

THIS LITTLE GIFT OF MINE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. WEATHERBOARD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Wind chimes jingle in the breeze.

Hanging the wet clothes on the line, ANNE (45) slender, strong and quite beautiful hums to herself.

A conspicuous, inquisitive face darts between the wet clothes.

ANNE
Where are you?

In a floral sundress, Everline (8) plays between the white sheets, evading the gaze of her mother.

Skipping and humming she runs her fingers past the clothes, coming to a long a black evening dress.

ANNE O.S
Where are...

A small electric shock jolts through her.

ANNE O.S
You Everline...

The words becomes distorted. Her eyes widen. Eyes dilate. She sucks in a breath.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bed in the middle of the room Anne wears the same long black evening dress from the clothesline.

She vigorously spanks an over weight CLIENT of the same age on the bed.

Everline in the same floral sundress, lets out an exasperated breath.

She clutches the wall nearest the bathroom and takes in the sight of her mother Anne and the Client.

The Client makes animal like growling noises as the Anne strikes him harder.

Little Everline lets out a short whimper.

Hearing it her Anne stops mid strike and turns.

Everline backs along the motel wall to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

How did you...? Everline...

Everline reaches the door, swings it open and runs.

ANNE

Everline!

Anne forcefully pushes the over weight Client off her, and right off the bed.

CLIENT

Hey, you haven't finished ...

She gives chase out the motel door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Panting, Everline runs across the road reaching the sidewalk.

ANNE

Everline!

Anne is fast, she gains on Everline, crossing the road...

KERPLUNK!

Everline spins around. Anne lies in a heap in the middle of the road a few meters from a large truck.

Her eyes widen, she sucks in erratic breaths, letting out a ear deafening scream.

FADE TO BLACK

White letters appear in the middle of the frame. As the theme plays the letters spell:

TITLE: THIS LITTLE GIFT OF MINE...

INT. EVERLINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The ellipses from the title fade into the colon between the numbers twelve and fifteen on the alarm clock. Midday sun streams through the windows.

Everline (28) blinks as she peels back the sheets, letting her eyes adjust to the brightness.

She holds her hands up to the window, playing with the rays of light between her fingers.

The playful moment elapses. She turns over picking up a pair of gloves from her dresser, mechanically slipping them on and getting out of bed.

INT. EVERLINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The curtains are drawn. The house is bathed in darkness.

Everline wanders to the fridge. Opening it, she picks up the milk and smells it, recoiling instantly.

She moves to the sink and tips the off milk down the drain, holding her nose. The smell is too much.

Pulling the curtains apart she pushes the windows above the sink open, letting the midday sun into the eclectic apartment.

ABEL (V.O)

Shit.

Everline looks over her shoulder to see ABEL (29) pale, skinny, disheveled with a certain kind of magnetism about him, slumped over the end of the kitchen table.

Underneath his head is a computer and a pile of papers and books.

EVERLINE

Sorry, the milk's turned.

ABEL

I mean shit. I crashed again.

EVERLINE

How long you'd last this time?

Rubbing his head he counts.

ABEL

Uh ...seven, no eight and half.

EVERLINE

That's a normal day at the office.

ABEL

Correction. A shit day at the office. If I were my boss I'd fire me.

Everline fills the kettle with water.

EVERLINE

You are your boss. Coffee?

ABEL

Several. Please.

(sorts through his notes)

My body is just humoring me now.

(CONTINUED)

EVERLINE

You've pushed it to hard Abe.
Maybe you should take a break?

She finishes making the coffees and hands one to Abe before sitting opposite him.

ABEL

Creative genius cannot, does not
take a break. It is the break. It
is the very definition of
freedom.

EVERLINE

Until it chains you...

ABEL

(strokes his computer)
Not chains, bonds of love. I'm
only another poem or two off
finishing. Check it out.

Abel spins the computer screen to Everline.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN:

EVALINE

(Reads the screen)

I have no name until you name me.
I have no form until you shape
me. I don't exist until you make
me. I am waiting deep inside you
Touch my spark and let me light
you. Give me life and I'll revive
you.

She sits in awe of the words as he takes the computer back.

ABEL

It's not finished.

EVERLINE

Who's it about?

Abel stares blankly.

