

Tavis The Bold

by
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ACT 1

EXT. ENGLAND - STREETS OF CANTERBURY, KENT - DAY

SUPER: "Train Station, Canterbury, Kent, England, 1852"

The LORD TAVIS CRAWFORD ANGUS MCTHORN, III (36), height of the average man, sporting a full beard, a pipe that's clench tight in his mouth, waits patiently in front of the train.

He stands closely and protectively next to his wife, LADY EMILY MAE MCTHORN (25), the wee baby, TAVIS CRAWFORD ANGUS MCTHORN IV, protectively in her arms.

Lady McThorn's hair is fluff high with perfect coils framing her face, which is pail, except for her cheeks and lips. They're the same tint of pink, like roses.

Their new nanny, LISE MAY (41), joins them as a boy loads their trunks onto the back, the top, and underneath the six horse team carriage.

Lise is a little chubby and she has a habit of talking to herself. Her long dirty blond hair is turning gray starting on the sides, and she always wears it in a low bun.

Nanny Lise is stepping into the carriage when Lord McThorn throws a few coins at the boy.

Inside the carriage McThorn sits next to his wife. Across is Nanny Lise, holding the baby. Lord McThorn holds his wife's hand and kisses her on the cheek as the carriage makes a sudden jerk forward.

The McThorns and Nanny Lise glance through the windows, taking turns pointing out the historical beauty of Canterbury.

They are happy, but after Lady McThorn gestures for her baby, and has him in her arms, Tavis, the 4th, begins to protests by FUSSING.

Lady McThorn is bouncing baby Tavis. The baby begins FUSSING more. Now, he's CRYING, very loudly. Lady McThorn is in distress and begins bouncing the baby faster.

Nanny Lise reaches with her arms towards the baby, smiling, to take the baby back; however, Lady McThorn, also with a smile, shakes her head, lips forming the word, "No".

The baby's crying becomes hysterical; she rocks him, she attempts to feed him, she bounces him up and down. But nothing Lady McThorn tries consoles little Tavis.

Lord McThorn loses his patience. He is breathing deeply, and the two eyebrows coming together in the middle makes deep ridges in his forehead.

He snaps at his wife. She stays calm and counter attacks. They argue back and forth for a moment until it was obvious that McThorn won.

Lady McThorn, her face forlorn, finally gives up and passes her baby to the nanny.

Nanny Lise begins soothingly rocking the baby back and forth, whispering to him, gently, and making silly faces, but the horrible crying doesn't cease.

Lord McThorn continues arguing with this wife, Lady McThorn fusses at Nanny Lise, and they all speak at the same time over the crying baby as the carriage moves through the beautiful countryside towards their new home.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

Lord McThorn, in his red robe and slippers, is pacing length of the room.

Baby Tavis is being rocked in his bassinet by Nanny Lise. Her hair is down, and she is in her simple robe. She rocks the baby gently, but he his crying is inconsolable.

Lady McThorn in her white robe and slippers is wringing her hands. The family physician, DOCTOR MORRIS LOCKE (42), dress sharply in a neat Victorian suit, his black bag on the floor, writes on a pad of paper.

DOCTOR LOCKE

It's his stomach, Lady McThorn. Wee, baby Tavis is having trouble digesting his milk.

Lord McThorn stops pacing.

LORD MCTHORN

What are we going to do, Doctor Locke? He must eat!

DOCTOR LOCKE

Of course, Lord McThorn. Randal will ride out to Cork Elden's farm for goat's milk.

LORD MCTHORN
Goat's milk?

LADY MCTHORN
Goat's milk?

DOCTOR LOCKE
Indeed. Much more easier to digest.
He'll deliver four bottles daily, adding
more as Tavis grows.

Lady and Lord McThorn look at one another. They bow their heads in an act of resolution.

LORD MCTHORN
Aye, Doctor.

LADY MCTHORN
Aye, Doctor.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT - 4 MONTHS LATER

Lord McThorn, in his green robe and slippers, is pacing the length of the room.

Baby Tavis (5 months old) is in Nanny Lise' arms. She is rocking him as he cries inconsolably, his legs and arms akimbo as they jerk about.

Lady McThorn in her pink robe and slippers, is wringing her hands. Doctor Locke writes on a pad of paper.

DOCTOR LOCKE
It's a diaper rash, Lady McThorn. Wee, baby Tavis has a rash from not changing his diaper enough.

Lord McThorn stops pacing.

LORD MCTHORN
What are we going to do, Doctor Locke?
Change his diaper every thirty minutes?

DOCTOR LOCKE
Of course not, Lord McThorn. I happen to have some bum butter in my bag.

LORD MCTHORN
Bum butter?

LADY MCTHORN
Bum butter?

DOCTOR LOCKE
Indeed. Very gentle and the special butter will help clear up that rash in no time.

Lady and Lord McThorn stare at him in disbelief.

DOCTOR LOCKE (CONT'D)
It's the goat's milk to blame. After, be
sure that his diaper is being changed
more frequently.

Lady and Lord McThorn look at one another. They bow their
heads in an act of resolution.

LORD MCTHORN
Aye, Doctor.

LADY MCTHORN
Aye, Doctor.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT - TWO MONTHS LATER

Lord McThorn, in his purple robe and slippers, is pacing
the room.

Baby Tavis (7 months old) is in Nanny Lise' arms. She
rocks in the rocker as she attempts to console him, but
he's become big enough to fight her.

Lady McThorn, in her yellow robe and slippers, is
wringing her hands. Doctor Locke writes on a pad of
paper.

DOCTOR LOCKE
It's his new teeth, Lady McThorn. Wee,
baby Tavis is teething.

Lord McThorn stops pacing.

LORD MCTHORN
What are we going to do, Doctor Locke?
Not feed him any solid food?

DOCTOR LOCKE
Lord McThorn, of course you're going to
feed him some solid food. But put some
whiskey on his gums.

LORD MCTHORN
Whiskey?

LADY MCTHORN
Whiskey?

DOCTOR LOCKE
Indeed. The best thing to numb that pain
so that he can eat, and you can sleep.

Lord and Lady McThorn look at the doctor wide eyed.

LORD MCTHORN
Not my fine Jacob Spears Bourbon!

The doctor pauses to consider.

DOCTOR LOCKE

Do you happen to have some moonshine
hidden away becoming mellow?

Lord McThorn is insulted.

LORD MCTHORN

Of course I do, Doctor! What sort of Scot
do you take me for?

DOCTOR LOCKE

There you go! Remember, you want him
calm, not drunk.

Lady and Lord McThorn look at one another. They bow their
heads in an act of resolution.

LORD MCTHORN

Aye, Doctor.

LADY MCTHORN

Aye, Doctor.

EXT. MCTHORN HOUSE - STREET - DAY

SUPER: "Eight Years Later"

Boys and girls of various sizes and ages are shouting in
the street as they hit a shuttle with a stick back and
forth to one another.

CHILD TAVIS (8), can be seen through his upstairs window
watching the children play.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - TAVIS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room contains a double canopy bed, a wardrobe, two
chairs, a table, and a rocking horse. A large decorative
box holds his toys.

Tavis, sits on the window seat. He holds a handmade stuff
likeness of a tiger.

He's small in height and weighs less for his age, with a
slightly large head, curly brown hair and large blue
eyes.

A thermometer is sticking out of his mouth; a towel is
wrapped around his head, tied under his chin to keep a
large ice pack on top.

He can hear the children laughing and shouting through the open window.

Nanny Lise walks in with a bowl, a spoon, and a napkin on a tray. She clicks her tongue.

NANNY LISE

Tavis! What are you doing out of bed?

She puts the tray down on a table and carefully picks him up to place him into between the sheets.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Lady McThorn would have me behind if she caught you out of bed. You're too sick, laddie!

She pulls the covers tightly around his chin, fluffs his pillows, and hands him his stuff tiger that he hugs affectionately.

She notices the window and rushes into action.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Auch! What is this window doing open!

She takes a few giant steps to the window and closes it as she shakes her head.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Are you trying to send me to an early grave?

She turns and spies the forlorn look on Tavis's face. She sighs.

She sits in the chair beside the bed and removes the thermometer. She reads the temperature, then frowns.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Well, we're not going to worry about this right now.

She smiles and picks up the bowl from the tray.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Here, cook made you some nice cold tattie soup.

She begins to feed Tavis, but before the spoon reaches his mouth, he moans, cough, and sneezes.

TAVIS

Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhhh-owww! Cough. Cough.
Ahhhhh-choooo!

Soup flies out of the spoon and onto Nanny Lise' face.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh, dear.

Nanny Lise takes the napkin off of the tray and wipes her face. She smiles.

NANNY LISE

It's all right. Let's see if we can get
the next one into your mouth.

The door opens and Doctor Locke enters. Lady McThorn follows behind.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry Doctor Locke. I forgot that
you were coming.

Nanny Lise stands from the chair, takes the tray, bows her head, and exits.

Doctor Locke walks to the side of the bed and picks up the thermometer from the table.

DOCTOR LOCKE

Well, my lad, how are you today?

When Tavis opens his mouth to answer, Doctor Locke sticks the thermometer in. Using the stethoscope around his neck, the doctor listens to Tavis's chest.

Lady McThorn has changed. There are bags under her eyes, and her skin is pale. Her hair is frayed and she has begun wringing a handkerchief in her hands.

LADY MCTHORN

Doctor Locke, I've been meaning to talk
to you. I have a concern.

Doctor Locke speaks as he continues his examination of Tavis without looking at her.

DOCTOR LOCKE

Go ahead.

LADY MCTHORN

Well, Tavis doesn't seem to be growing as
other children his age.

He peers into Tavis's ears.

DOCTOR LOCKE
How do you mean?

LADY MCTHORN
Well, he doesn't seem to be as big as
other eight-year-old boys.

DOCTOR LOCKE
Uh, huh. Uh, huh.

LADY MCTHORN
Nanny Lise is always adjusting his
clothes, making them smaller. I rarely
have to buy anything new.

DOCTOR LOCKE
That's good.

He peers closely into Tavis's eyes.

Lady McThorn hesitates.

LADY MCTHORN
I think it's because he's always ill.

Doctor Locke stands and looks directly at her.

DOCTOR LOCKE
Nonsense!

LADY MCTHORN
But...

TAVIS
Ohhhh! Ohhhhhowww! Ohhhhhowww!
Cough...cough. Ahhhhh-choooo!

The thermometer flies out of Tavis's mouth and the doctor catches it. He looks at it, and then shakes his head as he pushes the thermometer back into Tavis's mouth.

Tavis continues to moan.

DOCTOR LOCKE
It's influenza, Lady McThorn. Young
laddie Tavis is very ill.

Lady McThorn wrings the handkerchief faster as the Doctor writes on his pad.

LADY MCTHORN
Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear.

DOCTOR LOCKE

Now don't worry. I'll send Lise to the apothecary to pick up an elixir.

LADY MCTHORN

An elixir?

DOCTOR LOCKE

Indeed. The best on the market. It'll have the lad in tip-top shape in no time.

Doctor Locke places his stethoscope into his black bag. He removes the thermometer from Tavis's mouth and places it on the table.

DOCTOR LOCKE (CONT'D)

In the meantime, keep him warm, give him lots of fluids, make sure he gets plenty of rest, and keep him happy.

LADY MCTHORN

Keep him happy?

DOCTOR LOCKE

Yes. Good spirits always helps in recovery.

He takes a few steps towards the door and hands Lady McThorn the paper.

DOCTOR LOCKE (CONT'D)

And don't worry about his size. One day, he'll be as big and strong as his father.

LADY MCTHORN

But...

The doctor tips his hat and bows his head.

DOCTOR LOCKE

I'll see my way out.

Lady McThorn looks at Tavis who continues to moan. She sadly shakes her head and exits the room.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - TAVIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tavis is in bed, tossing his head back and forth as he moans. Above him, a thought bubble begins to form.

NIGHTMARE DREAM SEQUENCE - TAVIS GROWING OLD IN BED

-- Inside the thought bubble is Tavis in bed, tossing and turning as he continues to moan.

-- A large calendar appears within the thought bubble over his bed, flipping rapidly through the weeks, then the months, then the years as he becomes older.

-- Tavis grows taller until his feet stick out of the end of the bed.

-- At the same time, a long shaggy, unkept mustache and beard grows.

-- The hair turns from grey to white. His skin becomes wrinkle and his nails grow longer.

NANNY LISE (V.O.)

He was always a sickly wee one. It seems
that he'll be in that bed forever...

END NIGHTMARE DREAM SEQUENCE

BACK TO SCENE

Tavis wakes with a start. He moves his hands over his body, his head and face. Satisfied that everything is as it should be, he falls asleep.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - TAVIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tavis is laying in bed with his thermometer in his mouth, towel around his head, and a large ice pack on top. He moans lightly.

Lady McThorn enters with a tall stack of books. Some are very thin and others were thicker. She drops the books on the end of his bed and sits in the chair.

She removes the thermometer and checks the temperature.

LADY MCTHORN

Oh, your fever is going down! Blessed be,
that elixir is working!

Lady McThorn smiles and touches his forehead.

Tavis sits up in bed and looks at the books.

TAVIS

Ma, what are these books for?

LADY MCTHORN

Since you keep missing school, I'm hiring a governess. She's coming straight from London to prepare you for prep school.

Tavis push himself higher in bed.

TAVIS

Huh?

LADY MCTHORN

The governess will teach you higher learning subjects so that you'll be able to attend the Academy.

She picks up a book.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Still, I like to read to you sometimes myself. I want to read my favorite stories to you.

She opens the book and flips through a few pages. Tavis lays back against his pillow.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

This one is the story of Robert the Bruce, the most famous warrior of his time, and King of Scotland.

Tavis eyes go wide.

TAVIS

Ohhhh!

She clears her throat.

LADY MCTHORN

A-hem.

(pause)

Robert the Bruce was born in Turnberry Castle in Ayrshire on July 11, 1274.

She stops to look at Tavis who wiggles to make himself comfortable. He holds his stuff tiger close, as he lowers his eyes, a pleasantness crosses his face.

LADY MCTHORN (V.O.)

Robert the Bruce lent support to William Wallace and became a Guardian of Scotland.

DREAM SEQUENCE - TAVIS THE BOLD

EXT. SMALL BATTLE TORN MEDIEVAL VILLAGE - DAY

Tavis is dressed in a kilt with a wide sash in his family tartan, knee high socks, leather boots, light armor, and a matching bonnet.

He sits upon a large white horse and carries a large sword high above his head. A few elderly men, women, and children surround him. They are thin, dirty, and dressed in rags.

OLD MAN 1

Oh, Lord McThorn, you have arrived!

The villagers cheer...which changes to them coughing.

YEAH! COUGH! COUGH!

TAVIS

Where are they?

WOMAN 1

The King and Queen are in the dungeon of the castle, me Lord. The poor Princess is in the highest tower.

TAVIS

How many of them are there?

LITTLE BOY

Me Lord, me sister and I counted thirty. Twenty-three in the courtyard.

TAVIS

That leaves seven guarding the King, Queen, and princess.

Tavis pauses, looks out into the fourth wall, and speaks with a smile.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Piece of haggis.

Tavis bends down to whisper into his horse's, Bruce, ear.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

We'll take the down stairs first, then the up stairs. Ready, Bruce?

Bruce nods his head as he snorts. He then rears up in the air with a loud whinny and charges down the road.

EXT. THE CASTLE GATE

Bruce jumps over the moat, turns, and kicks open the gate to the courtyard with his hind legs. He quickly gallops through the gate.

EXT. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

All of the warriors wear the same as the ones sitting against the wall. All are napping.

Tavis throws his sword up to the wall hitting an archer who falls to the ground.

He jumps off of Bruce, picks up the fallen bow and arrows and begin shooting the men on the wall.

EXT. THE CASTLE FRONT DOOR

Other men are lying against an overturned table on the ground, also asleep. Once the commotion begins, they wake, jump up and grab their swords.

With fierceness in his eyes, Bruce butts and tosses the soldiers high in the air with his head and kicks them with his front and hind legs.

EXT. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

Tavis sends arrows to the soldiers who are attempting to attack Bruce. When all are on the ground he grabs his sword.

EXT. THE CASTLE FRONT DOOR

Tavis runs to Bruce and survey the scene. All of the enemy are moaning from their various wounds. Tavis counts the fallen men.

TAVIS

...twenty-two, twenty-three. Aye, that's
all of them. Well done, Bruce!

(beat)

Let's go!

