



Scripts.com

Mary And The Witch's Flower

By Riko Sakaguchi

Close the valve!
Before the fire comes!
There she is!
She has the seeds!
Get her!
Don't just stand there!
Go get her!
Mary and The Witch's Flower
I'm so bored!
Mary, have you finished unpacking?
I'm working on it!
Oh, no...
I've only made things worse...
Hello, I'm Mary Smith.
I just transferred here.
I hate my hair.
Lunch is ready!
Come on down!
Coming!
I wonder if she's all unpacked.
Oh, I doubt it.
The boxes were still
stacked high this morning.
Good morning, Great-Aunt Charlotte.
Good morning.
Miss Banks, please let me help.
It's all right.
Thank you, the tea was delicious.
I can take that.
Oh, my.
I... I'm sorry.
Like I said, it's quite all right.
Yes, ma'am.
Oh, Great-Aunt Charlotte.
Thank you.
Isn't there anything
I can help with?
Maybe that embroidery...
is too difficult for me.
You must be bored being with old folks.
Well, I didn't mean that...
There's no TV, no video games here.
But we do have a TV.
It's broken, though.

Oh my, it really is broken.
We'll get it fixed soon.
That'll be nice.
Say, your dad and mum
called last night.
Really? They're coming soon?
Their work isn't finished,
so it'll be a while longer.
Oh...
Good thing you came here early.
If you'd come with them,
you would've been late for school.
There's still a week left.
Wu fly by.
Once summer is over,
the village will be teeming with kids.
I'll probably die of boredom first.
Perfect weather for a picnic today.
Thank you.
I'm sure the funeral
will be over by evening.
Okay.
It's Zebedee.
I'm going to the garden.
Don't get in the way of his work.
I know.
Confucius, come along.
I guess you wouldn't.
Off I go.
Have fun.
She sure is a spirited little miss.
She leaps at everything she sees.
That's what I love about her.
Zebedee!
Huh, where did he go?
Zebedee.
What is it?
You startled me.
I didn't notice you there at all.
A gardener is part of the landscape.
Wow.
Let me help with that.
Thank you!
Be careful with them.

I will.
Um, uh... I'm sorry.
I should've known.
Children and dogs aren't
cut out for gardening.
A broomstick?
All right!
See, I knew I could do it.
But this is a bit big...
and hard to use...
So you're a person.
Thought you were a monkey.
A little red-haired monkey
covered in leaves.
Hey, that's no way to talk to a lady!
Oh, I almost forgot.
Hey!
Hello, Miss Banks!
Why Peter, good to see you.
Peter...
Mother asked me to deliver these.
Ah, thank you.
No vacation for you?
No, I've got work.
Is your mother well?
Yes, she'll come to the mayor's
funeral after work.
Then I'll see her later.
Zebedee, will you bring
the car around?
Right here, right here.
Later!
Want some?
Good? I'm glad.
It must be awful being a black cat,
everyone calling you bad luck.
I can relate, though.
I've got this frizzy red hair
and no friends to eat lunch with.
I end up failing at everything.
I doubt anything good will
ever happen in my life...
Hey!
Wait, I'm not finished talking!

It's grey now?
Now it's black again?
I've never been in the woods before.
Wait, I'll get lost without you.
Hey, I said wait for me.
It's all dried up?
There's two of you!
I see, you're a couple!
What's wrong?
How pretty.
I'm only taking one.
I wonder what it's called.
I'll ask Zebedee later.
Pretty, isn't it?
I found it in the woods.
The cats took me there.
A black cat and a grey cat.
I wonder where they're from.
The black one is Tib,
the grey one is Gib.
They're both Peter's.
Peter...
Oh, that boy's?
Not that cats ever belong to anyone.
We only assume they do.
But to think you found this
on your first trip to the woods...
She's called Fly-by-Night...
"Fly-by-Night"?
A rare flower, she is.
I've never seen a real one before.
She only grows in these woods
and only blooms once in seven years.
They say even witches once
sought after her.
Witches?
That's right, the Witch's Flower.
The Witch's Flower...
What could that be?
Tib!
What's the matter?
Did something happen?
Have a fight with Gib?
Tib?

