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Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium

By Zach Helm

This is one of my favorite
stories of all time,
even though it begins in a basement.
I'm gonna tell it
the way it was written
by this guy- Bellini-
Who lives underneath
the amazing, the remarkable...
Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium.
And, yes...
he sleeps with a dolly.
Bellini's job
is to build all the books
for all the kids
who come to the Emporium.
But it is also to chronicle the
life of Mr. Magorium himself.
Mr. Magorium once made toys
for Napolon,
beat Abraham Lincoln
at hopscotch
and holds the current record
for time spent upside down.
There were those
who called Magorium a genius.
My mom called him an eccentric.
And this one guy from Detroit
inexplicably called him "Steve. "
But Magorium's story
was reaching its final chapters.
That's okay-all stories,
even the ones we love,
must eventually come to an end...
...and when they do,
it's only an opportunity
for another story to begin.
So the beginning of the end
begins with a chapter called,
"Molly Mahoney's First. "
Molly Mahoney was the manager
of the Emporium,
Mr. Magorium's apprentice,
and my only friend.
In the mornings,

Mahoney would play her piano,
attempting to finish
her very first concerto,
but she never could find
the right notes.

When she was younger,
everyone thought
she was a musical genius,
a brilliant pianist,
and she believed them.

But now,
as she became a grown-up,
She wasn't so sure.

I don't know why grown-ups
don't believe what they did
when they were kids.

I mean, aren't they supposed
to be smarter?

What Mahoney needed was the
opportunity to prove to herself
that she was something more
than she believed.

And that opportunity
was about to appear.

And so that's how
this chapter begins...
with my hat getting stuck.

Eric.

Hi, Mahoney.

You're back.

Yeah.

I thought camp was four weeks.

No, no... just the one.

Uh-huh.

My hat's stuck.

Huh.

Looks like you're
gonna need a ladder.

Nah.

I just need to jump higher.

Eric, that's seven feet, at least.

Seven feet?

- Really?

- At least.

You think I should get
a running start?
Yeah.
So, did you make any friends
at camp?
Yeah.
Uh... Jeff.
Is Jeff real?
Yeah. Sure.
Is he an animal?
He was a squirrel.
Good morning.
ERIC Gotcha.
Uh-oh.
That's a good way to lose a train.
I love to sing. #
Mahoney.
Morning, sir.
Already?
Drat. Come in, come in.
How did you sleep?
Upside down.
Made my feet tingly.
Mortimer, get off the couch.
Do you like turnips?
Nobody likes turnips.
So you probably wouldn't
like turnip pudding.
Probably not.
It's a shame because I made some.
Sir, I was hoping to talk again
about what we spoke about last week.
About how paper
really shouldn't beat rock?
No, sir.
About me possibly finding a new job.
That's what I was saying.
What?
I stayed up all night
making turnip pudding,
and thinking, and
it occurred to me
that I've owned the Emporium
for over 113 years.

That's a very long time, Mahoney.

Yes, it is.

It's almost 114 years.

And not once

have I even

looked at a receipt,

so I have absolutely no idea

what the store is worth.

Well, that's probably not very good.

Exactly.

Mortimer... fetch.

Stupid zebra.

I'm hiring an accountant.

- A what?

- An accountant.

According to the word,

it must be a cross between

a "counter" and a "mutant. "

And that may be precisely

what we need.

That's great, but...

I'm pretty sure that word

is pronounced...

I placed a call

into one of those agencies

and they said they'd send over

one of their best mutants

sometime today, hmm?

So consider the matter settled.

How is the matter settled?

Quite perfectly in my opinion.

- Come with me.

- Sir?

- Hmm?

- I'm serious.

What?

I'm stuck.

Ooh! To my floor?

No, sir.

Then what?

Like as a person.

You remember

when I was a little girl,

and I could play Rachmaninoff's

2nd Piano Concerto
and everyone was talking
about my potential?
Mm-hmm.
Well, I am 23 now,
and everyone's still talking
about my potential,
but if you ask me to play
the song I know best...
I'll still play Rachmaninoff's 2nd.
May I suggest
you stun the world
with Molly Mahoney's First?
I want to.
But I am stuck.
Come with me.
This, my lovely, is for you.
Thank you.
What is it?
It's the Congreve Cube.
It looks like a big block of wood.
It is a big block of wood.
But now, it's your
big block of wood.
Thank you.
I was just saying
last night
I don't have enough
big blocks of wood.
Unlikely adventures
require unlikely tools.
Are we going on an adventure?
Well, my dear, we're already on one.
All I will say is this:
With faith... love...
this block... and
a counting mutant,
you may find yourself somewhere
you've never imagined.
And with that...
let's open the store.
Wait, sir?
Mortimer, I'm way ahead of you.
Stay out of the refrigerator.

Sir...

Yes, my honeycomb?

You're wearing your pajamas.

Flapdoodle.

Fore!

Whoa!

Whoo-whee!

Whoosh!

Eric, may I borrow your hat?

Sure!

Oh, excuse me. Hello.

Uh, how much are you asking
for that fish mobile up there?

- Oh, that one.

- Yeah.

Well, that's \$50.

- Fifty!

- Mm-hmm.

50- don't you think that's a
little high, just for a mobile?

Well, if you'll notice,
they're fresh fish.

Uh...

If you don't want
to spend that much,
we do have that fish mobile
over there for only \$17.

But those are not fresh.

And they're high in cholesterol.

Molly? Molly Mahoney?

Yeah.

It's Dave. Dave Wolf.

