

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER: MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY COMPANY

FADE IN:

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

A rustic room where the only intruding light is the gray morning sky that seeps through the wooden paned windows.

Adorning the shop are intricate, hand-carved toys that over-populate the room's shelves and tables. Some finished; some unfinished.

Tools and wood take up space where there are no toys. In the rear of the shop, there is a counter where a cashier rests.

Also at the rear of the shop, an elderly gentlemen, GEORGE HOLLOWAY, is busy polishing a miniature TOY SOLDIER.

HOLLOWAY

Still have the magic touch, I see.

Holloway places the soldier next to a collection of toy soldiers; its comrade in arms.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

(to Toy Soldier)

I'll have you know, sir, that
you're joining the finest regiment
in this company.

Holloway takes a sweeping look around the shop.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Quite a company, indeed...

Holloway goes to his work bench and begins making measurements for another soldier.

EXT. OUTSIDE MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

Across the street from Holloway's toy shop, a sleek LUXURY CAR parks on the side of the street.

The car door opens, and a MAN, who appears to be in his late twenties to early thirties, emerges from the vehicle.

Dressed in well-tailored clothes, it is clear that this man lives a privileged lifestyle.

The man gazes at Holloway's shop.

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Holloway is in the process of whittling at a block of wood.

The man from outside enters the shop.

Holloway looks up and is a little surprised to see the man.

HOLLOWAY

Hello. May I help you, good sir?

MAN

Good morning. Mr. George Holloway?

HOLLOWAY

That's me...

The man smiles and gingerly touches a shelf and a thick shroud of dust covers his fingertips. His eyes are averted to a wooden boat on the shelf.

MAN

Is this hand-carved?

Holloway humbly nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

(amazed)

It's hard to find craftsmanship like this.

HOLLOWAY

It's awfully kind of you to say so.

The man walks toward the toy soldiers.

MAN

Especially these. It's refreshing to see a soldier that's not made of plastic and equipped with an Uzi.

HOLLOWAY

(chuckling)

Ah, if only every shopper in the world thought that way...

The man continues to browse around the shop.

MAN

Believe me, shoppers, I mean discerning shoppers, always prefer quality.

HOLLOWAY
Are you a toy collector, Mister...

MAN
Oh, sorry. Glenfeld. Baxter
Glenfeld.

The two men shake hands.

GLENFELD (CONT'D)
And I do collect, Mr. Holloway.

HOLLOWAY
Well, collectors are always welcome
in these doors, I assure you.
(pause)
Your name sounds familiar, Baxter.
Have you been here before?

GLENFELD
Nope, first time for me. If you
read the trades, you've probably
seen me here and there.

Holloway closely examines Glenfeld.

HOLLOWAY
Oh! You're a toymaker, then?

GLENFELD
Chief Developer at Briar Patch.

HOLLOWAY
(shocked)
Briar Patch Toys? That explains a
few things. You must be Arthur
Glenfeld's son.

GLENFELD
His oldest.

HOLLOWAY
Well, welcome to my humble shop,
and sometimes abode!

Glenfeld chuckles and looks outside the window for a moment.

GLENFELD
I was so eager to get here this
morning, that I skipped the most
important meal of the day. Have you
eaten?

HOLLOWAY

I did have some toast earlier...

Amused, Glenfeld does not respond to this.

INT. DINER - LATER

Holloway and Glenfeld sit at a BOOTH. They are well into their breakfast meal.

GLENFELD

Have you lived here for long?

HOLLOWAY

Even before I was your age.

GLENFELD

I could see that. It seems nice here; I don't blame you.

(pause)

You're wondering what I'm doing here; I can sense it.

Glenfeld reaches into a bag that rests next to his chair.

He pulls out a STUFFED RABBIT that has a ragged appearance, but it seems that it was designed to look that way.

The rabbit is set on the table. Holloway focuses on it.

FLASHBACK

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - EVENING

A YOUNG BOY, dressed in tattered clothing, sits on his cot. His only companion is a ragged, stuffed rabbit.

PRESENT

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Holloway looks away from the rabbit doll towards Glenfeld.

HOLLOWAY

Where on earth did you find this?