There, there.
There's nothing to fear.
We'll go look for Gib tomorrow.
Tib?
Where is he?
Maybe he went after Gib by himself.
Mary.
Good morning.
Morning. I have a little favor
to ask, if you don't mind.
A favor? Yes, of course!
Would you deliver this?
Sure.
I wrote down the name and address.
Okay, I'm leaving now!
Oh, and there's an awful mist today,
so don't go into the woods!
I know!
Take care.
51 Village of Redmanor.
To Peter.
Peter?
Of all people, it had to be him.
Hey there, red-haired monkey.
My name happens to be Mary Smith.
So, you're called Mary.
Huh? What's this?
It's from Great-Aunt Charlotte.
Raspberry jam!
I love the raspberries from Redmanor!
Brilliant!
I better go thank her.
Ahem.
See you, I have to go look for Tib.
Tib?
Oh, so Tib went to your place?
He disappeared, though.
Is Gib there, too?
She's been missing since last night.
Gib, too?
Maybe they went back to
that place in the woods...
Stay away from the woods.
With all this mist, it's dangerous.

Don't follow me.
I'm looking for Gib, too.
And of course Tib...
Don't do it! We can't go
into the woods on misty days!
Oh, so you're afraid?
Coward.
Hey, I said wait!
Red-haired monkey!
Be quiet!
I didn't choose to have
frizzy red hair!
I wish...
I could change!
Mary...
Leave me alone.
But you shouldn't...
Don't you dare follow me!
Fine, I won't!
I'll never, ever, ever, ever forgive him!
Look at that mist.
Tib!
I knew you were here.
Tib, that flower...
Ow...
This isn't where we were yesterday...
Tib!
What's the matter?
Why'd you bring me here?
A broomstick?
What's a broomstick doing here?
It looks awfully old.
There's something written on it,
but I can't read it.
Look, Tib. It's the perfect size.
Now I can help Zebedee.
Tib, what are you up to?
What's going on?
The flower juice...
Wait, wait...
Huh? What is...?
I'm floating!
No, no, no, no, no!
What is... happening?

We're going to crash!
I'm sure this is just a dream...
What a large building.
Stop! Stop! Stop!
Ow...
What just happened?
Why so many broomsticks?
Well well, you've made quite a mess.
I'll have to clean it up later.
But it looks like you'll be
needing a few lessons.
Poor broom deserves a better dismount.
There, there, there...
That's a good boy.
Hey, that tickles.
Here's your spot.
Get yourself some good rest.
Good boy.
Have you no love for your broom?
And brooms always go here!
That's a very strict rule.
I don't understand.
Where exactly am I?
Me? Flanagan's the name.
I used to teach broom riding,
and now I'm the stable master.
No, what I meant to ask was...
I know, I know.
You must be a new pupil, eh?
New pupil?
What do you mean?
"What do you mean," you ask,
with that fine cat as your familiar!
A familiar?
No, his name is Tib, and...
Ho! That's the first bell! Hurry!
They're strict about tardiness!
Hey, wait for me!
What a terrible dream.
And he called Tib a familiar!
Not a familiar?
Black as he is,
and with eyes like emeralds?
Next you'll be telling me

you're not a witch, won't you?
A witch?
Come now, hurry! You can't be late
for classes on your first day!
Like I said, I'm not a new pupil...
And here we are.
I'm out of breath...
Tib!
Familiars must be leashed on campus.
That's the rule.
Campus?
Yes, of Endor College.
Endor College...
This is the main gate.
Many a fine witch has
passed through this gate.
It's a prestigious school
dating back to the days of dragons.
Oh, yes.
I need to read you something.
Endor College Rule Number One.
Remember this, or you will pay dearly.
Pay dearly?
Ready? Ahem!
Trespassers will be transformed."
Now, repeat.
Trespassers will be transformed.
Those who enter wrongfully
will be transformed into
some other form.
New pupils get a tour from
the Headmistress herself.
Wait!
So long, until later!
He abandoned me.
Am I supposed to enter?
How strange...
This must be a mistake.
They'll let us out.
It's okay, I'm not scared...
Welcome to Endor College!
You must be a new pupil.
No, actually, I...
Look at this black cat familiar,

