep going.

Timothy goes still.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Tomorrow we clean this out.

DIANE (CONT'D)
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.

DIANE
I know.

Quiet. Honest.

DIANE (CONT'D)
That's what scares me.

She steps back.

DIANE (CONT'D)
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.

INSERT — JAR LABEL

"ENOUGH"

BACK TO SCENE

He looks at his hands. Flexes them.

Human hands.

Still.

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 TO:

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

New Moon

The room is dim. Almost midnight.

Turdle sleeps in the hollow. Timothy stands nearby.

Still.

He looks at the habitat—the moss, the scarf—Then at his hands.

He sits on the floor beside Turdle. Close. Not touching.

Watches him breathe. Tucked in. Even in sleep. Timothy swallows.

TIMOTHY
(quiet)
What am I doing.

Turdle shifts. Settles. Timothy watches.

Something lands. He stands.

Crosses to the desk. Opens his notebook.

"Bring something you have mended."

Timothy looks up. Sees the coat.

Takes it down. Turns it inside out—The stitched patch.

He runs his thumb over it. A memory, felt—not shown. A small nod.

Decision made.

He sets the coat aside.

Looks back at Turdle. Still.

Turdle senses something. He stiffens.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
I'm not abandoning you.

A beat.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I love you.

Turdle freezes. Then gathers himself.

TURDLE
I l-love you too.

Timothy writes a note quickly.

INSERT — NOTEBOOK

"Going for a walk. I'll be back.

Love you."

BACK TO SCENE

He leaves it on the desk.

Timothy slips on his coat.

His fingers brush the stitched patch inside the pocket.

Then he leaves the room. The door closes softly.

FADE TO BLACK

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.

Flat stones wind through the moss toward the cottage door. Uneven.

Different sizes. Different colors.

Fitted carefully together like pieces from different puzzles that somehow still belong.

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 (CONT'D)
You followed the thread.

She steps closer.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
You came asking to be remade.

Timothy straightens.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
Tell me, Timothy. What shape are
you asking for?

TIMOTHY
I want to be a home.

The Stitchwitch waits.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
For someone who needs one. Warmth.
Softness.

He swallows.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Someone who needs to be held
without end.

He meets her gaze.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I want to be what he needs.

A quiet beat.

STITCHWITCH
And what will you give?

TIMOTHY
Anything.

Another beat.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
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, puzzle pieces.

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
A bear. A stuffed bear. With
softness inside. Room for him.

The Stitchwitch studies him carefully.

Silence.

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

TIMOTHY
I'm already a ghost, ma'am.

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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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.

A quick thought.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

With room enough inside for him to rest.

Her gaze sharpens.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

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. Once you are sewn, there is no returning.

TIMOTHY

I'm not trying to return.

A quiet breath.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
She taught me how to care for things. How to listen. How to mend.

Silence.

STITCHWITCH
Your mother will grieve.

TIMOTHY
I'll leave her a note.

STITCHWITCH
Words do not mend grief.

TIMOTHY
I know. But it's what I can leave. 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 (CONT'D)
Close your eyes.

Tears slide down Timothy's face. But he is peaceful.

TIMOTHY
(whisper)
I'm ready.

FADE OUT.

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.

Silence.

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.

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. Rolls back.

Tries again.

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 (CONT'D)
You cannot speak as you did.

She steps closer.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
But you can communicate.

Timmy Bear concentrates. Not words.

Feelings. Intent.

The Stitchwitch listens.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
(interpreting)
Strange. Heavy. Different.

A beat.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
But coherent.

She gestures.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Yes. You are complete.

She circles him, inspecting her work.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
The hollow within you is lined with
silk. Warm. Safe.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
When your turtle enters, he will be
held.

She places a hand on his chest.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
You will feel him. His heartbeat.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
He will understand.

She pauses. Considering.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
And you can hum.

She gestures.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
Try.

Timmy Bear concentrates. A sound emerges.

Soft. Low.

A gentle hum. Not language. Comfort.

The Stitchwitch nods.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

Good.

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

She rests a hand against his chest.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

As long as you love him, you will
move.