I was in your physics
class in college.

Oh, hey!

Hey! Holy... cow.

You still work here?

Yeah!

I mean, well... yeah.

So, uh, what about you?

What are you up to?

I'm an engineer.

Congratulations.

You know, it's funny.

I would never have
recognized you
if it wasn't for that finger thing.
Hah- comes in handy
on the cash register.
Do you still play the piano?
I do. Every day.
Well, I'm here for a week.
Where are you playing?
My apartment.
Oh, I-I thought...
Yeah- do you want me to wrap
any of these for you?
Oh, no. Thanks.
Uh... you know, it was
really nice to see you.
I always wondered
what happened to you.
It's good to see you.
Yeah, you too.
Wait, I'm... I'm sorry.
Bouncy Balls-
always trying to escape.
Okay, out.
Out.
And you.
You, too.
Sorry about that.
Take care.
Okay.
Ooh!
Aha...
Hiya.
Just, uh... uh, shopping.
Shopping.
Just, uh... shopping.
No matter what they tell you,
you don't have to stay in the lines.
Pardon me, miss.
Could you help me, please?
I can certainly try.
My grandson wants a fire engine
for his birthday,
with a ladder

that goes up
and a hose that squirts water.
And I can't find one.
This sounds like a job
for the Big Book.
This has all the toys
we have in stock.
Now, "E" for engine
or "F" for fire?
Let's try "F."
Wow!
How did you do that?
I didn't do it.
You must have done something.
Surprisingly, no.
It's the Book.
It's magic.
Come on, guys.
Bring it up higher!
Higher!
That's it!
Hey, get that bird
out of here, will ya?
Hey. Whoa.
Okay, that's right.
All right, bring it up,
bring it up, bring it up.
Hello, excuse me, miss. Hi.
Oh, hi.
Um... hi.
Um...
Hello.
Um... I believe Mr. Magorium
sent for me.
Oh. Wow.
You're really well-dressed
for a shadow puppeteer.
No, no... I'm Henry Weston,
the accountant.
Here for an interview.
Ah... hello.
My name is Mahoney.
I am the store manager.
Pleasure to meet you.

I have to admit,
when the agency sent me,
I had no idea
that this was a toy store.

Shh!

If these kids found out
this was a toy store,
we'd have a madhouse on our hands.

That was a joke.

I know.

Okay.

Uh... you probably want to speak
to Mr. Magorium.

Why don't you give me a second.

Hi.

What is it?

What?

It's not real nice
to stare at people, you know?

Why don't you just
go ahead and...

This happens every time.

Ah, greetings.

Edward Magorium-
toy impresario,
wonder aficionado,
avid shoe-wearer.

You're here for the
accounting position.

Yes. Henry Weston.

Mm-hmm. Name the
Fibonacci series
from its 11 th to its 16th integer.

Hello? Grandma?

Uh... 89,
144, 233,
377, 610?

Perfect.

The number four-
do we really need it?

If you like squares, you do.

Oh, I like squares.

Good. Now,
the hot dog to

hot dog bun ratio-
why, for the love of mustard,
are there never enough buns?
Extra hot dogs.
Yes, but why?
In case you drop a couple.
What kind of insufferable
fool drops a hot dog?
Anything can happen, sir.
Anything can happen, hmm?
How absolutely true.
You're exactly the mutant
I'm looking for.
You're hired.
What?
- You're hired!
- That's it, huh?
- That's all I need.
- Uh, sir...
- Don't you agree, Mahoney?
- No, not exactly.
Perfect. I've heard
great things about you.
Really?
No, not yet,
but I'm sure I will. Oh!
I see you've brought
your abacus along. Top-notch.
Come along.
I'll show you the store.
Bum, bum, bum #
#The store and then I'll
show you my office... #
Duck, duck, duck...
Goose!
We sell almost every kind
of whatnot imaginable, Mutant,
from ant farms to zeppelins.
I've owned this store
for 113 years,
ever since I came
to this country,
although I've been inventing
toys since the mid-1770s.

- Wha... Excuse me, sir?

- Yes?

Did you say 1770s?

Yes, sir. So, as you
can imagine, accounting
is a brand-new concept to me.
You know, that would make you
at least 240 years old, sir.
You're already hired, Mutant.
There's no need to show off.
Now, follow me.

Here we are.

I haven't thrown anything away.

Yeah, yeah, I can see that.

Are-are all these receipts?

Mostly. Some are
important documents.

Others might be doodles

I never framed.

I can't tell the difference.

So you've obviously never kept
an account of your income.

No.

Or filed a tax return?

No.

Renewed your city business license?

Renewed my?

Renewed your...

Eh, forget it.

You realize to

determine the worth

of this store out of this,

um... fire hazard, really,

is an insurmountable task,

and if you have...

somehow managed to keep

from going bankrupt

or being evicted,

sent to prison for

tax evasion, uh...

Oh-ho.

...why do you want to do this now?

Ah, yes.

Can you keep a secret?

The firm holds a very strict
exclusivity policy.

Don't worry.

But can you keep a secret?

Yes, sir.

I'm leaving.

The store?

The world.

You see these shoes?

I found these

in a tiny little shop

in Tuscany

and fell in love with them

so entirely,

I bought enough

to last my whole life.

These are my last pair.

So, if you'll excuse me,

I have a pressing marbles match,

and I must warm up

my thumbs.

Eric! Are you ready

for our marbles match?

- Mr. Magorium?

- Yes?

- Does that seem right to you?

- Does what?

