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# Bridge To Terabithia

By Jeff Stockwell

- Want toast?

- Yes.

Ellie, where's your cereal bowl?

- I'm not hungry.

- You need to eat.

- I'm not hungry, Mom.

- You need to eat before school.

- One more bite.

- You want jelly?

Yes, please.

Watch it, Brenda.

Don't mess my clothes up.

Billy Baker's in my class this year.

- Oh, did he flunk too?

- Shut up!

- Hey!

- You're one to talk.

- Are you excited about school?

- Yeah.

- Isn't your sister cute?

- You stink.

Very cute.

He stinks. He's gotta shower  
before he eats with us.

Stop picking  
on your brother and eat.

May Belle?

- Honey, here's your juice.

- Thanks.

OK, who hid my sneakers?

Jess, you could hardly call them  
sneakers anymore. I threw them out.

What? Mom!

Sorry, but I will not send any child of  
mine to school looking like some hobo.

There's a perfectly good old pair  
of Brenda's I put out for you.

These are girls' ones.

It's the fan belt this time,  
but I got another.

- Bye-bye.

- Ellie? Honey, here you go.

- What's the matter?

- There's a big race today.

- And?  
- My sneakers.  
- I got a perfectly good pair for him.  
- These are girls' ones.  
- I can't race in these.  
- You couldn't race in your old ones.  
He needs some new sneakers, Mary.  
- Catch Billy's eye in that.  
- We don't have anything for extras.  
- Excuse me?  
- You're excused.  
They make them the same.  
You got your chores done?  
Just about to.  
I try to keep my pit stops  
under ten seconds, ace.  
Give it to me.  
- Give it...  
- Hey, that's my lunch!  
I found it!  
You're kidding me.  
OK, that's enough.  
Consider it a free lunch program,  
farmer boy!  
All right, settle down.  
Good one, Janice.  
What do you call your teacher?  
I wanna tell Alexandra.  
- "Monster Mouth." Now scoot.  
- Alexandra,  
- they call her "Monster Mouth" Myers.  
- I said scoot!  
A few ground rules for this classroom.  
No talking. No chewing gum.  
No electronic devices. Be forewarned.  
If you download essays  
off the Internet,  
you'll be downloaded into detention.  
Let's start the year off on  
the right foot and all do our own work.  
- I expect you to take notes.  
- Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep,  
Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep.  
Know what that is? My loser detector.

Jesse Aarons!

I got it from your sisters.

I do not need it from you.

- Oh, man.

- That goes for you as well.

He hit me.

- You're dead meat.

- Scott Hoager and Gary Fulcher,  
be quiet!

Now, back to what we were discussing  
before we were so rudely interrupted.

Sweet sneaks, Aarons.

You wear your sisters'

hand-me-down underwear too?

He asked you a question,  
twinkle toes.

Good morning, kids. Welcome back.

I hope you had a great summer.

Mrs. Myers, this is Leslie Burke,  
who will be joining your class.

- Leslie, welcome to Lark Creek.

- Thanks.

Thank you, Principal Turner.

Well, Leslie, um,  
you'll sit at my desk this morning,  
until we can figure out  
where to squeeze you in.

I like to start the year  
with a little fun.

I want you all to write a one-page  
essay about your favorite hobby.

Yes?

Mrs. Myers, when you say one page,  
did you mean both sides of the paper?

- You can do one side, Madison.

- I'll do two.

- Yeah, that's cool.

- No way!

- It was so amazing.

- Can I have this?

You could have two bucks out of it all.

I'm getting most of it, OK?

- Excuse me.

- Got a dollar?

- No.
- You're gonna have to use your pants.
- What's your problem?
- You got that backwards.
- You got the problem.
- That's right, new girl.
- Nice feet.
- You say something?

What I said was,  
have you ever heard the story  
about the trolls under the bridges  
who collect tolls  
from unlucky travelers?

Trolls?

What is she talking about?

Nice try, beanpole.

It's still a dollar.

Yeah!

- Let's do it. Do it.

- Yeah, we've got Hoager.

Next grade, line up.

Let's do this thing. Come on.

Fulcher, Hoager, get in here.

Get ready.

Let's get this race started.

- Beep, beep, beep.

- Dead meat.

Back behind the line. You know  
how it goes. Back behind. Come on.

Hey, new girl.

This is just for guys.

Hey, I'm talking to you!

What's the matter?

Afraid a girl's gonna beat you?

- On your mark. Get set.

