

Mr. Gavin  
By  
Matt Sanders

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979-218-6827  
Matt\_sanders@ymail.com

INT. GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

Pink walls meet pink bedsheets in this little room. Baby dolls, stuffed animals, and plastic teacups sit carefully on a tiny plastic square table in the corner. Through pale moonlight, the room seems empty, ancient.

Suddenly, the bedroom door handle turns. Abby, 28, light brown hair, enters the room. With a look of loving nostalgia, it's apparent this old room is hers.

She enters, luggage in tow, and plops down on the twin bed.

ABBY

Big day.

Abby stands, and carefully examines her old room like it's a mausoleum. She sighs.

ABBY

...Big day.

Footsteps behind her grab her attention. Abby turns around, and notices Mr. Gavin standing by the bedroom door.

Her face fills with excitement, and as much as she'd like to try and hide it, she's happy to see the old man. Mr. Gavin, elderly, white hair and glasses, smiles as wide as his oval face.

ABBY

Mr. Gavin.

Abby can't hold it in anymore, she walks towards him and smiles. He laughs.

MR. GAVIN

My Abby.

She wraps both arms around the gentle man, and closes her eyes.

ABBY

I've missed you so.

After a few needed seconds, she releases her hold and pulls back to look him in the eyes.

MR. GAVIN

Look at you! All grown up!

Abby smirks, and gestures over to the tiny table in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

I doubt I'd be able to fit in for tea anymore.

MR. GAVIN

Nonsense.

Abby's smile slightly fades as a cold dose of reality drains the glow from her. She turns to sit on the bed.

Mr Gavin notices.

MR. GAVIN

My dear, what's wrong?

Abby looks down at the ground, she shrugs off her sadness and smiles.

ABBY

Nothing, nothing.. Just a big day tomorrow.

Mr. Gavin smiles, nods, and takes a seat on the bed.

ABBY

I'm not a little girl anymore. I've grown up. I went to Jr. High, then High school after that. And college after that. I've been run down, I've been run over.

Mr. Gavin politely sits, listening as intently as possible.

ABBY

I've loved. I've been loved. I've also been crushed. I've seen those I love leave, and never come back. I've been left alone on the floor, with nothing to grasp, and no one to pull me up. But I've trudged ahead. I've found the little hope inside me to keep moving. To keep moving forward.

Abby, without taking a breath, continues on. It's clear these are feelings she's bottled up.

ABBY

I've met boys. Many boys. I've been lied to. Been called things I don't care to repeat. But I've only met a few men. And tomorrow, I'm marrying the man of my dreams. But yet I sit

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABBY (cont'd)  
here, and I doubt. I've spent my entire life dreaming about this day. I've sat here, in this very room, and I've planned every little detail.. But now that it's here, I'm scared. Forever's a long time. What if he doesn't love me ten years from now?

Mr. Gavin shushes Abby.

MR. GAVIN  
You musn't worry yourself with such silly questions. My dear, it would be impossible to fall out of love with such a wonderful young lady.

Abby looks at Mr. Gavin, and asks the question she's wondered for years.

ABBY  
Mr. Gavin, where have you been?  
I've been through so so much.  
Realized the world for what it is.  
You were there for me as a child.  
You helped me through sick days,  
and bad dreams. You banished the monster from under the bed, as well as the bigger, scarier monsters in the closet.

A tear builds in her eye.

ABBY  
You were there for homework, and helped me remember my lines in the school play. You were there for tea time, and you were there to comfort me when mom and dad would argue. You were there when mom and I moved out. I was so young, Mr. Gavin. I longed for the world. But I've seen the world. I've seen the evil, the hatred, and the unforgiving. Where were you? Where'd you go?

Mr. Gavin's face shadows that of a man under torture. He pains and winces as Abby speaks.

Abby's voice cracks under the enormous lump in her throat. She clears it, and attempts to gather herself.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

When mom got sick, I needed you.  
When her headaches kept her up,  
night after night, I needed you.  
When I finally convinced her to get  
it checked out, and when the  
doctors asked her to stay for more  
testing, I needed you. When they  
told us about the tumor, the 40%  
chance of survival after surgery  
and treatments, I needed you. When  
she leaned on me for support, I  
needed YOU to lean on. You to cry  
with me, you to comfort me, and  
tell me everything would be  
alright. Where were you?