No, this doesn't seem right at all.

We must keep a watchful

eye on this, Eric, hmm?

Don't worry, I'm...

fine up here, guys.

This chapter is called

"No, Seriously, Watch. "

No, seriously,

watch.

No way!

Come on.

Whoa!

This is so cool.

- Come on!

- Let's go!

Wow!

Uh-oh.

It's so good.
Somebody!
Help! Help!
Pretty impressive ball, isn't it?
Impossible to dodge.
This boy's weird.
Mahoney,
have you seen Mister...
Good night!
Have you seen Mr. Magorium?
Yeah. He's, um,
he's about this tall.
He's got crazy eyebrows...
He's upstairs.
Thank you.
You really got to get better
with the jokes, Mutant.
I'm laughing on the inside.
Mr. Magorium.
- Mutant.
Mr. Magorium...
Come to accept
my hula hoop challenge?
We have a few serious problems.
Ooh, serious problems.
I don't have any serious problems.
You do, actually.
I don't think so.
What about this, uh, invoice
from this company in Brazil?
They say that
you owe them \$300,000
for a magic
doorknob?
Oh, that's ridiculous.
Thank you.
\$300,000 for a doorknob?
I've never paid over \$200,000.
Here, catch.
What about Bellini?
Bellini's the
book builder
born in the basement.
You have a tenant in the basement?

He was born there.

I certainly can't ask him to leave.

Okay.

According to your
employment records,
you've had several fictional
characters on the books.

- Like whom?

- The King of Planet Yaweh.

Oh, he's not fictional.

Sir, there are people...

He's not really

the king,

and the planet Yaweh

doesn't exist,

but he's not fictional.

Well, that's the thing.

If there's no planet...

- Mr. Weston,

- Yes, sir?

You can't blame people
for having aspirations, hmm?

Oh.

Sorry.

I just sort of took over.

I thought it was

funny, but I guess...

Sorry.

Hey, who did that?

I did that.

No, seriously, who helped?

No one.

Mahoney? Hello.

Got a quick question.

Quick one. Quickie. Hey.

Okay, Mutant.

I need your help

explaining this history

that Mr. Magorium has fabricated.

What history he's fabricated?

This one I've got

here- for instance,

got a signed I.O.U.

From Thomas Edison.

Really?!

"P.S. Thanks for the idea. "

With a picture of the
lightbulb next to it.

Is that for real?

No. No, it's...

it's not for real.

It's a signed I.O.U.

From Thomas Edison.

Does that seem

like something

that would exist in

the real world to you?

Well, it does have

his signature on it.

Hello? Please?

Give me one second, please?

Mahoney, wait.

I just need...

a simple explanation.

Sure. It's a magical toy store.

There's no such thing

as a magical toy store.

Of course there is.

When you say "magical,"

do you mean "special"?

- No, I mean "magical. "

- "Unique"?

- "Magical. "

- How about...

"Really, really cool"?

Okay.

What's behind me, all right...

is a toy store.

It is a big one,

it is a weird one,

but it is just...

a toy store.

I knew it

as soon as I saw that suit.

Knew what?

You're a "just" guy.

What's a "just" guy?

A guy just like you.

Same hair, same suit, same shoes.
Walks around.
No matter what,
he thinks, "Oh,
"it's just a store.
"This is just a bench.
"It's just a tree. "
It's just what it is, nothing more.
Okay, but-but this...
is just a store.
I'm sure to you... it is.
I must say...
I am very disappointed in you.
I understand feeling sad
or scared or even suspicious,
but that is no reason
to turn gray and start pouting.
I would expect
such behavior, perhaps,
from a brand-new store,
or even a store a few years old,
but a store
your age...
sulking?
It is simply
atrocious.
The immitigable truth is,
I am leaving tomorrow,
and Mahoney,
bless her timid heart,
will be given care of you.
I'm sorry, my sweet,
but it's a perfect fact,
and no amount of misbehavior
will change it.
She loves you,
as do I,
and we must face tomorrow,
whatever it may hold,
with determination, joy and bravery.
So I suggest
you stop this petulance.
Hmm?
I expect you

to pull yourself together...
...and put your best face on
by the time of my departure.
This chapter is called
"Fun and Mental
Is Fundamental. "
And there's also this
new guy, the Mutant,
who's a little uptight.
Sweetheart, did you spend
the whole day at the store?
I did lots of stuff.
Like what?
I built a sculpture,
I got 20,000 paddles
on a paddleball...
and I figured out
how to win at solitaire
every time without cheating.
Eric, those are all things
you do by yourself.
There were...
people... around.
We agreed you could come
back from camp early
if you made an effort
to make some friends.
It's not my fault
people don't like me.
People love you- once they
get the chance to know you.
No, they don't.
They think I'm weird.
Because you build sculptures
by yourself.
Because nobody wants
to play with me.
Have you asked anyone
to play with you?
Not really.
Well, Eric, you have
to give people a chance.
I know what'll happen.
You don't, sweetheart.

