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Paddington

By Paul King

Darkest Peru.
A vast, unexplored wilderness
shrouded in mystery. Until now!
For I have been charged
by my fellow geographers
to leave the comforts of home and family
and set off upon a voyage of discovery.
I travel light, carrying only
the absolute essentials.
Maps, rations, modest timepiece
and travel piano.
And finally, deep in the undergrowth,
I spot something extraordinary.
An undiscovered species of bear.
Time to collect a specimen
for the museum.
I thought my time was up,
my ticket was punched.
But the bear saved my life.
He guided me through the jungle
to show me his world,
and in return, I introduced him to ours.
That's... That's a telescope.
That's my grandfather's telescope.
Oh, be very careful with that.
That's soap. Really wouldn't eat that.
Here we are, why don't you try this?
This is marmalade.
You spread it on toast,
put it in sandwiches, or...
Or you can drink it. Jolly good.
This is London. That's where I'm from.
Lon-don.
Good Lord!
Now try Stratford-upon-Avon.
Over time, I become friends
with the bears and even name them.
The female after my dear departed mother
and the male after an exotic boxer
I once met in a bar.
But the time eventually comes
to return to my wife and daughter
and share my findings with the world.
Goodbye, Lucy. Goodbye, Pastuzo.

And if you ever make it to London,
you can be sure of a very warm welcome.
I have learnt so much from these bears
but I wonder what, if anything,
they have learnt from me.

Marmalade!

They're ripe. They're ripe.

They're finally ripe!

Aunt Lucy!

Uncle Pastuzo!

You're never going to guess... Whoa!

Good morning, Aunt Lucy.

Good morning, my little hurricane.

Why do you have to come crashing in here
like a natural disaster?

But, Uncle Pastuzo... they're ripe.

Whoa-ho-ho!

It's Marmalade Day!

Marmalade Day!

Oh, it rather suits me. Marmalade Day!

Do calm down, you two.

There's no need to rush.

Now be careful up there.

And keep your paws off my hat.

I will.

Marmalade.

Just one sandwich contains
all the vitamins and minerals
a bear needs for a whole day.

- Amazing.

- Hmm.

And your Aunt Lucy's recipe
is even better than the explorer's.

We must remember to take him a jar
when we go to London.

London?

I wouldn't worry! We've been talking
about that trip for 40 years.

One day, Pastuzo.

But why would you want to go anywhere
when we live in
the best place in the world?

Whoa!

Whoo-hoo!

Goodness.

I thought I told you to be careful.

And give me back my hat.

- Yes, Uncle. But...

- No buts.

It's about time I got a bit of respect
around here.

Embarrassing.

But tasty.

Friendly advice for
the foreigner in London. Lesson three.
It's dusk, and you pass a stranger
in the street.

- Greet them politely.

- Good evening.

To take the conversation further,
talk about the weather.

Real broolly-buster, isn't it?

Fact:

to say that it is raining...

- Can I have the last sandwich?

- Oh, no, I need that.

A wise bear always keeps
a marmalade sandwich in his hat
in case of emergency.

...and it's bucketing down.

Follow these simple rules and you will
always feel at home in London.

- Aunt Lucy?

- Earthquake!

Get to the shelter!

Oh!

- Aunt Lucy!

- Keep going!

Are you alright?

Uncle Pastuzo!

Uncle Pastuzo!

Get down!

Uncle Pastuzo?

Pastuzo?

Uncle Pastuzo?

Aunt Lucy.

What are we going to do?

Stay out of sight until London.
But... aren't you coming?
I am too old and too tired
to go any further.
Oh. Then, what will you do?
Oh, don't you worry about me.
I will be safe
in the home for retired bears.
But it is not yet time
for you to retire.
You must find a new home. In London.
But... But I don't know anyone there.
What if they don't even like bears?
You know, there was once a war
in the explorer's country.
Thousands of children
were sent away for safety,
left at railway stations
with labels around their necks,
and unknown families took them in
and loved them like their own.
They will not have forgotten
how to treat a stranger.
Now take care, my darling.
Remember your manners.
And keep safe.
OK, I'll just get it now.
I'll throw it down.
Hi.
London.
Oh, right. Yes.
Manners. Here goes.
Good morning.
Really tipping it down, isn't it?
Strange.
How do you do?
I'm just looking for a home. And I...
Hello?
Excuse me...
Does anyone know where I...
where I can find a home?
Anyone?
Passengers are reminded to keep their
belongings with them at all times.

Unattended items will be taken away
and could be destroyed.

Oh, dear.

Oh, hello.

You hungry?

Me, too.

But this is all I've got left.

It's really just for emergency.

Oh, go on then.

Ah, right, I see what I've done.

Come on, you can't

all be having emergencies.

Can you all just go away, please?

I need to look presentable.

- That was so boring.

- I'm sorry you feel like that,

but it was my week to choose and I
enjoyed the Victorian Wool Experience.

At least we spent time together
as a family.

- And we learnt a lot about wool.

- Did you have fun, pumpkin?

It's Judy, and it was fine

until you jumped in the lake.

It's a bathing pond.

It's what you're supposed to do.

- Not naked!

- Well, I forgot my costume.

Jonathan, don't jump like that.

Seven per cent of childhood accidents
start with jumping.

- If I'm gonna be an astronaut...

- You're not "gonna" be.

You can be whatever you want, peanut.

- Oh, stranger danger.

- What?

Keep your eyes down.

There's some sort of bear over there.

- Probably selling something.

- Good evening.

No, thank you.

Oh, dear.

Must be doing something wrong.

Hello there.