Tavis jumps on Bruce's back. Bruce rears back and whinnies; he rushes up the castle's front stairs and kicks down the door.

INT. CASTLE - ENTRANCE WAY

Bruce looks around, glaring. Tavis points with his sword.

TAVIS

That way!

INT. CASTLE - DUNGEON

At the bottom of the stairs, four guards dress as the other interlopers in front of a single steel door with bars over a small window.

A sword is tucked between their sashes.

The first guard is rolling a cigarette, the second is ready to light it with two flints. The third leans casually against the wall while the fourth cleans his teeth with a blade.

GUARD 1

How long until Alec, Gavin, Duncan, and Robert suppose to arrive and relieve us?

GUARD 2

Sunset, I think.

GUARD 4

I hope so. I'm getting quite a thirst standing around this drafty castle.

They're quiet for a few moments while they continue to roll the cigarette, hold the two flints, lean against the wall, and clean between the teeth with a blade.

GUARD 3

Hey, did you hear that?

Guard 2 looks up as a spark comes to the flint and Guard 1 bends closer.

GUARD 2

Hear what?

Tavis rounds the corner with his sword in his hand.

TAVIS

You can either step aside and open that door for the King and Queen, or end up like your mates outside.

The four guards draw their swords.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

What do you know? That didn't work. You were right Bruce. I owe you a carrot.

Bruce snorts as Tavis jumps off and attacks the guards, disarming all four in one strike of his sword. Their swords fly across the hall.

GUARD 1

Arg! That's me rolling hand!

GUARD 2

Och! Why you go and do that for!

GUARD 3

Oh! Oh! Orch! Me hand!

GUARD 4

Owwwwwch!

The guards continue to bellow in pain and hold their injured hand as Tavis takes the keys from Guard 4. His push sends them tumbling over one another.

Tavis unlocks the door, swings it open, and out walks the KING protectively holding the QUEEN around her shoulders.

KING

Who are you?

The Queen sees the guards moaning in a heap.

QUEEN

Our savior!

TAVIS

Can you watch these four? Their swords are over there.

KING

Aye. We don't know what happened to our daughter. Please find and save her.

TAVIS

No need to ask twice.

Bruce scoops Tavis up over his head and he slides into the saddle. They race back down the hall.

INT. CASTLE - TOP OF THE TOWER

Three guards dressed as the ones in the dungeon stand in front of a door, looking out of a large open window on the side wall.

Bruce rounds the corner of the last stairs and pushes them through the window.

GUARD 5
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

GUARD 6
Oh, Noooooooooooooooooooo!

GUARD 7
Arrrgggggggggggggggggg!

Tavis jumps down and looks through the window at the falling men.

TAVIS
Bruce! Why did you do that? We didn't get the key to the door!

Bruce shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head making a short whinny and a snort.

Tavis prepares to knock the door open with his shoulder, but finds no resistance when he runs into it. The door burst wide open.

INT. CASTLE - TOWER BEDROOM

Tavis slides into the room directly in front of the PRINCESS. She looks down, surprise.

PRINCESS
Who are you?

Tavis jumps up and bows.

TAVIS
Sire Lord Tavis Crawford Angus McThorn, The Fourth, at your service. I've come to rescue you.

PRINCESS
My hero!

The Princess smothers Tavis's face with kisses. Tavis holds his sword up in the air and puts his other arm around the Princess.

Bruce scoops them both up over his head.

EXT. THE CASTLE COURTYARD

The villagers are tying up the soldiers as the King oversees, sword in hand, when Bruce leaves the castle carrying Tavis and the Princess.

A villager helps the Princess down from Bruce. She gives Bruce a big hug. Bruce turns his head to the side and blushes with a silly grin.

The villagers, the King and Queen, and the Princes began shouting Tavis's name.

VILLAGERS

Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

KING

Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

QUEEN

Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

PRINCESS

Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

As the shouts continue, Tavis grows taller, his chest and arms grow rounder, and he sits high on Bruce's saddle.

SUPER:

"Tavis The Bold Has Arrived"

END DREAM SEQUENCE

BACK TO SCENE

Tavis sighs and smiles in his sleep.

LADY MCTHORN (V.O.)

Robert died on June 7, 1329, at Cardross, fulfilled that his life struggle had been realized.

Lady McThorn closes the book. She smiles at Tavis, then picks up the books from the bed and places them on an empty wall shelf.

She kisses him on the forehead and exits the room.

EXT. MCTHORN FRONT YARD - DAY

SUPER: "1865"

Boys and girls of various sizes play in the street in front of the McThorn's house. One is blind folded and is trying to tag the others as they call his name.

Tavis (13), sits by his bedroom window seat, but he is uninterested in the children.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - TAVIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tavis is drawing in his sketchbook. His toy stuff tiger beside him and an older book sits up against the back of the window. The colors of the cover are worn.

INSERT - Book Cover with photo of jungle and words;

"Darkest India" by Colonel-Major George Chase.

END OF INSERT

His bed is unmade, and there is a tray of a half-eaten breakfast on a small table. His robe lay on the floor.

Nanny Lise, gray hair streaks her temples, enters and stands in front of the door. She shakes her head and clicks her tongue.

NANNY LISE

Ach, Tavis! Your room is boorach! If your ma sees this, we'll all be begging for our supper!

Tavis does not look up from his drawing.

Suddenly, he closes his book with a start. Then he tries to hold in a sneeze as he worriedly looks directly at Nanny Lise.

She steps towards him.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Is there something you want to say, laddie?

Tavis opens his mouth, but closes it quickly when he suddenly sneezes a large very wet one.

TAVIS

AAAAAA-CCCCCHOOOOooooooooo!

Nanny Lise hands him a handkerchief from her pocket.

NANNY LISE

You don't have to look at me that way. I won't tell your ma, and you can keep the handkerchief.

She begins picking up the clothes and dropping them into a hamper. Tavis sits back against the window and opens the book. He flips through the pages.

Lise walks towards the bed. There's a large book that is open. The pages have photos and drawings of tigers.

NANNY LISE (CONT'D)

Where did you get this book with the tigers?

INSERT-- OPEN BOOK OF DRAWINGS OF TIGERS; as in,

- - Large book with two pages open on black and white drawings of live tigers.

BACK TO SCENE

Tavis looks up excitedly.

TAVIS

Oh, it's another book from da's friend, Colonel-Major Chase; a birthday gift! All about the tigers of India!

She closes the book and places it on the shelf.

NANNY LISE

Aye. The big game hunter.

TAVIS

Yes! I hope one day I can go to India and see real tigers!

NANNY LISE

What? Are you tired of the one I gave you already?

TAVIS

Oh, nanny, I'll always love Terry the Tiger, but it's not the same.

Nanny Lise stops moving around the room to look directly at Tavis.

NANNY LISE

I need for you to dress for lunch now. Cook won't have it waiting 'til time for supper, you know.

Tavis closes his book.

TAVIS

All right.

NANNY LISE

And be prepared to dress your best for high tea today.

TAVIS

What?

NANNY LISE

Aye. You're going to have a visitor.

Tavis's face goes pale and he begins to speak fast.

TAVIS

What do you mean, a visitor? I don't have visitors! I never have visitors! Ma and pa have visitors, not me!

Nanny Lise chuckles.

NANNY LISE

You do now!

TAVIS

A visitor? A visitor? Who would want to come see me? I'm no one. There's nothing important about me. Why me?

NANNY LISE

Calm down, wee one. It's time for you to have friends.

TAVIS

I have friends. I have you, and Governess, and Petey, and Patrick...

Lise shakes her head.

NANNY LISE

I mean friends your own age. Your pa and ma are only thinking of your well being. It's not good to only have adult friends.

She returns to the bed to remove the spread and folds it. She lays it on the chest at the end of the bed before removing the sheets.

TAVIS

But...But...But...

Lise walks out carrying the bed sheets leaving Tavis alone, stuttering as he stares at the door.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - ENTRANCE WAY - CONTINUOUS

LADY BONNIE BAIRD (37), a large-busted woman with a very small waist, is dressed more appropriately for a party than for tea.

Her son, JACK, (13), is twice the size of Tavis, stands quietly beside her, his hands behind his back looking at the floor.

LADY BAIRD

Remember, Jack. Behave yourself. Your pa needs this. You must do whatever it takes to keep the McThorns enthralled by you.

Jack continues looking at the floor.

JACK

Yes, ma. I know.

Lady McThorn crosses the living room to greet her guest.

LADY MCTHORN

Oh, Lady Baird! I'm so happy that you've come to join me for tea.

LADY BAIRD

Please, Emily, call me Bonnie. No formality is needed between us. Our husbands are business partners now.

LADY MCTHORN

Of course. Our families are going to be such great friends.

Lady McThorn pulls a servant's cord hanging beside a curtain. Lady McThorn continues speaking to Lady Baird.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Annabelle has tea set for us in the large parlor. I'll have her take young Jack and call for Tavis.

Lady Baird nods in agreement. Lady McThorn smiles and wrings her hands as they wait. Lady Baird scans the entrance way with an unimpressive gaze.

When ANNABELLE (25), the downstairs maid, appears, Lady McThorn sighs in relief.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Ah, there you are!

(smiles a little too big)

(MORE)

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Please take young Jack to the small parlor and bring Tavis down.

(beat)

Tell him that his guest has arrived.

ANNABELLE

Yes, Lady McThorn.

Lady McThorn gave a weak chuckle as Jack follows Annabelle.

LADY MCTHORN

Shall we?

She gestures her open palm towards the direction of the other parlor.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - SMALL PARLOR - SAME

Jack stands over a table filling his mouth with cookies. His cheeks are full and he has a difficult time chewing. Tavis enters and stands by the door.

TAVIS

Uh, hem.

Jack turns and gives a small wave, then points at his mouth. He stops chewing, then swallows. He serves himself tea and takes a sip, swallowing the rest of the cookies.

He wipes his mouth and hands with a napkin.

JACK

You must be Tavis. I'm Jack. Jack Baird.
My father is Lord Jackson Baird.

Jack takes a few steps towards Tavis with his hand out, a large smile on his face.

Tavis looks at Jack's hand. It takes a moment before he realizes that Jack wants to shake his own.

He quickly moves to meet Jack, his hand out, returning the facial gesture; but when they meet, Jack turns up his hand.

Tavis couldn't stop his momentum in time, and he stumbles, tripping on his own feet, ending up face first on the carpet.

TAVIS

Oooooof!

Jack is laughing.

JACK

What are you, a thrum, Tavis McThorn?

Tavis gets up off the rug while Jack continues to laugh. He brushes off his clothes.

TAVIS

I don't know.

(beat)

What's a thrum?

JACK

You don't know? You are a thrum!

Jack continues to laugh. Tavis simply smiles and chuckles a bit.

Jack stops laughing. He looks around as he wanders the parlor. He stops in front of a painting and views it critically.

Keeping his eyes on the painting, he gives Tavis a casual interest.

JACK (CONT'D)

How come I never see you at school?

TAVIS

I've been ill.

(beat)

I have a Governess who teaches me.

JACK

A Governess? My ma says that you're the same age as me, and I haven't had a Governess for years.

TAVIS

Well, like I said, I've been ill. Much too ill for school.

Jack takes a few steps and notices a glass figurine on a table.

He picks up the figurine, examines it briefly, then tosses it over his shoulder.

Tavis catches the item and replaces back in it's proper place.

Jack turns and looks at Tavis. He grimaces.

JACK
And you're so much smaller than me.

TAVIS
Aye. My ma says it's because of my illnesses.

Jack continues moving around the room.

JACK
Are you on any town athletic teams?

TAVIS
Athletics? Oh, no, not me.

Jack stops. He pushes out his chest and stands with his legs astride, both hands on his waist.

JACK
I'm the captain of the junior football and junior golf teams!

TAVIS
Oh! Well done!

JACK
Quite right! And I'm learning to play the bagpipes.

TAVIS
The pipes? Ah, the pipes!

JACK
Huh, uh! One day, I'll be old enough to start training in the back hold.

TAVIS
Maybe one day I can do all of that.

Jack lowers his head to emphasize his gaze as he looks down at Tavis.

JACK
You?
(beat)
A thrum?
(beat)
I have my doubts.

Tavis looks down at the carpet while Jack returns to wandering. He looks at a figurine and tosses it. Tavis catches it just in time before it hits the floor.

Jacks stops to face Tavis as he returns the figurine to the table.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you do all day long, anyway? What do you do for fun?

Talking about his hobbies excites Tavis.

TAVIS
Oh, many fun things!

Jack waits patiently.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Uh, well, I like to read, especially myths of giants and mer-people!

Jack fakes a yawn.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
And I write my own stories of dragons, and knights who save the Princess.

Jack sits in the nearest chair and drops his head to one side.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
And I draw, from books. I can show you my collection!

Jack droops more in the chair.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Come on! I'll show you! I'm really quite good!

Jack stands straight up and shouts.

JACK
Stop! I can't take it any more!

Tavis appears bewildered.

TAVIS
Uh?

JACK
I meant, what athletic games do you play. What do you play for fun?

TAVIS
Oh. I don't play games like you do.

Jack throws his arms up in the air.

JACK

Uggh!

Annabelle enters the room. Jack puts his hands behind his back and smiles sweetly.

ANNABELLE

Young Jack, Lady Baird will be ready to leave shortly.

Jack turns and speaks politely to Annabelle.

JACK

Thank you. I'll be right there.

Annabelle exits. Jack's smile disappears as he addresses Tavis.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well, Tavis. I wish I can say it's been a pleasure.

He puts his hand out to offer it to Tavis. Tavis hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. I was just playing around with you earlier.

Tavis chuckles.

TAVIS

Oh, of course.

Tavis puts his hand out and walks towards Jack. Again, when they meet, Jack raises his hand; but this time, Jack also trips him with one foot. Tavis hits the carpet.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Oooooof!

Jack laughs harder than the first time.

JACK

You are such a thrum!

Jack continues to laugh as he walks towards the door. He stops when he notices a small glass figurine sitting on a table that was over the hard wood floor.

Jack knocks over the figurine and it breaks.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, that's so sad.

He glares down at Tavis who is still on the carpet. His voice becomes lower with a vicious tone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't you tell anyone that I did that, or about any part of this visit, or else I'll find a way to make you suffer.

He takes a couple more steps towards the door. Then suddenly, he is his cocky self again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, what am I thinking. They won't believe a thrum like you!

Jack exits, then sticks his head back inside the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
Bye, Tavis. Pray we'll never see one another again.

He chuckles before he removes his head and closes the door.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The McThorns sit at the dining table having dinner. Lady and Lord McThorn are in the middle of a conversation which Tavis is not a part of.

Tavis silently plays with the food on his plate.

LORD MCTHORN
I'm happy that it's final and settled.
It's the best thing for young Tavis.

LADY MCTHORN
I completely agree, dear.

LORD MCTHORN
He'll finally be outdoors, getting plenty of fresh air and exercise. It'll help make him into a man.

LADY MCTHORN
You're absolutely right, dear.

LORD MCTHORN
 So, what do you think of all of this,
 son?

Tavis doesn't respond. He continues to pick at his food.

LADY MCTHORN
 Tavis, your father is speaking to you.

Tavis does not respond. They shout.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D) LORD MCTHORN
 Tavis! Tavis

Tavis looks up with a start. He looks at his parents.

TAVIS
 Uh?

LADY MCTHORN
 Your father is speaking to you. Please
 pay attention.

TAVIS
 Oh, I'm sorry, pa, please forgive me.

LORD MCTHORN
 Of course, my son.
 (beat)
 Now, tell me, what do you think of
 attending school? Isn't that exciting
 news?

Tavis puts his knife and fork down beside his plate.

TAVIS
 School? What's this about school?

LADY MCTHORN
 A-hem. Well...
 (beat)
 Your father and I agree that Governess'
 teaching term is up, and...

Tavis stands up from his chair and interrupts.

TAVIS
 You're letting Governess go!

Responding calmly.

LORD MCTHORN

Now, Tavis, calm down. Governess will receive a great severance pay and a high recommendation.

TAVIS

But...But...But...But...

LORD MCTHORN

Sit down, Tavis, and listen. Please.

Lady McThorn frowns. She waits for Tavis to sit and calm himself.

LADY MCTHORN

You see, dear, you've learned all you can from Governess.

LORD MCTHORN

She was never intended to be your one and only teacher.

LADY MCTHORN

You need to attend school, secondary school, dear.

LORD MCTHORN

You need the proper formal education in order to someday take over the family business.