Trust me, people are
always full of surprises.
Just...
just pick someone.
Anyone. Pick someone
you don't know,
and try to make friends with them.
See what happens.
I don't even know how to start.
Easy.
Start by saying hi.
Don't be shy #
#Just let your feelings #
Roll on by #
Don't wear fear #
Or nobody will know #
#You're there #
#Just lift your head #
#And let your feelings out #
Instead #
Now, don't be shy #
#Just let your feelings
roll on by #
On by, by #
#You know love #
Is better than a song #
Love is where #
#All of us belong #
So don't be shy #
#Just let your feelings #
Roll on by #
Don't wear fear #
Or nobody #
#Will know you're there #
#You're there, you're there #
#You're there,
you're there, there #
#You're there, you're there #
#You're there #
#You're there... #
No, don't be shy #
#Just let your feelings
roll on by #
On by, on by

On by, on by, on by #
On by, on by #
On by #
On by... #
Mahoney?
Mahoney baloney?
Sir...
I have a riddle for you.
Maybe not now, sir.
Don't worry. It's easy.
What's short, amazing,
and says "ouch"?
I have no idea.
Ouch!
Very funny.
Sir, what's wrong with this corner?
Apparently, despite my efforts,
the store is not taking
- my departure very well.
- What?!
Wait, what departure?
It was intended to be
a spectacular surprise,
but it appears the store
has other intents.
That's one of my favorites,
Kristine!
Wait, what was meant as a surprise?
I'm giving you the store.
You're giving me the store?!
Surprise!
- Surprise, surprise.
Excuse me?
Yes, sir?
Do you have Curious George
Goes to the Hospital?
Hmm. Mahoney?
I'll-I'll ask.
An excellent piece
of literature
and a fine choice indeed.
Have you read it?
Read it?
I had brunch with the Man

in the Yellow Hat himself!
Okay, seriously, sir.
What, Mahoney?
I can't take the Emporium.
But you told me you needed
a new occupation.
I meant writing music,
not running the Emporium.
Why not? You'd do
a splendid job of it.
Mr. Magorium...
Yes? Oh.
Oh, thank you, Bellini.
It's for the gentleman
with the blazing red hair.
- Mr. Magorium...
- Yes?
Why didn't you tell me any of this?
Well, apparently,
you misunderstand
the rules of a surprise.
But what if I don't want
the Emporium?
Why would you not want the Emporium?
Because I can't run it.
Why not?
Because... you have to run it.
That's not a good reason.
It's called "Mr. Magorium's
Wonder Emporium. "
It rhymes!
- Oh!
- Not to mention the fact
that... you're magic, and I'm not.
Besides, what are you
supposed to do
if I'm running the Emporium?
I'm leaving.
You're leaving?
Excuse me?
- Yes, sir?
There's something wrong
with this book you gave me.
Wrong?

Well, this is incomprehensible.

Hmm.

The b... the book's just kidding around.

I'll notify Bellini

immediately. Thank you.

Mr. Magorium!

Mr. Magorium!

- Y-Yes, Mark?

- Follow me.

It's strangely weird

and weirdly strange.

- What is it?

- We were finger painting,

- Yes.

- As usual, and Katie looked up,
and... see?

- All the colors faded.

- We must check

the Door of Rooms.

Rats!

Cheerleaders?!

Confound it!

Mahoney, check the Big Book.

I would like...

a lollipop.

Sir.

Mahoney, the laws of gravity
have begun to apply.

Sir, I asked the Big Book
for a lollipop.

I got a lemur!

A lemur?

We don't even carry lemurs!

I'm not even sure

I know what a lemur is.

Wait, is it

that primate thing

looks kind of like a raccoon?

Sir, we don't have time...

Mahoney, we don't have

time to discuss lemurs!

You're right!

Where's Eric?

Uh...

I should do something, too!
Eric?
We need you.
There's a problem.
Get off me! Aah!
Somebody... give me a hand! Aah!
Whoo!
Help!
Time to go.
The store is undergoing
a little difficulty right now.
Please leave
through the front door,
calm and orderly.
Ew! Ew! Ew!
And maybe try to avoid
the slimy girl.
Three, two, one, liftoff!
Sir?
Close the store.
Let us all reconvene upstairs
immediately.
Lift... ah, crap.
What's going on?
I don't know,
but could you
do us a favor and try
to catch the lemur?
I don't know how to catch
a lemur. I'm a dentist.
Well, I don't know how to catch
a lemur. I'm nine.
Excuse me?
I am very disappointed
with this book
I just opened.
The store's shut down.
You're here?
- Apparently.
- But not actually?
Please sit down, Mahoney.
We must commence
our conference contiguously.
I must apologize.

Mortimer and I had
an appetizer spread prepared,
but... he ate the pancakes.
- Who's Mortimer?
He's the zebra.
- What?
- The... zebra.
Forget it, Eric.
Order, order.
Now, first order of business: Eric.
Yes, sir?
Ingenious hat.
Thank you, sir.
Second order of business.
The store is stunningly upset,
as indicated by its temper tantrum.
Temper tantrum?
You didn't see it?
How could you not see it?
- He misses a lot, sir.
- Didn't miss
the relapse notification from
the County Zoning Commission-
got that one.
Thankfully. Or else
you'd run the risk
of having to submit
an SP-435
and a letter of notary.
He was in the office.
Aha, I see.
Well,
it is my belief that the store
has been growing
increasingly sad,
and today threw a fit
in fear of my egress.
You see, I've tried
to imbue this store
with the same attitude,
imagination and emotion
as the children who
come to play in it,
and as such, it is prone

to the same outbursts
as its sometimes puerile clientele.

Like a temper tantrum.

Precisely, Mahoney.

- Maybe it needs a time-out.

- Hmm.

I'm sorry. How can a store
throw a temper tantrum?

Did no one explain

to the Mutant that it's

- a magical toy store?

- I tried.

It's a magical toy store, Mutant.

It can do all sorts of things.

But it didn't start turning gray
until Henry showed up.

Me?

