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Roxy Hunter and the Mystery of the Moody Ghost

By Robin Dunne

Sir, I've come to ask for
your daughter's hand in marriage.
Get off my property!
I'm not leaving
until I see Estelle.
You're not coming into my home
and making demands! Get out now!
Mother, I was listening to that.
Oh, come on.
It's a little dated,
don't you think, even for me.
Do you realise these are my last
precious moments to listen to NPR
before I'm culturally 'ostrichized'?
Sweetie, it's 'ostracized'.
Listen, you're going to love
Serenity Falls, I promise.
There's a lot to do there.
It's a beautiful little town.
And how am I going to live without
the opera, MOMA, Broadway,
long walks in Central Park?
You could take me anywhere.
My heart will always belong
to the Big Apple.
Roxy, we lived in New Jersey.
You've been to Manhattan twice.
Can't your parents
do anything about this,
to save us
from being moved to Siberia?
I'm going to be
a teenager soon,
so don't blame me
if I end up a reclusive misfit.
You hang on there, little missy.
You're not going to be a teenager
for another three-and-a-half years.
Looks like we have no choice
but to get married now, Max.
All we have is each other.
According to the last census,
the population of Serenity Falls
and its surrounding area is 8,519.

Statistically speaking, there's quite a number in our age group. Well, that's good!

Does that include the cows, Max? Are you sure this is it?

32 Greenwood Lane.

This is it.

The estate agent said it was nice, but this is... Awesome!

What do you think, Max? Want to check it out?

Yeah.

I can't believe we get to live here!

- I can't believe it, either.

- Certainly impressive.

Thank you for bringing us here, Mom.

So you think you're not going to mind living here, then?

I'll manage.

Well, good.

Oh, Max. What times we shall have here.

Can't you just see it? Tea in the garden, lawn bowling, croquet, and the dances!

Hey, why don't we have an 'aginaugural' ball?

Inaugural.

- Are you okay?

- Fantastic.

Hey, what's your problem?

Oh, I'm sorry, the ball slipped.

Is your brother going to cry?

He's not my brother.

He's my fianc.

And you'd better be sorry, 'cause he's a Duck Chin-chu Ninja.

What?

He was raised with

the Woonah masters of Indonesia,
who taught him the secret art
of Oriental brain-kicking.
He could snap your brain in two
with one secret kick.
Like this.
That's baloney.
Okay, find out the hard way.
I dare you.
Is she making that up?
Maybe. What do you want?
You moving in?
Whatever gave you that idea?
- How old are you?
- 12.
Well, I'm 13. Remember that.
Traditionally, it follows.
I'm Seth. This is my 'hood.
That's Timmy and Tommy.
They're twins.
Twins? No way!
I never would have guessed.
Does your mother
dress you alike on purpose,
or did you choose
that look yourselves?
You know,
the Moody Mansion is haunted.
That's why nobody's
lived there for years,
till you dweebs moved in.
The Moody Mansion?
Yeah, they say you can hear
ghosts moving around in there.
Good luck sleeping
at night, losers.
Haunted?
Perfect.
Maybe a murder happened here,
and now the ghost has returned
from beyond the grave
to 'wreath' its revenge.
Max, what if it mistakes us
for the killer?

There's no empirical evidence
to support the belief in ghosts.
Hey, Max, look at the...
Max, listen!
The footsteps of the damned!
Okay, kids, I have some bad news
and I have some good news.
The bad news is that
the furnace isn't working...
And the good news?
Well, I think I have
a fun solution.
Wait, wait, don't help me.
- Russia?
- Russia's not a continent.
Okay, then what's
the sixth continent?
Australia.
Australia's an island.
How could it be a continent, too?
It just is.
That's just plain selfish.
Should we revoke its status, honey?
I think it's only fair.
Okay, I'll get right on that for you.
And, speaking
of distant locations,
we're going to call
your mom and dad tomorrow night
and let them know
you're all right.
They're not in Kazakhstan anymore.
They're not?
Where are they?
Turkmenistan. They're trying to ship
the relics back to the university.
It's okay, though.
They trust you.
Well, that's not the point, Max.
I know they'd love to hear from you.
I guess.
They would, trust me.
What's the seventh continent?
Oh, well, you'll have to find

that out tomorrow.
What? You can't
possibly be serious.
You're not going to tell me?
How ever shall I sleep?
I feel your pain, babe,
but you know the game.
Good night.
Completely unfair.
- How 'bout a clue?
- It's an island, too.
Long Island?
Rhode Island? Hawaii?
Good night, sweetie.
Ireland? Iceland.
Iceland... no, Greenland.
Roxanne, good night.
Totally unfair.
Antarctica? Is that an island?
Max, is Antar...
Mom?
Max.
Mom?
You awake?
I'm telling you, it was a ghost!
Oh, honey, come on.
There are no ghosts in the house.
Oh, really? Were you the one
too terrified to sleep all night?
Have you any idea
what sleep 'deprimation'
does to a child my age?
Okay, please, this is
the last babysitter in the book.
I don't need a babysitter.
Max and I will be fine by ourselves,
thank you very much.
Max has to study,
and you're too young to be left alone.
So you're going to leave me
with some country pumpkin?
Country bumpkin.
Whatever. I'm perfectly capable
of handling any situation.