LADY MCTHORN

And we're so lucky that Lord and Lady Baird helped get you accepted in the best class in the best academy in the area.

LORD MCTHORN

Aye! You'll have Maister Lawton as your counselor.

(beat)

Just as Jack!

Tavis eyes go wide.

TAVIS

Jack? Jack Baird!

LADY MCTHORN

Aye, my dear! Your new best friend!

TAVIS

What?

LADY MCTHORN
Your new best friend!

LORD MCTHORN
Your new best friend!

TAVIS
But...But...But...But...

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - DAY

High on top of the building is the name of the Academy, and as the perspective pulls away, one can see that it is a ancient building from medieval times.

Tavis stands in front of the school's gate, looking down the road. He is dressed proper in the school's uniform and carries a satchel.

TAVIS

But...But...But...But...

Lady McThorn is calling out of an open window of a moving carriage, waving a white handkerchief.

LADY MCTHORN

Goodbye, Tavis! Enjoy your first day of school! Nanny Lise will pick you up at the end of the day!

TAVIS

But...But...But...But...

The carriage turns the corner and is gone. Tavis continues to stare at the place where he last saw his mother.

Other boys are passing by, ignoring him. Some boys are in small groups chatting with one another. Others are alone.

Some are taller and bigger than Tavis, others are shorter and smaller; all wear the exact same uniform and carry a satchel.

CALUM MORRIS (9), same size as Tavis in height and girth with golden hair and a button nose, stops and watches Tavis look down the street.

Calum looks in the same direction, then returns his gaze to Tavis. He looks Tavis up and down, narrowing his eyes suspiciously.

CALUM

I've never seen you here before, have I?

Tavis does not acknowledge him. He continues to stare.

CALUM (CONT'D)

You must be new.

Finally, Calum smiles and offers Tavis his hand. He speaks cheerfully.

CALUM (CONT'D)
I'm Calum Morris.

Tavis continues to stare down the street. Calum frowns and looks at his hand. He raises his voice.

CALUM (CONT'D)
You're not going to greet a new mate proper?

Shaken from his reverie, Tavis sees Calum for the first time.

TAVIS
Huh?

Tavis looks at Calum hand and steps back, but Calum grabs his right hand and give it a good shake.

CALUM
Nice to meet you! What's your name?

TAVIS
Tavis. Tavis Crawford Angus McThorn, the fourth.

CALUM
Oh! A McThorn!

TAVIS
You know my family?

CALUM
No. I just like the way the word McThorn sounds. Has a nice woodsy way about it.

The school bell rings and the boys that are still outside hasten their pace to enter.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Let's go. I'll show you where to pick up your books and get your room assignment. Then we can meet during recess.

TAVIS
Recess?

CALUM
Yeah, break from classwork! We're in the same grade block, right? So we'll have the same recess and lunch!

INT. SCHOOL - LAWTON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Room two-hundred and five contains thirty-five desks; twenty-eight are occupied. Jack sits in the middle of the room. In front of him to the right is an empty desk.

Maister FARLAIN LAWTON (55) is a short stout man with a round red face. He has big ears, a thick barbell mustache, and his hair is parted in the middle.

He stands in the front of the classroom holding his Attendance book, his desk behind him, completing taking row. His voice resounds around the room.

LAWTON
Shaw!

SHAW
Here!

LAWTON
Sinclair!

SINCLAIR
Here!

LAWTON
Wallace!

WALLACE
Present!

Lawton looks up from his Attendance book.

LAWTON
What was that?

WALLACE
I mean, here!

Lawton marks Wallace in his book and continues calling.

LAWTON
And, Young!

YOUNG
Here!

Lawton closes his Attendance book.

LAWTON
All right. Get out your Grammar book, turn to page eighty-three, and have your slate ready.

Lawton turns his attention away from the class, places his book on the desk, and begins writing on the board.

The opening and closing of the desk tops and flipping through book pages is audible.

A sound comes from the door.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Lawton continues writing.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Yes. Enter.

The door does not open. Three more THUDS.

Lawton picks up his ruler that is sitting on the edge of the chalk board. He starts tapping the side of his leg and raises his voice.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Yes. You may enter.

Again, the only response to his call is three THUDS against the door. Lawton hits the side of his leg with one strong swing.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

ARRRGGH!

The students sit straight in their chair with their hands fold on their desk, at attention.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Who is banging on my classroom door!

Lawton stomps to the door and swings it open. Tavis is holding the books that he had been given. The stack is so high that it hides his head.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

What is the meaning of this? I didn't request any additional books!

TAVIS

No, Maister Lawton. I'm Tavis Crawford Angus McThorn, the fourth, your new student.

Lawton looks him up and down. Tavis is having trouble balancing the books.

LAWTON

Oh, well, yes. I was expecting a McThorn today.

Lawton pauses.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

You're late!

TAVIS

I'm sorry, Maister.

LAWTON

Well, don't just stand there. Come in!

Tavis takes one step through the threshold and falls, dropping his books that slide across the floor. Tavis is partially in the room and partially out.

Lawton is tapping the side of his leg as he's force to hold the door open.

NEILL WALLACE (13), a little shorter and thinner than Jack, with dark brown hair and bushy eyebrows, sits on Jack's right.

Jack leans towards him, he leans towards Jack as Jack whispers.

JACK

That's the thrum I told you about.

Wallace holds in the urge to laugh.

Jack stands up and hurries to Tavis's aide.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll help him with his books, Maister Lawton.

Jack bends down to pick up the books closes to Tavis. Tavis looks up directly into Jack's cocky face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello, Tavis. Nice to finally see you in school.

Tavis opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. Jack stands up carrying the majority of the books. Tavis pauses before he stands up and gathers the rest.

LAWTON

Baird, you know McThorn?

JACK

Yes, Maister. Our families are good friends.

(looks at Tavis)

Aren't they, McThorn?

Tavis says nothing. Lawton doesn't wait.

LAWTON

Good. You can aide McThorn by showing him around school, helping him learn the rules, and such.

JACK

Yes, Maister. That I can.

LAWTON

Mackay, take your books and supplies and move to the desk in front of you.

He indicates with his ruler.

TORIN MACKAY (13), frowns as he opens his desk to retrieve his belongings. He stares menacingly at Tavis as he moves to the other desk.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

You can take Mackay's old desk, McThorn.

TAVIS

Yes, Maister.

Tavis and Jack walk to the now empty desk next to Jack and drop the books. Tavis organizes his belongings as Jack returns to his own desk.

Lawton is tapping the side of his leg. He clears his throat before he speaks.

LAWTON

As I was saying, have your Grammar book and your slate out. You should be on page eighty-three.

He returns to the board to finish writing the sentence. Immediately the students write the same sentence on their slate.

Tavis scans the class and realizes that he should be writing the sentence as well. He writes quickly, but is still behind when Lawton turns around.

All the other students have their hands neatly folded on their desk.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

McThorn, in my class, you must keep up.

Tavis looks up and his eyes go wide.

TAVIS

I'm sorry, Maister. I...

LAWTON

In fact, you should anticipate my wants
and do them without me saying one word.

He looks out over the classroom.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Isn't that correct, students?

CLASS

Aye, Maister Lawton.

Lawton walks back and forth in front of the class looking
steadily down at Tavis. He stops in the middle of the
room.

LAWTON

McThorn, why don't ye show me what you
know?

Lawton turns and points to the sentence on the board with
his ruler.

LAWTON (CONT'D)

Diagram the sentence on the board.

TAVIS

(points to himself)

Me?

Lawton's glare becomes intense.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Och! Yes, Maister!

Tavis jumps up and moves quickly towards the board.
Mackay sticks out his foot and trips him. Tavis falls
forward with a THUD.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Oooooffffff!

The classroom erupts with laughter and comments. Some of
the students point at Tavis on the floor.

MACKAY
What a thrum! Ha, ha!

WALLACE
Ha, ha, ha! What a
malcontent!

CLASS
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lawton BANGS his ruler on his desk once while Jack rushes to aide Tavis up off the floor.

LAWTON
Order in my classroom! I say order!

The students immediately sit up and fold their hands on their desk.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
What is the meaning of this?

He walks back and forth in front of the class hitting the side of his leg.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
We do not make fun of a fellow student's
misfortunes in this fine school!

Jack brushes the dust off of Tavis's clothes. Tavis is staring, mouth moving, but no words are coming out.

JACK
There you go. Good as new.

Jack grins.

LAWTON
Quite right, Baird. Good show.

He addresses the class again.

LAWTON (CONT'D)
As for the rest of you. Double rounds on
the track this afternoon!

As Jack nears Mackay's desk, Mackay winks. Jack winks back.

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPATORY ACADEMY - ATHLETIC FIELD -
STANDS - DAY

The school band sit in the lower left corner of the home team stands playing cheerful pre-game music.

Lord and Lady McThorn with Nanny Lise sit in the wooden stands with other parents, siblings, students, friends, and school staff.

The McThorns recognize Calum, the water boy, on the end of a bench below on the Pitch. Lady McThorn waves the academy's banner.

LADY MCTHORN

Isn't this exciting! Our son's first football game!

Lord McThorn takes a puff from his pipe and speaks with it in his mouth.

LORD MCTHORN

He should have been on the team a long time ago. He is the best runner.

NANNY LISE

Aye. It's not his fault, though, that the game had been banned for one year.

LADY MCTHORN

And he did try tennis and the regata, don't forget, dear.

LORD MCTHORN

Bah! Let's not forget that trying isn't doing, my love.

A frown crosses Lady McThorn face at the memory.

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPATORY ACADEMY - ATHLETIC FIELD - PITCH - DAY

- - The opposite team in blue are twice the size of Tavis as is his own team. Both teams are in their own huddles, preparing for the game.

- - Finally, one of the Umpires stands in the middle of the Pitch, raising one hand, blowing his whistle twice to indicate the beginning of the game.

- - The two teams move into position. The cheers raise from both sides of the stadium.

- - The Umpire blows his whistle, then madly rushes to the side next to Calum.

- - Neill snaps the ball and Jack receives it. Jack quickly stands, takes a couple of steps back, and scans the field for the color red.

- - Tavis is leaving his position and is weaving around the blue team without being seen.

- - When he's in the ideal place to assist with a goal, he jumps up and down waving his arms over his head.

BOING! BOING! BOING!

TAVIS

Me! Me! Throw it to me!

- - The ball flies over head in SLOW MOTION right into Tavis's waiting hands.

- - Calum jumps up and the cheers from their side of the Pitch is overwhelming.

INTERCUT--STAND AND PITCH

- - Tavis's parents and Nanny Lise jump up and cheer with everyone else in the stands.

PITCH

- - Tavis makes a large toothy smile while the force of the throw knocks him onto his back.

THUD!

- - The entire blue team is now aware of the fallen Tavis and the ball in his hands.

- - One by one they zero in, run, and, THUMP, jump on top of him.

- - A voice from an unknown source shouts something that spurs the red team to also join the pile.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Dog pile on Tavis! Dog pile on Tavis!

- - The two umpires blow their whistle wildly, running across the field, but they're unable to stop the dog pile from getting higher and higher.

- - Together, they blow one long trill over the pile.

- - Snickering, one by one, each player jumps off of the pile.

- - At the bottom, Tavis is still holding the ball, still smiling, but he is creating a perfect impression of himself into the field.

- - The players on the field point and laugh.
- - Calum is suddenly there looking down at Tavis. He offers him some water. Misunderstanding the movement of Tavis's head as a "nod", he pours water on Tavis's face.

STAND

- - Most of the spectators in the stands point and laugh with the players.
- Nanny Lises' hands go to her face as she stares.
- - Lady McThorn wrings her handkerchief.
- - Lord McThorn takes his wife's hand and pulls her behind him while he exits the stands. Nanny Lise trails behind.

PITCH

- - An argument ensues between Lord McThorn, the two Umpires, COACH LAKE, and Coach Lawton. All five are shouting at once, arms making gestures.
- - The stretcher finally arrives and Tavis, still smiling as he holds onto the ball, is carefully lifted onto it.
- - The School Nurse does a quick exam and sadly shakes her head. The stretcher is rushed away.
- - Lady McThorn is crying into her handkerchief as Nanny Lise leads her behind the stretcher.

END OF INTERCUT

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

One Umpire blows his whistle. He faces the home team side and uses a speaking trumpet.

THE UMPIRE

Due to the severity of this foul, there will be no football for either school for the rest of the season.

Various noises of disapproval arises from both sides of the stadium. Some are simple BOOOOOO, BOOOOOO, while other slur words cannot be understood.

The Umpire turns to give the same speech to the already unhappy fans on the other side of the Pitch.

Lord McThorn is stomping off to catch up with his wife.

JACK

Lord McThorn, please wait!

Lord McThorn turns.

LORD MCTHORN

Oh, young Jack.

JACK

I'm sorry about what happened to Tavis.

LORD MCTHORN

Aye, thank you, but you don't need to be sorry. People become injured in sports.

JACK

You don't understand. I tried to save him. I was shouting at him to run, but he wouldn't.

Lord McThorn thinks on Jack's words for a moment. Then he pats him on the shoulder.

LORD MCTHORN

You're a good friend, Jack.

JACK

Thanks, Lord McThorn.

LORD MCTHORN

Excuse me.

He continues on his way. Jack looks after him. Slowly a sly smile raises on half his face.

A few red players join Jack and stare after McThorn. Neill Wallace chuckles.

NEILL WALLACE

'Dogpile on Tavis'. Now who thought of that one.

JACK

I did.

They all snicker as they walk off of the Pitch.

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPATORY ACADEMY - SCHOOL YARD - DAY

MONTAGE--GOLF TOURNAMENT

- - The fifteen boys with their caddies are dress proper in school colors to participate in the golf tournament set for today.

- - They steadily march downhill without any real order to the first hole of the golf course.

- - Jack is using this time to talk to other players on their team about Tavis. He points to Tavis, and the others boys snicker and nod their heads.

INT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPATORY ACADEMY - GOLF COURSE - HOLE ONE - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT - GOLFERS AND AUDIENCE

GOLFERS

- - Tavis is the third player in line for his team of five. He stands tall and straight, with a big grin on his face. He turns and sees his parents and Nanny Lise, he waves.

AUDIENCE

- - Lady McThorn and Nanny Lise smile and wave back.

- - Everyone is clapping now for the first boy who has teed off.

GOLFERS

- - When teammate number two steps up to the tee, Tavis has a small tickle in his nose. He tries to hold it back, but eventually he sneezes.

- - At the exact same moment, the player's arm comes down at an angle and he misses the ball. He jerks his head to look behind.

AUDIENCE

- -The audience turn their heads towards Tavis.

GOLFERS

- - The other players and their caddies in line are pointing at Tavis and Tavis does not deny it. The golfer glares at him. Tavis lips, forms the words, 'I'm sorry.'

- - His teammate returns his attention to the ball, and so does the audience. He stretches and prepares to swing again, and again Tavis sneezes.

- - This time, it is longer and louder, which interrupts the team member's swing to the point that he almost falls. His breathing becomes deep and hard. He turns his head.

AUDIENCE

- - The audience turn their heads and look at Tavis.

GOLFERS

- - The boys in line point their finger at Tavis. Tavis only smiles innocently.

- - Again, the boy stretches and attempts to become calm.

AUDIENCE

- - The audience's attention is on him.

GOLFER

- - He raises his club and Tavis starts a series of sneezes that he cannot control.

- - The young golfer stomps over to Tavis with his caddy following him.

AUDIENCE

- - The audience is watching.

GOLFERS

- - The teammate tweaks Tavis's nose, boxes his ears, and pulls his cap as far down over his face as it would go, and then even further down until it tears in the seams.

- - Meanwhile, his caddy is practicing boxing moves. When his turn comes, he pulls down Tavis pants and pushes him into Calum's arms.

- - The team left in line cover their mouths as they laugh at poor Tavis.

- - The two boys walk away, pick up their clubs, and move on to the next hole.

- - The Referee runs, the SHRILL of his whistle going off. He calls for another boy to give Calum help to assist Tavis off of the course.

AUDIENCE

- - The McThorns and Nanny Lise are making their way through the crowd.

END OF INTERCUT

BACK TO SCENE

REFEREE

Well, Lord and Lady McThorn, I guess
spring and golf just doesn't go well with
hay fever.

LORD MCTHORN

You heard the man, dear. Seems as if golf
is also off the list of sports that
Tavis can play.

Lady McThorn is sniffing into her handkerchief.

LADY MCTHORN

I hate to tell him. He was so excited.

