



52.01 CONTINUED:

22 SOPHIE  
Dad - will you sit still?

23 PHILLIP  
I've been sitting still for two hours.

24 SOPHIE  
And smile.

25 PHILLIP  
I've been smiling for two hours. It feels like somebody jammed a boomerang in my mouth.  
(shifts uncomfortably)  
I don't know why you have to be so competitive.

26 SOPHIE  
Who's being competitive? So Emma got 97% in art, and I got a humiliating 42. It's no big deal.  
(paints furiously)  
I can show the world that with a little practise and determination I can be as good as her. Did I say as good as? I meant better than! Far, far better than her, the smarmy little show-off!

27 PHILLIP  
Hardly competitive at all, love.

MAX blusters in from the KITCHEN, carrying a big, gleaming multi-coloured GARDEN TOOL.

28 MAX  
Is this it?  
(admiringly)  
It's magnificent - a work of art.

29 SOPHIE  
No, Uncle Max. My portrait of dad is a work of art. That's just a garden tool.

30 PHILLIP  
Multifunctional collapsible garden tool, if you don't mind. Strimmer, shredder, clipper, snipper, blower, digger come rotovator. It does it all.

31 MAX  
This little beauty will knock my client's socks off.

32 PHILLIP  
Yes, it does that too.

33 SOPHIE  
Dad, will you stop moving your mouth??

52.01 CONTINUED:

34 PHILLIP  
(like a bad ventriloquist)  
Sorry, lug.

35 MAX  
So tell me, Phillip - which bit does what?

36 PHILLIP  
(through gritted teeth)  
Idn'd it odvious? The glue git is the glower, and the kink git is the gotogator.

37 MAX  
Never mind - I'll busk it.  
(he hauls it out through the front door)  
See you later, folks.

38 PHILLIP  
Good luck, Max.

CUT TO:

52.02 INT/EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

MAX struggles out of the front door. He clunks the GARDEN TOOL down while searching for his CAR KEYS. The bright red START button hits the ground, and the TOOL springs to life. MAX lifts it up, alarmed. He holds it away from himself - and the TOOL chops the top off an ORNAMENTAL TREE in a pot. MAX switches off the TOOL, gulps, hopes that PHILLIP didn't notice, and splits.

CUT TO:

52.03 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

EMMA comes bounding down the stairs in her jogging gear plus iPod. ADIL is right behind her, wearing a track suit and carrying her BAG. SOPHIE pulls a face as EMMA jogs up alongside her and stares at her portrait of DAD.

39 EMMA  
That is fantastic! - well done!

40 SOPHIE  
Gimme a break, Emma. Cut to the put-down.

41 EMMA  
The best painting of a pizza I have ever seen.  
(peers at it)  
Is it Four Seasons, or a Mexican Hot?

52.03 CONTINUED:

42 PHILLIP  
(warningly)  
Emma.

43 EMMA  
Bye-ee. Off to the gym with Adil.

44 PHILLIP  
To the gym? - with Adil? - what's  
that about?

45 ADIL  
Emma says I need to develop  
muscles in my arms as well as in  
my head.  
(excited)  
I cannot wait!

EMMA plugs her EARPHONE in and dances out the front door.

46 EMMA  
(sings pointedly)  
97% - ooh! 97% - ooh! 97% etc.

SOPHIE silently bites her lip then hot-foots it after ADIL.

47 SOPHIE  
Adil? - oh, Adil?

CUT TO:

52.04 INT/EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

SOPHIE catches up with ADIL and speaks sotto voce.

48 SOPHIE  
Before you go? - *I wish!*

49 ADIL  
Wish away.

50 SOPHIE  
I wouldn't normally do this, but -  
why not? I wish my painting of  
dad could be much more realistic.

52.04FX01

51 ADIL  
Your wish is my - well, you know  
the rest.  
(gestures)  
With nothing more than a magical  
ping,  
Make Sophie's painting just like  
the real thing!

WHOOSH! - a bolt of magic flies from his fingers back into  
the house.

52.04 CONTINUED:

52 SOPHIE  
Brilliant! - thanks, Adil!  
(sotto)  
You won't breathe a word to Emma?

53 ADIL  
Do not worry. If she asks about  
your painting, I will gloss over  
the whole thing.

54 SOPHIE  
Very funny. Bye-ee.

ADIL jogs after EMMA. SOPHIE looks at the TALL STUMP which  
used to be a tree, shrugs, and goes back indoors.