Mary!

Oh. Hello.

Coming down in stair rods, isn't it?

Oh...

Yes.

- Mum...

- Er...

I hope you don't mind me asking,
but shouldn't you be at home?

Oh, yes, I should. But... I haven't
quite worked out how to find one.

- Where are your parents?

- They died when I was small.

- Here we go.

- All I have left is my aunt.

- And where's she?

- Darkest Peru.

- In the home for retired bears.

- Yeah, course she is.

How did you get here?

- I stowed away. In a lifeboat.

- Cool!

And ate marmalade.

Did you know bears like marmalade?

I didn't even know bears could talk.

Well, I'm a very rare bear.

There aren't many of us left.

And what are you going to do now?

Well, I thought I would probably
just sleep over there in that bin.

That's the spirit. Anyway...

- Dad!

- Why don't we find you some help?

Oh, yes, please.

If you're sure it's no trouble?

Of course it isn't. Is it, darling?

Not at all.

- Yes, that is good.

- So...

- What's your name?

- Hmm?

- Do bears even have names?

- Of course we do.

My name is...

Beg your pardon?

Right.

- Well, go on.

- Hmm?

You try it.

Back of the throat.

Mr Brown, that is extremely rude.

Oh, at last.

Oh. Er, wait for me.

Is someone coming to get him?

Everyone's gone.

He'll have to come with us.

- No way.

- Dad!

- Stay where you are.

- He's so embarrassing.

We can't leave him here.

We can.

He's not our responsibility.

He's a young bear

who needs our help, Henry.

It's just for one night, until we can
find the right people to look after him.

There you are.

- OK.

- Yes!

- Excuse me?

- Hello.

I'm dreadfully sorry,

I don't actually know your name.

Well, I've got a bear name, but it seems
to be rather hard to pronounce.

That's not ripe.

- Perhaps you'd like an English name.

- An English name? Like what?

Oh, look, Henry, it's perfect.

You want to call him Ketchup?

Ketchup the bear?

- Paddington!

- Paddington?

Paddington.

Pa-dding-ton.

Paddington!

Sorry! I like it.

Well, then, Paddington, how would you like to come home with us?
London is the place for me
London, that lovely city
You could go to France or America
India, Asia or Australia
You're gonna come back to London City
London is the place for me
Oh! What sort of route do you call that?
Well, the young bear
said it was his first time in London.
I thought I'd show him the sights.
- Should've charged more!
- Keep the change.
Cheer up, mate.
Might never happen.
Darling, have you got your keys?
Come on, Paddington.
Oh, yes.
But this... this is wonderful!
Do you know,
I was actually beginning to think
nobody would give me a home,
but this...! That's ripe.
This will suit me down to the ground.
Thank you very much.
We're not giving you a home.
- Oh?
- It's just for the night.
You see, when a young person
comes to this country,
I'm afraid they don't just move in
with the first people they meet.
- No?
- You need a proper guardian.
What's that?
A grown-up who takes you
into their home and looks after you.
Like you?
Erm... Yes, well, I suppose so.
But not you?
No. We don't do that.
- It's normally someone you know.
- But what if you don't know anybody?

In that case, the authorities will house you in some kind of government facility.

What? Like an orphanage?

No, no, no, not an orphanage.

It would be more like an institution for young souls

whose parents have sadly passed on.

Oh.

- Well, what about the explorer?

- Who?

The man who visited us in Darkest Peru.

He said we'd always be welcome.

Well, what's his name? You could go now.

Ooh, well, I don't know his human name.

My uncle and aunt hadn't learnt

much English back then,

so they always called him...

There can't be that many explorers

who've been to Peru.

Maybe we can find him.

Without a name?

I wouldn't get your hopes up.

Right, come on, you. Pyjamas.

Jonathan!

Walk.

Don't worry, Paddington.

- We'll find him.

- Oh, thank you.

Let's look in the encyclopaedia,

unless, of course,

you'd like to freshen up first.

I beg your pardon?

You know, use the facilities?

Most people do after a long journey.

Oh. Well, if that's what most people do,

then I'd like to do that.

- Top of the stairs.

- Top of the... Ah, stairs.

OK. You're going that way. Got it.

- Are you alright?

- All good.

Hello. This is Henry Brown.

32 Windsor Gardens.

I just need to add something

to my home insurance policy.

Well, what it is, is we have
a guest for the night, a bear,
and I just needed some extra cover
for any da... Yes, a bear.

No, a real one.

About three foot six.

Grizzly? Not particularly.

Mind you, I haven't seen him
in the mornings.

So, how much would that be?

Batten down the hatches, young 'un.

There'll be a storm tonight.

The radio said it was clearing up.

Radio! I feel it in my knees.

My knees never lie.

- Guess what, Mrs Bird! We found a bear!

- Uh-huh.

- A real bear from Peru!

- That's nice, dear.

You don't seem very surprised.

I gave up being surprised when
they came up with the microwave oven.

And I still don't trust you.

Thank you for holding.

Your call is...

- ...moderately...

- ...important to us.

Help.

- Where's he going to sleep?

- Not in my room. He's a he.

- Tony's a he.

- Shut up.

And Tony would be more than welcome
to a bunk-up.

- Who's Tony?

- I'm warning you.

- Just some boy she's in love with.

- No? Darling, really?

- That's it!

- When can I meet him?

Can I meet him? Darling?

- He can sleep in my room.

- He's not sleeping in anyone's room.

He's going in the attic.

I want you all to lock your doors.

I can't find anything

about an English explorer in Peru.

- Of course you can't.

- Why not?