LORD MCTHORN

And what about those other two boys? Will
they be dealt with appropriately?

REFEREE

Of course, it's up to the Head Maister.
There are rules in Golf concerning man-
handling a player, as in all sports.

LORD MCTHORN

Come along. You can wait with Lise and
Tavis while I have our carriage is
brought around to the front.

Just then, Jack rushes up.

JACK

Lord McThorn, there's no reason you have
to leave right now. It's a beautiful day,
why not stay and cheer me on?

Lord McThorn looks at his wife.

LORD MCTHORN

Do you mind, dear?

LADY MCTHORN

Well, it is a rare bright morning, and we can send Lise to keep Tavis company until we're ready to leave.

LORD MCTHORN

All right, Jack, we'll stay.

JACK

Great! I won't disappoint you.

GOLFER #5 (O.S.)

Hey, Baird! You're up!

INT. PRINCE EDWARD ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is full of students holding books or their satchel standing or moving up or down the aisle. Some are alone, others are in groups of two or three.

There is conversation and laughter throughout the hall.

Lawton carrying his ruler and a book in one hand is hurrying past the students. Tavis runs behind him calling.

TAVIS

Maister Lawton! Maister Lawton!

Lawton stops and turns around. Tavis catches up and is breathing hard.

LAWTON

Yes, McThorn, what is it?

TAVIS

I understand that you're the back hold coach.

LAWTON

Yes.

Tavis smiles.

TAVIS

Is it true that participation starts at sixteen years, and students are ranked with others of the same weight.

LAWTON

Yes, that is correct.

Tavis is beaming.

TAVIS

I'm sixteen and I want to try out for
back hold!

Lawton eyes droops and he frowns. He sighs one long sigh.

LAWTON

Tavis, my lad. There is no sixteen year
old at school who is the same weight as
you.

Tavis's eyes widen.

TAVIS

But, my da, he's always wanted me to be
on an athletic team.

Lawton pats his shoulder.

LAWTON

I understand, but I'd get the idea of
back hold out of your head, if I were
you.

Lawton smiles weakly, then turns to continue down the
hall.

TAVIS

But...but...but...

Tavis stands staring after him. The bell rings and
students in groups begin to break up; their pace quickens
as they walk to their prospective classrooms.

Three boys twice the size of Tavis are passing him by.
Mackay is one. They do not notice Tavis.

MACKAY

Did you hear McThorn wants to back hold?

BOY 1

That dinky thrum?

All three boys laugh loudly. Tavis looks after them. He
drops his head.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Lord McThorn sits alone in one of his overstuffed chairs
reading the newspaper. Tavis knocks on the door.

LORD MCTHORN

Aye, who is it?

TAVIS
Sir, it's I. May I speak to you?

LORD MCTHORN
Of course, son. Come in.

Tavis enters hesitantly.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

TAVIS
Oh, no, pa. I don't want to take up much
of your time.

Lord McThorn folds his newspaper and places it on his
lap.

LORD MCTHORN
All right then. What's bothering you.

TAVIS
Well, I was wondering, is participating
in athletics the only way one can be a
man?

Lord McThorn sighs.

LORD MCTHORN
You're worried, aren't you son?

TAVIS
Yes, sir.

LORD MCTHORN
Well, think of it this way. One must be
fit to protect their love ones, their
home, and their country. Do you agree?

TAVIS
I do, pa.

LORD MCTHORN
Athletics helps a man stay healthy and
strong so that he can do those things,
otherwise he's not a manly man.

TAVIS
Ah.

LORD MCTHORN
That's why I belong to the Gentlemen's
Gym.

TAVIS
Of course, pa.

LORD MCTHORN
So you do understand.

Tavis nods his head.

TAVIS
Except, I was wondering about the men who
are the big thinkers in our society.

LORD MCTHORN
The what?

TAVIS
You know, sir. The men who think higher
than the rest of us and come up with
things that benefit all mankind.

His father doesn't respond right away so Tavis raises his
voice a bit as he continues to speak.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Are they not also manly men?

Lord McThorn turns his head away from his son and does
not speak for a few moments. Tavis politely waits.
Finally his father returns his gaze.

LORD MCTHORN
I know you've been having problems,
Tavis, but don't give up. There is
something out there for you.

TAVIS
Thank you, pa.

His father smiles and returns to his paper.

Tavis takes a long look at him before he leaves the room.

INT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - CAFETERIA - DAY

Tavis and Calum come through the double doors of the
school's cafeteria. The room is not full, but the boys
who are there are still noisy.

Tavis and Calum search the perimeter.

Other boys enter behind them, bump into their arms and
shoulders instead of going around, giving them cross
looks as they pass, but the boys didn't mind.

They're on a mission, and they're use to being treated as if they are not important.

CALUM

Over there!

He points.

CALUM (CONT'D)

Just as I said.

Tavis leads the way, making a direct line to four boys sitting at a table on the opposite side of the room.

They appear as Victorian nerds. Three of the four wear glasses, and two have their hair parted in the middle three with their hair noticeable greased down in place.

Their different sizes also imply various ages, although no one appears to be as young as Calum, and no one appears to be athletic.

All four's concentration belongs to the words they are reading as they drink a glass of milk.

Two are on each side of the table. Calum follows Tavis and they sit on one side so that they are looking directly at the oldest of the four.

Tavis watches him, smiling the entire time. The boy finally looks up and begins shaking.

BOY 2

Uhm...did I do something wrong? I can't remember, but believe me, I sincerely apologize.

His comrades look up at Tavis and Calum. The two on Tavis's side of the table raise up, grab their belongings and move to the other side. They also shake.

Boy 2 squeezes his eyes tightly close.

BOY 2 (CONT'D)

Please don't hurt me.

Tavis and Calum look at one another dumbstruck.

TAVIS

Believe me, I am the last person who will ever hurt you.

CALUM

We want to join the debate team.

Boy 3 and Boy 4 both wear narrow wire glasses.

Boy 5 was the odd one who didn't need glasses and wears his red hair like someone put a bowl on his head and cut around the edge.

What? BOY 5 BOY 3
You want to join?

BOY 4
The debate team?

The boy directly in front of Tavis eyes spring open.

Tavis holds his hand out across the table.

TAVIS
Tavis Angus Crawford McThorn, IV, at your
service.

Still unsure, Boy 2, BARTHOLOMEW FINCH (17), hesitates as he accepts Tavis's hand and shakes it.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
Bartholomew Finch, but my friends call me
Bart.

With his face beaming, Calum takes Bart's hand.

CALUM
And I'm Calum Morris. This was my idea!

BOY 4
But you don't understand. You can't
simply show up here and say you want to
join the debate team.

BOY 3
That's right! There's forms to complete,
studying to do, decisions to be made.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
Team, let us not forget that we didn't
have any new debate volunteers this year,
and we lost two from last year.

Boy 3 and Boy 5 worriedly nod their heads.

CALUM
Well, I've never seen anyone as good at everything they try, including athletics, as Tavis.

The four teammates look over at Tavis.

BOY 5

Is this true?

Tavis gives a twisted smile as he nods his head.

BOY 3

We haven't won all of our debates, but we keep at it because it's all we have.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH

It's all we've ever had.

TAVIS

Then it sounds like you should give us a chance.

There's a pause before the team members bring their heads together to chat.

When they've reach a concession, they raise their heads.

BOY 2

I think so!

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH

Why not? I say yes!

BOY 3

Welcome to the Debate Team!

Boy 2 and Boy 3 offer their hands to Calum and Tavis, but before they could shake, Boy 4 protests.

BOY 4

Wait!

Boy 4 turns to Tavis.

BOY 4 (CONT'D)

What's the capital of Egypt?

TAVIS

Cairo.

Boy 5 moves his head back and forth between Boy 4 and Tavis and decides to ask a question of his own. He squints his eyes.

BOY 5

Quick! What was the real reason King Henry the VIII became head of the Church of England?

TAVIS

So that he could legally annul his marriage to Catherine of Aragon.

Bart's question comes quick and sharp.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
Who's known as the mother of Mathematics?

TAVIS
The Greek philosopher, Hypatia.

CALUM
If you want to stump him, you've got to
do better than that.

Boy 2 sits back in his chair.

BOY 2
I'm convinced.
(he sticks out his hand)
I'm William Robinson.

Calum grabs WILLIAM ROBINSON'S (16) hand, which is a
little bigger than his, and shakes.

CALUM
I'm Calum Morris. Happy to be on the
team.

BOY 3
They call me Duncan Clark.

Shaking DUNCAN CLARK'S (15) hand, made Tavis's smile go
crooked.

TAVIS
You've got a good grip there, Duncan!

BOY 4
And my pa named me Julius. Julius
Tussaud.

JULIUS TUSSAUD'S (14) hand was the last that Calum and
Tavis had to shake when the bell rang for first class.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
You each need to pick up an official
permission form from the office to have a
parent sign before we begin tomorrow.

DUNCAN CLARK
We never practice at school. The serious
research and study happens in the town's
library.

WILLIAM ROBINSON

We meet here at the cafeteria strictly
for fun.

The boys wave goodbye as they move through the cafeteria
in different directions. Tavis and Calum stroll out
together.

CALUM

What are you going to tell your pa about
this?

TAVIS

If I can help it, nothing.

CALUM

(alarmed)

Well, who's going to sign your permission
form?

TAVIS

I have another parent, Calum.

CALUM

Oh! That you do!

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. CANTENBURY - LIBRARY - DAY

MONTAGE - STUDYING AT THE CANTERBURY LIBRARY

- - Julius, William, and Tavis are sitting at the table, a few books surrounding them as they read from open books and jot down notes on a legal pad.

- - Calum approaches, stepping slowly under the weight of four thick books, and sets them hard onto the table next to Julius. Julius looks up, gives Calum a smile, and lips, "Thank you."

- - The pile of books are a little higher.

- - All six boys sit around the table, chatting and writing, Calum is next to Bartholomew. Bartholomew instructs Calum on what to search.

- - Duncan stands to ask Bartholomew a question over the books. Bartholomew responds, Duncan, raises one arm in an "Eureka" gesture, and hurries into the stake of books.

END MONTAGE

INT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Large banner rises across the stage: "The Third Secondary School Boys Debates, 1876."

On each side of the stage is a podium and behind the podium is each team's table. The Academy team are on the right.

MONTAGE - DEBATE TEAM FIRST TOURNAMENT

- - HEAD MAISTER THURMAN (71) stands in the middle, introducing the last member of the visiting team.

- - Head Maister calls for two team members to flip a coin. Head Maister takes his seat on the side of the stage.

- - Duncan stands behind their podium ready patiently to attack. Calum is seen in the background looking through the notes to aide in the counter attack and closing.

- - Tavis is at the podium giving the closing argument. He speaks eloquently with exhilaration, taking command of the debate.

- - The opponent is leaning on his podium, shaking his head in his hands.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The six boys are outside the auditorium letting out youthful energy. They jump up and down, slap each other on the back, and cheer.

Each boy has a large blue ribbon on their chest.

People either smile at them as they pass by, or raise their nose in the air pretending to ignore them.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH

We did it! We actually did it!

JULIUS TUSSAUND

I can't believe that we won both topics today!

CALUM

What does that mean?

JULIUS TUSSAUND

What does it mean? It means we're moving up the ladder to the next tier!

DUNCAN CLARK

We've never gone up the tier! Never!

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH

And it's all because of you two, our new members, Tavis and Calum!

The boys are marching around Tavis and Calum.

DUNCAN CLARK

Tavis! Calum! Tavis! Calum!
Tavis!

WILLIAM ROBINSON

Tavis! Calum! Tavis! Calum!
Tavis!

JULIUS TUSSAUND

Tavis! Calum! Tavis! Calum! Tavis!

Suddenly, Lady McThorn and Nanny Lise appear.

LADY MCTHORN
 Congratulations, boys! I didn't know how
 thrilling debates can be.

The boys stop marching.

TAVIS
 Ma, this is the team! Bart, Duncan, Bill,
 and Julius!

LADY MCTHORN
 Nice to meet you all. We're having tea
 for Tavis and Calum at our home. I like
 for you to join us.

The boys look at their feet, hesitating.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)
 I can have a servant take a message to
 your parents if they're not here.

The boys continue looking down, kicking the non-existing
 dirt.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)
 We have cake and chocolates.

The four boys snap their heads up to stare at Lady
 McThorn.

JULIUS TUSSAUND	DUNCAN CLARK
Cake and chocolates!	Cake and chocolates!

WILLIAM ROBINSON
 Cake and chocolates!

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
 Lady McThorn, you don't need to ask us
 again!

Lady McThorn, Nanny Lise, Tavis, and Calum laugh.

LADY MCTHORN
 The only thing I ask, if you ever meet
 Lord McThorn, you're not the debate team.
 Don't even mention the debate team.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
 Why not?

Tavis's new friends are confuse as he shakes his head.

TAVIS

It's a long story, though he's in London
on many Saturdays lately, he still may
be home.

MONTAGE - DEBATE TEAM SEQUENCE - STUDY, DEBATE, CELEBRATE

INT. CANTERBURY LIBRARY - DAY - STUDY #2

-- All six boys sit around the table, chatting and
writing.

-- There are more books and Tavis is almost hidden behind
the stacks. Their loud whispering can be heard across the
table.

INT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - DAY
- DEBATE #2

-- A large banner rises across the stage announcing "The
Fourth Secondary School Boys Debates, 1876".

-- Tavis is at the podium giving the closing argument. He
speaks eloquently with exhilaration, taking command of
the debate.

-- The opponent leans on the podium, shaking his head in
his hand.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY - CELEBRATE #2

-- The team, wearing their blue ribbons, sit around the
large dining room table.

-- They each have a glass of lemonade and someone is
saying words to Tavis.

-- The boys say, "Here, here!" and swallow.

-- They take one miniature cake from several on their
plates and stuff it in their mouths.

-- They laugh, as Annabelle comes around to fill their
glasses.

INT. CANTERBURY LIBRARY - DAY - STUDY #3

-- The boys are huddled together, as usual, studying.

-- The books are stacked higher than they have been and Tavis is completely hidden.

INT. PRINCE EDWARD PREPARATORY ACADEMY - AUDITORIUM - DAY
- DEBATE #3

-- A large banner rises across the stage: "The Final Secondary Schools Boy Champion Debates, 1876".

-- The opponent speaks eloquently with just the right gestures.

-- Duncan waits politely, unafraid, to attack.

-- But something goes wrong when it's time for Bill's counter attack. In the middle of his speech, he begins to stutter.

-- Head Maister ask for a time out and the watch is stopped. Calum comes to the rescue with Bill's notes.

-- In the end, Tavis automatically adds to his closing arguments to help cover and support Bill's slip up.

-- As always, Tavis speaks eloquently with exhilaration, and it still comes out to five minutes.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

The team are wearing party hats and throwing colored confetti, cheering Tavis.

DUNCAN CLARK
Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

WILLIAM ROBINSON
Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

JULIUS TUSSAUND
Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

CALUM
Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis! Ta-vis!

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
The team is so lucky to have you around another year, Tavis! And you, even longer Calum. You're an excellent Librarian!

JULIUS TUSSAUND

Oh, and you know, we'll definitely have more members for the team next year! Not everyone is into stinky old athletics!

CALUM

You know I'm not!

The boys laugh as they throw more confetti up in the air.

Unexpectedly, Lord McThorn enters through the side door, directly behind Tavis. No one notices him until he speaks in general to the boys.

LORD MCTHORN

What's the meaning of this?

The children freeze. Their eyes move from Tavis to Lord McThorn.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Tavis, I asked a question. What is this?

His hands gesture at the boys in the dining room.

The boys swivel their heads to look at Tavis, who is stuck for words.

TAVIS

Uh...well, these are my friends, pa.

We..I mean, I...me and...well, us...

Lady McThorn enters from the end of the dining room carrying a tray of sandwiches.

Annabelle enters pushing a cart with glasses, a picture of lemonade, and a bowl of fruit. Annabelle places the contents of the tray on the serving side table.

She darts her eyes towards both of her employees before placing the bowl in the middle of the table and walking out.

LADY MCTHORN

Oh, stop picking on Tavis and his friends.

Lady McThorn places the tray of sandwiches on the dining room side table.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

I took them to the city where they could play marbles in the back alleys.

Lord McThorn is aghast.

LORD MCTHORN

You did what?

Lady McThorn looks directly into her husband's eyes.

LADY MCTHORN

I wanted them to have the opportunity to
make their allowances go further.