CUT TO:

52.05 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SOPHIE enters, buoyantly. She notices that PHILLIP isn't  
sitting on the chair any more.

55 SOPHIE  
Dad? Oh, Da-ad?

56 PHILLIP  
(o.o.v.)  
Over here.

57 SOPHIE  
Thought you'd stretch your legs,  
eh? Fair enough - I mean, you  
have been -  
(looks around)  
Over where?

58 PHILLIP  
(sternly)  
Here.

52.05FX01

SOPHIE turns and gawps at the CANVAS. Thanks to ADIL'S  
wish, PHILLIP has disappeared from the room and reappeared  
on the CANVAS in two dimensions! - a living portrait!

59 SOPHIE  
Oh!! - what???

60 PHILLIP  
(swallowing his anger)  
Why do I get just the sneakiest  
suspicion that a certain somebody  
around here has been making  
wishes?

61 SOPHIE  
That great big baboon.  
(urgently)  
Don't you worry, dad. If I'm  
quick, I can catch up with him.  
(MORE)

52.05 CONTINUED:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
We'll put this right. You just  
stay where you are.

62 PHILLIP  
Strangely, I wasn't planning on  
going anywhere.

SOPHIE bolts across to the front door and opens it.

CUT TO:

52.06 INT/EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

SOPHIE emerges just as Head Teacher MR PRESTON steps up.

63 MR PRESTON  
Good morning!

64 SOPHIE  
Sir - !!

65 MR PRESTON  
(jovially)  
Never mind the "sir". Your Head  
Teacher is here in an unofficial  
capacity. Please. Call me -

66 SOPHIE  
Bob?

67 MR PRESTON  
(affronted)  
Mr.Preston.  
(clears his throat)  
May I come in?  
(he goes in anyway)  
Thank you.

SOPHIE'S face is alight with her sudden quandary. To race  
after ADIL, or follow MR PRESTON back into the house? She  
chooses the latter.

CUT TO:

52.07 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MR PRESTON takes his SPECS off and cleans them as SOPHIE  
closes the door and rushes across to join him.

68 MR PRESTON  
Is your father home?

69 SOPHIE  
Yes. No. I mean - no.

70 MR PRESTON  
Actually, it's your sister Emma  
I've come to see. Is she - ?

71 SOPHIE  
Out. She's gone out. They've all  
gone out. Come back tomorrow.

52.07 CONTINUED:

72 MR PRESTON  
A very talented girl, your  
sister. Did she tell you that she  
got a 97% pass mark in art?

73 SOPHIE  
She mentioned it, yes, a couple  
of million times.

74 MR PRESTON  
Well, cutting straight to the  
point. To celebrate my twentieth  
anniversary in the job, I've  
decided it's time I joined the  
great and the good and had my  
portrait painted in oils to be  
hung in the school Hall of Fame.  
Nothing too elaborate, you know,  
just a modest thing, about THIS  
size, perhaps, in a hand-carved  
golden frame.

75 SOPHIE  
You want Emma to - ?

MR PRESTON sees the EASEL and the back of the CANVAS.

76 MR PRESTON  
Ah!! - what have we here?  
(Sophie steps in to  
block his way)  
Another of Emma's masterworks?

77 SOPHIE  
Uh - no. No. This is one of  
mine.

78 MR PRESTON  
A family of artists! - may I  
look?

79 SOPHIE  
It's nothing, really -  
(she grabs his arm)  
- it's just a scribble.

80 MR PRESTON  
(hard edged)  
I really hate it when pupils pull  
my sleeve.

52.07FX01

SOPHIE reluctantly lets go. MR PRESTON walks toward the  
EASEL. SOPHIE darts ahead of him, and comes face to face  
with PHILLIP.

81 SOPHIE  
(loud whisper)  
Freeze, dad! - freeze!

PHILLIP holds his position as MR PRESTON walks up to study  
the CANVAS.