GLENFELD

This wonderful rabbit belongs to my secretary's daughter. You made this, didn't you?

HOLLOWAY

They don't appear this weather worn
when I make them.

GLENFELD

I have never, and I repeat 'never',
ever seen a kid so attached to a
toy. Of any kind! I almost had to
give her some of my stock in the
company just to borrow it.

HOLLOWAY

Your secretary's daughter; was she
adopted?

Glenfeld thinks on this for a moment.

GLENFELD

Actually, yeah, now that I think
about it...why?

EXT. ST. JAMES CHILDREN'S VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

A two story building that is displaying signs of age.
However, there is another sign that reads:

ST. JAMES CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

Holloway and Glenfeld stand in front of the building.

HOLLOWAY

I make these animals for the
children here. When a new child
comes, I make sure they get one.

GLENFELD

You've made this rabbit for every
kid who's been here? Those kids
were lucky to have you.

HOLLOWAY

Hm, lucky...

Holloway and Glenfeld look at the parking lot. Only a few
cars, including Glenfeld's, are parked on the lot.

EXT. ST. JAMES CHILDREN'S VILLAGE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Holloway and Glenfeld are about to enter Glenfeld's car.
Glenfeld has opened the door on the driver's side.

HOLLOWAY

I won't be able to continue making
these rabbits once Briar Patch
produces them, will I?

Glenfeld stops in his tracks and faces Holloway.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

That is why you're here, right?
It's my experience that men of your
position don't like to mince words.

Glenfeld closes his door and walks around to Holloway.

GLENFELD

Somehow you've captured a...an
intangible that most toys simply
don't have. When I saw my
secretary's daughter light up...

HOLLOWAY

What was her name?

GLENFELD

Her name? I'm not sure, but the
point is when she looked your
rabbit, her eyes, they...

Glenfeld cannot find the appropriate words.

HOLLOWAY

Shimmered.

GLENFELD

Right, full of hope. And that's
something I want to be a part of.

Holloway does not respond immediately.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

And why is that, Baxter? What made
you fall in love with toys?

Glenfeld slowly walks around the front of his car and enters.

INT. BAXTER GLENFELD'S CAR - LATER

Holloway and Glenfeld drive down the road in silence.

GLENFELD
 Opportunity. If your father's CEO
 of the largest toy company in the
 world and he offers you a very nice
 position, would you turn it down?

HOLLOWAY
 I can't say.

GLENFELD
 (scoffs)
 I'll take that as a 'no'. You and I
 want the same things, Mr. Holloway,
 and my father's company does
 everything it sets out to do.

HOLLOWAY
 Your father sounds like an
 excellent employer.

GLENFELD
 He is.

Holloway and Glenfeld continue their drive.

EXT. OUTSIDE MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - AFTERNOON

Glenfeld's car pulls up in front of Holloway's shop. Holloway
 steps out of the car, but leans in to address Glenfeld.

HOLLOWAY
 Baxter, I'm flattered by your
 interest; really, I am...

Glenfeld cuts Holloway short.

GLENFELD
 (curt)
 Before you turn down anything,
 allow me to point out that St.
 James has more visitors than your
 shop.

The street, save Holloway and Glenfeld, is abandoned.

GLENFELD (CONT'D)
 How will the orphans get stuffed
 rabbits if you lack revenue?

Glenfeld holds up the rabbit doll.

GLENFELD (CONT'D)

My father says, "Tough times are not endured by the strong, but by the smart."

Holloway remains silent. Glenfeld eases up in his demeanor.

GLENFELD (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a couple of days.
Take care, Mr. Holloway.

Holloway watches Glenfeld as he drives down the road.

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Holloway enters his shop. The room is a large, vacuous space, filled with nothing but toys and dust.

Shuffling across the room, Holloway approaches the toy soldiers and stops in front of them.

HOLLOWAY

The young whippersnapper raises some interesting points.

Staring straight ahead with stoic discipline, the toy soldiers don't respond.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

(melancholic chuckle)

My wife once told me if I worked with toys long enough, I'd start talking to them...

Holloway leaves the toy soldiers and sits down in an antique wooden chair. He falls into contemplation.