I realize that, Eric.

Wh-What?

Oh, Mutant!

I'm sorry, if I'm making
your magical playland
go on the fritz,

I can just submit
a form and get another agent.

Does your whole job
consist of submitting forms?

No, Mahoney, sometimes
I receive them.

- Kind of half and half.

- Order. Order, order.

Receive some, submit some.

- But... this underscores

- Order, order.

The fact that I'm in no way
responsible for anything
that may have happened
in the Emporium today.

I was just in the office working.

There's that "just" word again.

Give it a rest for

"just" a second, please,

on the "just" word-

just the adults'll talk.

- Okay? So it's just...

- Eee...

nough!

Although

Mr. Weston's presence
has coincided with the store's
dismay, it is not the cause.

The only reason

Mr. Weston is here

is to determine

my legacy to Mahoney.

- Your legacy?

- Mm-hmm.

You mean, Mahoney gets

to run the store?

How cool!

What do you mean, your legacy?

You're his heir; you're in his will.

Why is there a will?

Why do you know there's a will?

I told you,

my sweet.

I'm leaving.

But... I thought you meant,
like, retirement or... vacation.

What kind of leaving

you talking about?

Mahoney.

I think he means

he's going to heaven.

- Right?

- Heaven, Elysium, Shangri-la.

I may return as a bumblebee.

Are you dying?

Lightbulbs die, my sweet;

I will depart.

- Wait...

Mahoney.

Wait.

Are you sick?

No.

No?

Well, then when exactly

were you planning to depart?

Around 4:

This morning he was talking gibberish.

Gibberish?!

- And then he grew feverish
and he collapsed.

I did no such thing!

Uh, for at least five minutes.

And then when he came to,
he was... he was like this.

- Delusional?

- Delusional?!

I'm not delusional!

He hasn't been making any sense.

Oh, bunkum!

Hogwash!

Pure horseradish!

He claims he owns
a magical toy store.

I do. You work there.

And that he's 242 years old
and an inventor.

I am not 242 years old!

I'm 243. You were at
my birthday party.

You brought me balloons.

Yeah, he's delusional.

He may have had a stroke.

A stroke?!

You unbrookable ninny!

The only stroke I have ever had
is one of genius!

Okay. Nurse, can we
get him a sedative?

Why are you lying like this?

Because I have to.

But your pants will catch fire.

I don't care, sir.

You have to live.

Darling...

I have.

Hi.

Hi.

Uh, this is really hard.

Yeah. It is.
Because I got to tell you,
I'm really worried.
Me, too.
I can't track down
any insurance documents
for the life of me.
What?
Hospital bills are astronomical
these days.
- Mutant.
- Yeah?
He might be dying.
That means that we should be
even more prepared.
Prepared? I found out
about this an hour ago.
You know, I'm trying to be helpful.
Well, you're being
positively dreadful!
- Hey, it's just that...
- Just what?
Well, nothing.
Maybe you should "just" go home.
- I can stay...
- Mutant.
Go home.
All right.
Will any algae specialist
call extension 4324 stat?
- You know...
- Hi.
You shouldn't be
so hard on the Mutant.
He wants to talk about insurance.
I know, but...
it's the only thing
he knows how to talk about.
What are we gonna do?
I don't know.
But there's kind of another problem.
What?
Mr. Magorium...
Yeah?

He... doesn't have any pajamas.
The doctors can't find
anything wrong with you.
Of course not.
I'm perfectly healthy.
Then why are you leaving?
It's my time to go.
That's it?
What else could there be?
What are we gonna do without you?
Run the store.
Sir, I don't know how.
That's why I gave you
the Congreve Cube.
But it just sits there.
What have you done with it?
I don't know what to do with it.
It's a block of wood.
Can you think of nothing?
Well, I'm sure I could think of
a million things to do with it.
There are a million things
one might do with
a block of wood,
but, Mahoney, what do
you think might happen
if someone just once...
...believed in it?
Sir, I don't understand.
Eric!
What task delivers
such a wee and hale
stripling
to this chamber for the ill
and barely insured?
Hello, Doctor.
I brought you some stuff
I thought you might need
from the gift shop.
Super!
Eric, would
you mind
keeping Mr. Magorium
company while I go

Speak to the doctor?

Sure.

Mahoney, why do you need the doctor?

Are you sick?

What you got, Eric?

Okay.

- Okay.

- Here we go.

Here we go.

PJs.

Yes!

A toothbrush.

Ah, morning becomes electric!

And...

A microscope.

Oh...

A water hose.

And a nozzle.

Ooh!

A plank of wood.

Well, plank you.

And... this.

Whoa!

Eric, what is that?

It's a euphonium.

Magnificent! Hand it here.

If there's nothing wrong with
him, we have to discharge him.

We can't be responsible
for men of perfect health,
no matter how old or magic
they claim to be.

So the fact is,
you have to take him home.

No.

You have to understand,
he's decided it's his time to go.

Then the best thing you can do
is make sure

he has plenty to live for.

What in God's name?

What on earth are you doing?

Practicing the euphonium.

The-the what?