He's making the whole thing up. It's the sort of sob story your mother falls for.

- Hang on. That's not fair.

- It so is fair.

You've literally just brought home a random bear.

- So embarrassing.

- You'd have done the same thing.

We're much more similar than you think.

- What are you doing?

- The storm is upon us.

Oh, you and your knees.

I can tell you for a fact, Mrs Bird, it is not going to rain indoors.

- Oh, no.

- There she blows.

- Mr Brown, are you there?

- Yes, hello.

Yes, that sounds fine.

No, no, no, don't read me the terms and conditions.

I want to action this as soon as possible. Don't put me on hold again!

Paddington? What is going on in there?

Er, nothing. I'm just having

a spot of bother with the facilities.

Erm... Nice weather for the ducks?

That was amazing.

Dear Aunt Lucy.

I have arrived in London and so far it has rained, poured, drizzled and chucked it down.

And I miss you.

London is not how we imagined it.

Hardly anyone says hello or wears hats.

And you can no longer simply

turn up at the station and get a home.

It's hard to see where a bear

could ever belong
in such a strange, cold city.
Luckily, I met the Browns, who are
letting me sleep in their attic.
They have a lovely house, but I'm not
going to be allowed to stay.
That animal is going
straight to the authorities.
- What about the explorer?
- There is no explorer.
I'm not putting this family in danger
while you go on some wild-goose chase.
First thing tomorrow,
that bear is out of here.
The Browns are a very curious tribe.
Mr Brown is something called
a risk analyst.
He says that having a bear in the house
increases the chances of major disaster
by 4,000%.
Mrs Brown illustrates adventure stories.
Her latest is set in the old tunnels
and sewers under London.
She says she's stuck at the moment
because she can't imagine
what her hero looks like,
but has no trouble coming up with
nicknames for her daughter Judy,
- like "twinkle" and "coconut" and...
- Sweetie pops? Hello, darling.
I was thinking of going
to the sewers tomorrow night.
I just wondered if you wanted
to join me. You could bring this Tony.
Why would I want to bring anyone
down the toilet?
Come on, darling, it's not like that.
It's a subterranean labyrinth
that can take you anywhere in the city.
It's weird, it smells
and it's embarrassing.
Sure. Good point.
Judy suffers
from a serious condition

called "embarrassment".

She is seeing a boy called Tony
but won't bring him home.

- So, when can I come round your house?

- That's never gonna happen.

She is learning Chinese...

Could you tell me the way
to the central business district?

...so she can run away
and start a small business.

I have been accused
of insider trading
and require legal representation.

When Jonathan grows up,
he wants to be an astronaut.

Last year he built
a pair of rocket boots...

Three, two, one.

...and is now only allowed to play
with safe, educational, indoor toys
from the olden days.

They live with
an old relative called Mrs Bird.
Her husband was in the Navy, and she
still likes everything shipshape.

Tomorrow, they are taking me
to the authorities,
who will house me in something
that is not an orphanage,
but still doesn't sound like the sort
of home we were really hoping for.

Can't you sleep?

Me neither.

I do wish
we could have found the explorer.

I know, Paddington.

But I've been looking everywhere
and I still can't find any mention
of an English expedition to Peru.

But there really was an explorer,
Mrs Brown. He gave my uncle this hat.

What, that was the explorer's hat?

Hm-hmm. Why?

I've got a friend who runs

an antiques shop in the Portobello Road.
He knows all about old things
like your hat.
Oh...
it's just possible
he could help us find your explorer.
Well, that would be wonderful.
- But didn't Mr Brown say...
- Don't you worry about Mr Brown.
As far as he's concerned,
we're going to the authorities.
But I'm not standing by while there's
a chance of finding you a proper home.
Now make sure you get some sleep, OK?
Night-night.
Tomorrow,
we are going to find the explorer.
Love from Paddington.
Oh.
PS. That is now my name.
Good evening, Grant.
Madam Director.
Another delivery from the docks?
Bring it through.
Yes!
You are going to make
a fantastic addition to the collection.
Aren't you worried
people will ask questions?
Not at all. As far as the tree-huggers
who run this place are concerned,
I'd never dream of stuffing
a poor defenceless animal.
However, it's not enough for me just
to look after this dusty old collection.
I need to add the odd choice specimen
of my own.
There was some weird sort of animal
at the dock today.
Oh, yes?
Yeah. I was doing
my rounds as usual
when I spotted something sticky
on the deck of the boat.

I think they were paw prints.
Whatever it was that had made them
had hidden himself away in the lifeboat.
Must have been in there
all the way from Peru.
Seems to have lived
on nothing but marmalade.
Did you say marmalade?

- Hmm.
- What happened to him?
- He sneaked out in the mail van.
- Yes?
- I tracked him to Paddington.
- Good.

But then he disappeared.
I'm sorry. It's just that that creature
means a great deal to me.
Why? Is he endangered?
He is now.

Oof!
Now, I know you all like marmalade,
but this is my sandwich.
You're not using those ear brushes
to clean your mouth, are you, Mr Brown?
Peculiar habit.

Morning!

Awesome.

Jonathan.

Don't even think about it.
34 per cent of pre-breakfast accidents
involve banisters.

- But Paddington...
- I don't care what Paddington...
- It's so annoying, Mum.
- What is, pumpkin?

All my bathroom stuff is ruined.
Well, I've never liked you
using harsh chemicals, darling.
They play havoc on people's skin.

- Morning, Judy.
- Hello.
- Why is Dad so boring and annoying?
- It's for your own good.

Be nice, darlings.

All I was trying to do was wash my face.