52.07 CONTINUED:

82 MR PRESTON  
Good grief! My oh my! It's your  
father!

83 SOPHIE  
Yes! - it is! Hahahahaha.

84 MR PRESTON  
The likeness is incredible.

85 SOPHIE  
Not really. The nose is a little  
bent, and -

86 MR PRESTON  
(nose to nose with  
Phillip)  
The flesh tone is astonishingly  
realistic! And the hair! - I can  
almost smell the shampoo! Look,  
he even has a flake of tuna fish  
stuck between his teeth - what a  
humorous and telling touch.

87 SOPHIE  
Well, Mr Preston, the minute Emma  
gets back -

88 MR PRESTON  
Emma schmemma!

89 SOPHIE  
Pardon me?

90 MR PRESTON  
Your sister is outstanding, I  
admit, but you are an unsung  
genius, young lady.  
(declamatory)  
Sophie Norton, I want YOU to  
paint my portrait!

91 SOPHIE  
What??

92 MR PRESTON  
(takes off his jacket)  
Well? - shall we begin?  
(smiles ominously)  
I don't have all day.

52.07FX02

SOPHIE half smiles and half dies inside. Unseen by MR  
PRESTON, PHILLIP sinks his forehead into his palm.

CUT TO:

52.08 INT. GYM - DAY

EMMA and ADIL emerge from the locker rooms and meet.

52.08 CONTINUED:

93 ADIL  
By the bouncing baboon! Not since  
the Balamkadar heatwave of 1221  
have I seen so many sweaty heads!

94 EMMA  
Never mind that. See him?

95 ADIL  
Who?

96 EMMA  
Him. I think his name's Dimitris.  
Reveal DIMITRIS, with his bare arms folded, posing in a  
mirror. He is a youthful Mr Universe.

97 ADIL  
Wow! - are those muscles? - or is  
he balancing an arm load of skin  
coloured rocks?

98 EMMA  
Go over there and tell him he has  
an admirer.

99 ADIL  
Really? - who?

100 EMMA  
Queen Beatrice of the Netherlands  
- who do you think? *Me!!*

101 ADIL  
Ah, now I see it all. This is why  
you have brought me to the gym.  
You need me as your Gone-Beneath.

102 EMMA  
(corrects him)  
Go-Between, Adil. My go-between.

103 ADIL  
I do not mind being used. It is  
a genie's lot. And I should know.  
I have spoken to a lot of genies.

104 EMMA  
(prods him)  
Just go ahead and do it, will  
you? And Adil?  
(sotto)  
Lay it on thick.

ADIL trots off.

CUT TO:

52.09 INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GYM - DAY

ADIL trots up to DIMITRIS.

52.09 CONTINUED:

105 ADIL  
Hello.

106 DIMITRIS  
Alright, mate.

107 ADIL  
Yes, mate. Quite alright, mate.  
Thank you, mate.

108 DIMITRIS  
(looks him up and down)  
You a newbie, mate?  
(Adil looks blank)  
First time at the gym?  
(Adil nods; he shakes  
his hand)  
The name's Dimitris. Show you the  
ropes, if you like. Done a warm-  
up yet? You gotta start with a  
warm-up, mate. Down of the floor.  
Twenty press-ups, mate. That'll  
get your blood going round. One,  
two, three, four -

ADIL eagerly does what DIMITRIS says. We angle back on  
EMMA, who drums her fingers impatiently on the wall.

CUT TO:

52.10 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

SOPHIE hustles MR PRESTON out into the GARDEN. She carries  
the EASEL with a fresh CANVAS, and sets it up on the lawn.

109 SOPHIE  
Out here would be good, don't you  
think?

110 MR PRESTON  
Yes, if you're gardening, or  
sunbathing. Or a squirrel.

111 SOPHIE  
All Head Teachers get their  
portraits done indoors, Mr P.  
Buck the trend. Be different. You  
want to stand out from the crowd,  
don't you?

112 MR PRESTON  
Good thinking, Miss Norton. Only  
an unsung genius would have  
considered that.

113 SOPHIE  
Oh, silly me! - forgot my brush!  
Take a seat, Mr P. - B.r.b! - be  
right back!

52.10 CONTINUED:

Happily (for now) MR PRESTON sits down as SOPHIE whizzes  
back indoors.

CUT TO:

52.11 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52.11FX

SOPHIE zooms in, grabs up her MOBILE and dials. PHILLIP  
whispers to her from the CANVAS, now propped on the sofa.