Roxy!
Come on!
You're driving me nutty.
Oh, no! Not you, Mrs Slauson.
You are available.
You're... that's great!
Next month. Okay.
That... yep,
I'll definitely call you then.
Thanks. Bye.
Max, the pancakes!
Oh, sorry!
Turn it off, turn it off!
Is it off?
Don't burn yourself.
No breakfast for you.
Who's that?
You keep fanning, honey.
Holy jeez!
- Susan?
- Hi, yeah.
Welcome to Serenity Falls.
We don't have a Starbucks,
but Lenny's Coffee Shop
does a much better job.
Thank you.
Who are you?
Rebecca.
Rebecca Robson.
Oh, of course, the estate lawyer.
Hi. Nice to meet you.
You too, you too.
Come in, come in.
So, listen,
we can't believe this house.
Yeah, you get a lot more bang
for your buck out here in the country.
Are you sure it's not
some sort of a mistake?
No, we're just renting it out
to offset some of the legal fees
from the Moody estate.
One of those mornings?
The school won't take Roxy

this late in the term,
I don't have a sitter,
the pancakes are spilled,
the smoothies are burnt, and...
I'm not even making any sense.
The house okay?
Yeah, the house is great.
The furnace isn't working.
I'm so sorry.
You know, I'll get right on it.
When you told me on the phone
that you were going to
get the repairs done,
I didn't think you'd actually
be doing them yourself.
It's the kind of stuff you have to do
in order to make partner around here,
but between you and me, I love it.
Gets me out of the office.
Hey, why don't I watch the kids?
What more proof do you need?
I now declare this house
officially haunted.
So this is Roxy.
Are you sure you're not
going to mind baby-sitting?
Not at all.
Looks like I'm going to be here
a few days anyways.
You're a lifesaver.
Roxy, this is Rebecca,
she's from the law firm,
and she has kindly offered
to baby-sit for you, okay?
That depends.
You believe in ghosts?
Absolutely.
Then welcome aboard.
Okay, I got to go.
If you have any problems at all,
just call me at the bank.
- You be good.
- But of course.
Give me a kiss.

I'll see you later.

Gretzky takes the pass,

winds up... he shoots!

And he scores!

- Hi.

- Hi.

Nice goal.

Thank you.

Let me get that for you.

- Thank you.

- Sure.

May I help you?

Yes, hi, I'm Susan Hunter.

Oh, yes, the new girl.

You moved into the Moody Mansion.

How nice for you.

I did, it's really...

You are four minutes late,

but I think we can let that go,

as it's your first day.

I am so sorry.

- I will get the assistant manager.

- Okay.

Wait there.

Hello again.

I'm Jon Steadman.

Hi. You're the assistant manager.

Yes, yes, as assistant manager,

I get to do all the crummy jobs.

Not that this is crummy.

I mean, sweeping is crummy.

Sandra Hunter, our newest employee.

Welcome to Middleton Trust.

I'm Peter Middleton,

but you can call me boss.

Are you settling in all right?

Yes, well, it's been hectic,

but we're managing.

Thank you for putting us

in touch with the estate lawyers.

The place is amazing.

It was just sitting there collecting dust

after dear old Estelle passed away.

Glad we could make use of the place.

As a matter of fact, I...
No rest for the wicked.
Welcome aboard, Sharon.
That's... Susan.
Can't be too hard on him.
He is head of the bank,
mayor of the town,
and justice of the peace.
He's our resident
municipal multi-tasker.
Yeah, so, welcome to Middleton Trust,
established 1934.
Let me show you around.
Roxy, I really have to be studying.
My trig exam is tomorrow.
Clues, Max, clues.
Do you think clues
give a fig about trig?
Whatever that is.
Now, Rebecca says that
the lawyers look after this house
because the owner,
Estelle Moody, died years ago.
- Maybe she's the ghost.
- Why would she haunt the house?
Not even the dead
like lawyers, Max.
- Hey, what is this?
- I don't know.
Come on,
you're the archaeologist.
My parents are the archaeologists.
I'm the guy who's trying
to pass Grade 11, remember?
Really, I'm very disappointed
in your powers of reduction.
- Deduction.
- We've drawn a blank.
Come, Watson.
Do you miss your mom and dad?
Yeah.
If I was a parent,
I'd never leave my child.
Not for one second.

'Cause you'd never know if that was
the last second you'd see them.
What is it?
The window up there.
It's open.
That must be where
the ghosts are getting in.
Or the raccoons.
On, Wind Runner!
And that's 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 in cash,
your withdrawal slip,
and your updated chequing balance.
Thanks for banking with Middleton Trust.
Have a good day.
Oh, my!
Mrs McNeil.
How's the firewood business?
Oh, we're busy as bees.
We could use another hand
if you know anyone.
Well, I'll ask around,
but please remember to keep
an extra cord for me.
Oh, will do.
Oh, she's from the city.
Yeah, did I do bad?
No, not at all.
Although you set a land speed record
for customer service.
- Okay, so I'll just slow it down.
- Don't worry about it.
People around here
have three speeds...
slow, slower,
and stored for winter.
Oh, I should mention
that the bank
frowns on employee dating.
Okay.
Not that... that we...
because, well,
you're married and all.
Oh, yeah, no.
I'm not actually married anymore.

My husband passed away
a few years ago.
I'm so sorry.
I had no idea.
No, don't be sorry.
You couldn't have known that.
It's fine. It's fine.
Yeah, as assistant manager,
it's one of my many, many duties
to inform you
of these very important things.
As a matter of fact,
if you'll excuse me,
I have to go clean
the restroom.
No, really.
Oh, okay.
It's got to be here somewhere!
This must be it!
There's no door.
How do they get to the attic,
helicopter?
No. They must have sealed it off.
Totally unfair.
All right, plan B. We climb
the trellis to the attic window.
What? No, that's
way too dangerous.
Come on, Max.
That ghost is the greatest mystery
we've yet encountered.
Besides, I'm perfectly capable
of handling any situation.
A door!
This must be the way into the attic.
- Who lives here, hobbits?
- No, it's a crawlspace.
We've got to break this lock off.
Shoot. Mom's home.
You must swear to secrecy, Max.
I invoke the law
of absolute super-silence.
- But it's just racc...
- Absolute super-silence, Max!