and this hair!
No, I'm...
You aren't, of course, a trespasser?
I'm a new pupil, Madam.
Excellent, excellent!
I am the Headmistress,
Madam Mumblechook. Your name?
What? Oh, Mary Smith, Madam.
Welcome to Endor College, Mary Smith.
This is the single finest
college of magic,
open only to the chosen ones.
College of magic...
Come, now. Let me
show you around the campus.
Sunlight is collected to
illuminate the campus day and night.
It's beautiful.
You like what you see?
It's Madam Mumblechook.
Look, Tib!
Hello, Madam.
Good day to you.
You have elevators, too.
They run on electricity.
Electricity is a form of magic, you know.
What? What's happening?
Let's tour the classrooms first.
This is the First Year classroom.
They're taking broom-riding lessons.
It takes over a year to gain
true mastery over a broom.
I see.
But you won't be needing it.
I noticed you were quite adept
with the broom.
You need to see our
more specialized fields.
Specialized?
Magic aeronautics,
magic history, magic chemistry...
We offer various majors in magic.
But we are perhaps best known
for transformation magic,

considered the most difficult.

Transformation?

Wow.

But it's an awful lot of studying.

Don't you have sports

or field trips?

We have our recreations, of course.

Indeed, this is a place for cultivating
excellence in both body and spirit.

We have ample facilities

for physical training.

This is amazing.

This is the dining hall.

We allow our students to eat

whenever and as much as they please.

They're using magic to cook!

Looks delicious!

It seems you have a remarkable talent,

Miss Mary Smith.

Truly phenomenal.

A talent? For what?

What else? For magic, of course!

The insignia on your hand is proof.

Oh, this...

I can already see it.

You're a once-in-a-century prodigy!

Mastering the broom already,

and taming such a perfect familiar

as a black cat with emerald eyes!

I'm not used to getting

compliments like this.

Oh no, it is indeed remarkable!

This flaming red hair of yours!

Red-haired witches have always

been the most superior.

No other hair color is

more coveted by witches.

Only prodigies possess this hair.

This is our laboratory.

In Second Year, you'll also

conduct chemical experiments.

Chemical experiments? Not magic?

It's Doctor Dee's class.

The renowned wizard,

the pride of our college!
You haven't heard of him?
Oh... of course!
The Doctor, right?
I'll introduce you to him.
Doctor! Doctor Dee!
Yes, Madam Mumblechook?
I was just about to analyze
the results of the earlier tests.
What warrants this interruption?
Magic experiments must be analyzed
with precise calculations,
on top of which we must
devise meticulous plans.
Allow me to introduce you to
Mary Smith, a new pupil.
A splendid talent with great potential.
And do look at her red hair!
Red is indeed a marvelous color.
Red is the most mature form
of a Philosopher's Stone...
though I wonder if it was
first black, then white.
In any case, nice to meet you, Miss Mary.
Nice to meet you, too.
Doctor Dee has long studied
the fusion of chemistry and magic.
A question for the able one.
If we call virtual reality worlds
from the Interbaila language turtle
and the approximate value of magic
in the ancient Eltel language crane",
which of the two do you think
is the more effective approach
in terms of the Alphalabozome
nucleic acid anti-Entatium reaction?
- Uh...
- The turtle or crane?
Turtle... I think...
Turtle, you say? Impossible!
No, you may indeed be right!
You've carved a new path!
Madam, this child is splendid!
You're well versed in chemistry, too!

Well, I'm not so bad at science.
Very well!
I shall show you
our most advanced class!
Great!
This is our most advanced class.
But...
There's no one here.
I see the class is going well.
Wow...
They're practicing invisibility.
Let's see you try it.
You, Grizel!
Let her borrow yours.
But there's no way!
I've never done this...
Here!
Sorry, Tib.
Now look into the ball and concentrate.
The flower insignias!
Now dissolve your cells down
to the level of unconsciousness!
Then use magical fusion
to cloak yourself!
Fine, whatever happens will happen.
Disappear, disappear, disappear,
disappear, disappear...
She's doing it!
Superb!
What's happening? Wait...
Could it be?
She's already surpassed invisibility!
What? What's happening?
Tib!
Tib!
Excellent!
Most sublime, Mary Smith!
Where did you acquire such skill?
That was a very advanced spell.
How unexpected!
You may be a prodigy the likes
of which we've never seen!
What? Oh, no no...
That is the power of