Oh.

Better?

Come on, you two,
or you'll be late for school.

Heck of a racket
coming from your way last night, Brown.

Hello, Mr Curry.

I'm sorry if we disturbed you.

Good morning.

- I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

- Mr Curry, this is Paddington.

- He's a bear.

- I can see that.

- You must be a long way from home.

- I'm from Darkest Peru.

- Oh.

- Don't worry, Mr Curry, he's going.

Just as well. Don't want to be kept up
by any of your loud jungle music.

Don't tell anyone at school
about Paddington.

Why not?

Because everyone thinks
we're weird enough without the bear.

Ba, ba, ba, ba

Ba, ba, ba, ba

Ba, ba, ba, ba...

Hello there.

Ooh! Dog!

Where's that bear? Now, watch out.

There are thieves, murderers
and pickpockets on every platform.

So follow us

- and do exactly as you're told.

- Right-o.

Thank you.

Officer.

So, about the authorities.

I've printed off directions.

Oh. Laminated.

- The green arrows are to make...

- Thank you, darling.

I know exactly where I'm going.

- Where's Paddington?

- What?

Oh! Paddington.

Paddington!

Wow, I feel good

I knew that I would now

I feel good

I knew that I would now

So good

So good

I got you

Paddington?

Paddington!

- Over here!

- Coming.

That one's mine, thank you.

I assume he's yours.

Tell you what, Paddington.

It's not far to my friend's
antiques shop. Why don't we walk?

- Mrs Brown. Come in.

- You must be Mr Gruber.

And you must be the young gentleman
whose hat sounds so fascinating.

Welcome. You're just in time
for elevenses.

Every morning it arrives at 11 o'clock,
bringing salvation.

Just like a train that I took
many years ago.

- Really?

- Oh, yes. You see,
there was a lot of trouble
in my country.

So my parents sent me
all the way across Europe,
when I was not much older
than you are now.

Was it hard to find a home?

I had a great-aunt who took me in.

Master Gruber?

But I soon learnt a home
is more than a roof over your head.
My body had travelled very fast

but my heart...

she took a little longer to arrive.

But now I should like

to take a look at your hat.

- Oh, thank you.

- Unusual colour.

But it is hard to say how much of that
is original and how much...

Marmalade?

My uncle always kept

a marmalade sandwich in his hat
in case of emergency.

You're pulling my legs off.

What a splendid idea.

Ooh. Now, if you look carefully,
you can see your hat

has been hand stitched,

which suggests it is one of a kind.

- Really?

- Yes.

Hello there.

- Oh, wait a minute.

- It's very subtle.

- Oh, Paddington!

- The gentleman dropped his wallet!

Where is he?

- Mind out!

- Stop!

Come back!

What's he doing?

- Excuse me. Coming through.

- Careful!

Just trying to return
some lost property.

Hey, what are you doing?

Whoa!

Sorry!

Oi, come back!

Some kind of tiny police bear.

You!

What do you think you're doing?

Trying to return some lost property.

Get away from here! Leave my dog alone!

Do you want a biscuit?

Charlie Delta. Officer in distress.
Urgent assistance required. Go, go, go.
In 100 yards, bear left.
I've got your wallet!
Whoo-hoo!
It's actually quite good fun.
The Winter's Tale
contains Shakespeare's
most famous stage direction:
- "Exit, pursued by a..."
- Paddington?
- Paddington?
- Look, a bear!
You... dropped your wallet.
Gosh, you've got quite a few.
He certainly has.
No, you don't understand. I was just
trying to return some lost property.
Oh, hello, Judy.
- Do you know that bear?
- Erm...
He's awesome.
- Yeah, he's called Paddington.
- Thank you.
Thank you.
- Well done.
- Bear of the moment!
Oh, really? I just did
what any bear would do.
I can't thank you enough.
That scoundrel has been pocket-picketing
people around here for weeks.
He was extraordinary.
And it gave me
a chance to look at his hat.
- You see, this is no ordinary hat.
- No?
No. These markings mean that it was made
for a member of the Geographers' Guild.
What's that?
A very old explorers' club.
- Oh!
- Go and see them in the morning,
and if luck has been smiling

on your face,
they should be able to tell you
who they made it for.

OK. Protein.

- Per biscuit?
- Per biscuit.
- 0.5 grams.
- Yes.

Carbohydrates.

- Per biscuit?
- Per biscuit.
- Is 7.7 grams.
- Yes.
- Sodium.

- Ooh...

- I know this one.

- Yeah. Do you?

- Is it trace?

- Not trace.

It's him! After all these years,
it's really him!

You're stuffed, bear.

- One night, you said. One night!

- I know...

You promised to take him
to the authorities.

- I never promised.

- Well, you very heavily implied it.

I'm sorry, but he was telling the truth.

There really is an explorer.

- What are you doing?

- I'm doing my looking-away face.

- Are you doing the breathing?

- I'm doing the breathing.

All we need to do is take him
to the Geographers' Guild.

- Stop!

- The hand's gone up.

- We've done quite enough for this bear.

- And the voice.

- I am taking charge!

- You're taking charge?

Yes! Paddington

is a danger to this family.

Jonathan is quite irresponsible enough
without throwing a wild animal
into the mix.

Hey, Paddington.

Have you seen the paper?

Gosh.

You've only been in London a day
and you're already famous.

Oh.

I'm sorry if I wasn't very nice before.
It's just it's a new school and I didn't
want everyone to think I was weird.

Oh, I understand, Judy.

It's not easy being somewhere new.

No, it isn't.

He put earwax on my toothbrush!