114 PHILLIP  
Why didn't you get rid of him??

115 SOPHIE  
I tried, didn't I? Once Mister  
Preston gets an idea stuck in his  
head, only a tin opener will get  
it out.

116 PHILLIP  
So now what?

117 SOPHIE  
Now, I phone Emma.  
(we hear the ring tone)  
I'll get Adil to unwish the wish  
over the phone.

118 PHILLIP  
I don't like the sound of that.

119 SOPHIE  
We don't have any choice, dad.  
Oh!! - why doesn't she answer??

CUT TO:

52.12 INT. GYM (LOCKER ROOM) - DAY

A row of closed lockers. EMMA'S MOBILE is heard ringing  
(muffled) inside one of them.

CUT TO:

52.13 INT. GYM - DAY

ADIL is now running flat out on a TREADMILL MACHINE.  
DIMITRIS is enjoying his new role as ADIL'S personal  
trainer. EMMA swans up and smiles at him seductively.

120 EMMA  
Hi. I'm Emma.

121 DIMITRIS  
Alright.

52.13 CONTINUED:

122 ADIL  
(breathlessly)  
Hi-hi-hi-hi-hiya.

123 DIMITRIS  
Have you met this guy? - he's a  
blast. Adil, Emma - Emma, Adil.

124 ADIL / EMMA  
Hello.

125 DIMITRIS  
Hey, Adil - maybe if you actually  
switched it on?

ADIL stops running and pushes a button. There's a sudden  
whirr and ADIL flies backwards out of shot. DIMITRIS roars  
with laughter. EMMA holds out her hand to shake.

126 EMMA  
(sultry voiced)  
And you are - ?

127 DIMITRIS  
(looks at Emma's watch)  
Late for my aerobics class.  
(beckons)  
Let's go, Adil.  
(to Emma)  
Excuse us.

DIMITRIS bounds off, leaving EMMA affronted.

CUT TO:

52.14 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

MR PRESTON sits posing impatiently. He calls out.

128 MR PRESTON  
Just waiting for yo-ou.

SOPHIE clatters out from the house carrying a fistful of  
BRUSHES and a PALETTE full of PAINT.

129 SOPHIE  
Okay - here we go.

130 MR PRESTON  
How's this?

131 SOPHIE  
(forces a smile)  
Perfect.  
(she daubs the canvas  
with paint, then the  
front doorbell rings  
and she scowls)  
Oh!! - perfect!!  
(forces smile again)  
B.r.b. Mr P. - no peeking, now!!

52.14 CONTINUED:

MR PRESTON is starting to get annoyed. He nods his  
agreement - no peeking!! - as SOPHIE rushes indoors.

CUT TO:

52.15 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52.15FX01

The CANVAS with PHILLIP on it still lies propped on the  
sofa. PHILLIP drums his fingers impatiently as the doorbell  
rings and rings. SOPHIE rushes in and grabs up the CANVAS.

132 SOPHIE  
Sorry, dad. Better hide you out  
of ...

SOPHIE is caught short as the front door suddenly flies  
open and MAX blusters in, carrying a small heap of  
disassembled GARDEN TOOL bits.

133 MAX  
Oh - it's open!  
(urgently)  
Sophie, where's your dad??

52.15FX02

In a blind panic, SOPHIE grips hold of the CANVAS so that  
the front is facing at her and rear is aimed towards MAX.

134 MAX (CONT'D)  
(breathlessly)  
A big problem's come up! - Six  
big problems! Your dad's  
collapsible garden tool? - it  
collapsed! And I have no idea  
how to fix it!  
(looks all around)  
Well?? - where is he??

SOPHIE looks down and sees that PHILLIP is trying to mime a  
response. SOPHIE squints. She thinks she understands his  
strange arm-flapping motions and has a stab at the meaning.

135 SOPHIE  
He's - a duck?

136 MAX  
What?

137 SOPHIE  
His - armpits - need airing?

138 MAX  
Uh??

139 SOPHIE  
(gets it)  
He had to fly! - that's it!  
(with one eye still  
fixed on the canvas)  
(MORE)

52.15 CONTINUED:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Dad had to fly into town and he  
won't be back for two minutes.  
Two weeks. Two hours.