- Dead meat.

Go, Hoager!

Get in there!

Go! Go, Jess, go!

Come on!

Come on! You can do it!

Come on, Jess!

Go, Jess, go!

Jess, Jess, did you win?

Hey, Jess, right?

- Idiot!

- What?

- See you tomorrow.

- Ten seconds, ace.

Thank you.

Are you following me?

No. I live over there.

We're neighbors?

You got little sisters?

- No. Just me.

- Oh.

You got any Barbies?

Yeah. I think I have a few.

You got any?

- Yeah, I have one... and a half.

- And a half?

One got cut in half

playing Super Extreme Barbies.

Never heard of that before.

You flush the toilet

with them in it,

drop them from the upstairs window,

stuff like that.

- It's really fun.

- Sounds like fun.

- Well, I'll see you around.

- Yeah. See ya.

- See ya.

- Hey, guys.

Hey, Dad.

- I'm getting supplies. You wanna come?

- Yeah. Sure.

See ya.

There we go.

This'll make it feel better.

- How come it's my fault?

- When I ask you to watch the baby,

- I mean watch the baby, Brenda.

- It's Ellie's turn.

- I'm doing my algebra.

- Put more cream on there.

You girls have to start

helping out more here.

You're not little kids anymore.

May Belle! How many times have I told you, stay out of my stuff.

- It wasn't me.

- It was too you.

- You can't prove it!

- There a problem here?

- Daddy!

- Hey, sweetie.

Is he picking on you?

- She was in my stuff.

- What stuff?

How'd that race go?

There's this new girl moved in next door.

She beat all of the boys.

Even Jess.

Make sure you take out the garbage before supper.

One drop.

And that's the magic.

Here comes May Belle's flowers.

Are these ever gonna grow?

This greenhouse is gonna be filled with your purple flowers.

May Belle's flowers.

I always wanted the one that had, like, purple all over it. They are so cool.

- These things are gonna grow fast.

- Me too.

- Tomorrow, it's gonna be filled.

- Yeah.

The bell's gonna ring!

- Good morning, everybody!

- Good morning, Ms. Edmunds!

Aren't you glad that summer's over?

- No!

- No? I am.

Come and get your instruments.

- Can I play the woodblock?

- Yes.

Ms. Edmunds?

May I please play the castanets?

Yes, you may.

Everybody ready for music?

Take a picture.

Lasts longer.

It's awfully quiet.

- No!

- No? You don't like that song?

- No!

- Then make some noise. Come on.

- We saw this video yesterday.

- Whatever.

Change it!

Give it... give it to me!

Stop it.

You're always fighting.

- Wait till I get my own place.

- I wanna watch this.

We just

can't keep going like this.

Honey, uh... I've only got what I've got

to work with. We gotta...

You gotta figure out

a way to get down on this.

It's a problem,

but I'm gonna try to get going.

And maybe you can pick up  
another shift at the store.

Dead meat.

Wow.

You're really good at drawing.

Like, better than any kid

I've ever seen.

Uh... Thanks.

I wanna share

this composition for two reasons.

One, it uses adjectives well.

And two,

it's clear the author paid attention  
to what she saw and what she felt,  
which is important for any writing.

Self-Contained Underwater

Breathing Apparatus by Leslie Burke.

Leslie, why don't you read it for us.

Oh, man. Can you believe this?  
"I'm moving gently forward,  
over the wild and beautiful,  
unexplored world below me.  
I'm floating in silence,  
and breaking it up  
with the sound of my breath.  
Above me, there's nothing  
but shimmery light,  
the place where I've come from,  
and will go back to  
when I am done here.  
I'm diving.  
I'm a scuba diver.  
I'm going deeper past  
the wrinkled rocks and dark seaweed  
toward a deep blueness  
where a school of silver fish wait.  
As I swim through the water,  
bubbles burst from me,  
wobbling like little jellyfish  
as they rise.  
I check my air.  
I don't have as much time  
as I need to see everything,  
but that is what makes it so special."  
Thank you, Leslie.  
Now tonight at 7:00 on channel four  
there is a special about  
an undersea explorer, Dr. Bob Ballard.  
I want everyone to watch and write one  
page about what you've learned.  
Leslie?  
What if you can't watch this program?  
Inform your parents it's an assignment,  
I'm sure they won't object.  
But... what if you don't have a TV?  
My dad says the TV  
kills your brain cells.  
Your dad doesn't know anything.  
We watch TV, like, every day.  
- I rest my case.  
- Well, then, Leslie,  
you don't have to write this essay.