That's not me. That's a law.
I'm home!
Hello?
Hello! Where is everybody?
Guys?
Rebecca,
are you down here?
Okay, I guess that wasn't...
Yeah.
Are you okay?
Yeah, oh, yeah. I'm fine.
Didn't get much on me.
Just a little bit.
Oh, man.
Did you hear that?
Yeah.
Operation Attic
begins in the morning.
Try to get some rest.
Accessorization phase complete.
Has Eagle One de-nested?
This is Winnie-The-Pooh.
Copy, Piglet?
I said has Eagle One de-nested?
What are you doing!?
We have a mission to 'extricute'.
I have to be online in an hour
to take my exam.
Hey, honey, Max has to study
for his big test today.
Yeah, Ma. I was just seeing
if he wanted anything.
Oh, right. What I think he wants
is to be left alone, okay?
We all want to be left alone.
But there's this certain ghost
who won't let us.
Isn't that right, Maxie?
Let's rumble.
Where is a crowbar?
One hole into the unknown.
What are we looking for?
Clues, silly.
It's raccoons.

- What?
- Raccoons.
It's fresh mud on the windowsill.
This must be
where they're getting in.
Then where, pray tell,
are they now?
You probably scared them off.
This is how you close
The Case of the Attic Ghost?
No, this is how.
I have an exam to write.
You go ahead. You do that.
You just go ahead
and abandon ship, non-believer.
The truth is in here, Max.
We ghost-hunters
can feel it in our bones.
The truth is in here.
'E.M. Forever. T.C.'
'Estelle Christmas 1944'.
E.M. Forever.
E.M.
'M' for Moody.
Estelle Moody!
I know who the ghost is!
I've got proof.
Roxy, please,
my exam is in 15 minutes.
It's Estelle Moody.
I found her engagement ring,
but she never married
if her last name is still Moody.
Don't you see?
She's come back from the dead
to find her true love.
Now all we need to do
is find out who T.C. Is.
Roxy, please, my exam!
Exam, schmexam.
This is important.
We need to 'reunificate'
this lost love from beyond the grave.
And that's 20, 40, 60,

80, 100 dollars even in cash,
and I've updated
your account for you.
There you are.
All done.
Thank you so much, Mrs Taylor.
I would love it if you would bring me in
that carrot cake recipe next week.
Okay? Thank you so much.
We'll see you again.
Well, I'm impressed.
You've already mastered the art
of small-town small talk.
Yeah, I'm enjoying it.
People around here are actually
interested in each other's lives.
Some people are
a little too interested.
Jon, if I'm volunteering
at the food drive this evening,
I'd like a list of qualified recipients.
You know, Mabel, Susan here
just agreed to help me out,
and being that she's new in town,
I figured it would be a good chance
for her to meet some neighbours.
Yes, I thought it would be
a nice way to say hi.
I see.
I hope you two enjoy
yourselves this evening.
Thanks.
Thanks for covering.
You don't really have to go.
I wasn't looking forward
to an evening with Crabby Crabtree.
No, I'll go. I think it's a nice idea.
I don't mind helping out.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Sounds like fun. Why not.
- Great.
- Great.
- Yeah.

- Okay.
- Okay.
- Okay.
- Are too.
- Am not.
- Are too.
- Am not.

Are too, stamped in infinity.

No erases.

You're chicken.

- Look, it's your four-eyed boyfriend.
- Fianc!

Oh, hello, dear.

I was just informing Dimwit
and the Pumpkinheads
that they're far too chicken
to attend this evening's sance.

- Sance?
- Of course.

Madame Roxanne Dupree d'Hunter
will be attempting to contact
the spirit of the long-departed
this evening.

I am so not frightened.

We'll be there.

- Right, guys?
- No way.

That place is totally haunted, man.
Yeah, last week our brother said
he saw a light moving in the attic.
No way.

A light, you say?

I'm not afraid of some dumb ghost.
I'll even spend the night
in the attic.

Very, very foolish words.

The call of the dead!

So why did you move back here?

Well, after moving around,
living in the city for a while,
I realised that everything
I was looking for was right here all along.

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

Emergency zoning board meeting.

Unfortunately, they get very upset
when the mayor plays hooky.

- Everything under control here?

- I think we can manage.

Good lad, thank you,

and thank you again.

Thank you so much.

You know, I've got a feeling

you're going to be

a real Serenity Falls kind of gal.

Hey, Sally?

Don't feel bad.

He called me Jimmy for two years,

and I grew up here.

So what was it

that you found here

that you just couldn't find

anywhere else?

You know, I think

it was a sense of place,

community, important things.

Most important thing

that I found?

Affordable health insurance.

Are you okay?

Fair is foul and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog

and filthy air.

Bubble, bubble,

toil and trouble.

Fire burning,

cauldron bubble.

What are you supposed to be?

Silence!

Madame Roxanne Dupree d'Hunter

needs silence to conjure

the lost souls of Moody Mansion.

You couldn't conjure a burp.

I wouldn't be responsible

if you make fun of the dead

and they wind up haunting

you and your descendants

for hundreds and hundreds of years.