I thought I might give a concert
in the psych ward tomorrow.
There are people trying to sleep.
Doesn't this hospital
need a signature
to remove a patient's euphonium?
Where the heck
did you even find this?
I found it.
In a supply closet.
We don't keep
musical instruments
in our supply closets.
Well, where else
could I have found it?
What are you doing up there?
Standing on a chair.
Okay, that's it,
both of you,
out of here- come on, let's go.
You can come and see him tomorrow.
Bye.
Good-bye, Eric.
Good-bye, Mahoney.
Don't leave before tomorrow.
Agreed.
As for you,
young man, you need your rest.
I agree.
This has been exhausting.
What was that boy doing
on the chair?
Making sure
I have enough space to sleep in.
All right, if you're supposed to help me,
if you're supposed
to impart some great wisdom
that's gonna help me
fix everything...
Please...
...do it now.
All right, I'll do it myself.
Hmm...
This chapter is called

"A Change of Heart...
of Mind... of Pants. "
Morning.

Hi. Morning.

How's he doing?

Look, Mutant, I'm just grabbing
a few of Mr. Magorium's things,
and then I'm leaving for the day.

Yeah, yeah. Just here
to work in the office.

Unless...

you want me to work out here.

You can work

wherever you like, Mutant.

No, no, I mean,

in case there's, you know,
a toy emergency, somebody
really needs something,
you know, tiddlywinks.

I could help 'em.

- You could help.

- Yeah, you know,

in case it's little

Timmy's birthday,
and somebody's a handful
of Legos short,
or whatever.

Do you want to run the store
for the day?

- Well, I'm here already...

- Mutant.

Okay, I-I'd like to run the store.

I've been waiting for two hours
on a very uncomfortable bench
to offer to run the store
for the day.

Why?

Because...

uh, because I'm a jerk.

I just, I felt awful because I
didn't want you to think that
I didn't care, and-and I do care.

It's just...

some people bring flowers

or send a card or hug people.
You know, I make sure
that people's paperwork
is all filled out properly,
and... so... today, I thought
I'd try something different.
'Cause I like you.
You know, I do want to help.
Mutant...
when you look at me,
what do you see?
Really pretty eyes.
No. I mean...
like, do you see a sparkle?
You mean, now?
Like, glitter on your face?
No, like, you know, a sparkle.
I... What kind of sparkle?
Like... something reflective
of something bigger
that's trying to get out.
You know what, never mind.
It might not
be so much
a sparkle.
Maybe, uh, more of a twinkle?
Forget it.
Or a glint?
It's okay.
Uh, you've got the thing
that you do with your hands.
That's a quirk.
Quirk's not a sparkle?
Mm-mm.
Oh.
Yeah.
Good morning, Bluebell.
- Good morning, sir.
- Look. Pants!
What about them?
Nothing. Just... pants.
Me, too.
Awesome! To the store?
Actually, you are coming with me.

I'm a little nervous about this.

Why?

Because it's mischievous
and childish.

I can hardly wait.

All right.

Ready?

On "go. "

Not on "go. "

It's always on "go. "

All right.

Hmm?

On "triskaidekaphobia. "

Oh, that's a good one!

- All right, ready?

- Mm-hmm.

- Set?

- Mm-hmm.

Triskaidekaphobia!

Triskaidekaphobia!

May I speak with your manager, please?

Tim?

This guy wants to talk to you.

May I help you?

It's an absolute honor.

Now, I do have

a question about the hot dog buns.

That's the last of 'em.

37 seconds.

Great. Well done.

Now we wait.

No. We breathe.

We pulse. We regenerate.

Our hearts beat.

Our minds create.

Our souls ingest.

37 seconds, well used,

is a lifetime.

What mystifies me is

that no one knows, Mahoney.

You would think that someone

in the hot dog industry

would have some clue

about this obvious anomaly.

- Here is good.
- Here is good?
Mahoney...
I'm very confused.
Now what?
Dance.
You are brilliant!
What a great last day!
Hmm?
Don't stop!
Dance longer!
No, it's okay, sir.
Mahoney, why have you done all this?
I wanted you to see
all the little things
you're gonna miss if you leave.
I see.
I thought
this was to be the best last day
of anyone who ever lived.
Sir, this can't be your last day.
Ah... but it is.
No.
And now,
thanks to you,
it looks to be a remarkable one.
All I have left to do
is use a public phone
and my life will be complete.
What?
Right here?
Oh, you're right.
You're a genius.
Very good with numbers.
You should teach.
- Morning.
- Hi. Yes. Morning.
Wow, it's quiet today.
Yeah, yeah.
No one's been in.
Mahoney left.
Just been me thus far.
You've been here
all by yourself all morning?

Yeah.

And the store didn't collapse
around you?

- Yes.

- What are you doing?

I am taking down merchandise codes.

No. With Einstein.

With?

With Einstein?

Einst... Oh.

Just, I was fiddling.

Occupying my time.

You mean, pretending?

Wha... No, that's not...

Just keeping my mind active,

you know, when there wasn't

much else to think about.

Do you know what I mean?

Yeah.

Good.

That's called pretending.

It's okay.

You can stay out here

and play with the toys, Mutant.

I won't tell anyone.

Here you go.

Great. Let's go.

Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium.

We sell toys.

We do not fix car transmissions.

Eric, I am calling

from a public phone!

Good for you, sir.

Now, I have two things

I must tell you.

Firstly, capital hat!

Thank you, sir.

And secondly,

I do wish you'd find some friends.

Okay?

Okay.

I love you.

Now, put the Mutant

on the phone.