Pick something else to write about.  
Yeah, like, how to live in a cave.  
That's enough, Mr. Hoager.  
Hey, Leslie, come here.  
What are you gonna write your essay on?  
Bats in caves?  
- Here comes Janice!  
- New kid's in Janice's seat.  
- What does she think she's doing?  
- Jess! The big kids will kill her!  
You have a death wish?  
This row's for eighth-graders.  
That's right, beanpole. Move it.  
Out of my way, farm boy.  
You're really asking for it.  
Seems to me she gives it out  
whether you ask for it or not.  
So might as well have some fun.  
Getting Janice all wound up  
is a weird way of having fun.  
Well, what's your idea of having fun?  
- I don't know.  
- Well, you wanna do something?  
- I don't know.  
- Let's do something. Definitely.  
- What?  
- You can't do it.  
- Do what?  
- What we're doing.  
Hey, May Belle!  
I don't use my Barbies anymore.  
- If you want, you can have them.  
- To keep for permanent?  
- Sure.  
- Thanks.  
You're lucky to have a sister.  
I've got four, and I'd  
trade them all for a good dog.  
I'd love to have a dog.  
Now let's go before  
she changes her mind.  
Race you to the end of the road.  
On your mark, get set, go!  
Come on, Jess!

Come on!

What about sharks?

You ever see any sharks while you're scuba-ing or whatever?

I've never gone scuba diving in my whole life.

- You lied in your essay?

- No. I made it up.

It's different from lying.

Those drawings you make, you seen those things yourself?

No, but...

Hey! Look at that!

- Cool!

- That's been there forever.

I wouldn't trust it.

Come on. Just try it.

OK.

You got it? That's it.

Thanks.

- What are you doing?

- Getting up higher.

OK.

Wow! That was so much fun.

You have to try it. Come on.

OK.

Let your head hang back, watch the clouds.

Feels like flying.

- We need a place. Just for us.

- Hmm?

Where there's no

Janice Averys or Scott Hoagers.

Yeah, but when we go back to school, there they are waiting.

Yeah, but...

...someplace better than just not being at school.

What if there was a magical kingdom only we knew about?

I don't know. What if?

OK, well...

...what if the only way we could enter it

is by swinging on this enchanted rope?

- Enchanted rope?

- Yeah.

Come on.

Leslie!

Leslie!

Leslie.

- Come on!

- Wait up.

Ahh!

We shouldn't be in here.

This isn't our land.

- Not so loud. They'll hear you.

- What are you talking about?

Hey! What's that?

Whoa. Jess, look at this. Wow.

Too bad for them.

They got so close.

- What are you talking about?

- To the kingdom.

- What's that?

- What?

That sound. I've heard it before.

Someone's out there.

That's the sound of the prisoners rattling their chains.

What prisoners?

The prisoners of the Dark Master.

- We should go.

- Wait, Jess, look.

What is it?

Look at this.

Wow. This is amazing.

Wow.

This is it.

Warriors.

- Try dragonflies.

- No. They're warriors.

From the treetop provinces.

- I don't know this game.

- What game? This is for real.

This is the ruins

of a once great fortress

whose people have been imprisoned.

Jess, you and I have been  
sent to free them.

Prisoners of the Dark Master, hear me!

We have come to free you.

Do you hear us?

Show me that you hear us!

You got lucky timing. The wind's  
been blowing off and on all day.

Can't hear you!

- Go straight home. I'll see you soon.

- OK. See ya!

Hey, don't you think  
we should give her a hand?

Uh... She's... She's fine.

Beep, beep, beep, beep.

...forget. There are four of us.

OK.

Remember to bring your bag.

Why would anyone  
want to wear that?

Janice!

- You OK?

- What's the problem?

- Jess Aarons tripped me.

- Uh...

On purpose.

OK, Aarons. Hit the road.

- But he didn't do anything.

- Go.

- It was definitely him.

- I know.

- What happened to you?

- Janice is a very talented person.

She can shoot ketchup packets  
over four rows of seats.

Jeez.

Can I wash up at your house?

My mom sees this, she'll be all over  
the principal and everybody,  
and my life will be over.

Why would Dad do this?

- Oh. Hello.

- Oh.

Mom, this is Leslie.