Let us begin.

Come to us, O spirits of the house,

I command you.

- Maybe you should ask nicely.

- Silence!

Yes, yes, I feel the presence

of the Great Magoo,

of the Halley of comets.

I command you!

Show yourself now!

Told you.

You can't conjure no ghosts.

There's no ghost.

That happens all the time.

It is too the ghost!

It is too!

Roxy, there's

no such thing as ghosts.

- What was that?

- The raccoons getting back in.

But you closed the window.

My ghost trap... it caught her!

Ghost trap?

Roxy, be careful!

Roxy.

It's a ghost, Max, a real live ghost!

I think I hurt my head.

You're not a ghost.

He's a burglar! Call the police!

No, please, I'm not a burglar!

My name is Ramma.

Ramma Vindri. I live here.

You live here?

Yeah.

Anyway, you know,

I'm just a poor medical student,

trying to survive

my horrendous examinations.

That was really quite a trap, kids.

Well done.

How long have you

been living here?

Three months.

You see, last term I was asked

to leave my dormitory

due to a lack of funds,
but because I'd promised...
I'd promised my mother
and my father that I'd return home
only as Ramma Vindri, MD.
I thought my prayers were answered
when I found this abandoned house
and when people began to come around,
I moved up here to live,
just... just until I finished
the tests, you know?
How did you get in and out
without us noticing you?
Oh, my friend, I would...
I would leave very early
in the morning,
and I would come back
very late at night,
utilizing the trellis to...
well, to climb the window, you know.
Pardon me, I am so tired.
These exams are exhausting me.
I know what you mean.
You do believe it. You know.
But just yesterday I confused
the temporal lobe with the occipital.
I mean, what was I thinking?
You know?
Pretty soon I won't be able
to tell my left hand
from my right foot, you know?
'Hey, Doctor, which is the...'
You know, because I...
I guess now that
you've found me I...
I guess I won't be able to tell
a nice, warm attic
from a cold, lonely bus shelter.
How long do you have left?
The exams are over next week.
Listen, I'm very sorry
to have scared you.
You seem like... you seem
like very nice children.

Wait, Ramma.
You don't have to leave.
Really?
Right, Max?
No, I don't think
your mom will go for that.
We don't have to tell her.
It'd be our secret.
- Roxy, I don't...
- Come on, Max, please.
It's just for another week.
Besides, we can't just
put him out on the street.
Look at him.
Please.
Okay.
Thank you! Thank you,
you're the kindest children
ever to grace the earth
with your presence. Thank you!
- I'm home!
- Mom.
Ramma, remember,
no more stomping around.
No, I promise,
I'll be as quiet as an elephant.
An elephant
with extremely small feet.
Another case closed
by Roxy Hunter...
super-sleuth.
The ghost is real, Max!
A hawk took the ring
in the middle of the night!
Don't you see?
The ghost wants the ring back.
Roxy, there's no ghost, okay?
It's Ramma.
No, that was The Case
of the Noise in the Attic.
This is The Case of the Ghost
of the Ring. Totally different.
We have to find that bird
immediately!

Look, I have another exam to write,
I have to study,
and then I have to tell your mother
we let a total stranger
sleep in our house
without her knowledge, so no,
chasing an imaginary bird
is not on the itinerary.
I'm shocked, Max, truly.
You lack an appreciation for the mysterious.
- We'll have to work on that.
- I have to study.
So, this is what it comes to.
My own fianc.
Very well.
I will go on, Max.
Let me just say...
And...
And nothing.
We're just going for lunch.
- We're going to talk about bank stuff.
- Bank stuff?
Okay, he's cute.
He's really cute.
- But?
- Well, but...
But the bank has a policy
about employees fraternizing,
and... I don't think
I'm ready for dating.
Not ready for dating who?
Oh, nothing, sweetie.
Do you want some breakfast?
The hawk!
Hey.
What are you doing?
Nothing, sweetie.
Nothing at all.
Why don't you have
some breakfast?
Hey. Stay close to the house.
That's an order!
I'm still your mother!
The ring!

'Lt Theodore Caruthers,
'November 12, 1920,
'through December 21, 1944.

Corpus inrepertus'.

Theodore Caruthers.

T.C.!

So, listen, I got to ask you
a huge favour.

Do we know each other
well enough for huge favours?

Oh, of course, of course.

Have you ever heard of the film
An Affair to Remember?

Cary Grant.

That's the one!

My favourite all-time film,
and it happens to be playing
at the Review Theatre tomorrow night,
and I'm desperate to see it.

But I can't go alone
because of my condition.

Your condition?

Yeah. If I go alone, I'll cry.

And I don't mean
just a few sniffles.

We're talking waterworks.

It's very embarrassing.

But if you come along,
then I'll be forced to attempt
to appear more macho, see?

Please, no one will ever
take me seriously as a banker
when they find out
what a wuss I am. Please.

Well, if it's a mission of mercy,
how can I say no?

Not a date?

Right.

I gotcha!

Excuse me, could you point me
in the direction of the library?

Thanks.

Hello? Hello!

Can I get some service?

Did I frighten you?

- Yes.

- Good.

You gave me quite a start.

One doesn't just yell for assistance
in the library, young girl.

It's a 'cathedral of learning'...

to quote St Thomas Aquinas.

Well, one shouts for assistance
when one can't find

anyone to assist them,
especially when they're
having a really bad day,
to quote Roxy Hunter.

Really.

Well, well, well.

And how may I be
of assistance, Miss Hunter?