Henry, the phone's for you.
Hello?
Mutant, I have something
very, very supremely important
to tell you.
Please deposit an additional
35 cents.
Hello?
- Please deposit an additional
- Hello?
- 35 cents.
- Hello?
- Please deposit an additional
- Hello?
35 cents.
Oh, well, he'll figure it out.
Okay, try again.
Come on!
Come on, you're being ridiculous.
You're gonna have to do it sometime.
Try again.
What are you doing?
We got a nervous Slinky.
We handled ourselves pretty well.
I think we make a good team.
Yeah, I think so.
The toys are still upset, though.
Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Should we call it a day?
Yes, it looks like it.
Good. Checkers.
What?
Checkers.
Uh, no, I got to get
back to the agency.
Come on, Henry.
One game.
Sorry. Some other time.
Just one?
Henry.
Yes, Eric?
Hey, um...
do you mind...

Yes?
Well,
Mahoney usually
walks me home, and...
it's getting dark.
Do you want me to walk you home?
Thanks.
I got to ask you where
you get those hats from.
From my room.
Yeah? Every day I see you
in a different hat.
Yeah. I collect them.
You collect them, huh?
Mr. Magorium says I have
the neatest hat collection
he's ever seen.
I know people who,
you know, own several hats,
but I don't think
I've ever heard
of a hat collector before.
Do you want to see 'em?
Just try not to get too overwhelmed.
Got it.
Oh, my.
Pretty neat, huh?
Eric, when you said a lot,
I was expecting, like, 20.
Oh, no- I have more than that.
You wear all these?
Sure.
What good would they be
if I didn't wear 'em?
Wow.
You want to try one on?
No. Thank you. I'm fine.
- Henry.
- Yes?
I think we both know
you want to try a hat on.
I don't know where to begin!
I don't know where to start! Oh!
We have got to buy the dragon

a toothbrush, Your Excellency.
After devouring most
of the township,
his breath is just awful!
He ate the town?!
He ate the baker and his wife,
he ate... the woodsmith
and his three sons,
and then for sweets-
come closer-
he ate the cobbler.
Good idea, Fool!
Go brush the dragon's teeth!
Me? He doesn't like me.
And...
What do you mean, "and"?
And he's quite large.
And...
I look surprisingly like...
a toothpick from afar.
Eric?
Do you have someone...
Who's this?
The Mutant.
The what?
Uh, Henry.
Henry. Sorry. Henry.
Henry. Henry who?
Henry Weston.
I- I work at the...
What are you doing in my house?
Uh... I-I was pretending.
Don't be mean to him.
Henry's my friend.
I am?
Yeah.
Cool.
A little old, don't you think,
to be playing dress-up?
Yes, yes. Absolutely.
Sorry. And it is late.
I have some work
I needed to do,
I should be doing,

I will be doing now.
- See you later.
- Don't you have chores, Eric?
You know, actually, he worked
all day at the store...
I thought you said you were leaving.
Certainly.
Excuse me. See ya.
Well, Mahoney...
Don't go.
My darling.
I'm not ready.
I'm not ready for it to end.
I'm sorry.
When King Lear dies in Act 5,
do you know what Shakespeare
has written?
He's written, "He dies. "
That's all, nothing more.
No fanfare, no metaphor,
no brilliant final words.
The culmination
of the most influential work
of dramatic literature is:
"He dies. "
It takes Shakespeare, a genius,
to come up with "He dies. "
And yet every time
I read those two words,
I find myself overwhelmed
with dysphoria.
And I know it's only
natural to be sad,
but not because
of the words "He dies,"
but because of the life we saw
prior to the words.
I've lived all five
of my acts, Mahoney,
and I am not asking you
to be happy that I must go.
I'm only asking
that you
turn the page,

continue reading...
and let the next story begin.
And if anyone ever asks
what became of me,
you relate my life
in all its wonder,
and end it with
a simple and modest "He died. "
I love you.
I love you, too.
Your life is an occasion.
Rise to it.
Good-bye, my love.
L- It's... not that bad.
We can bring it back.
Right, Mahoney?
Mahoney?
Let's just run the store and...
see if it picks up.
- I'm sorry, Eric.
- I'll help you.
Just don't leave.
- Eric...
- Mahoney, don't leave.
I'm sorry.
It just needs a little magic.
I know.
I don't have any.
This chapter is called
"A New Beginning. "
Eric?
What are you doing?
I'm playing "JenniferJuniper. "
Why?
Because someone requested it.
No, why are you here?
Because I have to make money, Eric.
Then run the store.
I can't.
Look.
I would love to run the store,
but I can't.
I'm not Mr. Magorium.
Is that why it's for sale?

Yeah.

Look, I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to let you down.

Is this what you want?

No...

No, but I don't know
how to do anything else.

Stop saying that.

Eric, I understand
this is hard for you.

This is really hard for me, too.

But I cannot be a kid anymore.

That's why Mr. Magorium
gave you the store.

My Lord...

no wonder you're
going out of business.

It's... depressing.

Can I play over there?

- Sure.

- What? No...

Jack, please don't touch anything.

Actually, ma'am, it's okay.

He can play with anything he likes.

Let me show you the
spiral staircases here.

Do you know how it works?

Okay, I'll show you.

Cool. That's neat.

Yeah...

It's a magnet.

How does a magnet work?

I don't know.

It's, uh...

Is it magic?

Well...

I believe it is.

...leads to the apartments upstairs.

They're an excellent
source of income.

Those planets and the rocket...

I have to say-

the use of this space is
completely impractical.

It...

it wasn't built for practicality.

Oh.

Well, it certainly is a large
enough space for the price.

Are the fixtures included?

Yeah- the cash register...

the slide, the tree,

the planets,

the rocket ship,

the Door of Rooms...

Okay!

Great.

Well, I'll let you know.

Okay, Jack, honey?

- Come on, we're leaving.