- Hi, Leslie.  
- Hi.  
- It's nice to meet you.  
- Thank you. You too.  
So are you and your family  
getting settled in OK?  
- Yes, ma'am.  
- That's nice.  
- Come on. See ya later.  
- Not too late, OK, honey?  
- Weird and weirder.  
- Hey. Be glad he's found a friend.  
- Where's your dad work?  
- At home. Same as my mom.  
- They're writers.  
- Writers?  
- What do they write about?  
- Fiction.

That explains you.

- What do you mean?  
- Well, you like to make things up.

And that's what your parents  
do for a living.

You know a lot about hardware?

No. Why?

Well, your dad works  
at a hardware store.

OK.

All I'm saying is that  
you are who you are...  
...not your parents.

If they work at your house, you must  
get to hang out with them a lot.

Not really.

What's that?

- Grenade.  
- There're no grenades here.

Come on!

- Squirrels!  
- Part squirrel, part Scott Hoager.  
- Squogre.  
- Squogre!

The sneaky foot soldiers  
of the Dark Master.

- They're attacking!

- We need ammo!

This is not good.

- See them? Up there?

- Yeah.

- Do you? Really?

- Yeah.

Les...

Leslie?

Leslie. Leslie!

Come on. You can see

the whole kingdom from up here.

Isn't this cool?

We can do anything here.

Look at it.

It's all ours.

From the mountains to the oceans.

- What am I looking for exactly?

- You'll see.

Just close your eyes...

...but keep your mind wide open.

Wow.

What do we call this place?

Terabithia.

Shh.

Everybody tiptoe. OK, ready?

Happy birthday!

Make a wish.

- Yay!

- What'd you wish for?

- This is cheap junk.

- No, it isn't.

- I love it.

- How? It doesn't even work.

I don't think we have

the hang of it yet, Dad.

You know what? Keep the box.

We'll see if we can take it back.

Daddy, there's something

in the greenhouse.

That's the last thing I need,

some animal chewing it's way in here.

What are you going to do

if you catch it?

These vegetables are our livelihood.

Can't afford to share them  
with animals that get in here.

- So, you're gonna kill it?

- Have to.

Well, he's not gonna  
get in here now, right, Dad?

Hope not. But if he does,  
you just let me deal with it.

Is there anything else

I can help you with?

No, why don't you go on and do  
your homework, I'll clean this mess up.

Under the seat.

I heard it was  
your birthday yesterday.

- Like it?

- Wow.

It must've cost a fortune.

What's it matter what it costs?

I don't know.

Well, I can take it back  
and get a cheaper one, if you want.

Thanks... a lot.

Look.

The squogre and the vulture.

Hey, here he comes.

And a guy who can stand up to a squogre  
is scared of a Hoager?

Ms. Edmunds?

- He speaks.

- Can I help you with those?

You sure can.

And you just made my day.

- Great.

- I'll get that one.

Thank you.

- Hey, guys.

- Oh, hi, boys.

How come you're so good at that?

- Good at what?

- Building stuff.

You're good at it for a girl.

Same way I'm fast... for a girl.

You know what I mean.  
You're pretty good at art... for a boy.  
OK, OK, truce.  
Don't your parents notice  
this stuff's missing?  
Not when they're in  
the middle of writing a book.  
What's that?  
Show yourselves!  
It's a giant troll!  
No, it's a giant tree  
that almost killed us!  
You think that tree  
just fell all by itself?  
Come on.  
When the Dark Master saw  
the squogres weren't scaring us away,  
- he sent a giant troll.  
- How big?  
That's how big its feet are.  
- You really think so?  
- What else could it be?  
What should we do?  
If we had a troll hunter, we could  
track its scent and sneak up on it.  
Hey, look at that! Come on!  
I think it went that way!  
We rule Terabithia,  
and nothing crushes us!  
I'll race you to the rope.  
I love this place!  
Go on, get out of here.  
And don't come back.  
What do you think you're doing?  
- I took care of it for you.  
- Did you, now? Now, how'd you do that?  
I took him into the forest.  
He's not coming back, promise.  
Did he tell you he's gonna  
stay the hell out of the greenhouse?  
No, he went out there  
and he's not coming...  
Jess, you need to understand  
something, OK?

This is not one of your cartoons. This is just a pest that eats up our food, money we earn and time we don't have.

- OK.

- Get your head out of the clouds and do as I say.

OK.

Good night, sweetheart.

Sweet dreams.

Lights out, Jess.

Night, Dad.

Are we slaying the giant troll after school today?