I want to know what this means.

Corpus inrepertus.

It's Latin, signifying
something to the effect
of 'body not recovered'
or 'body unrecoverable'.

Body not recovered.

And where did you read
such a mordant phrase?

It was on a grave.

A grave, of course.

Signifying that the body of the man
who died was not buried there.

Where did you find this grave?

A hawk showed me.

A hawk.

Interesting.

Native American lore
has it that a hawk's cry
pierces the fog
of our unawareness
and tries to get us
to see the truth.

They are the messengers
of the spirit world.

Of course they are!

Quite. Well, is there anything else
I can assist you with,
most estimable Miss Hunter?
I need all the books you got
on Ted Caruthers.
Ted Caruthers.
Ted Caruthers.
Where are you, Ted?
Come on!
Mr Tibers, Mr Tibers, I found it!
Mr Tibers?
Boo!
Did I frighten you?
- No.
- Really, not just a little bit?
No.
Well, you really must stop
shouting in the library.
You're disturbing
all the patrons.
There's nobody else here.
A mere technicality.
I found Ted Caruthers!
Really?
Yeah, come on.
You really are quite the sleuth.
See?
'County track star
dies tragically
as his troop ship
sinks in the Atlantic'.
Corpus inrepertus.
This demands
further investigation.
Yes, well, I'm afraid
it's going to have to wait.
It's already past closing.
Oh, no, you're right!
Roxanne.
Could you come here, please?
Roxanne?
Not good.
I can't believe you would do this.
No, please, Mrs Hunter,

this is all my fault.
No, Ramma, it's not all your fault.
Why didn't you tell me there was
a stranger living in the attic?
Do you have any idea
how dangerous that could have been?
He's just a poor soul trying
to get through medical school.
Well, I know that now, Roxy,
but he could have been anyone.
I'm sorry, Mrs Hunter.
It's my fault, too.
Oh, yeah, Max, I know,
and I'm very, very disappointed
in the two of you.
And then you... you go off
and disappear all day.
Why would you do that
when I told you
not to leave the property?
Jon was just about
to go and look for you.
Look at me, Roxy.
You're grounded.
I think I've...
caused this family much grief.
Once again, I'm very sorry.
Ramma.
Where are you going to stay?
A cardboard box, I imagine.
Ramma, I've got
a spare room at my place.
You can crash there.
I'm sorry, crash?
Will I be needing a helmet?
No, I've got room at my place.
You can stay there a while.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Jon, is it Jon? Bless you
greatly for your kindness,
and once again, I'm truly sorry
for the inconvenience
that I visited upon your family.

I'm so very truly sorry, you know?

I think she gets it.

Okay.

I just don't feel
that I fully expressed...

It's fine. It's fine.

- Can't I apologise more, Jon?

- Probably not.

- Hey.

- Hello.

What you doing, hon?

Are you leaving?

Yes.

I thought it would be best
for all of us if I was to go.

If you'd be so kind,
I'd like to wait until morning.

Right, well, you're grounded,
so where do you think you're
going to stay, at the end of the yard?

If need be.

Roxy.

The reason I got so upset
is because you left
without telling anyone
where you were going,
and you are far too young
to be going off by yourself.

Sweetie.

I got scared, okay?
I got really scared because
I don't know what I would do
if anything ever happened to you.

I guess I shouldn't
have raised my voice.

I love you, sweet pea.

You are my whole world, okay?

Are you going to marry him?

Marry who?

You know. Him.

That guy who was downstairs.

Who, Jon?

No, honey. He's a friend from work.

Do you make a habit

of holding hands with 'friends'?

Holding hands?

I saw you two at the restaurant.

Well, we were just goofing around.

Goofing. I see.

Jon's nice. I like Jon.

No one's going to replace your father.

I will always love your father.

Is it a love from beyond the grave,
like Estelle Moody and Ted Caruthers?

Like who?

I don't have all the details.

It's very complicated.

Just tell me it is.

Come here.

Come here.

I'll tell you one thing.

No one's ever going to
replace you in my heart.

Ever.

- Promise?

- Promise.

- Promise?

- Promise.

- Promise?

- Roxy!

Third time's the charm, Mom.

Oh, okay.

I promise.

Will you be staying with us, then?

Am I still grounded?

Yes.

I'll take it under consideration.

Okay then!

- Good night.

- Night.

May I be so bold to ask
what you are doing here?

Hello, there.

Do you live here?

That's classified information.

Now, before I summon

the authorities,

I will ask you once more:

What are you doing here?
The authorities.
Well, there's no need for that.
I'm Jefferson Hall.
I'm a surveyor for the county.
The bank hired me to come here
and survey the property
for a proposed subdivision.
May I see your credentials, please?
My what?
All right, will... this do?
I suppose.
My name is Roxy Hunter.
I live here.
Please excuse the necessary
security protractions.
Protractions?
Well, ma'am,
is it all right if I finish up, then?
Of course.
Have a pleasant day, Mr Hall.
You, too, miss.
Max, what's a subdivision?
It's a bunch of houses...
the suburbs... like back home.
And what's a surveyor?
Someone who does
the overview of the topography of...
English, please.
It's a guy who makes
an official map,
like if you're going to make a subdivision,
a surveyor would have to map it out.
He said he was working for the bank!
I think you'll find
these scenarios
fairly 'self-explanatory'.
It is obvious that
we have been lied to
by the very evil Jon.
It is also clear now
that he intends to fool my mother
and to steal our house
and put up a 'sub-decision'!

Oh, he's good.

He's very good.