140

MAX  
(mega-tense)  
I can't walk into my client's  
office and present him with this  
lot! I'll have to call him.

141

SOPHIE  
Ohhhhhhh.

As MAX dumps the TOOL bits down and searches for his PHONE,  
PHILLIP points towards the KITCHEN. SOPHIE slopes off  
there, carrying the CANVAS. A microsecond later, MR PRESTON  
appears at the French Windows. He's looking for SOPHIE. He  
sees MAX dialling furiously and doesn't want to disturb  
him. With a scowl, MR PRESTON moves back into the GARDEN.

CUT TO:

52.16 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SOPHIE rushes in with the CANVAS, just as PHILLIP'S MOBILE  
PHONE starts to ring.

52.16FX01

142

SOPHIE  
Dad - we have a situation here.

143

PHILLIP  
Leave it to me, I'll handle this.

PHILLIP reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his  
MOBILE. He gestures at SOPHIE, who nods and darts back into  
the LIVING ROOM.

144

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
(super calm into phone)  
Hi, Max - what's the story?

CUT TO:

52.17 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAX dumps the TOOL bits down and speaks to PHILLIP. In the  
b/g, SOPHIE hurries out through the French Windows.

145

MAX  
What's the story?!  
(softly into phone)  
Once upon a time, there was a  
stressed Executive.  
(snarls)  
Your garden tool thing fell to  
bits in the car, Phillip, and now  
you're swanning around town! This  
is very inconvenient.

52.17 CONTINUED:

146

PHILLIP  
(o.o.v.)  
Yes, Max, isn't it? - very.

CUT TO:

52.18 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

SOPHIE stands in the GARDEN, looking desperately around.  
But there's no sign anywhere of MR PRESTON. Uh-oh!

CUT TO:

52.19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.19FX

PHILLIP continues his PHONE call with MAX.

147

PHILLIP  
(into phone)  
Max, keep your wig on. If there's  
a problem, let's sort it.

MR PRESTON appears at the back door and pokes his head into  
the room.

148

MR PRESTON  
Hello? - Sophie?

PHILLIP freezes to the spot, with the PHONE held to his  
ear, as MR PRESTON enters.

CUT TO:

52.20 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAX on the PHONE to PHILLIP. The TOOL BITS all laid out.

149

MAX  
(into phone)  
Okay - I'm all ears. Now. Which  
bit fits with what?  
(two anxiety-filled  
beats)  
Phillip? Talk to me, Phillip!!

CUT TO:

52.21 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.21FX

MR PRESTON examines the CANVAS. With his nose just a few  
inches away from PHILLIP'S nose, he dare not reply. A  
puzzled look develops on the Head Teacher's face, as SOPHIE  
rushes in through the back door.

52.21 CONTINUED:

150 SOPHIE  
Mister Preston! - there you are!

151 MR PRESTON  
I don't remember your father  
being on the phone.

152 SOPHIE  
Well, y'know - you don't always  
take in all the little details,  
do you?  
(gestures)  
I'm ... ready when you are.

153 MR PRESTON  
So very glad to hear it.

154 SOPHIE  
(hustles him out the  
back door)  
Right behind you, Mr P. Don't  
start without me. Hahahahaha.

PHILLIP breathes again. SOPHIE shrugs at him - help!!

155 PHILLIP  
(into phone)  
Sorry, Max - you were saying?

CUT TO:

52.22 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Intercuts between PHILLIP and MAX:

156 MAX  
(grows down the line)  
Which bit fits with what???

52.22a INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.22aFX01

157 PHILLIP  
(calmly into phone)  
Calm down, Max. Take it easy.  
(blurts out)  
The blue bit fits with the green  
bit then you insert A to aperture  
C and snap home with a half click  
to the left. You got that?

52.22b INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

158 MAX  
(groping around)  
Blue bit - blue bit -

52.22c INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.22cFX01

159 PHILLIP  
Align the yellow protector shield  
B with the pink rotating head D.

52.22d INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

160 MAX  
"Simple to Assemble" it says on  
the top!!

52.22e INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.22eFX01

161 PHILLIP  
It says it on the bottom, Max.  
You've got it upside down.

52.22f INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

162 MAX  
This is absolutely hopeless. I  
need you to show me, Phillip. Get  
yourself online, quick, and let's  
do this by webcam.