Things can be very different
from how you imagined.

Don't let him bother you. Dad's always
been boring and annoying.

Oh, I don't know about that.

More to your father than meets the eye.

- Like what?

- When I first met him,
he was a very different man.

Get your motor running

Whoo!

- Head out on the highway

- Wahey!

- Looking for adventure

- That's my girl.

And whatever comes our way

- Not gonna let this change us, right?

- No way, baby.

- Born to be wild

- We're having a baby!

But becoming a father

does strange things to a man.

Be careful, there's a baby here.

Step back, there's a baby coming through.

Could you keep those flowers away, please?

She's too young for pollen.

- Where's the bike, darling?

- This is our new car.

What? It's very beige, isn't it?
It's a calm and neutral colour. Get in.
The point is, your father loves you
very much. Give him a chance.
He might just surprise you.

Oh.

Maybe you and Dad
just need a fresh start.

I suppose I didn't make
the best first impression.

Don't take this the wrong way but...

why don't we try to make you
look a bit more presentable?

Hang on a minute.

You're not talking about...

...the facilities?

- Relax, Paddington, it's not that bad.

- It is that bad.

Doesn't it rain enough in this city
without having showers in the house?

The point is, we are parents now
and we have to protect our children.

We do.

- They're screaming.

- That's the sound of laughter.

Wind. Hot wind. Two hot winds.

I don't like it.

Well, I hope I don't look weird
after all that.

- Too much?

- Too much.

Too much?

Well, get me a brush, will you?

There it is.

- That's my old duffle coat.

- Actually, it was mine first.

Well, long before that, it was mine.

- Oh, was it, Mr Brown?

- Really?

- He wore it on his first day at school.

- It's lovely.

Wooden buttons for ease of paw.

And these two sandwich compartments
are an excellent idea.

I must say, it suits you very well.
I never thought
I'd like a human coat, but...
You look like one of the family.
You're not going to send Paddington
to the authorities, are you?
You will try the Geographers' Guild?
Yes, alright, we'll see
if they know anything.
- But if it's a dead end...
- I'm sure it won't be.
Thank you very much, Mr Brown.
You must get a lot of strange customers
in here.
You don't know the half of it, love.
I've had bishops, magicians, bears,
contortionists.
Did you say bears?
Yeah. Had one in here last night,
actually.
Oh! How fascinating. I don't suppose
you remember where you took him?
- 'Fraid I can't tell you that, love.
- Why not?
- It's against the Cabbie's Code, innit?
- The what?
The Cabbie's Code!
It's an oath of confidentiality we take.
You know, like your doctors,
your priests, your medieval knights.
You do understand, don't you, love?
Of course.
Let me tell you about my code.
When somebody doesn't give me
what I want, I remove their body parts.
I start with the nasal hair.
And then I move on to something juicy.
That's my code and I always stick to it.
Do you always stick to yours?
- Well, it's not even really a code.
- No?
It's more a set of guidelines
than a binding ethos.
Then tell me,

where did you take the bear?

- Windsor Gardens!

- Thank you.

I wouldn't go up the Westway this time of night. You wanna go north...

- Bye, Paddington.

- Goodbye, Jonathan.

- Good luck.

- Bye, Paddington.

Bye.

I hope you all have a good day.

I really do like these French sandwiches, Mrs Bird. Very exotic.

- Can I help you, son?

- Just a sec.

You've been in there for 47 minutes.

Either a very long call or you're placing unauthorised advertising in a public phone box.

I'm terribly sorry.

Hello

Is it me you're looking for?

I can see...

No problem... madam.

Many apologies if I disturbed you.

It's just,

I keep an eye on all the comings and goings and... there's been a few unsavoury characters hanging around.

Let's get this over and done with.

There's even been a bear.

A most unpleasant creature.

As a matter of fact, that bear is the reason I'm here.

Welcome to the Geographers' Guild. Are you members?

No, but we are looking for one.

- The name?

- We don't actually know the name, but we do know he went on an expedition you funded to Darkest Peru.

Darkest Peru.

We've never been to Peru.
What? But you must have done.
I can see you're very busy.
Perhaps we could just go and check.
There are over two million letters,
diaries and artefacts up in our archive,
meticulously filed,
and they don't stay that way
by letting strange men
and their bears rummage around.

- Listen...

- I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Come on then, Paddington.

Paddington?

Paddington?

- Paddington!

- Psst! Mr Brown? In here.

- What are you doing?

- We need to get into that archive.

Paddington,

please don't take this the wrong way,

but are you certain

there was an explorer?

You didn't just find a hat

and make up some...

What? Why are you looking at me

like that?

Is it me or is it hot in here?

Why do I feel so...

- Uncomfortable?

- Hmm.

- Flushed?

- Hmm.

- Queasy?

- Hmm.

It's called a hard stare.

My aunt taught me to do them

when people had forgotten their manners.

- Oh, give me strength.

- Mr Brown, you can trust me.

There really was an explorer.

And if we can find him,

I know he'll give me a home.

A proper home, like yours.

Now I've got an idea.
But I'm going to need your help.
- This is never going to work.
- Of course it will.
- You look very pretty.
- That's what they'll say in jail.
- Morning.
- Oh, hello there.
Hold up.
Haven't seen you before, have I?
No, that's right. I'm new.
Hmm... Thought so.
Lovely day, innit?
- Unusually hot.
- Yeah.
Just like you.
Go on, then. Off you pop.
Right!
Darkest Peru.
- 200 items!
- I knew that lady was hiding something.
What is it?
It says "record destroyed".
Let's check the others.
Oi!
New girl.
Is there a problem?
- Forgot to check your pass.
- My p... Oh, my pass. Yes.
- It's an old photograph.
- Ha.
I'm sure you've always been a... Whoa.
O-O-2. Retrieve.
You've changed a bit.
I lost a lot of weight.
You're telling me.
And the...
I had it lasered.
And the arm's grown back.
It's a false arm.
You really can't feel a thing?
- Nothing.
- Amazing.
Well, I'm just off to the toilet.