a red-haired witch!
- No wonder.
- A red-haired witch!
She's amazing!
I suppose that was only about
40 percent of my power.
Unbelievable!
We're hoping to reach
even loftier heights here.
And we're truly honored to welcome
a gifted witch such as yourself!
I'm looking forward to it.
A round of applause for the enrollment
of this rare prodigy. Mary Smith!
Don't worry!
I think I'd make a fine witch!
My heart's still racing.
Come to my office so I can
give you an enrollment form.
Yes, with pleasure.
Well now, I must tend to my
experiments in transformation magic.
Transformation magic?
That's the strongroom.
It's where we keep the subjects
of our transformation experiments.
Oh...
A young specimen. This one
will make a great teaching aid.
These are wonderful experiments
that turn powerless animals
into magical beings.
Transformation experiments?
Tib!
What's the matter, Tib?
Hold on to your familiar.
I'm sorry.
What was that?
The progress of science and magic
is built on countless failures.
Failures?
Precisely! Failures are valuable!
Well, farewell for now, Miss Smith!
I shall see you again after

the sun sets and the moon rises
and the moon sets and the sun rises.
Now let's get going, Miss Mary.
Before it gets dark.
Yes, Madam.
Enrollment form, enrollment form...
I'm sorry, go ahead and
wait for me upstairs.
Oh, sure.
You sure did surprise me.
You truly are a remarkable talent.
Upstairs you'll find magical items
dating back to ancient times.
Hopefully we'll have a talent
like you using them soon.
Amazing.
That's odd.
The enrollment form for
honor students should be here.
It's that flower!
Master Spells.
Spell to eliminate darkness.
Spell to make something rotten.
Spell to ease stomach pains.
Spell to deflect an enemy's attack.
A book of magic spells.
Starting tomorrow,
we should have you serve as
our student representative.
Huh?
Why is...
You're more than qualified.
You're the perfect person
to represent us.
And perhaps I can ask you to
head up the Festival Committee.
Um...
And also lead the study tours.
I'm sure you'll soon represent us
at the academic conferences, too.
After all, you've already mastered
such advanced magic...
Wait, Madam... That's not true.
Not true?

You see, it's not that
I'm talented or anything.
Being able to fly on the broom,
or becoming invisible...
It's all thanks to a mysterious flower.
Flower?
A flower, you said?
Well, um...
A mysterious flower, you said?
Uh...
Do you have it with you now?
You're hiding something
behind your back.
No...
What is it?
It's nothing.
Show it to me!
What might this be?
I don't recognize this language.
"51 Village of Redmanor. To Peter.
The flower belongs to him.
I don't really understand it myself.
I see.
That boy has great talents.
Far more than I do...
May I hold onto this?
Oh... Sure.
I'll give you the enrollment form now.
Fill it out and bring it tomorrow.
Yes, Madam.
You don't need to see me off.
I'll just be on my way.
Thank you for today.
Next time let's debate the
discontinuity of Filio functions, Mary.
There he is.
My broomstick!
Look, your master's come back.
But I don't know the way home.
Don't worry, the broom knows.
That's a relief!
Let's try again.
Maybe gentler this time.
Tib, let's go home.

Tib!
What's the matter?
Maybe there's something
keeping him here.
Cats have an affinity
for magic, after all.
Tib, let's go, please.
I want to get home.
Good, now hold on tight.
Right.
That broomstick...
Remember, love your broom.
To home!
I said gentler this time!
What a splendid witch
we have joining us.
She brings great promise.
She knows where the flowers are.
Yes, indeed.
Wait, what? The stolen flowers?
Yes.
And you let her leave?
With those flowers, we...
No need to worry.
She left us something useful.
She might as well be
a leashed cat now.
What should I do?
I stole the book.
Tib, are you okay?
What are you upset about?
The book?
I couldn't help it.
I was really scared, you know.
I thought I was going
to be eaten alive.
Anyone would've...
Little broomstick?
I guess the magic faded.
But I'm not dreaming anymore, am I?
Tib!
He's gone.
Such a moody cat.
Ow...