She meets his button eyes.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Dawn approaches. Your turtle waits.

She gestures to the path.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

Go.

A final pause.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)
Do not thank me yet.

A small pause.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
Thank me when you fully understand
what it costs you to stay.

Her voice softens.

STITCHWITCH (CONT'D)
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.

Garden. Path

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 trees. Onto the quiet street.

Morning light spreading.

A man with coffee glances up—Frowns.

Timmy Bear slips behind a parked car. Gone.

The man keeps walking. Timmy Bear continues. Careful.

He stops in front of the apartment building. Looks up.

Home.

He turns.

And 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.

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 (CONT'D)
Timothy?

Timmy Bear nods.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Timothy? Is that really you?

Stillness.

Timmy Bear nods again. He taps his chest.

Points to Turdle.

Brings his paws together. Together.

Turdle's breath catches.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
You changed?

He creeps closer.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
You are so soft. So warm.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
You really are a home.

Timmy Bear rocks gently. Hums.

After a moment, Turdle looks up.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Can I... go inside?

Timmy Bear nods.

He helps Turdle find the opening in his belly. Silk lined.

Warm.

Turdle climbs inside.

The hollow settles around him.

As though it was shaped by his absence. From within.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Timothy?

Timmy Bear hums. Yes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I'm here.

Silence.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 go?

TURDLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where will we go?

Timmy Bear hums softly. The forest.

Timmy Bear rests his chin gently against Turdle. Gentle.

Hopeful.

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.

The note on the desk

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.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Timmy Bear moves along the edge of the street.

Ahead Diane. Walking to her car.

He stops. Still.

She slows. A flicker.

Like she almost sees something. But doesn't.

Keeps going. Gets in.

Drives off. Silence.

Timmy Bear watches. Then turns. Toward the forest.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - CONTINUOUS

He reaches the trees. Stops.

TURDLE (O.S.)
Are we going to the c-clearing?

A soft hum.

TURDLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Will we stay there?

Another.

Timmy Bear steps into the forest.

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. He presses one paw into the earth. Testing.

He shifts slightly beneath the opening above, blocking the draft.

The wind softens inside immediately. Turdle notices.

Relaxes without realizing why.

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 (CONT'D)
We can really l-live here?

Timmy Bear hums again.

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:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

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.

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.

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.

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.

The humming slows with Turdle's breathing. Matching it.

Steadying it.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

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 BEDROOM. 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.

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.

Something about it unsettles her. Pieces without edges.

Forever incomplete.

Silence.

Her son is gone.

Tears come, quiet at first... then breaking through.

DIANE (CONT'D)
(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 (CONT'D)
I don't know where you went.

Only the soft rustle of curtains. The room.

The bed. The puzzle.

Everything exactly where he left it.

DIANE (CONT'D)
(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.

END INTERCUT.

INT. TIMOTHY'S BEDROOM - 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.

Beside them, a notebook.

Worn.

Diane notices it. She opens it.

Pages of sketches.

Thread winding through trees. A small stuffed bear.

A turtle.

The same shapes, over and over. Diane studies the page.

Her fingers rest lightly on the paper.

She closes the notebook. 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.

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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
(sharp, pulling away)
Don't.

Timmy Bear freezes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
You changed shape for me. And I'm
still scared.

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

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I thought it would stop. I thought
it would be over.

He can't meet Timmy Bear's eyes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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. THUNDER cracks across
the forest.

But underneath it—another sound.

Fabric tearing. Long. Violent. Close.

Timmy Bear goes completely still. The storm cuts out.

No rain. No wind. No insects. Nothing.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
(whisper, devastated)
I don't want you to regret me.

The storm returns in force. Rain lashes the stump.

Wind screams through the trees.

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 (CONT'D)
Everything's too m-much!

Turdle paces faster.

Timmy Bear shifts with him automatically. Never blocking the path.

Never leaving it either.

Turdle 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

The storm rages.

Rain drips through the stump. Wind screams outside.

Thunder rolls overhead. Turdle spirals.

TURDLE
(sobbing, shouting)
I'm broken! I'm wrong! I'm not
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.