Roxy, I'm sure there must be
a logical explanation for all of this.

There's an explanation, all right,
but I'm afraid it might
not be so logical,
and I intend to prove it.

What are you doing?

I was hoping to get
the wiring done for the house.

I thought the schematics
would be in this vault.

Either that or a million dollars!

What can I help you with, Max?

You're the estate lawyer
for the property, correct?

Yes.

Roxy said there was
a surveyor over earlier today.

- Do you know anything about that?

- A surveyor?

Why would

a surveyor be here?

That was what

I was going to ask you.

I have no idea.

He said he was hired by the bank.

Maybe Jon might know.

I'll give him a call.

Hey, Max, you mind if I call?

It would feel a little awkward
explaining to my bosses
that I got the information
second-hand from a 12-year-old.

- I mean, no offence.

- None taken.

All right. Thanks, Max!

You're the best.

Gotcha red-handed!

Well, hello, young lady.

And how may we be
of service to you?

I'm Roxanne Hunter,

Susan Hunter's daughter.
I wanted to surprise Mom.
Susan's little girl. I should have
seen the resemblance.
How are you settling in?
It's been... illuminating, thank you.
Illuminating.
What a pip!
Your mother isn't here.
I think she's out to lunch.
With Jon Steadman, I believe.
Well, looks as if
you've missed her.
You know, that reminds me
of an old Middleton family saying:
Don't go looking for something
unless you're ready to find nothing.
Yes, well. Nice to meet you, Roxy.
So. Your mother and Jon
seem to be spending
quite a bit of time together, yes?
Jon? I should definitely think not.
My mother's of 'uninpreciable'
character, thank you.
Have a nice day!
Thank you.
All right.
And spoons.
I notice you've set a place for Jon.
Yes, I did. I told you that.
He should be here
in about half an hour.
I think you might want to reconsider
that once you've seen this.
What's that?
'Incrimilating' evidence.
Today a surveyor from the bank
came to 'sub-decide' the property.
Right, yes, Max told me about that.
I'm sure it's nothing, sweetie.
- Rebecca's handling it.
- Really.
Mr Hall from the county
had a sign on his truck and on his badge,

the same sign that I found on this.
This is a survey report.
That I found in Jon's desk.
Pardon me?
You were in the bank today?
You'll thank me later.
Roxy, this is confidential information!
This is theft!
I'm trying to save us.
It's a survey report!
Yes, it's a survey report
for 118 Walnut Crescent,
which is all the way across town!
I can't believe you!
What were you thinking?
You broke the law, Roxanne,
do you realise that?
Max, could you get
that for me, please?
Yes.
You're in some serious trouble here.
But I was just...
What excuse can you
possibly come up with?
It's Jon.
Don't move.
Don't move and don't speak!
Hi, Jon.
Oh, well...
there's something going on here
that involves work,
and I thi...
You're kidding me.
They can't do that.
It's completely innocent.
Yeah. I am so sorry.
Okay, can l...
I'm going to call you back, okay?
I'm so sorry. Okay.
Yeah. I'll call you later.
Bye.
Jon was suspended
from the bank today.
- I knew it!

- Don't, Roxy!
He was suspended because
some anonymous person
said that he and I
are involved in a relationship.
Mom, it wasn't me!
How am I supposed to believe you?
This is somebody's job
we're talking about here!
But Mom, it wasn't me!
And not that it's anyone's concern,
but Jon and I are just friends.
I want you in your room.
But I didn't do it!
You believe me, don't you, Max?
- Please, I swear!
- Roxy, now!
Love cannot live without trust, Max.
How could I have been so foolish
as to have believed you?
What are these?
A painful reminder of lost love.
Do with them what you will.
The engagement is off.
I'm sorry, Max.
Roxy, come here.
It's no use, Max.
Don't beg.
I believe you.
You were right.
Really? You think Jon
is an arch-fiend?
No, not Jon.
Heffalump, Heffalump,
this is Winnie-The-Pooh. Copy?
Heffalump, do you copy?
Wake up, Ramma!
Left ventricle!
The left, you fool!
Heffalump, do you copy?
This is Ramma.
Please use your code name.
- Must I?
- It's for your own security.

This is...
Heffalump.
Any sign of him?
No, no, I do not see him.
Do not see him.
Well, we should start.
No, no, he's quite adamant
that we do commence until his return.
Would it be an imposition
at this time to ask just what exactly
is going to commence
upon his... upon his return?
No can do.
Security reasons. Pooh out.
No, no, but Pooh... Pooh?
Pooh, Pooh. Pooh.
Pooh. Pooh.
- Pooh? Pooh?
- Come on, Maxie.
- Pooh!
- Where are you?
Pooh, Pooh!
Heffalump could use a little info, Pooh!
Heffalump needs
to... to... to poo?
Heffalump does not need to...
Well, I must say,
when Danielle told me
some young man wanted
access to the county records,
I thought it was for
a high school project or something.
I had no idea...
It's all there, sir... zoning approval,
public work projections, everything.
The purchase of the Moody land
is the only piece missing.
The deal hinges on it.
But it all looks legal.
No, sir. The company that represents
the Moody estate isn't registered.
I checked the records;
it's a ghost company.
Oh, dear.