52.22g INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.22gFX01

163 PHILLIP  
I really don't -

52.22h INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

164 MAX  
(erupts)  
This account is worth a fortune,  
for crying out loud!! Do as I  
say, Phillip, do as I say!!

52.22i INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.22iFX01

166 PHILLIP  
Yes, Max - not a problem.



52.26 CONTINUED:

SOPHIE stands looking out into the GARDEN, wincing. She turns back as MAX completes his line.

181                   MAX (CONT'D)  
                  The screen's frozen!!

SOPHIE zooms across to the LAPTOP, just as MR PRESTON'S bamboozled face comes swooping in from the side of the screen.

CUT TO:

52.27 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MR PRESTON is back again in the KITCHEN, and is intrigued by the weird LAPTOP set-up. He looks into the webcam. Then at the canvas. Then back again into the webcam.

CUT TO:

52.28 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52.28FX01

MAX starts as he sees MR PRESTON'S face loom large on his laptop screen.

182                   MAX  
                  What the? - who's *that*??

SOPHIE slams the lid shut.

183                   SOPHIE  
                  It's a virus.  
                  (opens lid again and  
                  switches it off)  
                  You'll need to re-boot, Uncle  
                  Max! - sorry!

184                   MAX  
                  (reels)  
                  I'm having a nightmare.

185                   SOPHIE  
                  B.r.b.

SOPHIE rushes into the KITCHEN as MAX slumps.

CUT TO:

52.29 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

SOPHIE leads MR PRESTON back out into the GARDEN.

186                   MR PRESTON  
                  There's a lot of very strange  
                  stuff going on around here.

52.29 CONTINUED:

187                   SOPHIE  
                  Not really.

188                   MR PRESTON  
                  (sits down again)  
                  I suppose one must accept that  
                  you artistic types do, through  
                  temperament, live somewhat  
                  eccentric lives.

189                   SOPHIE  
                  Absolutely correct, Mr P. Er ...

190                   MR PRESTON  
                  B.r.b.?

191                   SOPHIE  
                  B.r.b.!

192                   MR PRESTON  
                  (stands tartly)  
                  That's what you think, Miss! You  
                  are going nowhere! I want my  
                  portrait painted, and I want it  
                  painted now!  
                  (sits, narrow eyed)  
                  Now, Miss Norton.

193                   SOPHIE  
                  (gulps)  
                  Yes, Mister P - I'm all yours.

Dreading the consequences, SOPHIE splashes more PAINT artlessly onto the NEW CANVAS.

CUT TO:

52.30 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.30FX01

The MAX/PHILLIP WEBCAM CALL continues.

194                   PHILLIP  
                  You're doing great, Max.

CUT TO:

52.31 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52.31FX01

MAX has almost completely put the garden tool back together again. But now he's looking all around, frantically.

195                   MAX  
                  Wait! - there's a bit missing!  
                  The start button! - where's the  
                  start button??

Intercut between scenes:

52.31a INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.31aFX01

196 PHILLIP  
Isn't it there? - it must be  
somewhere.

52.31b INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52.31bFX01

197 MAX  
Maybe Sophie took it by mistake.  
Hang on - I think she's in the  
kitchen.

52.31c INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.31cFX01

198 PHILLIP  
(alarmed)  
No - Max! - no! - wait! - don't!  
Ohhhhhhhh!!!!

Too late, MAX is on his way.

CUT TO:

52.32 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

52.32FX01

On the CANVAS, PHILLIP freaks. MAX is only seconds away from discovering everything. He has GOT to escape from this Painting! - somehow, anyhow! He pushes at the side of the frame, jiggles the CANVAS this way and that. Desperate now, PHILLIP turns round and looks behind him, where, as part of the background, he sees a SKETCHY DRAWING of a tree.

New angle. MAX blusters in from the LIVING ROOM.

199 MAX  
Sophie? - Sophie??

MAX cross to look out the window. He glances at the CANVAS. We see that amazingly, PHILLIP has disappeared. All that remains is the drawing of a tree, so MAX thinks nothing much of it. SOPHIE scuttles in with her BRUSH and PAINT PALETTE. She calls back out into the GARDEN:

200 SOPHIE  
Just need to clean my brush,  
Mister P! - don't move a muscle! -  
and remember - no peeking!!

MAX buttonholes SOPHIE, who shrivels in panic.