INSERT — JAR LABEL

ENOUGH

BACK TO SCENE

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 (CONT'D)
It's empty. There's nothing in it.

Timmy Bear hums softly. He opens the jar.

Holds it between them. Turdle studies the jar.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I'm already enough?

Timmy Bear nods.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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.

Rain continues outside. Softer now, but steady. Turdle is crying harder. Different tears.

Not panic. Release.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I'm so t-tired of being scared. I'm
so tired of feeling wrong.

He folds in on himself.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I just want
(breaks)
I just want someone to hold me.
Forever. And never let 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.

Firm. Protective. No fear.

Only certainty. Shock.

Then relief. Timmy Bear hums. Not a lullaby.

A vow.

Turdle feels it. The pressure.

The warmth. The decision.

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

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 (CONT'D)

And is that okay for you?

Timmy Bear hums. Not immediate.

Soft.

Certain, but carrying weight. Yes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)

Was it was it worth it?

Timmy Bear's hum changes. It becomes a melody.

Layered. Intentional.

As he hums, images surface. Turdle listens.

Beneath the humming, beneath the rain, the soft rhythm inside
Timmy Bear's chest.

Not quite a heartbeat.

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. Breathing slows.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
You were invisible too.

Timmy Bear hums - Yes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
And I see you.

Timmy Bear hums again.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
You were alone. And now you're not.

Timmy Bear hums - We're not.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
We're both enough. Just like this.

Timmy Bear hums.

Strong. Certain. Yes.

EXT. STUMP HOUSE - 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.

He exhales.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Can I can I go inside? Into your h-
hollow? And you stay holding me?

A small, hopeful pause.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Forever. Inside and out.

Timmy Bear hums - Yes.

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.

Turdle settles deeper inside the hollow. Safe.

Timmy Bear watches the trees. Still.

Staying.

From within:

TURDLE (CONT'D)
(muffled, calm)
Timmy?

Timmy Bear hums. Yes.

A moment.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Thank you. For choosing me. For
holding me. Thank you for staying.

Timmy Bear hums softly.

Silence.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I think... I can stay too.

Only rain now. Gentler.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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:

Timmy Bear's arms. Still locked.

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.

The space inside him is still warm.

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 (CONT'D)
You're still holding me.

Timmy Bear hums again - Still here.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
(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 (CONT'D)
I feel different.

Timmy Bear hums - How?

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Lighter. Like something heavy is gone.

A beat.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Not my shell. Something inside.

He thinks for a moment.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
(smiles)
I think I can feel it now.

Timmy Bear hums.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
Yeah. Perfect clumsy.

They wander the clearing together.

Timmy Bear pauses beside a flower 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 (CONT'D)
Everything's so b-beautiful.

He looks around, amazed.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Was it always here?

Timmy Bear hums.

You just couldn't see it. Turdle nods.

Then looks up at Timmy Bear. Really looks.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
I can see now.

A quiet beat.

He smiles.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Not the old story. The one in front
of me.

Another beat.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
A home.

Timmy Bear hums.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 pause.

DIANE (CONT'D)
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.

She crosses to the window. It stands slightly open.

Evening air moving the curtains softly.

DIANE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I hope you know you were always
enough.

She reaches for the window. Then stops.

Faintly, from far beyond the tree line a soft humming drifts through the evening air.

Warm. Happy. Steady.

Silence.

Diane stills.

Something about it catches inside her. Almost familiar.

The humming fades with the wind. Diane closes the window gently. Not shutting it out.

Just letting the room rest. 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 (CONT'D)
Do you ever miss it? Being human?

Timmy Bear is still.

Then a hum. Thoughtful. Sometimes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
What do you miss m-most?

Timmy Bear hums again. Softer.

Sad.

My mother.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
(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 (CONT'D)
Do you think she's okay?

Timmy Bear hums. A hopeful sound. I think so.

Another hum. She's strong.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
We're enough.

Timmy Bear hums. Yes.

TURDLE (CONT'D)
Forever?

Timmy Bear hums. Simple.

Certain. Enough.

But not untouched.

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

CLOSE ON:

The GLASS JAR labeled ENOUGH in the root nook.

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.