Ow...
My bum...
Mary?
Thank goodness.
Great-Aunt Charlotte!
I knew it, I'm not dreaming anymore.
Mary, we were worried, you know.
Oh my, slow down a little, dear.
But I'm really hungry.
It must've been a wonderful day.
Yes, yes it was...
Yes, it was unbelievably exciting!
But do try to come home
a little earlier.
Let's go easy on her.
These things happen sometimes. Right?
But home is still the best!
Home, you said?
This is yummy.
Fill out the form
and bring it tomorrow.
Not that I'll ever go back.
You truly are a remarkable talent.
You may well be a prodigy,
Mary Smith.
We should have you serve as
our student representative."
Yes, coming.
Why, Zebedee. What is it?
Do you know where Peter is?
Peter?
What's happened to Peter?
It seems... he's gone missing.
He's gone missing?
His bicycle was found at
the edge of the woods.
My! In that mist?
Into the woods?
Oh my goodness...
Don't worry, I'm sure he'll
come home in no time.
We'll go look for him.
Do take care.
Give our regards to his mother.

I will. Good night.
He must've gone into the woods.
Tib!
What is this?
Mary Smith, the impostor witch.
How dare you taint
our noble establishment!
You haven't a single drop
of witch blood in you.
Seems the mist has brought
this boy to us.
Peter!
It was easy to find him...
all thanks to your help.
Want to save him?
Then bring me the Witch's Flower!
Bring me the flower,
and I shall let the boy go.
But if you don't...
Remember the rule?
Trespassers will be transformed.
So long, be well!
It's my fault.
I know, we have to go.
Wait!
Mary?
Ow. I need you to fly quietly.
Or we'll be found.
Tib!
To Endor College.
Mary, are you here?
This is...
Mary...
Thanks.
Wait for me here.
Let's go, Tib.
Hey, wait for me.
Welcome back to Endor College,
Mary Smith.
I didn't think we would
see you again so soon.
Indeed, your return was faster than
Gelmen's magical reaction.
Let Peter go.

You brought it!
That flower is too dangerous
for you to keep. Hand it over.
Where's Peter? Let him go!
Give it back!
Well done.
How beautiful!
Hey, let me go! Stop it!
Take her to the strongroom.
She's a valuable specimen,
so handle her with care.
This isn't what we agreed to!
Liars! Cowards!
Ow...
What do we do, Tib?
Tib?
What?
What... are these...?
Are you the
transformation experiments?
You must be the failures"
that Doctor Dee mentioned.
How awful.
Tib!
Tib, but that's...
Gib... is that you?
I see, Tib. You wanted me
to rescue your girlfriend.
I'm sorry, Gib.
I don't know what to do...
You, witch! Get me out of here!
Peter!
Mary? What are you doing here?
Mary?
Are you okay?
I'm sorry, Peter.
This is it! Without a doubt.
We can now resume the final phase
of our experiment...
now that we have this flower!
Tadpoles become frogs,
cocoons become butterflies.
At last, we can give our students
the enormous power to wield

any magic whatsoever!
With that power
we can change the world!
It's been a long time coming.
We must succeed this time,
lest we repeat that tragedy.
With a younger subject now,
we can't go wrong.
The more innocent the child,
the easier to transform.
Yes, yes, yes, yes.
Precisely. They absorb the
magic more directly.
I'll begin preparations at once!
I'm sorry...
Don't worry.
I wish they would've transformed
me instead, into an adult.
Then I'd be able to help Mother.
Especially if I could use magic.
You're not the only one
who wants to change.
Peter...
There's got to be a way out of here!
I need to get home no matter what!
Let's go home...
together!
Peter!
Ouch...
Are you okay?
Let's go home together.
Tib and Gib, too.
All of us together.
Good.
Say, how did you get here?
Me? I rode a broomstick.
A broomstick?
Mary, you can use magic?
Yes, well, only for one night.
That's right, I'm...
actually a witch tonight.
Hurry, we need to rush
those kids to the lab!
You never know