52.32 CONTINUED:

201 MAX  
Start button! Have you seen my  
start button?  
(Sophie shakes her head)  
Perhaps I left it in the car.

MAX rushes off to look. SOPHIE ogles the CANVAS.

202 SOPHIE  
Dad?? - where are you?? Dad???

SOPHIE can't believe it - PHILLIP has vanished!!

CUT TO:

52.33 INT. GYM (STEAM ROOM) - DAY

52.33FX

In the steam room at the gym, it's just possible to make out the figures of ADIL and DIMITRIS. They chat away like best buddies.

203 DIMITRIS  
Who is this Emma bird anyway?  
D'you know her, mate?

204 ADIL  
Yes, mate. But only slightly,  
mate.

205 DIMITRIS  
She's been bending my ear all  
day. Really getting on my nerves.  
I wish there was something I  
could do, to keep her out of my  
way. Any ideas?

206 ADIL  
Give her a piece of paper with  
"please turn over" written on  
both sides?

207 DIMITRIS  
Nice one, mate. Hahahahaha.

High fives all round. Suddenly the steam clears, to reveal that EMMA has been sitting in between the two guys the whole time. Arms folded and pouty faced, she stands up.

208 ADIL  
Emma!

209 EMMA  
Men!!! - what are you all like???  
Excuse me!!!

She storms out. DIMITRIS laughs heartily - but ADIL looks guilt stricken.

CUT TO:

52.34 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

52.34FX

SOPHIE looks everywhere for PHILLIP. Inside cupboards, under the sink. On the CANVAS, PHILLIP is seen tentatively peeking out from behind the tree.

210 PHILLIP  
Pst! - has he gone?

211 SOPHIE  
(sotto)  
Dad! - how did you - ??

212 PHILLIP  
(steps out from behind  
the tree and touches  
it)  
This picture really is lifelike!  
Whatever you paint becomes real!

213 SOPHIE  
(inspired by this)  
But - *that's* it.

214 PHILLIP  
What's what?

215 SOPHIE  
That is how I'm going to get you  
out of there!  
(all fired up)  
Who needs Adil? - I can solve  
this little problem *on my own!*

SOPHIE grabs up the CANVAS, kisses it, takes her BRUSH and PALETTE, and whizzes into the LIVING ROOM.

CUT TO:

52.35 **EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

MR PRESTON has had enough. He jumps to his feet and crosses to take a look at SOPHIE'S work in progress. All he can see is a meaningless splotch of PAINT. He growls, plucks the CANVAS off the EASEL, and goes on the warpath.

CUT TO:

52.36 **INT/EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

52.36FX

SOPHIE has propped the PHILLIP CANVAS up. She eyes up the front door of the house, and hurriedly starts to paint a likeness of it into the background. EMMA returns home, hopping mad. SOPHIE sees her coming.

52.36 CONTINUED:

216 SOPHIE  
Don't even ask.

217 EMMA  
(walks right by without  
looking)  
I wasn't going to.

She enters and slams the door behind her.

218 PHILLIP  
So what's the big idea?

219 SOPHIE  
You'll soon see, dad. Any second  
now ...

CUT TO:

52.37 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

EMMA enters, throws her SPORTS BAG down and takes a DRINK from the fridge. MR PRESTON appears through the back door.

220 MR PRESTON  
Emma.

221 EMMA  
Mister Preston!

222 MR PRESTON  
You're a 97% pass mark student.  
What do you make of this?

He shows her the CANVAS with the splotch of PAINT on it. EMMA looks confused.

223 MR PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Speechless, eh? - *me too!!*

CUT TO:

52.38 **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

52.38FX01

SOPHIE rushes in through the front door, with the CANVAS. We see that as part of the background, SOPHIE has completed a SKETCHY PAINTING of the front door.

224 SOPHIE  
(to Phillip)  
Okay - done. Am I good, or what?  
I've drawn the front door, see?  
If everything I paint becomes  
real, then with a little bit of  
luck, all you have to do is go  
through it, and ...