- Mom, you gotta see this!

You know what?

I don't have time for this.

Mommy's got a lot of
other properties to see.

Rub that in.

Okay.

We'll be in touch.

Mommy, it's magic!

Eric?

I'm here to make you a
substantial offer for the store.

What?

Although I am unable to offer
the full amount and I'm nine,
I think you may be interested
in my proposal.

The following simply states
that I can offer Mahoney
a down payment
of \$237 in pennies,
nickels, dimes and a Christmas
check from my grandma.

And then I am willing
to pay you
my allowance
and a hefty percentage
of the store's profit

on a weekly basis.
Keep in mind that my age
works as a benefit,
as it means that I have
more weeks left
in my life than
the typical buyer,
which means more allowances.
Why are you doing this?
I...
want to get into
the real estate game.
Flip a few properties,
make my mark on the city.
Eric...
The only thing we can invest in
- is the future.
- Buddy...
- I want to...
- Eric.
Stop.
I don't want someone else
to have the store, all right?
I don't want it to change.
Okay. All right.
I'll throw in my hat collection.
Don't throw in your hat collection.
But there has to be something.
Please.
She's about to make
a terrible mistake, Mutant.
We can't let her do that.
As my friend...
...help me... please.
- Hi.
- Hello.
Wow.
What happened in here?
I don't think you'd understand.
Well, I've got news.
Yeah?
You've got an offer on the store.
It's a good offer.
Cash offer.

From the lady earlier today.

Wow.

I know it's late,
but the woman's very aggressive.

I thought you should
look it over tonight
and come up with a decision
by tomorrow morning.

Okay.

Do you think I should take it?

Well...

Do you think I should take it?

In my professional opinion,
it is a very unique offer
and it's a lot more
than we expected.

I- I... I think
you'd be a fool
not to take it.

But I am not here as a professional.

I'm here as your friend.

And I think
you should keep the store.

You don't even believe
in this store.

- No, but...

- I... I can't.

I want to, but I just can't.

You "just" can't.

Yeah. I guess not.

What do you got there?

Oh, it's the Congreve Cube.

It's supposed to help me unlock
some great mystery or something.

- Looks like a block of wood.

- It is.

Are you supposed to unlock
a mystery with a block of wood?

It's a magical
block of wood, Mutant.

It's a block of wood that
probably, in the right hands,
would reveal some greatness that...
we can't even imagine.

That's impossible.

This is what you don't understand.

What you have somehow missed.

Every minute

of every day in every corner

of this store,

what happened was the impossible.

Do you honestly

believe all that stuff?

- Yes!

- That this store was magic?

You never saw it.

That that block of wood is more

than just a block of wood?

Absolutely.

I believe it with my entire heart.

But the disheartening truth

is that only Mr. Magorium

could make it so.

- Um...

- It was his Emporium, not mine.

- J-Just, uh...

- Look, I appreciate

- you coming here, but it's over.

- Say that thing

about that block of wood

that's not magic.

It is magic.

- What is wrong with you, Mutant?

- Say it one more time,

that that's more

than just a block of wood.

It is absolutely more

than just a block of woo...

Well, it moves, for one thing.

Move.

Come on, you can

do better than that.

Move!

All right.

Don't worry.

If you fall, I'll just

pick you right back up.

Move.

No way.
This chapter is called
"You Have to Believe It to See It...
Or Messing with the Mutant. "
MAHONEY Mutant.
Mutant.
You gotta wake up, Sleeping Beauty.
There are people here.
Mm... What?
Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey.
Hi.
Morning.
I'm sorry
to wake you up,
but you've slept long enough.
What's wrong with your head?
It hurts.
I hit it pretty hard.
You did?
Yeah, it must've been
when I passed out.
What do you mean?
When I keeled over.
I didn't see that.
Yes, you did.
Last night.
Last night?
I went home.
No, no, before...
I passed out.
I think you must be confused.
No, no.
I passed out.
I remember.
It was after the cube flew.
- What cube?
- "What cube?"
Mahoney.
The Congreve Cube.
You made it fly all around the room.
I think you must
have dreamt all that.
I left you here to finalize
the real estate paperwork.

- Maybe you got sleepy.
- No, no, no, no.
I- I-I didn't.
Positively not.
I passed out
after you made that cube fly.
It doesn't matter.
- I'm selling the store.
- What?
Yeah, remember the offer?
We're signing the deal this morning.
No, no. Hey, hey.
You can't.
Why can't I?
Because this, it's...
it's magic!
You really think
this store is magic?
Yes. Yes, I do.
Isn't that just a little
difficult to believe?
No, no, I don't...
I don't think so.
No, not at all.
Now...
I believe that you can make it
be anything that you want.
It's you.
You...
are a block of wood.
I'm a block of wood?
Yeah, Mahoney. It's you.
And what you need to
believe in is not the cube,
and it's not the store,
and it's not me.
What you need to believe in is you.
Holy cow.
What is it?
A sparkle.
- Wow!
- Cool.
Whoa...
Whoa!

- I can't believe it.

- Incredible.

And that's how

Molly Mahoney's story began.

#You don't know

what you're becoming #

#Who knows what

you're gonna be #

#We don't know

where we're going #

#We don't know

'cause we can't see #

If I could tell your future

I'd say love

the world you find #

In the dark times

and the hard questions #

Let some sunshine

in your mind #

Sun is rising

#And I think that's good #

#Just now realizing #

Some things you never

thought you were #

What do you think, Milo?

Not bad.

Thank you.