what kids are up to.
Spell to unfasten locks."
No, not that.
You can read this?
Spell to destroy doors.
No, we need to undo their spells.
Spells? So you perform magic
by chanting spells?
I don't think it's chanting
as much as using magical powers...
Magical powers?
Where do you find powers like that?
Found it!
Spell to undo all magic.
This would open the door and undo...
the transformations!
Mary!
What is going on?
Gib!
Mary!
Tib! Gib!
What is this?
What just happened?
The spells on the animals were undone.
The door should be open, too.
Let's go!
Oh, okay!
What's that?
It's dangerous here.
Let's go another way.
Impossible!
I put a spell on that door!
It was an advanced magical lock!
What could that be?
How did this happen?
It's gone!
She took the Master Spells!
Look, the door is open!
Mary!
I'm over here.
Where are we?
Peter!
They're all leaving from there.
Let's go!

There they are!
What are they doing?
Madam, those kids did all this?
She used the Master Spells...
This is a disaster!
We have no choice but to jump.
Let's go!
Wait!
Newcomer!
Little broomstick!
You can't just leave
your broom anywhere!
Park them where they belong, I said!
Mister Flanagan!
Kids these days don't
look after their brooms!
Say, what's with all this
commotion today?
Thank you very much!
Flanagan!
He'll never change.
Hop on.
Just do it!
Oh, okay.
We're floating!
Hold on tight!
Stop right there!
Peter!
Mary, you go without me.
Go!
Peter!
That's a good face.
A pure-eyed child is
the perfect subject.
Indeed, he's a good boy.
Stop it, you...
I must go retrieve
the Master Spells...
Who knows what she'll try
to do with that book!
Go back! I said go back!
Why won't you do as I say?
Where are you taking me?
That island?

Little broomstick?
Ow...
Hey, what is going on?
Little broomstick?
Whose home is this?
Welcome home, Miss!
Miss?
I see, it's your home.
Oh, because I told you to go back...
It's been a long time, Miss.
Pleasure to have you back.
Truth be told, I didn't think
you would ever come back.
Now please, come inside.
Hello...
I hope it's okay to come in.
What a lovely room.
Photos?
Madam and Doctor Dee?
Tib!
Don't, this isn't our home.
This is...
what Gib was transformed into!
These are lab notes.
How dare they!
What... is this...?
Mary...
I'm sorry, I was just...
Oh, it's just a mirror.
The mirror is...
Mary!
Great-Aunt Charlotte!
But why?
That's my old home.
The broomstick must've
taken you there.
Your home? And the broomstick?
I don't understand.
Do you have the Fly-by-Night"?
Uh, no.
Madam and Doctor Dee took it.
I see... As I feared.
What exactly is going on?
Mary, listen.

What they are trying to do
is very dangerous.

Wow.

It was a long time ago.
I stole the flower seeds
from Madam and Doctor Dee.
Stole them?

Back then, everyone loved
Madam and Doctor Dee.
They were kindhearted teachers
and gifted scientists.

But...

when I found that flower, I made
the mistake of giving it to them.
After that, they were never the same.

They grew obsessed with studying
the magical seeds of that flower.
That flower has unimaginable power.

Madam wanted to use that power
to give the students
great magical ability.

But the experiment failed.
They couldn't control it.

All I could do was take the
remaining seeds and escape.

I couldn't let them
repeat that mistake.

Some powers in this world
just can't be harnessed.

And yet,

those two still believe
they can make it work.

So if they get their hands
on that flower again...

...they'll try it on Peter!

Mary, put your hand on the mirror.

Like this?

I'm not a witch anymore.

Maybe you can...

A Fly-by-Night!

That's the last one.

Your magic is fading... almost gone.

Use it to come home now.

Or you won't be able to

return home ever again!

Mary!

No, I can't just go home by myself.

I promised,

We'll go home together.

I need to go to Peter.

Peter!

I need to use this flower's magic
to save him!

Mary!

Madam!

Mary, I'm sorry.

There's nothing more I can do.

But I believe in you.

I'll be waiting.

Don't worry, I'm definitely
coming home to Redmanor.

Mary!

Mary...

Of all places, she came here!

Oh no you won't!

Ready?

Little broomstick!

Are you okay?

Give my book back, Mary Smith!