The KITCHEN door opens and MR PRESTON enters with EMMA.

52.38 CONTINUED:

225 MR PRESTON  
Well - !  
SOPHIE quickly slips the CANVAS out of sight behind the sofa.

226 MR PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Your sister is trying to convince me that this splotch of paint is a - what did you call it?

227 EMMA  
(blagging like mad)  
A striking - er - abstract-  
impressionist work of art - with  
echoes of - er -  
(aside to Sophie)  
Help.

228 SOPHIE  
With echoes of Kandinsky and  
Utrillo. Well spotted, Emma.  
(to Mr Preston)  
This girl really knows her stuff.

229 MR PRESTON  
Well, yes, I realise that. It's  
just that -  
(peers at canvas)  
- it looks nothing like me!

230 EMMA  
(drapes arm over his  
shoulder)  
Mister Preston. All Head  
Teachers get their portraits  
painted -  
(with distaste)  
- realistically.

231 MR PRESTON  
So?

232 EMMA  
(brightly)  
Buck the trend! - cut some edge!  
Show the world you're a modern-  
thinking guy!  
MR PRESTON snatches the CANVAS and examines it again.

233 MR PRESTON  
Modern, eh? - that's me, alright.

234 EMMA  
Why, it's written all over your  
face!  
(points at splodge)  
That's your face there, by the  
way.

52.38 CONTINUED:

235 MR PRESTON  
Hmm - I like it!  
(to Sophie)  
Well done, Miss Norton!  
(to Emma)  
You too, Miss Norton!  
(gleaming)  
Bravo, both of you! - I'll see  
you two geniuses back in school!  
Goodbye!

MR PRESTON exits happily through the front door.

236 SOPHIE  
You are a pal, Emma! - that was  
so selfless of you!

237 EMMA  
Are you kidding? It saved me  
having to do it!  
She laughs, gives a thumbs-up gesture, and goes upstairs.  
The front door bursts open. SOPHIE turns hopefully.

238 SOPHIE  
Dad?  
ADIL rushes in, still wearing his SWEATY GYM KIT. He closes  
the door behind him.

239 ADIL  
Emma? - please! - let me  
apologise!

240 EMMA  
(on stairs)  
Eat my socks.

241 ADIL  
(crosses to her)  
Emma! - I did not mean to upset  
you! - it was just a joke!  
EMMA reaches into her kit bag and pulls out a sweaty sock.  
She stuffs it in ADIL's mouth, turns and goes upstairs.  
ADIL follows her.

242 ADIL (CONT'D)  
Mumph, umph, umphy mumph - !  
The front door opens again. Again, SOPHIE turns hopefully.

243 SOPHIE  
Dad?  
MAX rushes in, holding up the start button.

244 MAX  
Ha-ha!! Look!! - I found it!! -  
it was under the seat!!  
(quickly clicks the  
start button on to its  
place on the garden  
tool)  
(MORE)

52.38 CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)  
Right! - this is me, finally,  
outta here!!

MAX hurries towards the front door. It bursts open, and  
(wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles!) PHILLIP swaggers  
in. MAX is sent flying, and once again the GARDEN TOOL  
falls into bits.

245 PHILLIP  
Sorry, Max.

246 MAX  
(demented)  
Not a problem. *Not a problem at  
all.*

Giggling insanely, MAX grabs up all the bits and rushes out  
the door en route to his meeting.

PHILLIP gestures at SOPHIE.

247 PHILLIP  
Well? - I'm back! - your idea  
worked, Soph! - well done!!!

248 SOPHIE  
(dead chuffed)  
Who's the second-rate student  
now? I award myself a 97% pass  
mark! - in *Brilliant Ideas!*

249 PHILLIP  
A cup of tea, I think - to  
celebrate.

52.38FX02

But there's a twist. As ADIL chases EMMA back downstairs,  
PHILLIP turns to walk past them.

We see that although he is back in a world of three  
dimensions, he remains TWO DIMENSIONAL - paper thin, like a  
strip of walking wallpaper.

ALL gawp in amazement. PHILLIP looks at them.

250 PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem?

Who is going to tell him? 2-D PHILLIP continues on his way.  
SOPHIE collapses down, totally exhausted, onto the sofa.

Freeze Frame.

Fade to Black.

**THE END**