All the boys move their eyes back and forth as they
struggle to send subliminal messages to one another.

Eye brows goes up and down or cross. Julius simply stares
in disbelief. A couple even try sending more complicated
messages with their eye brows.

Lady McThorn is passing out the glasses. She gives each
boy a sly wink as she goes by. The Lord's patience is
running dry.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Go ahead boys, don't be shy. Tell Lord
McThorn how the day went and why we're
celebrating.

Lord McThorn's gaze becomes fierce, and the boys
understand what they must do. Lady McThorn begins
pouring the lemonade.

DUNCAN CLARK

Uh...I...didn't win much, really. Uh...a
few pounds...a shilling and some odd size
marbles.

He nods his head and smiles, please with himself. The
other boys also nod their heads and smile. The closest
boy reaches over to pat him on the shoulder.

Bill realizes that he should be next and hesitates at
first, but the look from Tavis encourages him to join in.
He suddenly blurts out a story.

WILLIAM ROBINSON

Uh, well, I didn't win much, either, only
some shillings...but I did win a nice
Cat's Eye.

Julius immediately jumps in.

JULIUS TUSSAUND

Well, I won...uh...three pounds, and a
new Bumblebee.

The other boys clap their hands until Bart slowly begins his story.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH

That's nothing. I took my time playing
and ended up with four pounds, and a
Steely!

Now the boys all say, "Ooooooh!"

Calum starts to add to the lies, but is interrupted by Lord McThorn. He sears each child's soul with his piercing eyes.

LORD MCTHORN

I see trophies in the empty chairs. Why
do you have trophies? Did they have a
competition in those back alleys?

Each boy stiffens, sitting straight in their seats,
Tavis's cheeks begin to turn red.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)

I'd like to see them. Please.

Each boy reluctantly retrieve their trophy and place it on the table beside them. The trophies are simple each with the same design.

Tavis is shaking. His trophy's a little taller, wider, and more ornate.

The team stand up to move their chairs as far away from Tavis as they could, then returned for their trophies and glasses.

They sit quietly, staring at Lord McThorn.

LADY MCTHORN

Boys, eat your sandwiches before the
fresh vegetables goes foul!

Happy to have something to do, each boy jump up to grab a plate and a napkin. Everyone but Tavis. Lord McThorn is staring down at his trophy.

The boys serve themselves a few small sandwiches, then return to their seat. They begin stuffing their mouths with the small finger food.

Lady McThorn strolls around the table filling glasses from the pitcher. The boys thank her with their mouths full, happy to have the drink to help the sandwiches go down.

A moment or two went by while the boys ate, Lady McThorn proudly watches over her son, and steam begins to escape from Lord McThorn shoulders.

LORD MCTHORN
(at Lady McThorn)
What about these trophies? What type of competition was this?

LADY MCTHORN
It was a formal competition.

LORD MCTHORN
A formal competition? For marbles?

LADY MCTHORN
It was a very formal competition. Look at the way they're dress. In their formal school tie and everything.

The boys nod their heads, making sounds, their cheeks full of sandwiches, as they concur.

BARTHOLOMEW FINCH
Uh-huh, uh-huh.

DUNCAN CLARK
Uh-huh. A competition.

CALUM
Hmm!

LORD MCTHORN
Why is Tavis's trophy bigger than the others?

LADY MCTHORN
Ach! Can't you tell? Our son was the biggest winner. That's why he has the biggest trophy!

McThorn face brightens as he makes a noise to show his true feelings.

LORD MCTHORN
O-auch! How much money did you win, laddie?

TAVIS
Oh, uh...not much, really, I...

LADY MCTHORN
Oh, he's just being modest.
(beat)
He won a fiver, and an entire collection of marbles.

Lord McThorn grabs the top of his head.

LORD MCTHORN
A fiver? Me laddie! My son! Me boy! Your
grandfather is rolling in his grave, he's
so proud!

The boys nervously send a half smile to the two adults.

Lord McThorn moves closer to Tavis.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
Let me have the trophy! I want to show
everyone at the office!

Lady McThorn easily, quickly, arranges herself between
Tavis and his father.

LADY MCTHORN
Oh, it still needs its plate.

LORD MCTHORN
What?

LADY MCTHORN
Dear, you've never received a trophy with
your name on it, now, have you? You were
only able to see it, then return it...

LORD MCTHORN
...for the plate to be
added.

LADY MCTHORN (CONT'D)
...for the plate to be
added.

Lady McThorn smiles. Lord McThorn looks forlorn.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
I didn't think of that.

Suddenly, Lord McThorn reaches over and grabs the trophy.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
Still, the office knows that I'm not a
liar!

Lady McThorn grabs the other end of the trophy.

LADY MCTHORN
I never said that they did.

Lady McThorn happens to have a good grip of the top edge
of the trophy, and Lord McThorn has a good grip on the
base.

They begin by gazing at other with love. Lady McThorn looks at her husband seductively. Lord McThorn sends a kiss in the air.

It soon becomes obvious that the other is serious about not letting go, making the narrow area a battle ground for a tug of war.

As they try to take control of the custody of the trophy, they grit their teeth making a wider smile across their faces and the fire in their eyes glow brighter.

Poor Tavis is below the Battle of the Parents. He sends a worry pout to his mother and his father, but they're not paying attention to him.

He doesn't say a word, he simply puts his hands over his ears and bows his head.

The chef, MAXWELL (45) very plump and always jolly, enters the room pushing a cart with the celebration three-layer cake.

It has a small forth layer, a representation of Tavis in front of a podium.

The chef merrily shouts as he crosses the threshold.

MAXWELL
Congratulations, Tavis!

At that very moment, the base of the trophy is finally loosen enough to come out of the top, and both Lord and Lady fly in different directions.

Lord McThorn awkwardly skips backwards and trips into the cake.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)
My cake!

Lady McThorn, holding tightly to the top half, is lucky to land into a cushioned chair.

The boys are happy that there is still plenty of good cake to enjoy as they removes chunks of it with their bare hands.

INT. PRINCE EDWARD ACADEMY - ADITORIUM - DAY

MONTAGE - PRINCE EDWARD ACADEMY GRADUATION

STAGE

- - There is a long banner across the width of the stage: "Congratulations, Prince Edward Academy Graduation Class 1877".

- - On the right side, the twenty-two students who have met all of the graduation requirements wear blue robes and hats sit in alphabetical order.

- - The five recipients of special awards sit in the front row. They have a special blue sash with a satin trim, around their shoulders, and a blue hat.

- - Tavis and Jack are the last two students seating center stage of the first row.

- - On the left hand of the stage are the ten Senior Maisters, wearing a special blue sash with purple satin trim and hat, and an extra chair in the front row for Head Maister Thurman.

- - The Head Maister is at the podium finishing a short speech and giving an award to a student, who accepts it and is returning to sit next to Jack.

- - The sound of clapping rings in the auditorium.

FLOOR

- - The family and selected friends of the graduates sit in chairs on the floor. Lord and Lady McThorn sit directly in front of the podium. Lady Baird sit beside Lady Thorn.

- - The chair next to Lady Baird is empty.

- - The audience also contains the academy's staff and Assistant Maisters. They are clapping for the graduate who received the last award.

INTERCUT - STAGE AND FLOOR

- - The Head Maister steps in front of the podium and everyone is quiet. He begins what should have been a short introduction.

HEAD MAISTER

The next young man we truly hate to see graduate. He is an all round athlete, top of his class each year at the Academy.

- - He turns around and is handed Baird's twenty-two inch trophy.

HEAD MAISTER (CONT'D)

The recipient of our Most Valued Athlete
is one you all know and adore, someone
you admire and trust.

- - He stops and turns toward the students sitting in the front row on the left.

HEAD MAISTER (CONT'D)

Lords and Ladies, Maisters and staff,
classmates and friends, our Most Valued
Athlete for class of 1877...

(pause)

Jack Baird!

- - He raises his right arm towards Jack. Jack points at himself, appearing confused as he slowly stands up and walks towards the podium, waving.

FLOOR

- - The audience stand, cheer, and clap with enthusiasm. It appears that Lord McThorn is doing more than anyone else.

STAGE

- - The Head Maister hands Jack his trophy. Jack uses both hands to hold horizontally.

- - Head Maister stands back, smiling, his hands fold before him.

- - Jack places the trophy on the floor, raises his hands and lowers them. A big hush comes over the audience, and the sound of them sitting is heard.

- - Jack picks up the trophy and admires it.

JACK

I didn't expect this. I really didn't. I
simply believe that a boy has to do his
best no matter what he tries.

- - The sound of clapping rise around him, and Jack places the trophy on the podium to raise one hand.

- - Again, everyone is silent as he continues.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I appreciate all the support I've been
 given by my teammates, the coaches, my
 family and friends. Thank you all.

- - Jack raises his trophy above his head and shouts

JACK (CONT'D)
 P...E...A Forever!

- - Instantly upon hearing the schools initials, the
 graduating boys, stood up, shouted the letters,
 alternating stomping their feet with clapping their hand.

FLOOR

- - The audience are back on their feet clapping,
 cheering, and calling Jack's name.

STAGE

- - Jack takes several short bows as he walks backwards
 towards his chair.

- - He places his trophy on the floor, raises his hands
 and lowers them.

- - Silence overcomes the auditorium and the sound of
 people returning to their chairs is heard.

- - Jack picks up his trophy and looks at the Head
 Maister, signaling him to continue.

- - The Head Maister introduces the valedictorian.

HEAD MAISTER
 Our valedictorian is the youngest to meet
 all of the requirements to graduate early
 this year.

He holds up a plaque.

HEAD MAISTER (CONT'D)
 He's also earned the highest scores in
 the academic's testing for the South East
 district.

He turns and gives a weak smile at Tavis.

May I present 1877 Class Valedictorian,
 Tavis Crawford Angus McThorn, the IV.

- - The Senior Maisters stand and clap.

- - Jack stands and clap.
- - Tavis stands and walks towards the podium.
- - Jack turns his head and notices the other graduates are still in their seats and not clapping. He frowns at them and jerks his head. They fumble as they quickly stand and clap.

FLOOR

- - Lady McThorn stands and claps with enthusiasm. However, Lord McThorn does not. He stands, but he looks bored.
- - More clapping can be heard in from the rest of the audience.

STAGE

- - Jack gives the signal for everyone to stop clapping and to sit down, and they do.
- - The Head Meister gives Tavis his wooden plaque. It appears so small and insignificant compared to Jack's trophy.
- - The Head Meister says, "Congratulations." He sits down.
- - Tavis smiles and admires his plaque. He gently places it onto the podium and pulls out his cue cards from his pocket.
- - Then he looks out into the audience.

FLOOR

- - He sees his mother, looking up at him with her reassuring smile and radiant eyes.
- - His father, however, looks completely disinterest. He puffs heavily on his pipe, his arms cross, one leg crossed, looking out at nothing.

STAGE

- - Finally, Tavis opens his mouth to begin to speak. At the same time, Jack holds his trophy up with both hands above his head.
- - The boys behind him cheer, calling Jack's name.

FLOOR

- - Many people on the floor, gives Jack their attention and picks up the chant. Lord McThorn is among them.

STAGE

- - Tavis quickly looks over his shoulder at Jack.

- - The cheering doesn't end until Jack lowers his trophy.

- - Tavis opens his mouth to begin again.

TAVIS

I came to Prince Edward Academy...

- - Suddenly, Jack holds up his trophy and the sound of people, young and old, cheering for him, is louder than before. Tavis waits.

- - Jack lowers his trophy.

- - Tavis opens his mouth, Jack raises his trophy, Tavis closes his mouth until Jack has ended the cheering, which has become longer each time.

- - Tavis looks down at his mother with large worried eyes.

FLOOR

- - Lady McThorn tilts her head and an encouraging toothless smile appears.

STAGE

- - Tavis attempts to start again, forcing the opening words to race faster from his mouth.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Prince Edward Academy has been a good fit for...

- - Jack raises his trophy, signaling the clapping and shouting to return.

- - Tavis looks at Head Master Thurman with a sad face.

- - The Head Master nods his head and joins Tavis at the podium. He whispers to him.

HEAD MAISTER

I'm sorry, Tavis, but we must move the program along.

TAVIS

What? But...

- - Tavis continues to stand at the podium, while Maister Lawton joins the Head Maister with a stack of rolled diplomas on a silver tray.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

But...But...But...

- - The Head Maister ignores Tavis.

HEAD MAISTER

Thank you for those inspirational words from our Valedictorian.

- - He pauses to look over at Tavis. He whispers loudly.

HEAD MAISTER (CONT'D)

Sit down now, McThorn. You'll receive your diploma when I call your name.

TAVIS

But...But...But...

- - Head Maister accepts the first diploma.

HEAD MAISTER

And now, the graduating class of 1877. Lory Aston.

- - Jack walks up and assist Tavis to his chair.

JACK

Come along, mate.

- - Lory Aston passes by. He grins at Tavis.

- - Cheering is heard within the auditorium.

END OF INTERCUT

END MONTAGE

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - TAVIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Randal is assisting Tavis pack his trunk as Lady McThorn watches, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. Nanny Lise holds her across the shoulder, giving her support.

LADY MCTHORN

I don't understand why you have to leave so early.

TAVIS

I don't have to, ma, I want to. The dorm is open, so is the library. I should take advantage of that.

LADY MCTHORN

Promise you'll come home for Christmas.

Tavis sighs.

TAVIS

I promise, ma. I'm not going across the ocean.

LADY MCTHORN

And my birthday?

TAVIS

The weekend of your birthday yes, I promise.

LADY MCTHORN

And your pa's birthday?

TAVIS

And pa's, and my own, and ever other holiday I can. I do want to come home. I'm not running away.

NANNY LISE

I can't believe this is the end for you and I, Tavis. I've known you long enough to have seen you walk with out a diaper.

They all chuckled.

TAVIS

You are my first best friend.

Tavis walks over to Lise and they give each other a big hug.

RANDAL

Young Lord, I hate to interrupt, but we must leave now if you're going to catch that train on time.

NANNY LISE

I'll go tell Rob to bring the carriage around while you're bringing the suitcases down.

Nanny Lise rushes out as Randal juggles the first three suitcases and exits the room.

TAVIS

Well, ma, this is the first time we'll be separated.

She strokes Tavis's face.

LADY MCTHORN

I know, my son. My baby boy.

She pulls her fingers through Tavis's hair.

TAVIS

But when I finally return, I'll be a degreed man.

Lady McThorn cries as she pulls her son into her arms.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

I love you, ma.

LADY MCTHORN

And I love you.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT

SUPER: "Four Years Later"

Tavis enters through the front door of the house. Only a few lamps are lit.

He hears talking and laughter coming from the large parlor.

RANDAL

Young Lord! There you are! They've been expecting you.

TAVIS

Yes, there was a little confusion, but I made it.

Randal accepts his suitcase, hat coat, gloves and satchel.

Tavis has a scruffy mustache and his hair is a little longer, which only makes him appear younger than his age.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

The rest of my suitcases and trunks are by the door. I'll go in and surprise them.

Randal nods his head.

Tavis makes his way to the front corner of the house.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tavis recognizes his father's voice as he walks down the low lit hallway. Family photographs hang on the walls.

INT. MCTHORN HOUSE - LARGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Tavis opens the door and is blinded by the light and all of the color, the smell of smoke and alcohol attack his sensitive nose, and he begins to sneeze.

His father makes a joke and the loud guffaws makes Tavis flinch.

The room is packed with people. Once his senses adjust he notices some of his father's friends near the door.

They nod and he returns their nods as he meekly smiles, and they raise their glass to him returning the pleasant facial gesture.

He looks around for his mother, but she is hidden within their friends and Lord McThorn's business partners.

Tavis catches site of Annabelle filling glasses with champagne, and not far from him are two waiters-for-hire passing out filled long stem glasses.

Tavis gasps.

TAVIS

(low)

What is going on?

He looks directly at his father, who is standing in the front of the room, and listens carefully to his words.

LORD MCTHORN
...he's an all around champion, your
buddy you always want at your side, a
real manly man...

Tavis's face goes slightly askew.

Lord McThorn squints his eyes and begins looking around
the room.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
Where is he anyway?

A few men from the office are standing and sitting far
off in the corner with glasses of alcohol other than
champagne in their hands.

PARTY GOER #1
He's over here!

LORD MCTHORN
Of course he'd be with the interns! But,
you know, this young man is everyone's
friend.

A low "HERE, HERE" is heard in the crowd.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
What are you doing over there? It's your
turn to be in the limelight! Come stand
next to me!