See you in a bit.

Mr Brown, I've found something.

That's brilliant. Now let's put these back and get out of here.

Er... Mr Brown...

Something's jamming the system.

I think it's a baguette.

Is that peanut butter?

Too orange. I think it's...

Marmalade.

Hey, you!

Stop that sexy woman!

Halt!

- You have a beautiful home, Mr Curry.

- I've lived here all my life.

I inherited it from my mother.

A very distant woman.

And being such a pillar of the community, I can see why having that beast move in next door would upset you so.

I suppose I should be grateful that it's only one bear.

Oh, but it always starts with just one, Mr Curry.

Soon, the whole street will be crawling with them.

Drains clogged with fur.

Buns thrown at old ladies.

Raucous all-night picnics.

- What can we do?

- I have certain connections.

If I can get hold of the bear, I can see that he's sent where he belongs,

- no questions asked.

- Really?

But I can't do it alone. I need a strong, capable man to help me.

Me? Oh, now...

if I start hanging around, people will ask questions.

But you? You could keep an eye on him, couldn't you? For me?

Of course.

Perfect. So you do that.

Soon as he's alone, we'll pounce.

Fire her up, Mr Gruber.

- You actually broke in?

- That's right.

Sounds incredibly brave.

There's a time for being boring and annoying, and a time for being a man.

Mr Brown dressed up as a lady and someone stuck pins in him.

- What?

- It's starting.

- What was that?

- Doesn't matter.

- In a dress?

- No!

Did look like a dress.

More of a housecoat.

Quite liberating, actually.

Darkest Peru.

A vast, unexplored wilderness, shrouded in mystery. Until now!

Is that where you're from?

Oh, Paddington, it's incredible.

Goodbye, Lucy.

Goodbye, Pastuzo.

And if you ever make it to London, you can be sure of a very warm welcome. I have learnt so much from these bears, but I wonder what, if anything, they have learnt from me.

Montgomery Clyde.

Dear Aunt Lucy.

You'll never guess what.

Today I saw a film the explorer made of Darkest Peru.

I do miss our old home, although I'm beginning to understand life in London.

The Browns are a curious tribe, but I rather like them.

The way Mr Brown arranges his stationery.

The strange objects

Mrs Brown finds in her handbag.

There you are.
How Mrs Bird has a Hoover
for every occasion.
That Judy can master any language.
Even bear.
Wonderful pronunciation.
And how Jonathan
can build almost anything
using only Mr Brown's
educational old toys.
This is amazing!
It's very strange.
I may be about to find the explorer,
but I'm actually beginning
to feel at home here.
Paddington, these books
contain the names and addresses
of all the people who live in London.
If we look up every "M Clyde",
we'll find your explorer.
- Thank you, Mrs Brown.
- Let's get cracking.
Wait for me.
I'll see if I can find anything
about Captain Clyde in the library.
I'll come with you. I need to refresh
our marmalade supplies.
Shouldn't someone stay with Paddington?
It's only for a few hours.
You don't need to worry, Mr Brown.
I think I've got the hang of things.
Well, you take care.
- Bye.
- Goodbye.
Have you ever
driven one of those?
Yes?
- Yes?
- Honeypot, this is Fierce Eagle.
- What?
- It's Mr Curry.
I did suggest that we adopt code names.
- Honeypot and Fierce Eagle.
- Yes, of course.

Do you actually have anything to report,
Fierce...?

- Eagle.

- ...Eagle?

Affirmative.

The Furry Menace is home alone.

I repeat,

the Furry Menace is home alone.

I'm on my way.

Honeypot.

- I need to get on the roof.

- Yes.

And after, I wondered if you'd like
to celebrate by dining with me.

I have some meat-paste sandwiches
and pickles.

- Sounds glorious.

- They went off on Tuesday
but you're normally alright for a week.

Mr Curry. The roof?

M Clyde, M Clyde...

Oh, dear.

I'm coming!

Come on, bear.

Just got a bit tied up
with the stationery.

Come on, little bear.

Elephant!

Bear!

Hide!

Darling! Darling! Honeypot, I'm coming!

Honeypot! Honeypot!

But it wasn't my fault.

Who else was in the house?

The door was locked.

- There was an elephant.

- An elephant?

It had the head of an elephant and body
of a snake, but it tried to shoot me!

- Have you been drinking salt water?

- No.

Paddington, tell us
what really happened.

- What?