How do you know all this?
The Internet.
This is serious.
This is very serious.
We have to take this to Tom,
our sheriff, right away.
No, sir. With all due respect,
the police can't do anything yet.
There's been
no hard crime committed.
Well, what do you suggest we do?
I'm currently running
a covert operation
that I believe will connect
the perpetrator to the crime...
an operation that I am late for.
Dadgum it, let's get
to the bottom of this.
We'll take my car.
Good idea.
Where you going?
I have an appointment in town.
I'll be back by dinnertime.
Could you ask Max
to hold down the fort for me?
Wait. You can't go now.
I need your help.
- I'm in a bit of a rush, Roxy.
- Only take a sec.
I found this, and I was wondering
if I could use it for a festive collage.
Sure, what is it?
Just some stuff I found in the attic.
You found a way into the attic?
Yeah.
It was in the attic.
It was in the attic!
You know what, actually,
I think you should come with me,
because technically,
I'm baby-sitting you, not Max.
It'll be fun. Two girls on the town.
What do you say?
I'd love to.

Flibbersnippet.
I'm grounded.
Too bad, but rules
are rules, you know?
Is that Max calling me?
I better go.
I'll see you tonight!
Roxy, wait, l...
I got it.
I finally got it!
All I have to do is get the kid.
Well, that is fantastic news.
And don't worry.
I have young Max with me
here right now.
Really? Then I guess
we don't need the girl.
That's right.
Okay, I'll see you tonight.
- Okay!
- Who was that?
Oh, that was Susan.
Just checking in with her at the bank,
letting her know
you're with me.
But it's Saturday.
Isn't the bank closed?
Just to the public.
Money never takes a holiday, Max.
Now sit in there
and buckle up your seatbelt.
Okay, Roxy,
I'm going to leave you with Max.
It occurs to me that those plans
were okayed by your office
and the financing
arranged by your bank.
And you never did run a check
on that ghost corporation.
We're not going home, are we?
No.
We're not.
Heffalump, Heffalump!
This is Winnie-The-Pooh.

The chicken has flown!
What is going on?
The goose is loose.
The goose is...
Follow Rebecca!
No, Roxy, I've been given
explicit instructions
to wait for Max, so...
If you don't start driving, duck,
I'm going back into
that baby-sitterless house
to run with scissors
and play with matches.
Very good, we roll
like stones with no moss.
Thank you!
Would it be a terrible imposition
to ask what you have me involved in?
Jon went to great trouble
to get me this job delivering firewood,
and I would like to know
before I am freshly fired
for misuse of company property.
Max says that Rebecca hasn't
really been working on the house.
She's been looking for something...
the pink piece of paper
I found called a deed.
I thought a deed
was a good thing you do,
like helping old ladies
across the street
or feeding peanut brittle
to homeless cats.
Peanut brittle? I'm sorry,
you're making no sense to me.
I'm just a simple
pre-med student, Roxy,
who has not slept properly
in two weeks. Please.
With that piece of paper,
Rebecca can steal the Moody house
and turn it into a 'sub-decision'!
She's going to steal the house?

That dastardly woman, indeed.

Get it? In-deed.

'Shady Oak Retirement Community'?

I believe it is an institute
where elderly people are abandoned.

What does she need
with an elderly person?

I'm going to go check it out.

You wait here.

I am sorry, young Roxy,
I cannot let you go
into some strange
establishment on your own.

I will come with you.

Ramma, this is America.

In America, detectives detect
and drivers drive.

That's how it works.

You have to stay in the truck
in case she gives me the slip.

Really, Ramma, I am surprised.

Have you never seen
a 'Humpty Boogert' film?!

But...

It is Humphrey Bogart.

Isn't it? 'Humpty Boogert'.

No, she's right.

Humpty Boogert.

And remember, Maxwell,
if you continue to play fair,
nothing happens to little Moxy.

- It's Roxy.

- Whatever.

I really don't know how you plan on
getting away with this, sir.

Respectability, Maximillian.

Never underestimate the power
of a respectable image.

Throw in little non-traceable
offshore banking,
a few non-extraditable countries,
and I have myself a sweet little
gold-plated multimillion-dollar
champagne-cruise style

of retirement.

In you go.

The hawk!

- There.

- Thank you.

Hello.

Are you Rebecca's 'accomplish'?

I'm sorry, what?

- Her partner in crime.

- Who's Rebecca?

- Sorry to bother you.

- Oh, wait!

It's no bother.

It's nice to have visitors.

I'm Estelle. What's your name, dear?

Estelle?

Estelle Moody?

Estelle Moody?

Oh, my gracious.

I haven't heard that in years.

Yes, I guess I am. Or was.

But you're supposed to be dead.

What?

A little tired maybe,

but not there yet, thank you.

What's this all about?

Exactly my question.

Where're we...

where're we going?

It's none of your business.

You just keep straight, keep walking.

In the car.

In the car, backseat!

You're in the front, Granny.

Let's go. Move it.

Dr Vindri at your service, madam!

Oh, please.

See, Mama, I told you

I would become a doctor.

Hello?

In here.

The gravy train has arrived.

- Hi.

- Well, good.

Now we have everything...
except the children.
- What, both of them?
- I don't know where they are.
They didn't leave
a message or a note.
Is there a law against keeping kids
locked up in the basement?
I think it varies
from state to state.
You want me to drive around,
have a look for them?
Oh, no. If she's with Max,
I'm sure they're fine.
Actually, they're not.
Mom, this really isn't my fault!
Now, the developer's on his way,
and as far as he's concerned,
this is a nice family
having a nice dinner in my house.
You cooperate and nothing bad
happens to Max.
Now, just remember,
all I have to do is press send,
text-message my partner,
and it's buh-bye, four-eyes,
you got it?
You wouldn't dare.
I think I can give you
12 million reasons why I would.
For this old house?
Actually, I think it's for the land.
Oh, bingo.
We just recently learned
the best-kept secret in Serenity Falls...
the original purchase
of the Moody Estate
included the surrounding woods,
all 120 acres of them!
Oh, my.
All prime potential suburb,
hundreds and hundreds
of sweet little cookie-cutter homes.
But you'll tear down all the trees.