Coyly, a familiar well built young man with a handsome
face stands and makes his way to Lord McThorn.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
I've been watching him grow since he was
being groomed into a fine athlete at the
Boy's Academy.

A revelation is slowly coming over Tavis. His mouth drops
and his eyes becomes larger.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
When Lord Jackson Baird became our first
silent partner in the firm...

Tavis's face slowly begins to turn pink.

Lady McThorn has found Tavis and is placing her arms
around him. He watches her for a few moments, but her
eyes are only on her husband.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
 ...and I've been proud to be his mentor
 in our intern program...

Tavis is becoming redder and redder.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)
 ...and I am so happy to make Jack Baird
 our first junior partner at Sterling,
 McThorn, and Sons!

Lady McThorn has dropped her arms to clap for Jack as the
 cheers and the congratulations vibrate around the room
 before everyone slurped down their champagne.

Then more cheers grew as someone began playing, "For He's
 A Jolly Good Fellow," on the piano and instantly the
 entire room is ringing with the melody.

Tavis has gone from red, to yellow, to stripes, to dots.
 The steam is rushing so hard and heatedly from of his
 collar, that it's creating it's own atmosphere.

TAVIS
 I don't believe what I am hearing! He's
 not even your son!

The room is suddenly stifled as Tavis pause to point
 directly at Jack who appears as if he's had nothing to do
 with getting this promotion.

Lord McThorn spoke calmly with control.

LORD MCTHORN
 We've decided to be more flexible with
 the title of the company.

TAVIS
 He didn't even complete a degree!

LORD MCTHORN
 A university degree isn't for everyone.

TAVIS
 I am your son and I have a degree from
 Oxford, one of the most prestigious
 universities in the world!

LORD MCTHORN
 Yes, and bully for you.

Tavis stops and looks around the room, aghast. All the
 activity has ended as everyone cannot divert the blare of
 light shining in their eyes.

TAVIS

Bully for me? Bully for me? Is that all you have to say?

LORD MCTHORN

Tavis, you're my son...

TAVIS

And since you have no other heir, I am the one who is the new junior partner, am I not?

Lord McThorn sighs heavily.

LORD MCTHORN

Tavis, you don't know...

His next words came rapid.

TAVIS

I know my 1,2,3's and my a,b,c's. Hell, I even know why the Earth is round and not flat!

Tavis took a BEAT to pause and take a breath of air.

He looks up at his father like a down beaten gerbil.

He begins to shrink and turn furry and brown. He holds his long tail, his ears pop up then droop, his beady eyes turn down.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Why, pa, why not me?

The perspective changes and suddenly, McThorn and Jack are towering over Tavis, their oversize heads bending down to the floor.

Tavis has withdrawn, becoming even smaller. His face is contorted with fear. The two cartoon heads shout in his face making his body and ears bend as he closes his eyes.

LORD MCTHORN

Because you're not a manly man!

JACK

Because you're not a manly man!

Tavis head darts between his father and Jack. He shakes, he doesn't understand...but not for long.

The implication of their words hits him and he grows back to full-size. He repeats the words.

TAVIS

Not a manly man? Not a manly man! What do you mean I'm not a manly man?

The guest begin to fidget as they a low chatter begins.

Tavis doesn't give his father a chance to respond to his question. His eyes turn to slits as his brows meet in the middle of his head. His entire face darkens.

His right hand points first to Lord McThorn, then to Jack.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

I'll show you who's not a manly man! And I'll show you!

He points to others in the room.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

And you! And you! And you! And even you!

The last person Tavis points to is a hired-help who quickly replaces several ceramic figurines he had stuffed into his pockets onto the nearest table.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

I'll show all of you!

Tavis raises his right arm straight in the air and take a pose reminiscent of his Tavis the Bold dream.

He holds the pose as the spot light hits him, then he stomps out of the room.

His mother can be heard crying and shouting.

LADY MCTHORN

Tavis! Please, come back! Tavis!

LORD MCTHORN

Let him be. It's time for dinner to be served anyway. He can eat up in his room, alone.

INT. MCTHORN HOME - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tavis stomps into the office and lights the lamp on the desk.

He sits behind the overstuffed chair, removes a small book from one of the side drawers, and begin flipping through the first pages.

TAVIS

A...B...C...ah, here it is. Major-Colonel
George "Buck" Chase of Cairo, Egypt.

Removing a sheet of paper and a writing tool from the
middle draw, he opens up the ink well and begins to
write.

TAVIS (V.O.)

Dear Major-Colonel Chase STOP
I desire to employ you for your expertise
STOP Money is no object STOP.

TAVIS (V.O.)(CONT.)

Please contact me for a convenient date
and place for our initial meet STOP
Details will be explained at that time
STOP

He pauses, tapping his chin before he returns to writing.

TAVIS (V.O.) (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Yours truly STOP Tavis Angus Crawford
McThorn, IV

He pauses, tapping on his chin some more. Then he writes.

TAVIS (V.O.)(CONT.) (CONT'D)

P.S. Please do not converse with my
parents concerning this matter STOP The
purpose of the job is between us STOP

Tavis folds the paper in thirds, writes the Major-
Colonel's name and last known address on it.

Next, he reaches into the center drawer for another sheet
of paper. He writes another telegram.

TAVIS (V.O.)

Calum STOP Do you want to go on a long
trip? STOP Tavis STOP

Tavis folds the paper in thirds and writes Calum's
complete name and address. He pulls the cord bell behind
his father's desk.

Momentarily, Randal arrives. He's surprise to see Tavis.

RANDAL

Did you ring for me, young Lord?

TAVIS

Yes. Please go into my room and retrieve my writing set. It'll be packed in my suitcase.

RANDAL

Of course, my Lord. Anything else?

TAVIS

Yes. As soon as I give these messages my stamp, I want them delivered to the telegraph office.

He pauses.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

It's extremely vital that neither Lord nor Lady...

With a slight, one sided smile, Randal interrupts.

RANDAL

I understand, young Lord.

Randal bows and walks out of the room without turning around.

Tavis sits, his fingers tapping on the desk.

TAVIS

Not a manly man, eh? I'll show you whose not a manly man.

VISION - TAVIS THE BOLD HAS ARRIVED

A thought bubble appears above his head and grows. In the far background, the Karakoram mountains form.

A face of a growling tiger, reminiscent of the MGM roaring lion logo, emerges.

SUPER: "India"

The tiger disappears and is replaced by Tavis from his childhood dream.

He is wearing a kilt with a wide sash in his family tartan, knee high socks, leather boots, light armor, and a matching bonnet. He is sitting on top of his dream horse, Bruce.

He holds a sword in one hand and a large shield in the other. He grows taller and taller and taller. His chest and arms grow rounder.

The SUPER "India" dissolves and is replaced.

SUPER: "Tavis The Bold Has Arrived"

END OF VISION

END ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON - STEAMSHIP - DAY

SUPER: "Two Months Later"

Tavis and Calum carry their baggage by hand and over their shoulder as they walk up the ramp to the steamship that will take them to Alexandria, Egypt.

Behind them, HARRY MOORE (16) carries two bags over his shoulder and one bag between his arm, and a suitcase in the free hand.

Where Tavis has always been smaller than other's his age, Harry is the opposite. Since he's been in his teens, adults and other children have mistaken him for an adult.

Standing five foot, ten inches, without any living parents, Calum, as his cousin, has legal guardianship of the boy.

Harry's beaming.

HARRY

I still can't believe I'm here! Can I thank you both again for bringing me along?

CALUM

You should be praying and thanking the sisters for allowing you to take this break from school.

HARRY

Well, I think you'll be surprise at the great addition I'll make to this team, cousin.

TAVIS

Truthfully, I'm worried about who will be taking care of whom?

Calum laughs.

HARRY

Hey! You can trust me!

At the top of the ramp, a crewman is approaching them.

FIRST MATE LANCE

Aye. You must be Lord Tavis McThorn, with traveling companions Calum Morris, and Harry Moore. Welcome aboard.

He puts out his hand and Tavis accepts it.

FIRST MATE LANCE (CONT'D)

I'm First Mate Lance.

TAVIS

Thank you for greeting us. I have our tickets, passports, and other paperwork in my bag.

Lance hasn't let go of Tavis's hand.

FIRST MATE LANCE

I'll take your word right now. Later, though, if you turn out to be someone else, we'll be feeding the fish.

Lance puts more energy into the shake as he gives Tavis a belly laugh.

HAR, HAR, HAR!

Harry looks nervously at Calum. Lance points at Harry with his chin.

FIRST MATE LANCE (CONT'D)

That one'll make a mighty meal for a hungry white.

He lowers his sinister gaze back on Tavis.

FIRST MATE LANCE (CONT'D)

But we'll probably keep you for cleaning out the cannons!

He continues laughing.

Tavis smiles awkwardly as he attempts to disengage from Lance. Calum helps by grabbing Tavis's arm and pulling him away.

CALUM

Ah, hem. Uh, where do we find our cabins?

FIRST MATE

Go'on below deck. The Second Mate is waiting for you. Get settle. We'll be taking off soon.

Tavis leads the way to the stairs.

ANIMATION - MAP OF SHIP SAILING TO ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT

Animated boat leaves from Southampton port in South England, entering the Atlantic Ocean by way of the English Channel, through the Strait of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean Sea. It makes a stop at Malta before continuing to Alexandria, Egypt.

END ANIMATION

INT. ALEXANDRIA - HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Tavis, Calum, and Harry carrying as many bags around their shoulders and hands cross over the threshold of the hotel and enter the lobby.

Several locals, speaking English, follow behind carrying their trunks and suitcases.

Tavis walks up to the desk.

TAVIS

McThorn party. I sent word from the pier to inform you that we were on our way.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Oh, yes, Lord McThorn. We have everything already verified and your suite is ready for you.

He turns around, finds Tavis's room keys and grabs a slip of paper.

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

All of your belongings will be taken up immediately. Our concierge will be happy to help you with any needs.

He hands Tavis the three keys.

TAVIS

I was expecting Colonel-Major George Chase. Has he arrived yet?

HOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Yes. This message is for you.

Tavis accepts the paper.

TAVIS

Oh, it's for all of us. He wants us to eat something and meet him in the morning at oh seven hundred hours, sharp.

Tavis laughs.

CALUM

What's so funny?

TAVIS

He actually had to remind us to dress neat.

CALUM

What? Like we're not from Canterbury?

TAVIS

Yes!

INT. ALEZANDRIA - HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The clock is bonging seven times. Calum is the only one completely dress.

Harry is shouting from his room.

HARRY

I can't tie this bloody tie! Do I have to wear it?

In the main room, Tavis is near a chair jumping up and down. He has one sock and shoe on, and a sock in his hand.

TAVIS

I'm never buying anything from the Americans again!

CALUM

Well you both better hurry up! The clock just chimed seven o'clock.

There's a knock at the door, and Calum being the closest, opens it.

Four bellhops, each pushing a cart with covered dishes, prance past him.

BELLHOP 1 (O.S.)

Room service!

Harry pokes his head out of his door and Tavis stops hopping to gawk. The bellhops remove the lids with a flare.

TAVIS	CALUM
We didn't order any room service.	We didn't order any room service.

HARRY
When did you order room service?

There is every breakfast dish, bread, meat and fruit imaginable on the carts, including additional plates, glasses and pitchers.

The pots of hot beverages contain both coffee and water for tea.

The bellhops bow and leave through the open door.

TAVIS
What's going on here?

COLONEL-MAJOR GEORGE "BUCK" CHASE (56) marches into the room. He is tall, over six feet, and wears a thick distinguish mustache that curls up at each end.

His well tailored casual cotton three-piece suit and matching bowler remind Tavis of his father. He instantly understood why the two are friends.

Chase gives the three young men a stern look before he pulls out his pocket watch, glance at it, and replaces it, all in exact precision.

He speaks directly at Calum with his pipe held between his teeth.

CHASE
You're late.

He marches a few more steps into the room.

CHASE (CONT'D)
When I say, oh, seven hundred hours,
sharp, that's exactly what I mean.

He turns and looks at Harry.

CHASE (CONT'D)
You, boy. Wash your hands, and bring me a
chair and one of the small tables. I'm
famish.

Harry doesn't think.

HARRY

Yes, sir!

He salutes and runs to one of the bathrooms.

Tavis wipes his hands on his pants as he comes around to welcome Chase, but the Colonel-Major ignores him. He concentrates on Calum instead.

CHASE

Well, McThorn, I haven't seen a photo of you for years, but it's good to see that you've finally grown.

CALUM

Uh? Oh! Uhm, I'm not...

CHASE

Don't be modest. I always thought you were going to grow, sometime, despite going by the ground for so long.

Tavis takes a few steps closer to Chase.

TAVIS

Colonel-Major Chase? I hate to contradict you, but, I'm Tavis McThorn. I'm so proud to finally meet you face to face.

Chase turns and spies Tavis grinning and pointing at himself. Chase turns back towards Calum who is nodding his head and pointing at Tavis.

Chase's face contorts slightly.

CHASE

What?

(pause, looking at Calum)

You're not...

(pause, looking at Tavis)

...you? Are you sure?

Tavis nods his head and approaches Chase with his hand out.

TAVIS

Yes, I'm sure, and I'm really happy to finally meet you.

Chase looks down at Tavis's hand, but would not accept it.

CHASE

But, you haven't grown?

TAVIS

No, sir, I haven't.

Tavis puts down his hand. Chase's hard, stone, military face returns.

CHASE

And I suppose that you expect me to lead a safari?

TAVIS

Yes, I'm requesting you to lead us to find the great tiger of India.

Harry arrives with the chair and a small round table. Chase sits down without looking. He removes his pipe from his mouth, adds tobacco, lights it, and puffs.

CHASE

Then, let's have some proper introductions and discuss plans over breakfast.

INT. ALEXANDRIA - BRITISH DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

The three men and Harry cross the threshold of a large store that caters to the British. Chase's mood changes.

CHASE

Today is your first step in becoming a man.

There's an unexpected smile on his face.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Come along. I know this store like I know my own mustache.

They meander through the rows of any recognizable department until they reach the special section of the men's department.

MONTAGE - TRADITIONAL SAFARI CLOTHES SHOPPING

- - In the Safari department, Chase sits comfortably, taking command, as he has the complementary tea.

- - The pith helmet that Chase chooses for Calum and Harry fit properly.

- - However, each helmet that Tavis tries on falls down his nose and he can't see. He's walks into a rack of clothes, knocking it and the clothes onto the floor.

- - Chase left eye begins to twitch, and he is puffing more on his pipe.

- - Calum and Harry model the white shirt, vest, and slacks combo with the helmets. The assemble fits and there are no clothing malfunctions.

- - However, Tavis's pants are oversize and keep slipping down past his knees; his shirt and vest fits almost like a dress. He can pull them on and off without unbuttoning them.

- - The clerk quickly adds a belt, and pulls it to the last hole, but the pants now slip to Tavis's knees.

- - Chase left eye is twitching even more, he is puffing harder on his pipe creating dark smoke, and one hand is tapping on the table.

- - Calum and Harry prance up and down in front of a mirror admiring how they look in the complete safari attire with boots and jacket.

- - Chase announces that he wants to see Tavis.

- - Tavis walks out of the dressing room. Within moments, the helmet is falling over his eyes, and he trips on the oversize boots knocking over another clothes rack.

- - Chase jumps up when Tavis falls over. His left eye is twitching as if it has a mind of it's own. He is puffing more on his pipe making it look like a chimney.

- - Tavis sits up to discover that he has slip out of his shirt, vest, and jacket. It's obvious that he also lost his pants.

- - All Tavis could do is shrug his shoulders and grin.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

The three store clerks, Calum and Harry, stare at Tavis with disbelief as he continuously pushes his helmet up his nose. Chase raises his tone.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I can't believe this store has no clothes
that this man can wear!

STORE CLERK 1
We're so sorry, Major-Colonel, but we
only have clothing for adults here.

Chase BELLOWS.

CHASE
That's Colonel-Major, and he is an adult!

The three clerks eyes bulge as they look at each other.

STORE CLERK 1
Oh!
(pause)
Well, let us measure him and we'll alter
his clothing and deliver them to the
hotel before noon tomorrow.

CHASE
You'll measure him, alter those clothes
and have them delivered to the hotel
tonight!

The three store clerks lean back as if Chase words came
with a heavy wind.

STORE CLERK 1
Yes, sir.

STORE CLERK 2
Yes, sire.