- We won't be cross.
- Speak for yourself.
- Mrs Brown, you must believe me.
I would never lie to you.
I'm sorry, but that was the last straw.
It was an accident. They happen.
- But the children...
- Paddington's the best thing
that's ever happened to the children.
They're happy.
But what's the point of them being happy
if they're not safe?
He's putting them in danger.
They have to be our number-one priority.
They are!
They are.
And the worst part is
he won't even tell us the truth.
How can he live with us
if we can't even trust him?
I don't know, Henry.
We've got to face facts.
This house just isn't the place
for a bear.
Perhaps you're right.
Maybe we should take him
to the authorities.
Blow, wind, blow
Blow, wind, blow
I was never told the city of London
would be so cold
Thank you.
Get out of it!
Bloody bears!
I decide to roam
Now I wanted to go back home
"Dear Browns."
"Thank you very much for having me
to stay. You are a very lovely family."
"I'm very sorry
about the flood and the fire...
and the incident
at the Geographers' Guild."
"I hope that..."

now I have gone,
things will calm down a bit."
"Yours, Paddington."
Well, shall we go after him?
It's better this way.
He didn't really belong here.
How can you say that?
Judy.
I'm going to my room.
- Where are you going?
- I just...
I need to know he's OK.
You just don't get it, do you?
What?
This family needed that wee bear
every bit as much as he needed you.
There. Said my piece.
Excuse me, I'm looking
for Montgomery Clyde.
I'm sorry, mate, I'm Morgan Clyde.
Thank you.
He's about three foot six.
He's got a bright red hat on
and a blue duffle coat.
And he's a bear.
It's not much to go on.
Really?
- Montgomery Clyde?
- I'm Marjorie Clyde, dearie.
Still no news.
In case you're interested.
Right.
- Who is it?
- Hello.
I'm looking for Montgomery Clyde.
- Never heard of him.
- But you must have done.
I've tried them all
and you're the last...
Why don't you clear off?
And if you ever make it to London,
you can be sure of a very warm welcome.
Please, please, please, please...
- Hello?

- Hello.
- I'm looking for Montgomery Clyde.
- Well, that's my father.
- The explorer Montgomery Clyde?
- That's right.

Come on in out of the cold.

I'll be right down.

Oh. Oh, thank you. Thank you!

Is Captain Clyde at home?

I'm afraid not.

You see, my father is dead.

Oh, dear.

What did you want from him?

He once told my aunt that if ever
we came to London, we'd be welcome.

And I suppose I hoped
he might give me a home.

Oh, but I can do that.

- You can?

- Of course.

A lovely specimen like you
shouldn't be out on the streets.
You belong somewhere very special.
And I know just the place.

Come along.

We're going for a lovely ride.

Miss Clyde!

Mr Curry. What do you want?

I found these tied to a lamppost
and I thought waste not, want not.
Charming. Now, if you'll excuse me.
Erm... where exactly are you going?

What concern is it of yours?

- You've got the bear in there.

- And?

It's just, I thought you were
sending him to Peru. But...

I said I was sending him
where he belongs,
which in his case

is the Natural History Museum.

But, Honeypot, that is barbaric.

Mr Curry, I am not your Honeypot.

I never was.

What?

Now take your rotten flowers
and get out of here! Go.

Run!

- Hello?

- Good evening.

This is an anonymous phone call.

- Oh, hello, Mr Curry.

- It's not Mr Curry! It's Mr...

Burry.

I have some news
concerning the bear.

What? What do you mean?

- Who is it, Henry?

- It's Mr Curry doing a silly voice.

It's Burry!

He says Paddington's been kidnapped!

Welcome to your new home, bear.

This is a cathedral of knowledge.

Every major explorer
has added to its glory.

Charles Darwin brought
the giant tortoise from the Galapagos.

Good evening.

Captain Scott,
the emperor penguin from Antarctica.

- Gentlemen.

- Captain Cook,

- the kangaroo from Australia.

- G'day.

Each of these men has been immortalised
through his finds.

But do you see anything from my father?

No.

Because when he met
your oh-so-precious species,
he refused to collect a specimen.

No specimen?

Gentlemen, these were no dumb beasts.

They were intelligent and civilised.

Come off it, Clyde.

They didn't even speak English.

- Well, no, but...

- Did they play cricket?

- Drink tea?
- Do the crossword?
Pretty rum idea of civilisation
you've got, Clyde.
Tell us their location. We'll send
a real explorer to get a specimen.
Never!
Very well.
You leave me no choice.
This expedition
shall be struck from the records.
Montgomery Clyde,
I hereby revoke your membership
of this hallowed guild.
Geographers, turn your backs!
He could have been rich and famous,
but instead he threw it all away
and he opened a petting zoo.
He put the happiness
of a few furry creatures
above his own flesh and blood.
I vowed that one day I would finish
the job my father never could.
And now, at last, that day has come.
That's right!
I'm going to stuff you, bear.
I see him. And there's not
a moment to lose!
How are we going to get in?
It'll be locked up like a fortress.
Sewers. Didn't you say they could
take you anywhere in the city?
Brilliant!
You alright, love?
Would you mind helping
a frail old woman?
I've missed my bus.
- Come on in. Come on out of the cold.
- Oh, thank you. You're so kind.
- It's locked from the other side.
- Leave it to me.
What use is my old chemistry set?
- Potassium nitrate, sulphur.
- Hmm?

This stuff is lethal, Dad.
Would you like a wee nip of antifreeze
for the old pacemaker?
No, no, no. Not while I'm on duty.
Too strong for you?
Fighting talk. OK. I'll have one.
Three, two, one.
- Jonathan! That's 50,000 volts of...
- I know what I'm doing!
Go for it!
Go!
No, best of three. I wasn't ready.
Come on.
It's locked.
- What do we do now?
- I know.
- Henry! Henry, do not go out there!
- Do it, Dad.
Someone has to.
And that someone is me.
Oh, I say!
My hero.
Crikey.
Actually, this is insane.
- Dad is property cool.
- He certainly is.
I give up. I've gotta get back to work.
Look, wait, wait, wait.
Where's your fighting spirit?
Henry!
Dad!
Thank you.
He's alright.
Good dog. Mwah!
Paddington!
Paddington!
Up here!
Is that you, God?
What?
It's just you sound a lot more
like Mr Brown than I imagined.
It is Mr Brown.
Mr Brown! What are you doing out there?
We've come to rescue you!