FLASHBACK

INT. HALLWAY

A young boy is running down a concrete hallway. The lad is in fear for his life. He looks back while he's running.

A haunting voice chases him. An inaudible whisper.

He spots a door and reaches for it.

The door won't open. The frightened boy pulls on the handle with all of his might, but to no avail.

PRESENT

EXT. ST. JAMES CHILDREN VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Holloway slowly drifts out of his reverie and gazes at the orphanage, contemplating on how he must act.

In the distance, a young lady, CARMEN MAGUERO, sees Holloway, and begins walking toward him. Holloway is oblivious to this.

Carmen approaches Holloway.

CARMEN
Mr. Holloway?

This unexpected beckoning startles Holloway.

HOLLOWAY
Ah, my dear, you gave me a startle.

CARMEN
I'm so sorry!

Holloway recuperates.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
It's quite alright. Yes, I am
George Holloway, and who may you
be?

CARMEN
Hi, you probably don't remember me;
my name is Carmen.

HOLLOWAY
Pleased to meet you, Carmen. I'm
afraid I don't remember our
meeting, but I have gotten older...

CARMEN
(laughs)
We met when I was a girl here at
St. James.

HOLLOWAY
(delighted)
Ah, you're one of the St. James
children? In that case, the
pleasure truly is mine. So do you
come back around here often?

CARMEN
No, I live in the city now and I
never come this way. But I woke up
this morning feeling that I should.
(MORE)

CARMEN (cont'd)

(pause)

Wow, it really is funny that you're here! Hold on a sec...

Carmen begins rummaging through her purse. Out of Carmen's purse emerges a STUFFED RABBIT DOLL. This doll is more antiquated than Glenfeld's doll.

Holloway gazes at it. Initially, he is stunned to see what has been revealed before him, and then becomes misty-eyed.

HOLLOWAY

You still have your doll.

CARMEN

Of course. I call him Charlie...when I decided to come this morning, I only thought it was right to bring Charlie with me. I never would have imagined you would be here, too.

Holloway says nothing, continuing to look at the doll.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(reflecting)

We had a lot of late night chats, me and Charlie. It must seem silly to talk to toys.

HOLLOWAY

Not as silly as you may think.

Carmen looks toward the orphanage and focuses on a window in the corner of the house.

FLASHBACK

INT. ST. JAMES CHILDREN VILLAGE - LOBBY - MORNING

A group of girls are enjoying their new rabbit dolls.

In the corner of the room, a YOUNG CARMEN, sits alone. She has no doll with her.

A YOUNGER HOLLOWAY notices Carmen. He kneels beside her and hands her a rabbit doll.

The young Carmen embraces the doll.

Carmen runs to the window, and sees Mr. Holloway leaving the orphanage property.

Carmen continues to watch.

PRESENT

EXT. ST. JAMES CHILDREN'S VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Carmen abandons her gaze at the window.

CARMEN

You said Charlie would always be a
friend when I needed one.

Holloway smiles weakly.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I have to go; life doesn't stop,
you know? I've never thanked you
for all you did for me...thank you.

Holloway has his eyes cast downward; unable to speak.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Are you ok? You look sad.

HOLLOWAY

There's no need to burden you with
my troubles, my dear.

Carmen walks to Holloway and hands him the doll. She kisses
him on the cheek.

After this, she begins to walk toward her car.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Carmen...

Carmen turns around.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Have you lived a good life?

CARMEN

(smiling)

Yes.

Carmen resumes walking to her car. A shimmer enters
Holloway's eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Holloway is dusting off of the toys in the shop and sweeping the floors. The shop glistens more than it did previously.

The front door creaks open. Holloway does not bother to see who has entered; he already knows.

HOLLOWAY

Ah, Baxter. Make sure to add
punctuality to your list of
credentials.

Baxter touches the same shelf he touched previously. No shroud of dust covers his fingertips this time.

Holloway briefly exits the room.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Tea, Baxter?

GLENFELD

Sure...

Glenfeld waits as Holloway serves him tea. Both men proceed to taste their beverage.

GLENFELD (CONT'D)

You seem different...has something
happened?

Holloway rests his broom on a wall and engages Glenfeld.

