TOY SOLDIER

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INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a corner. In the corner rests a large trunk.

And an old-fashioned wooden doll set upon it.

A soldier similar to the nutcracker edition, it's one of many models, all lined two by two, facing the same direction.

TICK TOCK, rhythm from a grandfather clock overwhelms the room.

Suddenly, the timber soldier's legs begin to twitch, and arms slightly start to convulse. TIMBER'S eyes SNAP to life. A short period before he completely maneuvers about.

Timber's eyes scrutinize fellow soldiers; facial expressions, handheld armory, and salute postures.

He searches through the scope when he becomes gripped by something... an echo... the ticking clock.

TICK TOCK

Inquiring, he dives off the trunk and soars mid-air. Lands on a surface and commences through the room. Timber explores his way through wrapped cardboard boxes, Christmas ornaments, and heaps of picture frames that are strewn across the room. Masses of forgotten memories.

He searches through.. but to no avail. Timber shuts his eyes. Takes a moment. Concentrates hard on the -

TICK TOCK.

And he gazes above ... uncovering the source of the beat.

Distinguishing a massive grandfather clock beyond him. An epic size to his miniature frame. The Empire state building of his world.

Timber decides, and grasps onto a wood block. Carries himself up. Timber mounts the tower.

As he scales higher, Timber looks down at what becomes a blurry view of the foundation.

TICK TOCK

Tired, he finally ascends to the summit, wearily situating himself near the colossal timepiece. But the rhythm is so OVERWHELMING, OVERBEARING, that his entire self RUMBLES and he eventually flies off the edge.

Descending mid air, he has no manage over his movements.

And he lands HARD on his back. His body now lifeless.

SILENCE.

Only the TICK TOCK as it was before. Less intense.

TICK TOCK

And there's the slightest tremble, a small quiver, as:

Timber gains grip of his hand, his body, and angrily SLAMS his fist on the wooden floor in failure.

THUMP!

Timber hears the sound originating from it... something so familiar. He slams again... THUMP! And he realizes, eyes bolting open, that it's a less deafening account of the grandfather clock.

Enthralled, he attempts it again. PLOP PLOP! He thumps on the floorboard.

He amuses himself with a quicker pace. A faster rhythm. A genuine smile washing his face.

And he rushes off! ... Into a

INT. DOLL HOUSE

in the appearance of an affluent house, a vast Victorian pile. Timber moves from room to room. From the main bedrooms on the first floor, where puppet versions of MOM and DAD are, to the kitchen and living room where DAUGHTER(in ballet garment), SON(in cowboy rags) and BABY SISTER are neatly ordered.

Timber constructs a beat out of the home furnishings and the puppets COME TO LIFE. He signals them to go outside.

As they do, Timber rushes through the halls to get more people...

But finds nobody. So he makes his way into one of the children's BEDROOMS-

Which also happens to be empty. He spots an abandoned drum set in a corner.

Curiously, Timber nears, and eagerly wanting to hear a beat, he SLAMS his hands to the surface. So firm that his hand pierces right through!

Timber slumps in sorrow. Then hears a SNICKER from behind. He twists, and sees LOLA, the daughter ballet figurine from before. He looks, does a pout, and places his attention back on the snare. How to fix it.

Lola nears behind him, and taps his shoulder. But he waves her away.

She ignores this, and pulls him even harder.

He looks, and sees an enthusiasm in her eyes. She's hinting him to follow her. So she goes, and he follows.

DOLL HOUSE - HALLWAY

The two navigate the halls. Lola moving in tip toe stance - Ballet form -- leading the way.

BEDROOM

Lola opens the door to a meticulously tidy room.

Timber scans the room, nothing of particular interest to him. The room full of classic girl possessions. But Lola clues him further into the corner.

And Timber sees through the pink synchronized space:

To a corner wall coated with black paint, an edgy rocker punk chick style in this girl. And with it, a full drum set in the corner!

Timber HURRIES to it without a second glance. About to slam once again with his palm - when Lola prevents him. Smiling, she takes a grasp of his hand and inserts a drum stick in it.

Lola hoists the snare and hints him to hold it. He obeys, as she grabs a thread and begins to drape the snare to his chest.

Timber studies the sticks, and taps one against the shell of the snare.

TAP! TAP!

Amused, he persists with both sticks at once. BRRRRT BRRRT. He does a drum roll.

And he's in love. Lola beams, just finished threading. The snare drum permanently attached to his chest.

EXT. DOLL HOUSE

Lola leads Timber out the house, making their way for her family.

Timber nods his thanks, and motions Lola to stay as he sets off for-

The center of the room. Sunlight shines dramatically on him.

Timber shivers, nervous, then glimpses a look at Lola, who winks him some encouragement.

Now, with added confidence, he does a modest bow. And takes a breath.

Silence. TICK TOCK. The beat basis for Timber's beginning tempo.

BRRRRT. BRRRRT. He does a drum cadence.

The family claps. He continues. Does a longer roll of his snare. The beat goes faster, harder. More fluid.

In the shadows, are the sounds of winding movements on various shelves.

Meanwhile Timber is as startled as Lola is by how good he is. Timber continues a swift pace. The beat catchy, the rhythm so captivating.

On a TOY SHELF

A large, cute STUFFED PIG rests on a chest beside an old fashioned alarm clock. It comes ALIVE, along with the rest of the attic.

TOYS emerge from toy boxes, chests, shelves, etc... in a flurry of activity. Crowding to hear the brilliant beat.

Some toys give in to the tune, swaying and tapping to the tempo. Some round behind Timber with instruments of their own, some striking on a typewriter, supplying a harmony.

The music gets harder, and the festivities get bigger. Timber's solo show buzzes into a miniature parade of toys.

When suddenly, the stuffed pig disrupts with a heavy metal wail! He twangs a toy guitar with righteous fury.

He finishes, and with him a stunned silence. The sound of crickets.

Piggy shrugs, and the music returns to the previous sound.

Mid-song, Timber glances towards Lola's direction, but can't find her. A sense of worry washes across his facewhen suddenly -

A YOUNG BOY thrusts through the attic door, and the toys INSTANTLY solidify. Plastic figures again. The music ends.

The boy rummages around.

BOY Hey mom! I think the rats made it back in the attic again.

MOM There are no rats. You're just paranoid! BOY But mom, I hear noises.

MOM No you don't! Now close that door and do something useful!

BOY

BUT MOM!

MOM

NO!

The boy heads his way out.

BOY

Fine, whatever.

The crowds come to life as the door slams closed. Timber is lost in revelry, hearing the sound of the roaring crowd.

He scans the crowd. Smiling as he sees -

LOLA

Across the room, beneath a skylight in a stunning extensive golden gown.

The music swells, as they are moving closer. Love-struck.

Side by side, they stand watching the great crowd in motion, under a square of bright blue light from the skylight.

As a small smile creeps onto Timber's lips, we

FADE OUT.