You've got your head in the clouds, Leslie.

- Huh?

- There is no giant troll, all right?

Well, you better not let the Terabithians hear you.

They thought you were their king.

Alexandra, my daddy gave me Twinkies!

Neither one squished, 'cause I didn't put them next to my drink.

I'd shut up about those Twinkies.

You're just mad 'cause I got some and you didn't.

Whatever. Don't cry to me when you lose them.

I'll eat them, not lose them.

Jess! Jess!

Janice Avery stole my Twinkies!

Janice Avery stole my Twinkies!

- I told you, keep your mouth shut.

- She's there. What are you gonna do?

And she makes you pay to pee!

It's a dollar, shorty.

But I don't have a dollar.

That's not fair, is it?

Peeing's definitely supposed to be free.

Free to pee!

Free to pee! Free to pee! Free to pee!

Let's go.

I want my Twinkies, Janice Avery.

What Twinkies, Twinkie?

You're supposed to beat her up.  
You're my brother!  
Do you know what would happen  
if I were to pick a fight with her?  
You'll get your butt kicked.  
No, I'd get kicked out of school for  
fighting a girl. What's that prove?  
She stole my Twinkies.  
Come on.  
It's all right, May Belle.  
We'll get her back. Won't we, Jess?  
Don't let  
the Terabithians hear you.  
They thought you were their king.  
Jess! Jess!  
Oh... Hi! Look at you!  
That is your very own, certified,  
purebred, giant troll hunter.  
- He's for me?  
- Yeah,  
he just took a giant  
pee all over my sweatshirt.  
Wow, Jess. Thank you.  
I name you Prince Terrien,  
giant troll hunter extraordinaire.  
P.T. for short.  
Hey! I think he smells a troll.  
Come on.  
Oh, no! We've got company!  
Dead meat! Dead meat!  
- Dead meat! Dead meat!  
- Hairy Vultures!  
What's that?  
It's a giant troll.  
Nice feet.  
Run!  
Oh, my gosh!  
I think we lost it.  
Leslie...  
- What's its weak spot?  
- Does it have a weak spot?  
I don't know!  
Just making it madder!  
P. T!

That's it! That's its weak spot!

It's ticklish!

- Gross!

- Troll toe jam.

Good boy, P.T. Good boy!

Good dog.

What's Janice's weak spot, you think?

Eighth-grade girl...

...probably eighth-grade boys.

Who's she got a crush on?

I don't know. Let's see...

...coolest boy in

eighth grade is probably...

...Willard Hughes.

- That's it.

- What's it?

Write, "Dear Janice..."

- You do it.

- No way.

Boys' handwriting sucks.

No offense.

It's gotta be you.

OK.

"Dear Janice,

you're the most amazing and

beautiful person I've ever known."

- How do I know which desk is hers?

- It's got dried-up blood and old bones.

"I do not know if you know this

about me, but I need to tell you,

I think you are so cool.

You are the coolest over

all the other girls in our school."

OK. Write this,

"Let's find out if what

I think we have is real."

- Oh, Mr. Bailey...

- Huh?

...I was looking for you.

- Me? Why?

I think someone threw up

in the girls' room.

All right, I'll take a look.

"Meet me by the bus

after school today.

We can ride home together  
and talk about us."

Underline and capitalize the "us."

"All my love, Willard."

You know, if we get caught,  
they're both gonna kill us.

- I got your note.

- What are you talking about?

That was really sweet.

- I'm saving these seats.

- For who?

Willard Hughes is gonna  
ride Janice home today.

- What are you talking about?

- Willard and Janice.

They're totally in love.

In your dreams.

Well, you better tell Willard that.

It looks like he's

heading home in his own bus.

Look at Janice!

Hey, Janice, what happened?

Didn't Willard know

he's in love with you?

Where's

your boyfriend, Janice?

- What just happened?

- He just walked away.

- Yes.

- You wanna go?

- Yeah.

- I wanna come.

- You can't.

- It's a free country!

Don't follow us, or I'll tell Alexandra

you still suck your thumb

and sleep with Mr. Blanky.

- So, what do you say?

- They must have finished their book.

- How do you know?

- Hey, Leslie.

- We need your help.

- Come on.