HOLLOWAY

There's something you should know,
Baxter. About myself.

Holloway sits down in a chair.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I was an orphan.

FLASHBACK

INT. HALLWAY

A young boy tries to pull on a door in the hallway. Down the hallway, images advance towards him. The door won't budge.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)

They were not pleasant years...

With final exertion of force, the boy finally opens the door.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM

A small room that resembles a prison cell. By the wall, a single sized cot with only a single sheet.

On top of the bed rests a rabbit doll. The boy runs to it and clenches it tightly.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
 ...and the only thing that brought
 me solace was toys.

The boy begins to be relieved from his fears.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
 With no friends, I had plenty of
 time on my hands. Thus, I gained an
 interest in making them.

PRESENT

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

GLENFELD
 Impressive. You started making toys
 at an earlier age than me.

HOLLOWAY
 Yes, all the toys that you've made
 as Briar Patch's Chief Developer.

Glenfeld becomes visibly unsettled.

GLENFELD
 I mean, I've never actually made
 one, but my company has made a lot
 of kids happy.

HOLLOWAY
 Happy, or entertained?

Holloway stands up with an air of self-assurance.

Glenfeld's pleasant countenance begins to wane.

GLENFELD
 Excuse me?

HOLLOWAY

(passionate)

When your company creates toys, Baxter, is it soul and passion that drives you, or are they meant to keep children busy, while you guess what the next big thing is? Baxter, children are not edified by the next big thing, but by soul and passion.

(pause)

But is that even a concern of yours, I wonder?

GLENFELD

That's not an astute observation of me.

HOLLOWAY

Probably not; but there's one observation that is true...

GLENFELD

What's that?

HOLLOWAY

Your relentless search for the next big thing will help your company, but it won't make you the next best thing for your father.

Glenfeld stares at Holloway with a stone-faced look.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Just know that even if your father never recognizes it, you are special.

Glenfeld doesn't flinch. His defenses are up. Ready for battle. Ready for war.

GLENFELD

Do you accept our offer or not?

HOLLOWAY

No.

Stunned by this answer, Glenfeld uncomfortably smiles.

GLENFELD

Times are tough, Mr. Holloway...

HOLLOWAY

Indeed, and I believe the cause of it all were the expectations of big businesses such as Briar Patch.

Initially, Glenfeld looks irritated, but then he sneers.

GLENFELD

Since you're so observant, Mr. Holloway, you should also know there's no place in this world for soul and passion. Don't be too startled when you and see your doll in the Briar Patch section.

(Glenfeld smiles)

Until next time, Mr. Holloway.

Glenfeld turns to leave, but is stopped by Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

There is something I want you to give you, Baxter, before you leave.

Holloway goes to a chest by the wall of the SHOP and opens it. He pulls out a STUFFED RABBIT. The same one he had when he was a boy.

Holloway brings the stuffed rabbit to Glenfeld.

HOLLOWAY

He will always be a friend when you need one.

Holloway places the doll into Glenfeld's hand. Glenfeld resumes his exit out the door.

Glenfeld reaches the door but stops before he leaves.

GLENFELD

So I came all the way down here just to make friends with a stuffed rabbit. Life and deals are funny, my father always says.

Glenfeld then erupts with laughter and exits.

EXT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

Glenfeld continues to laugh, but as he walks further away from the shop, his face darkens.

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

Holloway watches Glenfeld leave.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
All of us eventually learn that
there's a part of life we must
have...

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Carmen sits on a PARK BENCH, reading a BOOK.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
...whether we found it long ago...

INT. BAXTER GLENFELD'S CAR - MORNING

Tears slowly trickle down Glenfeld's cheeks.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
...or if we're still searching...

The stuffed rabbit lays on the passenger seat.

INT. MR. HOLLOWAY'S TOY SHOP - MORNING

Holloway dusts a toy and places it on a table.

HOLLOWAY (V.O.)
...our lives are only complete when
we receive compassion that only our
fellow man can give.

Holloway directs his attention to the toy soldiers.

HOLLOWAY
Move out, men! There's work to do.

Holloway stands, proud of what he beholds.

FADE OUT.

Credits.