STORE CLERK 3
Yes, sir.

Chase reaches into this breast pocket and pulls out a
card.

CHASE
Here is the address to have all of the
clothing sent.

He handed the store clerk the card.

CHASE (CONT'D)
There should be four sets each of the new
ones, and two from the order I had called
in.

Calum gave Chase a quizzical look.

CHASE (CONT'D)
The store already has the bank note
approved under my name.

STORE CLERK 1

It will be completed as you ordered, as always. You are one of our top customers, and we wouldn't have it any other way.

Chase GRUNTS at the Clerk before he turns his head towards Calum and Harry.

CHASE

You two, change your clothes and come with. We have one quick stop before lunch.

CALUM

But, what about Tavis?

Chase sits down and continues his cup of tea.

CHASE

He can find his way back to the hotel and order room service if he misses lunch with us.

INT. ALEXANDRIA - BRITISH DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

CHASE

(to Calum and Harry)

Come along, you two, and don't doddle.

INT. ALEXANDRIA - BRITISH DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

They move in and out of a couple of departments until they come to the very back of the store. A small man, the Department Manager, recognizes Chase immediately.

- - The Department Manager calls his two Clerks, who drop whatever they were doing and runs over to him.

- - He gives them instructions in their language. They run off in two different directions.

- - Quickly, the Department Manager personally sets up a table for Chase, Calum and Harry.

- - A Clerk returns with a pot of coffee and a tray of crumpets, the other with sugar and cream.

- - The Department Manager brings a three page manifest to Chase. Chase removes his reading glasses from his jacket breast pocket and places them across his nose.

- - He begins looking over the list carefully.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

Chase stops, points, and looks up at the Department Manager.

CHASE

Didn't I order all sizes of this make?

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

Yes, you did, Colonel-Major.

The manager points lower on the paper.

CHASE

Oh. Yes. Good.

He turns the page, and continues reading.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Hmm? I can't tell...did you have any trouble with the Winchesters?

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

They are there.

He turns to the final page.

DEPARTMENT MANAGER (CONT'D)

The Wheelock, the Matchlock, and the Flintlock.

Chase pulls a card from his front chest pocket and hands it to Department Manager.

CHASE

Everything looks good. This is the address to send them to for tomorrow.

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

Yes sir.

CHASE

I trust you. Go ahead and include anything that I may have missed.

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

Of course, sir.

CHASE

I've shopped here for many shikars in the past, and I know you know me well. The bank card will be under my name.

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

Of course, sir.

CHASE

There's a little something special waiting for you and your team next pay day.

The Department Manager's face lights up. He begins bowing.

DEPARTMENT MANAGER

Oh, thank you, Colonel-Major Chase. Thank you. We look forward to doing business with you in the near future.

INT. ALEXANDRIA - HOTEL RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tavis, Calum, Harry and Chase sit at a lavish table having their meal. Egyptian waiters move around the table refilling their tea cups, and removing plates.

HARRY

(enthusiasm)

I can't wait until we begin practicing tomorrow.

CALUM

Oh, you're not coming with us tomorrow.

TAVIS

What do you mean? Of course he is. We agree all of this is a great experience for him.

CALUM

He's too young to be handling firearms.

HARRY

No, I'm not!

(turning to Tavis)

Tavis tell him I'm not!

TAVIS

Harry, remember, Calum is my advisor, and also your guardian, and if he says...

Chase continues looking at his plate when he speaks. His tone is low and cold.

CHASE

No one is practicing tomorrow.

They stop, Tavis mouth still open, regarding Chase across the table as he takes a gentleman's sip from his cup. He stands, placing his napkin on the table.

CHASE (CONT'D)

When you truly know your firearm from the inside out, and you love her to the point that you're kissing her long neck...

He pauses to stare serenely out to somewhere that they could not see.

CHASE (CONT'D)

...and sending her love letters, then, and only then, will she respond by lovingly finding the mark, each time.

He removes his pipe from his pocket, lights it, puffs on it a few times. Then he looks directly at Tavis.

CHASE (CONT'D)

No one practices until they know they're firearm.

He steps away from the table.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Zero nine hundred hours, in front of the hotel. On time, or I'll leave without you.

He turns and marches away.

HARRY

What was all that talk about kissing and love letters?

CALUM

Don't worry about it. You're too young.

HARRY

For love, or firearms?

CALUM

Both.

HARRY

Hey!

TAVIS

Sorry, Harry, but I must agree.

(pause)

Buck up!

He tries to reach over to punch him lightly in the shoulder but his arm doesn't make it.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

I'll give you a few tenners. You can spend the day at the pool, or join a tour of the city, do some shopping. Sound good?

Harry stares down at his plate as he finally gives in. He picks at his food.

HARRY

I suppose so.

Calum stands up.

CALUM

Come on, Harry. You're not eating whatever that is left on your plate. We'll order some fruit upstairs.

INT. ALEXANDRIA - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Tavis is writing and Calum is reading a book as they relax in the general room. Harry is in his room. A phonograph is heard playing music.

All are dress in the safari attire without their pith hats.

Tavis suddenly stops writing and looks across the room at Calum. His brow comes together.

TAVIS

Every time I've looked at you this afternoon, you've seem green about the gills. What's wrong?

Calum looks up and sighs.

CALUM

Well, I didn't want to talk about it, but, since you've asked, all right.

Tavis leans forward in his chair.

CALUM (CONT'D)
Chase, I don't like him.

Tavis is surprised.

TAVIS
Why not?

CALUM
You're the lead of this expedition.
You're the one paying for everything.

TAVIS
And...

CALUM
You should be the one to say what's what,
when it is, as well as who does it.

TAVIS
I understand what you're saying, still
he's the expert and I want...

Calum sits forward as he interrupts.

CALUM
He treats you like a child.
(pause)
Also, sometimes things are already
prepaid, but with whose money?..
(pause)
Yours, or his?

Calum looks hard at Tavis.

CALUM (CONT'D)
I think he's taking advantage of you.

He watches Tavis for a moment. When he doesn't respond,
he continues.

CALUM (CONT'D)
He doesn't treat you as an equal. Tavis,
it's like we're back at the Academy.

Tavis leans back in the chair, a sad expression crosses
his face.

CALUM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Tavis, you've made so many
strides as an adult, I hate to see it all
go downhill.

TAVIS

What do you mean?

CALUM

Well, why did you have to spend the entire day disassembling and reassembling the firearms over and over?

TAVIS

Chase is being thorough, that's all.

CALUM

If that's true, why was I eventually on the range, practicing, improving quickly, and you were never given the chance?

Tavis turns his head slightly and looks beyond Calum.

TAVIS

I hear you.

(pause)

I simply disagree.

(pause)

It's not like the Academy.

He returns looking at his friend. They sit like that for a few moments.

Tavis leans forward again.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

You're my best friend. I didn't want anyone else on this trip, except you.

Tavis looks sincerely at Calum.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

But, on this sort of journey, I believe strongly that Chase is good for us, all right?

Calum sighs before he twists his lips into a smile.

CALUM

I *am* your best friend, and I'll always back you up. I just hope you're right about Chase.

Tavis smiles.

TAVIS

Hey, let's order some coffee.

Harry suddenly pokes his head out and interjects.

HARRY
Coffee sounds good to me! And some white
cake!

INT. TRAIN - ALEXANDRIA - DAY

Four Porters with some of their carry-on suitcases lead the team through the coach to their seats.

They wear their new hunting attire, but only Calum notices that Chase's clothing is also new.

They are happy that the three are sitting and facing one another. Makes for a more personal trip.

Calum rubs the cloth of the seat.

CALUM
Now this is nice.

TAVIS
Isn't it. I've only been on the locals
that take you in and out of London.
Nothing this fancy.

Chase sits across from Tavis, a newspaper out, one leg all ready cross, as he hands the Porter the tickets.

PORTER
Four tickets?

He nods his head. The Porter understands and continues down the aisle.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE - TRAIN FROM ALEXANDRIA TO SUEZ CANNEL,
EGYPT

Animated train maps the trail from Alexandra, into the interior Egypt, to Cairo. From Cairo, the train continues to the Port of Suez.

END OF ANIMATION SEQUENCE

ANIMATION SEQUENCE - MAP OF STEAM SHIP FROM THE PORT OF
SUEZ TO THE RED SEA

Animated steam ship maps the trail from the Port of Suez, south through the Suez Cannel into the Red Sea that flows into the Indian Ocean.

END OF ANIMATION SEQUENCE

EXT. STEAM SHIP - THE RED SEA - DAY

Calum and Tavis stand on the dock looking over the port side at the calmness of the Red Sea.

CALUM

Now this is nice.

TAVIS

Couldn't be nicer.

CALUM

Could you imagine this trip before the canal?

TAVIS

Let me put it this way. I don't want to imagine this trip without the canal.

ANIMATION SEQUENCE - MAP OF STEAM SHIP FROM THE RED SEA TO BOMBAY, INDIA

The ship sails east, then north to the city of Bombay, India.

END OF ANIMATION SEQUENCE

ANIMATION SEQUECE - TRAVELING FROM BOMBAY TO DARJEELING

Animated train travels from Bombay, through India to the hills of Darjeeling.

END OF ANIMATION SEQUENCE

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. DARJEELING - HOTEL - STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

Tavis, Calum, Harry, and Chase are dropped off from a donkey drawn cart in front of the British Hotel.

As Calum and Tavis take in the scenery, Harry carries a couple of bags over his shoulder, under his arm, and by hand into the hotel.

Chase pays the driver and speaks to him as the other two take in the sites.

CALUM
Now, *this* is nice.

TAVIS
Very quaint.

CALUM
Exactly.

TAVIS
Vacation?

CALUM
Of course.

Chase pushes in between the friends forcing them to scoot sideways to make room. Calum mumbles something under his breath.

CHASE
You two girls will have plenty of time to finish your dollies tomorrow while I'm out preparing for the shikar.

TAVIS
What do you mean?

CHASE
We're on foot from here on out. Don't act like I didn't tell you this!

They both look at him with blank faces. Chase makes a grunting sound as he grits his teeth.

CHASE (CONT'D)
I have to buy the camping gear, the palanquins, and the guides.

Calum and Tavis say nothing.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Hire bearers, scouts, a cook, and other
native attendants, not to mention
British guides for our security!

Calum looks over at Tavis, then returns to Chase his own
chin now clinched.

CALUM
And you're saying you don't need Tavis to
help do all of the selecting and hiring?

CHASE
Why would I need him?

He indicates Tavis with his chin, then marches off. He
could be heard giving them his last orders.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Make sure all of the suitcases get off of
this filthy cart, dusted, and brought to
our rooms.

Calum looks at Tavis. Tavis notices, but says nothing.

INT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - CAMP - NIGHT

Tavis sits up on his cot in his private tent, under a
mosquito net. It's the nocturnal noises of the jungle
inhabitants. They're keeping him awake.

He's sweating. His head jerks at sudden sounds while his
eyes blink several times.

Tavis shakes at an unexpected cry, and his hands refuse
to hold the small firearm still.

A very clear, loud, indescribable sound rings in the
night's air. Tavis jumps.

TAVIS
What was that!

At the same time the firearm goes off.

Chase is heard screaming in the near distance.

CHASE
Owwwwwww!
(pause)
McThorn!

EXT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - CAMP - DAY

Chase, Calum, and Harry sit at a table laden with food. The servants are removing plates.

Calum is reading a book as he drinks his tea, while Harry busily transfers notes from a map to his hard bound journal.

Chase casually smokes his pipe, reading a paper, a cup and saucer in front of him.

His left sleeve is rolled up to the shoulder, and a large bandage is wrapped around his upper arm.

Tavis as he sits on the ground, appearing busy, although only his head, neck and shoulders are in view, the sounds of metal on metal and clicking are heard.

EXT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - CAMP - LATER

Chase has moved everyone under the shade of the trees to announce his change of plans.

CHASE

We're in the right area, according to our guides, but they may know of our location by now, so we need to move north.

While he is speaking, the four scouts appear behind him.

CHASE (CONT'D)

(to scouts)

Well?

SCOUT 1

We found one very close, Major-Colonel. We all agree that she was not aware of our presence. She is well hidden.

CHASE

That's Colonel-Major, and I want to wait and move north. I was just...

Tavis suddenly springs up.

TAVIS

I'm ready.

Chase turns and tilts his head down towards Tavis with his tight jaw and slit eyes.

CHASE

You're ready to take on the tiger now? Is that what you're saying?

TAVIS

Yes.

Tavis notices that Calum quickly glances up for a moment. He lifts his head to steady himself on Chase, giving him his own tight jaw and slanted eyes as best he can.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm the one paying for this trip. It's all my idea. I'm making the decision. They've found a tiger, and I'm ready.

CHASE

You positive you don't want to practice some first?

TAVIS

Nope. I'm doing this now.

Chase softens his face. He takes out his pipe, lights it and takes a puff.

CHASE

Very well, then, young McThorn. Let's pack our palanquins, and have the shikar team move out.

EXT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The employees who were not needed for this part of the shikar, such as the cook, a couple of the guides and other attendants, stayed at the original camp.

The entire team requisitioned for the shikar are a still a fair distance away from where the scouts and the beaters had disappeared.

Most of the shikar team wait in the shade with the palanquins and supplies.

A table and three chairs are set up and a fire is burning with two pots, and some of the hardier food is being unpacked.

Calum is with the second team, the backup team in case the cat gets past the first team.

One of the attendants waiting with Chase and Tavis offers them water. Tavis accepts, before Chase retrieve a rifle from one of the shikar.

CHASE

Here you go, McThorn.

Tavis turns and Chase is handing him a firearm that is almost as tall as he is.

Tavis has a difficult time lifting it to hang the strap over his shoulder. Then he's stumbles a little as it pulls him backwards.

Chase pretends he isn't looking as he snickers.

CHASE (CONT'D)

You have to be ready. The boys could flush her out any moment.

Tavis thinks back to Chase's words, his mouth moves as he mumbles them to himself.

TAVIS

Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart, legs straight and knees soft.

Tavis follows the position instructions, bouncing up and down from his knees.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Support the firearm with the left hand and arm.

The firearm wobbles, still Tavis continues.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Shoulder support...

Tavis pushes the firearm as far as he can into his shoulder.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

...look at the target.

MONTAGE - TAVIS AND THE TIGER

- - Suddenly, straight ahead, the scouts are sprinting out the bushes and high grass, terror on their faces, yelling, "Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!"

- - Tavis hears the tigress before she springs out of the high grass behind the scouts, in front of the beaters.

TIGRESS

ROOAAARRR!

- - Chase pushes Tavis forward before he steps back a couple of steps.

CHASE

(nonchalantly)

Go ahead, McThorn. She's all yours.

- - Tavis raises the firearm to look at the target and his entire body begins shaking.

- - His helmet falls over his eyes and he loses the grip on the firearm.

- - The firearm flies into the air. He, and everyone near by, duck as it comes down with a big BOOM.

- - Immediately Tavis hears another BOOM.

- - He pushes his helmet off of his nose and back on his forehead. He peers up at Chase. A billow of smoke raises from Chase's firearm.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

Chase pulls a white cloth out of his pants pocket and wipes the muzzle of his firearm. He speaks as he wipes. Everyone knows his words are for Tavis.

He shakes his head.

CHASE

Auch! That is the worse case of cowardliness I have ever had the misfortune of seeing.

The members of the shikar team who handle the fallen animal rushes in front of Chase and Tavis, but Tavis simply ignores them.

Instead, Tavis with the most miserable of expressions, stares at the ground below him, his shoulders humped over, his hands in his pants pocket.

TAVIS

You're right...you're right. Jack is right, pa is right. Everyone is right.

Chase stops loading his firearm to give Tavis a fleeting quizzical gaze. He shakes his head before he continues the insults.

Tavis begins wandering away.

Chase is over emphasizing his words.

CHASE

This has been a ridiculous trip. I don't know why I let you talk me into it.

Tavis ignores his firearm on the ground and moves towards the bushes and tall grass where the scouts, tigress, and beaters had emerged.

TAVIS

You're right. I don't know what I was thinking. I know how I am. What was I thinking?

The further away Tavis walks, the louder Chase becomes. He shouts.

CHASE

You're just a sad sack, nothing like your old man!

TAVIS

I'm nothing but a thrum...

CHASE

If I had known...

(pause)

...I wouldn't have wasted my time on you!

A thought bubble forms over Tavis's head.