Abby's bottled up sorrow and pain is more evident now than ever.

Tears stream down Mr. Gavin's face. His eyes, the size of saucers, look directly at Abby, the source of all the pain and torment. But, with a love untold, he continues to listen.

ABBY

When Mom's cancer went into  
remission, I wanted to cheer with  
you. When she got to come home,  
without the medicine, without the  
equipment.. when we got a peaceful  
loving taste of a life we once took  
for granted, I WANTED you here.  
And, in a world as cruel and evil  
as this, when mom's cancer came  
back, when the doctor's new  
prognosis was nothing more than,  
"Cherish the time you have left," I  
desperately needed you.

Abby gets up from the bed, walks to the end of the room, and turns away from Mr. Gavin.

ABBY

At her funeral. And the countless  
tears that were shed  
afterwards.....

Mr. Gavin reaches his arm up to Abby, hoping to get her attention, to console her, but she unknowingly cuts him off.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

I can't begin to describe the pain I've felt. I've been to the lowest pits of despair, and by myself, by my own power, I've pulled myself out.. bruised and battered, I've prevailed. After all these years, I've moved on, continued to grow as a person, and just as you forgot me, I forgot you. After time I forgot, and forgave you.

Mr. Gavin lowers his hand and head. He closes his eyes in sorrow.

ABBY

And yet, on what is to be the biggest day of my life. I find you.

Mr. Gavin has waited for this opportunity all night, his moment to speak. In a stern, but loving tone, he does just that.

MR. GAVIN

My sweet Abby, I've never left you. You might think of my absence as you see it, as intentional, but that is the furthest thing from the truth. I want nothing more than to have a knowing relationship with you.

Mr. Gavin wipes the tears from his eyes.

MR. GAVIN

I want nothing more than to love and cherish you like when you were a child.

Even after the pain he's felt, Mr. Gavin smiles.

MR. GAVIN

But.... I can't, I WON'T force my presence on you. You can have as much, or as little of me as you prefer. It is that freedom, that choice, that makes my love... genuine.

Abby turns to face Mr. Gavin again as he continues to speak.

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MR. GAVIN

But always remember this, I have NEVER left you, and I never will. Those times when your heart was broken, when those boys hurt you, when all seemed lost, I was there. I was the wind at your back, I was the sun on your skin. I was the thought that put a smile on your face, and made you realize life will go on.

Abby stands still as a statue as Mr. Gavin walks towards her.

MR. GAVIN

And when your mother,

His voice shakes, and tears well again.

MR. GAVIN

When your mother got the news. I wept with you. I hurt with you. I hurt with her. I felt the chemo treatments, and the terror of not knowing.. never knowing if it would end.

Mr. Gavin is directly in front of Abby now.

MR. GAVIN

And when she passed, when you were at your lowest, I carried you, I carried you out of that pit of despair. That strength you felt, that was me child.

Mr. Gavin reaches out and puts one hand on Abby's cheek.

MR. GAVIN

You are such a beautiful, caring, loving, creation. I will always cherish you.

Abby releases all the tension, rage, sadness, and doubt that has filled her for all these years, and begins to weep. Not wales of sadness, anger, or rage, or doubt... But tears of joy, tears of belonging. Mr. Gavin embraces her.

MR. GAVIN

I can't guarantee you won't ever see sorrow or sadness again, but what I can guarantee is you will never walk alone.

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Mr. Gavin pats her on the shoulder. Abby clings to Mr. Gavin, realizing he's been with her the whole time.

MR. GAVIN

Now.. I'd say it's about time for you to get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

Abby snuffles, nods her head, and wipes her eyes.

ABBY

Can you tuck me in? Like you used to?

Mr. Gavin smiles.

MR. GAVIN

Of course my dear. I'd want nothing more.

Abby walks to the bed, and slides under the covers, as Mr. Gavin tucks the sheets around her. He reaches over to the bedside table, and turns off the light switch. The same pale moonlight from earlier floods the room leaving everything just slightly visible.

Mr. Gavin bends down, kisses Abby's forehead, and in an instant, completely disappears.

A tranquil calm overcomes Abby, one she hasn't felt in years, as she peacefully drifts to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.