- Hey, Mom.  
- Hey, Leslie, come on.  
All right, let's go.  
We're on a mission.  
Hey, this is my friend, Jess.  
Can he help?  
So, you're the infamous Jess.  
Hi, I'm Judy.  
Leslie tells me you're good  
with a paint brush.  
Grab one and get going.  
Come on! I am determined  
to have this wall finished  
so when the late sun hits it,  
we can watch it catch fire.  
Now, that's one steady hand, Jess.  
That's an artist's hand. Am I right?  
Yeah.  
You know,  
the best prize that life offers,  
is the chance to work hard  
at work worth doing.  
Teddy Roosevelt said that, not me.  
- Wow.  
- What did I tell you? Was it worth it?  
Hey, guys.  
Jess, get started on your homework, OK?  
I'm managing the store  
on weekends, starting soon,  
I need you to pick up  
on some chores around here.  
You know, the best prize  
that life can offer  
is working hard at work worth doing.  
Hey...  
...have you taken art classes?  
No, I...  
I just made them up myself.  
You're really talented.  
Jess, don't let those other kids  
get in your way.  
- Oh, here you go.  
- Thank you.  
I just went to use the girl's room.

Someone's in a stall,  
crying their eyes out,  
and I think it's Janice Avery.  
It can't be the trick we played, can it?  
No way. But come here.  
Free to pee!  
Get out of here!  
Get out of here, now!  
- You should go talk to her.  
- You kidding?  
It's not "skinned knee crying,"  
it's something serious.  
It's the girls' bathroom,  
I can't go in there.  
- I don't wanna go in there alone.  
- What's the matter?  
A girl who can stand up to a giant troll  
is afraid of some dumb eighth grader?  
Sorry.  
- Go on, tell me.  
- No, I don't wanna tell you.  
- Why not?  
- I'll tell you there.  
He, like, came up to me.  
I'm pretty sure he likes me.  
No way! I like Tony!  
Her dad gets really mad at her.  
So? My dad gets mad at me...  
pretty much all the time.  
- He hits her.  
- Oh.  
Some neighbor heard them  
yelling so loud, they called the police.  
And it got out. And all the seventh  
and the eighth graders know about it.  
- Whoa.  
- Which explains, like, a lot.  
Well, what did you say to her?  
Well, I told her about not having a TV  
and everyone laughing at me.  
I know what it's like  
to have everyone think I was weird.  
Then what'd she say?  
She asked me for advice.

Janice Avery asked you for advice?

- Yeah.

- And?

Well, I told her just to pretend  
that she had no idea  
what anyone was talking about,  
and in a few weeks' time,  
everybody would just forget about it.  
Man...

Then I gave her a piece of gum.

- We should go.

- Yeah.

- Wanna come back tomorrow?

- Can't. I got chores.

- How about the next day?

- Sunday we go to church.

- Can I come?

- You'd hate it.

- No, I think it'd be cool.

- Uh, girls can't wear pants.

- I've got dresses, Jess.

- You in a dress? That'd be a sight!

See ya!

That's what we need.

Bells... in Terabithia.

I'm really glad I came.

That whole Jesus thing,  
it's really interesting.

It's not interesting.

It's scary!

It's nailing holes through your hands.

It's 'cause we're all vile sinners.

God made Jesus die.

- You really think that's true?

- It's in the Bible.

You have to believe it,  
and you hate it.

I don't have to believe it,  
and I think it's beautiful.

- You gotta believe the Bible, Leslie.

- Why?

'Cause if you  
don't believe in the Bible,  
God will damn you to hell when you die.

Wow, May Belle.  
Where'd you hear that?  
That's right, huh, Jess?  
God damns you to hell  
if you don't believe in the Bible.  
- I think so.  
- Well, I don't think so.  
I seriously do not think God  
goes around damning people to hell.  
He's too busy running all this.  
Hey, Jess.  
Give me a hand.  
Yeah. I'm coming.  
Get my drill out of the greenhouse.  
You haven't managed  
to kill those yet?  
Not funny.  
Look.  
Ever thought of  
putting them in the sun?  
Jess. Jess.  
- Where are my keys?  
- What?  
My keys. You never gave them back to me.  
- Think!  
- I put the drill down here.  
Damn it, the keys to the store  
are on it, the register, all of it.  
They have to replace those locks,  
\$ 700 out of my paycheck.  
They gotta be right here.  
- If I don't have those keys...  
- I'll find them, Dad. I promise.  
Why don't you draw me some money  
to pay for it? How about that?  
Make yourself useful,  
draw me some money.  
I said I'll find them.  
You look awful.  
What's the matter?  
I lost the keys where my dad works,  
and now he has to get  
new keys made, and locks.  
May Belle?