It's called progress, okay?
Get over it.
I think Real Estate 101 is over.
Now eat.
Why did you give her the house?
She was selling it for me.
It was far too big for me
on my own.
I can't believe I was so foolish
as to have trusted her.
Why have us live here?
After nine years,
any unoccupied home
becomes property of the county.
She needed someone
in here fast.
All right, show time.
Now, anyone...
and I mean anyone...
has anything to say out of line,
and Max becomes family history.
You'll never get away
with this, Rebecca.
I probably wouldn't
if my real name was Rebecca!
What's your real name?
Nice try, sweetheart.
Remember, happy family!
- Evening.
- Hi.
Okay, listen.
Everybody just do as she says.
It's not worth
jeopardizing Max, okay?
Wait.
If that's not Estelle...
then it must be... Ted!
Roxy, listen to me.
No heroics, no detecting, nothing.
Understand?
Yeah, sure.
Okay.
Well, everything seems to be in order.
Here's a cashier's cheque.

Congratulations.

I've never seen
so many zeros in all my life.
Although it's going to be sad
leaving here.

I mean, so many memories.

Well, I'm off.

So long, everyone.

Wait.

- Why don't you join us?

- What?

What?

The poor man must be famished,
and doesn't our happy little family
pride itself on its hospitality?

Well, I tell you, I wouldn't mind
a slice of that sweet potato pie
I see on the table.

Well, then.

Oh, Roxy.

Oh, no, no, no.

Oh, no!

Wait, wait, wait,
what's going on?

What's going...

Oh, jeez. Oh, boy.

Roxy, Roxy?

Uh, Pooh, Pooh, Pooh?

This is Heffa... hello, hello?

Oh, no, no, no!

Ramma, you fool.

Think, think, think,
think, think, think, think.

This is bad,
this is very, very bad. Okay.

What was that?

Who's there?

It's only a mouse.

It's only a mouse!

Please, please,
please be a mouse!

My goodness, that was good.

Here, have some greens.

- No!

- No!

Well, I didn't realise I was imposing.

- I'll be going, then.

- No, no, no.

It's just a little game we play.

You mention the colour green,
it's an automatic five-point deduction.

Whatever you do, don't say purple.

Automatic 15.

No, sweetie, no, come on.

We don't want to force-feed
Mr Franklin.

He's been... he's been
gracious enough.

You remember
what happened to Cousin Max
when you made him
eat all that food.

We had to lock him someplace scary
until he starved himself slim.
Don't go looking for something
unless you're ready to find trouble.
Don't be silly.

Mr Franklin is...

You know, that reminds me
of an old Middleton family saying:
Don't go looking for something
unless you're ready to find nothing.
We had to lock him someplace scary
until he starved himself slim.

- I know where Max is.

- What?

And I know who she is.
Her last name's Middleton,
like the man at the bank.
Mr Middleton?

- Okay, nobody move!

- What's going on here?

Oh, nothing, fatso,
just a kid's life at stake.

What if she's wrong, huh?
Are you willing to take that risk?
Okay, you keep quiet to the cops,
and I'll call with Max's location

in half an hour.
You play it cool,
or he gets maxed out!
Now, Ted, now!
Oh, Max, I knew you'd make it!
I knew it!
I was so frightened, but I knew
Ted was trying to tell me something.
Even though everybody
wanted me to be quiet,
I knew I'd figure it out!
And I promise I'll never break off
the engagement again!
- Okay...
- Hey, buddy, come here.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
Are you okay?
Is he all right?
He's fine. He's just a little shook up.
Are you cold?
...my own lack of sleep.
When I awoke, I knew that
I must be calling the police at once.
It's lucky they showed up
when they did.
Roberta Middleton!
I can't believe it.
I didn't recognise her at all.
She was shipped off
when she was very young.
Always was a bad apple.
Guess she didn't fall too far
from the Middleton family tree.
It was 1944.
My father thought
Ted was too poor...
but we were so very much in love.
We decided to get married
before Ted was shipped off to Europe.
I was to be Mrs Theodore Caruthers.
I thought my dad
would let us marry
when he saw how handsome

Ted looked in his uniform.
Get off my property!
I'm not leaving
until I see Estelle.
You're not coming into my home
and making demands! Get out!
To his dying day,
my father swore it was an accident
and that he never meant
to fire the gun.
Ted didn't want it that way.
He promised
he would come for me.
No matter what,
he would come back.
Not long after that,
his ship was torpedoed
in the Atlantic...
and I never saw Ted again.
Life goes on.
I didn't think it would,
but... it does.
I married a lovely man,
and we had
a wonderful life together,
but I never forgot Ted.
And I don't think I should have.
There was always a part of me
that belonged to him.
I guess the life-going-on part...
isn't so bad.
No, dear, it's wonderful.
I'm sorry, but that's
just so beautiful.
- Hi.
- Hello, dear.
I thought you should have this.
Thank you, dear. Oh, my.
Does this mean
we have to move now?
No, dear.
You can stay here
as long as you want.
It's so nice to have

a family in this house.

Thank you, Estelle.

No, oh, no.

Thank you, Roxy.

Good night.

Sweet dreams, love.

You too.

Ted?

Told you I'd come back
for you, didn't I?

Let's go.