ANIMATED VISION - TAVIS SEES HIS FATHER'S DISAPPROVAL

Inside appears his father. His snuff lips pulled down, pipe in between his lips, eyebrows pinch in the middle, shaking his head as he looks down at Tavis.

Tavis looks up. Seeing his disapproving look made him flinch as the bubble burst.

END ANIMATED VISION

RETURN TO SCENE

Tears form in the lower lid of Tavis's eyes as his chin quivers.

He has no idea how far he has wandered in this despondent state, mumbling to himself.

He's not aware that the various members of the team have been calling his name, yelling that it is dangerous to wander away alone. Finally, the scouts and Calum run after him.

EXT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Tavis is within the tall grass. He stops when he hears an animal sound coming from a bush.

REEE-OWWR!

He hurries towards the sound, through some high grass that has been beaten down, and bends low to move away some limbs from the bush.

Inside the bush is a tiger cub caught between the branches.

She is shaking, and she has places on her legs and face where the fur is missing, caught in the bush.

TIGER CUB

Reee-owwr! Hissss!

Tavis smiles and speaks tenderly to the cub as he carefully removes the front branches to reach her. She continues to shake and try to move away from him.

TAVIS

Where did you come from?

(pause)

Oh, no! Was that your ma?

Tavis turns to look behind him. He empathizes for the child wild cat. He speaks soothingly.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

There, there. I'm here now. I'm not going to hurt you. It's going to be all right.

The scouts and Calum catch up to him, and Chase is not far behind. Tavis has cut his fingers as he breaks more branches.

SCOUT 1

Lord McThorn, what are you doing?

TAVIS
(to one of the Scouts)
Would you go back and bring me a blanket
from our supplies.

The scout doesn't hesitate to follow orders as Chase
marches over.

CHASE
(demanding)
What do you have there, McThorn?

Tavis does not answer, he keeps breaking branches. The
cub continues shaking and calling out.

TIGER CUB
Reeee-OORR! Hissssss! Hisssss!

CALUM
You found a cub! I don't believe it!

CHASE
Step aside, McThorn! I'll take care of
the beast!

Tavis stops as his face turns red and he clenches his
teeth.

His hands rolls into fists and he slowly stands, twisting
his body, eyes turning red, shaking, as he places himself
between Chase and the defenseless cub, glaring directly
into Chase' eyes.

Tavis's is shaking, his helmet slides down his nose, but
the words are already releasing.

TAVIS
No, I won't step aside!

Chase lowers his rifle.

CHASE
What are you talking about?

TAVIS
I'm not letting you have this cub, Chase!

He points at Chase.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
You're nothing but a...a big...bully!

Chase steps back and looks down at Tavis with a furl brow, speechless. Calum also steps back. He's never seen Tavis like this.

Tavis pushes his helmet up.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

That's right, that's what you are, a bully! And I'm not listening to you any more!

The Scout has return with a blanket and hands it to Tavis. Tavis bends down and covers the cub and gingerly frees her while Chase silently watches.

Tavis speaks gently to the cub.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Come here. I'm not going to hurt you.

He holds her to his chest as he ignores Chase to walk towards the temporary camp.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Come on, Calum. I think I have what I came here for.

Chase stares after him.

CHASE

McThorn! What on gods green Earth are you doing? You can't take that beast out of the jungle?

Tavis doesn't respond.

When he reaches the camp, all of the locals are aghast. There is silence as he looks for dried meat on the table, offers a piece to the cub, who chews.

TAVIS

Select some of the softest pieces of meat, put them on a plate, and bring them to my palanquin.

The Darjeeling servant is wide eyed, but he bows and follows instructions.

Next, Tavis walks to his palanquin and Calum follows behind him.

Tavis gently places the tiger cub inside on top of the blanket. She continues to shake as her eyes dart back and forth.

He turns to speak to the various staff and team members with his best friend standing beside him.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

This hunt is over! I'm ready to pack us up and return to Darjeeling.

Chase, the scouts and other shikar team members try to persuade him otherwise.

GUIDE 1

What about that cub? You can't keep it alive!

SCOUT 1

You can't take tiger out of jungle!

ATTENDANT

No tiger can go to Darjeeling!

CHASE

You can't keep a beast in the hotel?

Tavis raises his voice.

TAVIS

Who's going to stop me?

Everyone becomes silent, except for Chase.

CHASE

And what are your plans for that wild beast? Surely you're not taking it home?

TAVIS

Maybe I am. But you shouldn't worry about that, this was never your safari.

Others are now speaking out in both English and Hindu.

CHASE

Are you insane!

SCOUT 1

You must not, Lord McThorn!

SCOUT 2

No! You can't take home, Lord McThorn!

TAVIS

I don't care what anyone says! This cub is now under my protection. Is that clear?

Tavis looks fiercely at the crowd surrounding him. Then he glares up at Chase.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

And Major-Colonel...

Chase stomps his foot.

CHASE
It's Colonel-Major!

TAVIS
Whatever.

Every set of eyes of the ones who understand what is happening quickly move to Chase. A smile crosses Calum's face.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
I'll assist you in returning to town. I'm sending telegrams to find out exactly how much you've spent under my account.

Chase begins to blubber and stutter.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
That's right. Any misused money on your part, I want back. Then, you're on your own.

Chase glares at Tavis. He grits his teeth so hard that he breaks his pipe. He throws his hands up in the air and stomps back to his palanquin.

The scouts and the other interpreters shrug their shoulders. They turn to Tavis for his orders so that they can pass the word to the others.

Tavis approaches two of the guides first.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
I don't trust Chase. I've checked into my finances before we left Darjeeling, and things don't quite look right.

GUIDE 1
Do you want us to punch him around a bit?

TAVIS
No, nothing like that. Just take turns keeping a very close eye on him until I cut him off in Darjeeling.

INT. DARJEELING - JUNGLE - TAVIS'S PALANQUIN - CONTINUOUS

In side the palanquin, Tavis makes the frighten cub comfortable in the blanket on his lap. She continues to shake, her large eyes darting.

TAVIS

You know, I need to give you a name. I wish I knew what your ma called you, but I'm going to call you...Tilly.

The cub looks up at him. Tavis smiles.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Yes, Tilly. Do you like that?

The cub watches Tavis's face and slowly stops shaking. She stretches, as any cat would do, and her claws grip into Tavis's thighs as she yawns.

He grimaces.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay, that's something I have to get use to.

Then the cub curls up on his lap and closes her eyes.

INT. STERLING AND MCTHORN INDUSTRIES - MCTHORN'S OFFICE - LONDON - DAY

SUPER: "London 1882"

The office is spacious and contains elaborate furniture with small statues and paintings by French impressionist.

Behind a large desk Lord McThorn is bent over a large paper of plans. Jack Baird is on the other side of the desk looking at the same paper. He's scratching his head.

JACK

I don't know what I'm supposed to tell the workers to do.

LORD MCTHORN

Simply follow the schematics on the paper. Look. It's all there.

McThorn points and looks at Jack. Jack continues scratching his head. Suddenly, he turns around and throws his arms up in the air.

JACK

Och!

LORD MCTHORN

I know you can do this Jack.

Jack turns around to face McThorn.

JACK

You know, it's not my fault that we're losing money on this latest expansion!

McThorn sits on the edge of his desk. He searches Jack's distraught face.

LORD MCTHORN

I never said that it is.

JACK

Haven't you been reading my reports?

Jack raises his voice.

JACK (CONT'D)

They're lazy! They don't listen to me!

LORD MCTHORN

You're the foreman! You're in charge of this part of the project. Do what ever you need to make them listen to you.

JACK

I don't know. Truthfully, I really need you to take a more hands on approach with the factory.

LORD MCTHORN

I can't right now, Jack, you know that. That's why I transferred you over there.

McThorn walks around the desk and puts his hand on Jack's shoulder.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)

Listen, lad, you had a long morning. Why don't you take an early lunch and rest.

Jack sits in the nearby oversize chair.

JACK

I suppose I should.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and Tavis, in full hunting attire, enters the room.

He's stouter than he's ever been, there's a light full mustache and beard on his face, and his skin tone is darker.

He stands with his arms on his waist and his legs spread.

TAVIS
Hello, pa! I'm home!

A YOUNG WOMAN (late 20's) rushes in behind him.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm sorry, Lord McThorn, Lord Baird! I
tried to stop him!

Jack quickly stands and McThorn crosses his arms over his chest meeting Tavis's gaze.

LORD MCTHORN
It's all right. This, believe it or not,
is my name sake. You can return to your
desk.

The Young Woman hesitates, but she finally walks backwards, takes the door nob in her hand and closes it as she continues to return to the outer office.

Jack stands beside McThorn and looks at Tavis.

JACK
Is that really you, McThorn?

TAVIS
Of course it's me! I understand why you
wouldn't recognize me as easily as my own
pa.

His smile turns into an evil smirk.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
We were never as close as you always
pretended, were we, Jack?

Jack continues to gawk at Tavis, but his father keeps a stone face. Both watch as Tavis walks over to the tea and scones cart. He touches the side of the pot.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Ah, still hot. May I?

His father nods. He pours himself a cup of tea and adds some cream. He takes a sip.

Lord McThorn relaxes a bit before speaking, emphasizing a few words.

LORD MCTHORN
Well, son, it's great to have you back
from...wherever you disappeared to. Your
ma will be delighted.

(MORE)

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)

(pause)

She...that is we all, have missed you.

TAVIS

Oh, she knows I've returned. I've visited her first.

He puts his cup down, and put a scone and a biscuit on a plate.

LORD MCTHORN

You've already seen your ma?

Tavis ignores the question.

TAVIS

This was a perfect time to come back. I love Canterbury's autumns.

Tavis turns to face Jack and his father.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to ask where I've been for four years?

JACK

I want to know! It can't be where I'm thinking.

Tavis munches on a bite of the scone, swallows, then takes a sip of the tea.

TAVIS

I'm actually happy to hear that, Jack. You do care after all.

He takes his tea cup and sits down in the nearest oversized chair.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

However, first, I want you to know, now that I'm home, pa won't need you here at the factory.

LORD MCTHORN

What?

JACK

What?

Tavis nods his head. He swallows his tea.

TAVIS

I've actually been home for three weeks. I'm at the Majesty Hotel. I wanted to visit our bookkeeper and banker first.

Lord McThorn grits his teeth and he blinks his eyes several times.

LORD MCTHORN
Looking into my affairs? That's...

TAVIS
Very possible? You forget, I have the right as your heir. I wanted to know how the company's been doing.

He takes a sip of the tea.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
You see, pa, I found out something. Jack doesn't know what he's doing and is always making errors.

He speaks slowly to his father, but he watches Jack carefully. He takes a long sip from his cup.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Big errors.

He becomes more confident and sits on the edge of the chair.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Actually, pa, you could easily call them, huge errors.

Lord McThorn sits on his desk. His eyes go wide, and he puts both hands onto the top of his head.

Jack looks at Lord McThorn, and opens his mouth, but no words come out. McThorn turns his head away from Jack's gaze.

Jack turns his attention back to Tavis and brings his hands into fists. He sneers.

Tavis sits back in his seat. He sips from his cup as he carefully watches Jack.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
Jack has been mishandling money, pa, specifically for the factory.

Jack continues to sneer and raises his fist, and Tavis pulls his legs up into the oversize chair.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

He's been skimming on supplies and taking money to hire cheap unskilled laborers.

Lord McThorn stands up. Tavis nods his heads as he looks sternly at Jack.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Jack, let's face it. You've been stealing from my family since yours lost theirs.

LORD MCTHORN

Och! I was suspicious, but I didn't want to believe it!

In the outer room, the Young Woman is screaming.

Jack turns to face Lord McThorn who is holding his head with both hands and shaking it from side to side.

LORD MCTHORN (CONT'D)

I trusted you? You are the son of me best friend!

When Jack returns to Tavis, his face is turning red.

JACK

Why you, you dirty little thrum, you!

Nair opens the office door and walks in.

Four-years-old, three hundred and fifty-five pound Tilly follows rapidly behind him, her leash dragging behind her.

At the same moment, Jack, gritting his teeth, moves like a boxer towards Tavis.

Tilly quickly ascertains the threat and pounces on Jack. Grabbing the back of his pants by the waist, Tilly pulls Jack and sits down, leaving Jack in an acute angle.

She growls deep in her throat. Tavis begins clapping.

TAVIS

Ah, Tilly, my pet, your first man-hunt has been resolved. I do believe you'll be eating off of that carcass for weeks.

When he sees Tilly, Lord McThorn attempts to climb over his desk, but slips several times. Once over, he curls into a ball and shivers.

At the same time, Jack tries to turn around to see what is holding him back. Every time he struggles, Tilly pulls harder. Jack screams.

JACK

Aaaaa-iiiiii! What's going on? What's holding me? Save me! What's that sound? I want me ma and da!

Tavis puts his cup down on the end table next to the chair, stands, and smooths his clothes.

TAVIS

Perfect timing, Nair. Thank you.

Nair puts his hands together in front of himself and bows.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

Tilly, thank you, dear. I think he's had enough. Let him go.

Tilly releases Jack and he falls flat on his face.

THUD!

Jack turns around to see Tilly towering over him.

TILLY

Ro-arrrrrr!

Jack jumps up and hides behind Nair. He looks down at Nair's blade, then meets Nair gaze when he's turning his head, and jumps away.

Jack ends up behind the oversize chair on the opposite side of Lord McThorn's desk.

TAVIS

Och! Pa, you can come out! Tilly's really a sweetheart.

LORD MCTHORN

She tried to eat Jack!

TAVIS

Oh, Pa. No she didn't.

Tilly walks over to Tavis to rub against his leg. Tavis tips a little due to her weight as he strokes her on the head. Jack peeps from around the chair.

TAVIS (CONT'D)

And she won't. Well, unless I say so.

Nair smiles and laughs inside his throat.

JACK
That's not funny!

TAVIS
You see, I've spent four years in India
after my original intentions for going
had changed.

JACK
I don't believe it! You actually went?
That was just a thrum doing a lot of big
talk.

Nair responds with a booming voice that sounds more
British than Indian.

NAIR
Obviously, it was serious talk by a
serious young boy.

Tavis walks up and down. Tilly sits licking her paw while
Nair stands quietly, smiling.

Jack and McThorn continue to hide.

TAVIS
That's where I found Tilly, my tiger cub.
Well, as you can see, she is no longer a
cub.

He continues to walk.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
I also met my new friend, Nair.

Nair continues smiling as he raises his hands, places
them together, and bows.

Tavis looks at the chair where Jack is hiding.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
This is what's going to happen. Pa, I'm
your son, so Jack is out.

Jack stands up.

JACK
What? Now listen here...

TILLY
(intimidating)
Grrrrrrrr!

TAVIS
Sit down Jack. You're lucky we don't call
the Peelers. Although we rightly can.

Jack quickly sits in the chair, clutching the arm rest,
eyes on Tilly.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
And Pa, please come out from behind the
desk. We have to talk business. Let's
see, I can give you another week.

LORD MCTHORN
What?

TAVIS
India is my home now. I left Calum and
Harry behind to run our reserve.

LORD MCTHORN JACK
Uh? Uh?

TAVIS
Yes, a British Crown supported Tiger
reserve in India. I need to return home
to my own business.

Lord McThorn slowly stands up from behind the desk.

TAVIS (CONT'D)
That's it, Pa. Come on out. I promise,
neither Tilly nor Nair will hurt you.
Just don't raise your voice at me.

Tavis laughs. Nair laughs. Lord McThorn hesitantly
chuckles.

Tilly's ferocious gaze turns on Jack until he laughs the
hardest of everyone.

MONTAGE - THE REAL TAVIS THE BOLD

SUPER: "Tavis The Bold Is Here"

- - A dream bubble begins over Tavis's head, grows bigger
and takes over the scene. The image slowly appears: City
of Darjeeling with Mt. Kanchenjunga in the background.

- - Tavis is sitting on a white horse wearing the full family's kilt, holding a sword up in the air.
- - Pose below him is Harry and Calum in full safari gear. Tilly sits beside Calum, and Nair stands beside Tilly.
- - Laying around them are tiger adults and cubs of various sizes.
- - Citizens of Darjeeling appear behind them.

END OF MONTAGE

END ACT 5

BEGIN CREDITS

BEGIN ANIMATION SEQUENCE -- SAVING TIGERS FROM POACHERS

During the credits, there are short ANIMATED flashes of Tavis and the team in the jungle dealing with poachers, and at the Tavis McThorn Tiger Conservation with the tigers.

END ANIMATION SEQUENCE