Please don't anyone get mad at me.

- What?

- He...

- I know where your dad's keys are.

- You do?

You know the bells

we talked about making?

Well, it was meant to be a surprise.

All that clanking metal and junk.

And... May Belle wanted to help.

And you let her?

Why did you tell me

you found them on the ground?

- They were.

- On the ground in the greenhouse.

What's the matter with you?

Dad wants to kill me.

I was waiting for the right time.

So you know where the keys are?

See ya later.

- Tell Mom I'll be home in a bit.

- Are you gonna tell Dad it was me?

Don't worry. It's my job

to get Dad's keys back. See you later.

Whoa.

Look how high it got.

Come on. Let's go.

"Get your head out of the clouds, boy.

Draw me some money.

- Make yourself useful, draw me money."

- What are you going on about?

"This isn't one of your cartoons.

This is serious."

What's so great about being serious

all the time anyway? Tell me that.

What if the Dark Master

gets the keys first?

I'm not scared of any Dark Master,

and those are my dad's keys.

Leslie, get behind me.

Jess, turn around. There's more.

Here, take this.

Jess!

P.T., get him!

Good boy, P.T.  
Yeah!  
- Dead meat! Dead meat! Dead meat!  
- Whoa!  
Run!  
Come on! Faster!  
Dead meat! Dead meat!  
Dead meat! Dead meat!  
Told you they were grenades.  
Jess!  
I got you, Leslie!  
I got you!  
Up ahead! Get ready!  
- They'll catch us.  
- We're the fastest in Terabithia.  
He's watching us.  
Where are the keys?  
Here, open this.  
Where are Terabithian warriors  
when you need them?  
I don't know.  
Great. Now there's three of us.  
- Wow.  
- Now we're even.  
Attack!  
Dead meat! Dead meat!  
Dead meat! Dead meat! Dead meat!  
Come on.  
- Come on, P.T.  
- Dead meat!  
Be careful!  
You're almost there.  
Jess!  
Jess!  
Hey.  
- See ya!  
- Yeah, see ya.  
Jess! I called you three times.  
It's your girlfriend.  
She's not my girlfriend.  
- Hey.  
- Hello, Jess.  
Wait. Who is this?  
It's Saturday, but it's

your teacher, Ms. Edmunds.

I was planning on taking my nephews  
into the city to the museum,  
and my sister changed her plans  
last minute, so I had a thought.

- Hey, Mom.

- Hmm? Is it the baby?

No, she's fine.

May Belle's got her.

Teacher wants me to go  
on a field trip today.

- Is that OK?

- Mmm.

Ms. Edmunds? Yeah, I can go.

- All set?

- Yeah.

- Yeah?

- Yes, ma'am.

Forget something?

No. I'm good.

Wow.

Honey, honey, stay here.

- Do you like it?

- Yeah.

It's Brueghel.

It's one of my favorites.

I wonder if he started in notebooks  
like you. I know da Vinci did.

It's amazing how much  
detail's put into it.

You've been to a museum before, right?

- No, it's my first time.

- Really?

- Yup.

- Well, then I'm honored.

It's such a nice day out.

It's been raining so much, I began  
to think it was like that Japanese myth  
where the sun goes into the cave  
and vows never to come out.

- You know about everything.

- Not by a long shot.

But I do try to keep an open mind,  
and you'd be surprised

what finds its way in there.

That's what Leslie Burke says.

She told me to keep my mind wide open.

Leslie Burke is right.

Mind like yours wide open,

you could create a whole new world.

- Thank you very much.

- You're very welcome.

- Maybe we could do this again sometime.

- Absolutely.

- Hey, guys.

- See? I told you.

Oh, my God, Jess!

- Where in God's name have you been?

- Where have you been?

Mom...

I asked you. It wasn't like I...

- They thought you were dead.

- Brenda, hush.

Dead?

What's going on?

Your friend Leslie's dead.

She drowned in a creek this morning.

Apparently she tried to swing  
across on a rope and it broke.

They think she hit her head.

No... No, it's not that kind of rope.

It couldn't break.

It... wouldn't have.

But it did.

- I'm sorry, son.

- No, you're lying.

- She's not even dead. You're lying!

- Jess!

Hi, honey. You want some breakfast?

I... I gotta do my chores first.

Your dad's doing everything today.

You just sit down.

Jess, your father and I thought  
we'd go to the Burkes today  
and pay our respects.