Little broomstick, hang in there!

Take me to Peter!

She still possesses such power!

Get back here!

That's where Peter must be.

At last, it truly begins.

Give me back my book!

My bag!

And the flower!

Give it back!

Don't be silly. Both the book and
the flower belong to me.

You'll have to use up
your power to get away.

But to think she had
another flower up her sleeve!

Frightening child...

Please, hang on just a little longer!

Hey! Shoo, shoo!

Little broomstick!
Ow...
The insignia's gone.
Tib!
Little broomstick!
Oh, no...
Please, say something!
Little broomstick...
What am I supposed to do?
Little broomstick...
Little broomstick!
You're right.
I made a promise.
Let's go home together.
To Redmanor, all of us.
You're the one who escaped with us!
Everyone!
Can I make it up there?
Thanks, I'll go from here.
Little broomstick...
It's thanks to you
I made it this far.
I'll be right there, Peter!
What do we do?
Gib!
So you're safe! Where's Peter?
You want me to go inside?
Put that in the Velta socket.
The Fly-by-Night!
At last!
We commence the final stage!
To think how much time
we invested in this...
Now it all comes to fruition!
Peter!
Now this boy will have the power
to wield any magic.
And soon we'll have a marvelous world
in which everyone can use magic!
Indeed, the world will be changed!
Stop it!
How beautiful!
Peter!
Undo this! Please!

Stop it!
What's happening?
Peter...
Calm down, everyone!
This is no failure!
This is all within our projected...
What is...
It's melting!
This can't be happening!
Open the valve!
No!
Not yet! Not yet!
My dreams! My hopes!
Doctor Dee, do something!
Mary...
Peter!
It's only the second phase!
We can control it!
This is just like last time.
Then we must undo the spells!
What?
To undo all magic...
The Master Spells!
Don't! All our research
will be for nought!
Where is it?
Madam!
Madam!
How could this happen?
Her magic's been drained.
I did everything perfectly!
How could this happen?
There it is!
Break!
Peter, I'm going to rescue you!
Ma... ry...
Peter!
Run... away...
Peter!
Get away!
You can't defeat him without magic!
He's a monster who can use any magic!
Who can use any magic?
I know!

Peter, can you hear me?
Give me your hand!
You should be able to
use the book now!
Let's go home, together!
Undo...
all magic!
Madam!
We don't need magic!
Mary!
Peter!
And Gib! You're safe!
Tib!
Look, here's your bag.
But I haven't found
your broomstick and coat.
Thank you, Peter.
Now how do we get home?
How many times must I tell you!
You can't just leave
your broom anywhere!
Mister Flanagan!
It's you!
Come on, your master's here.
Little broomstick!
What happened?
You're fixed!
Unbelievable. Show your broom
a little more respect!
Thank you!
WOW!
I wonder...
if they'll be okay.
You mean Madam and Doctor Dee?
They'll be fine.
They can use magic, after all.
They'll find a way.
That's true, they're tough.
Hey, there's something in your hair.
A Fly-by-Night!
But I don't need it anymore.
What was that?
Hold on tight.
It's my last time using magic!

Hey, hey! Stop!
Based on "The Little Broomstick"
by Mary Stewart
Screenplay by
Riko Sakaguchi and Hiromasa Yonebayashi
Music by
Takatsugu Muramatsu
End Theme by
SEKAI NO OWARI - RAIN
Mary Hana Sugisaki
Peter Ryunosuke Kamiki
Madam Mumblechook Yuki Amami
Doctor Dee Fumiyo Kohinata
Young Charlotte Hikari Mitsushima
Flanagan Jiro Sato
Zebedee Kenichi Endo
Miss Banks Eri Watanabe
Great-Aunt Charlotte Shinobu Otake
Supervising Animator Takeshi Inamura
Animation Check Kumiko Otani
Art Director Tomotaka Kubo
Color Design Fumiko Numahata
CG Director Masaru Karube
Director of Photography
Susumu Fukushi
Digital Imaging Director
Atsushi Okui
English Translation by Taro Goto
A Studio Ponoc Film
Produced by Yoshiaki Nishimura
Directed by Hiromasa Yonebayashi
The End