You have?

Mr Curry explained everything.

I'm so sorry I didn't believe you.

Sabotage.

Paddington, get out of there!

Bear!

Give up, bear!

Give up, bear!

There's no way out.

Henry!

- Where's Paddington?

- I don't know.

I can hear something.

- That's just the pipes.

- That's not pipes. That's bear.

- He's going for the roof.

- Come on!

Upstairs.

- We've got you.

- Thank you.

Come on, let's get out of here.

- Not so fast.

- No!

Come on, hand over the bear.

No. We won't do that.

Mrs Brown?

- He's family.

- Family?

You're not even the same species.

It's true.

It is true.

And when I first met Paddington,

I wanted nothing to do with him.

But my wonderful wife,

she opened her heart to him

and so did my incredible children.

- And now I have, too.

- Henry...

it doesn't matter that he comes
from the other side of the world
or that he's a different species
or that he has

a worrying marmalade habit.

We love Paddington.

And that makes him family!
And families stick together!
So if you want him,
you'll have to take us all!
OK, then.
When I say "all"...

- I've never stuffed a human, but...

- Wait.

Wait.

- You don't need to do that.

- Paddington!

- No!

- Yes.

That's right. Come, come.
Erm, could I have one last request?
What is it?
I'd like a sandwich.
There's one in my hat.
Go on, then.
Thank you.
Whoa!
Who-o-oo!
Nice try, bear!
The crow's nest!
Mrs Bird.
What?
Hey, why didn't you look
where you were going?
Shut your piehole.

- Mrs Bird, you saved me.

- Oh!

- Paddington!

- A bear.

Go easy. I have a dreadful headache.
Hello?

- Hi, Dad.

- Hello, Mr Brown.

- Hello.

- What's going on?

What a lovely surprise.
I didn't expect you home so early.

- Something special's going on.

- More sugar.

- Look at this. Hello, everyone.

- Hi, Dad.
- Hi, big fella. What's cooking?
- Marmalade, Mr Brown.
- Go on, have a taste.
- Delicious.

Just one sandwich contains
all the vitamins and minerals
a bear needs for the whole day.

So does that mean

I don't have to eat vegetables?

- He said "bear", not "boy".
- Sorry, Jonathan.
- Thank you, Judy.
- Judy.

Now, has anyone seen...

Thank you, Mrs Bird.

I think every home
should have a marmalade day.

- And a bear.
- Especially a bear.

Home.

Dear Aunt Lucy.

I'm sorry I haven't written sooner
but so much has been happening.

I even met the explorer's daughter,
but she tried to stuff me,
so Mrs Bird threw her off a roof.

Millicent Clyde...

The judge didn't think
that prison would do her any good.

So instead, he gave her
community service...

No, please! Anything! Anything but that!

...in the petting zoo.

- Get a move on, dung breath!
- It's not my breath!

Back in Windsor Gardens,
life is very different.

Mrs Bird says it's because
things are finally set fair
and it's had a tremendous effect
on her knees.

Judy's embarrassment is clearing up
and she's even let Mrs Brown meet Tony.

- You can't say anything.
- Of course not.
- You can't touch me.
- I won't touch anyone, darling.
- And you're not gonna cry.
- No! No.

There's just a lot going on
in my heart right now.
We process things very differently,
you and I.

- I know.
- Good.

Mum, this is Tony.

- Welcome to the family.
- Oh. Mum!

Sorry. Sorry. Not crying.

Henry?

I'm sorry about her.

She's weird. Er, but we all are.

Tea, anyone? No? No.

And Mr Brown is helping

Jonathan build an enormous rocket.

Are you sure about this, Dad?

If we're gonna get

this bad boy into orbit,

we're gonna need all the nitroglycerin.

Although Jonathan worries about his
father's reckless attitude to safety.

Houston, we may have a problem.

Duck!

Mrs Brown says that

in London, everyone is different,

but that means anyone can fit in.

I think she must be right,

because although I don't look like

anyone else, I really do feel at home.

I will never be like other people,

but that's alright.

Because I am a bear.

A bear called Paddington.

Come on, Paddington!

I had to laugh

till I couldn't laugh no more

Like an old Chinaman out on the floor

Pass me by, hopping like a clown
I told meself
that he rarely go into town
And there was also a rajah gentleman
Americans and British, West Indians
Tell you one thing
that really amused me
Believe it or not
was a pretty Japanese
And they were singing
Ju-ba, ju-ba, a-ju-li-ba
They're jumping here
and they're jumping there
With a boolah boolah boolah boolah
boolah boolah-ee
The people going crazy
London is the place for me
London, that lovely city
You could go to France or America
India, Asia or Australia
You're gonna come back to London City
London is the place for me
Well, believe me,
I am speaking broad-mindedly
I am glad to know my mother country
I've been travelling
to countries years ago
But this is the place I want to know
London is the place for me
London is the place for me
To live in London,
you are really comfortable
Because the English people
are very much sociable
They will take you here
and they'll take you there
And make you feel like a millionaire
London is the place for me
London is the place for me
At night, when you have nothing to do
You can take a walk
down Shaftesbury Avenue
There you could laugh and talk
and enjoy the breeze

Admire the beautiful sceneries
London is the place for me
London is the place for me
I cannot complain
of the time I have spent
I mean, my life in London
is really magnificent
I have every comfort and every sport
And my residence is at Hampton Court
London is the place for me
London is the place for me
Sapex Scripts