Just the three of us.

Paying what?

Prince Terrien. Shh.

You must be Jess.  
I'm Mr. Aarons. This is my wife, Mary.  
Very sorry about your loss.  
- I'm so sorry.  
- Hi, Jess.  
She loved you, you know.  
You know, Leslie,  
she never had much luck  
making friends at her old school.  
We were hoping that when  
we moved out here she would...  
She said  
if it wasn't for you...  
You're the best friend she's ever had.  
I wanna thank you for that.  
You're welcome.  
My wife and I were wondering  
about the service.  
We've decided to bring Leslie  
back home until the service.  
- Jess.  
- Next time,  
we should invite Leslie to go.  
She'd like that.  
Hey, kid.  
Sorry about your friend.  
The purpose  
of object pronouns...  
So looks like you're  
the fastest kid in the class now, huh?  
It's a joke, dude.  
- Are you nuts?  
- Jess Aarons.  
Go wait for me out in the hall.  
Silent reading until I get back.  
Jess...  
When my husband died...  
...people kept telling me not to cry.  
People kept trying to help me to forget.  
But I didn't wanna forget.  
Excuse me.  
The things that girl came up with.  
I don't get students like her too often.  
So I realize...

...that if it's hard for me...  
...how much harder it must be for you.  
Hurry up.  
We're gonna miss the bus!  
Hey.  
Leslie?!  
Jess!  
Leslie!  
- Jess!  
- Leslie!  
Lesl...  
Help me, I can't get across! Hurry!  
May Belle?  
Hold on! Don't move!  
Here, grab my arm.  
I got you, don't worry.  
- What were you thinking?  
- I was worried about you!  
Well, don't be. I don't want you here!  
- But I wanna come with you.  
- This is our place. Go home.  
This is our place!  
I said go home!  
Honey, what's the matter?  
What's the matter?  
What's the matter, baby?  
No!  
Jess!  
It's OK, Jess.  
It's OK, son, it's OK.  
It's all gone.  
Is it like the Bible says?  
Is she going to hell?  
I don't know everything about God,  
but I do know He's not  
gonna send that little girl to hell.  
Then I'm going to hell  
because it's all my fault.  
Don't you think that even for a minute.  
But it is.  
I didn't invite her  
to go to the museum with me.  
I didn't wanna invite her.  
I wasn't there to go with her.

- It's my fault.  
- No, no, no, no.  
It's not your fault.  
None of that makes it so.  
It's a terrible thing.  
It doesn't make any sense,  
but it's not your fault, Jess.  
She brought you something special  
when she came here, didn't she?  
That's what you hold on to.  
That's how you keep her alive.  
May Belle?  
Look.  
I'm sorry I pushed you.  
That was stupid and wrong...  
...and I really miss you talking to me.  
She's in your hands now.  
Hey!  
Wait!  
Wait!  
Hey!  
Jess? I'm sorry.  
I didn't... I didn't see you.  
Can I use the lumber by your house?  
Yeah, yeah. Of course.  
Anything you see, you just...  
You know, I meant to...  
I meant to give you Prince Terrien,  
but I... can't seem to give him up.  
Leslie would've wanted you to have him.  
Yeah.  
We're playing. By ourselves.  
OK, but I know the most  
incredible place to play.  
You gotta promise you're  
not gonna tell anybody about it.  
Not Brenda, not Ellie, not even Joycie.  
Tell Joycie a secret between you and me?  
She's nothing but a baby.  
You're right, and she's not ready  
to be a princess yet.  
You have to train her and stuff.  
Princess? Who gets to be the princess?  
Step down.

Watch your step.  
You're not peeking, are you?  
Step up. There you go.  
All right.  
OK. Open them.  
Wow. Did you make this?  
Yep.  
Hold on a second.  
Look! They must've heard the rumor,  
that the beautiful girl arriving today  
is the new future ruler of Terabithia.  
- Who heard?  
- The Terabithians.  
They've been waiting.  
Where?  
- I don't see them.  
- It's an ancient forest, May Belle,  
full of magical creatures  
and friendly giants,  
anything you can imagine.  
But you gotta look really hard.  
But keep your mind wide open.  
So, what do you think?  
Can there be purple flowers?  
Anything you want.  
Wow.  
And a castle.  
A big one, with towers and flags.  
Of course.  
Look, Jess. It's beautiful.  
Is there a king?  
Are you the king, Jess?  
Only if you're princess.  
Terabithia.