EVERLINE (CONT'D)

It seems specific. Directed
towards someone. For someone.

ABEL

It's actually about my work.

A disbelieving smirk stretches across Everline's face.

(CONTINUED)

ABEL (CONT'D)

What?

EVERLINE

You can tell me.

ABEL

It's ...Look, I told you.

EVERLINE

You don't have to be embarrassed.
We live together.

ABEL

We live together so what?

EVERLINE

Abe...

ABEL

You know why we live together?
Because no one else will have us.
You with your freaky Wacko Jacko
gloves and me with my twisted
idea of art.

EVERLINE

Your art isn't twisted, it's
about...

ABEL

--Whatever.

Abel packs up his computer, books and papers and turns to leave.

ABEL

Excuse me.

He stops himself remembering his coffee. Turning he picks it up, sculls it wincing at the burn, plonks the cup down on the table and leaves.

Everline is left alone. She looks down at the table. His pencil lies next to the empty coffee cup.

Her eyes linger over it. She leans forward checking his bedroom door. Loud Jazz Funk music blares from behind the closed door.

Her eyes drift back down to the pencil. Pulling off the glove on her left hand. She reaches towards it.

She runs her fingers along it's red and black paint.

A small electric shock jolts through her.

The Jazz music becomes distorted. Her eyes widen. Eyes dilate. She sucks in a breath.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Drawings of characters and paintings are pinned to the wall in a confused fashion.

Clothes lie on the floor below a large table covered with pictures and art supplies. On top of it Abel lies naked with a PRETTY GIRL. They catch their breath.

Everline lets out an exasperated breath as she slouches into a nearby chair in the same clothes she woke up in.

Abel stares at the ceiling and connects a thought. He unravels one of his arms from her and subtly brushes back the hair on Pretty Girl's face. Then reaching for a pencil.

Everline regards Abel as he proceeds to write his poem.

Taking short static breaths, Everline's eyebrows furrow.

INT. EVERLINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Raising her head, confusion etched in her face Everline lets out another heavy breath, in the same chair.

She throws the pencil, pushes the table away, and stands defiantly pulling off the other glove.

Distressed she looks forlornly at her hands.

Something moving catches her eye. Abel stares at her from his bedroom door.

EVERLINE

What?!

Abel stands dumbfounded.

Everline rushes towards the apartment door.

She's gone in a heartbeat.

Abel chases after her.

ABEL

Everline?

INT. EVERLINE'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Everline descends the stairs with speed. Abel is just a flight behind.

ABEL

Wait...

Hitting the bottom of the stairs, Everline races through the foyer.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Everline steps out into the street. The bright daylight dazes her. People push past, some stare as she carefully steps forward shielding her eyes.

ABEL

Everline. I'm sorry.

Everline spins around. Her eyes meet Abel's.

He comes within reach of her.

KERRPLUNK!

A Sedan plows into Abel sending his body like a rag doll tens of meters down the street.

Women scream. A Sedan swerves into the opposite lane colliding head on with another car.

Everline wills herself to walk. Abel lies, still and lifeless, in a heap on the asphalt.

EVERLINE

Oh my god.

A pool of blood grows around his head. A middle aged WOMAN (40) takes out her mobile phone.

WOMAN

(into phone)

Hello? There's been a car accident on the corner of Fletcher and William St ...

The woman can barely look at Abel, she turns away as she continues to talk.

EVERLINE

Help is on the way.

Everline lifts his head, as blood seeps through his clothes. She places her hands carefully at the back of his head and cradles him.

(CONTINUED)

At the nape of his neck she notices a necklace with a silver ring hanging on it. She

A small electric shock jolts through her.

Her eyes widen. Eyes dilate. She sucks in a breath.

EXT. BACKYRAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

The yard is expansive with a suburban farmhouse. Fifteen meters from the house is a square shallow sandbox.

Everline lies back in the sand in the same clothes as before, with the exception of patches of fresh blood.

A WOMAN aggressively swings open the farmhouse door carrying a screaming BABY. She cusses and swears holding the baby as far from her body as possible.

Marching towards the sandbox she dumps the screaming baby in the middle of it, next to Everline.

WOMAN

Play!

The baby continues to wail as the woman marches back the farmhouse and slams the door.

Everline turns to the baby. Trying to soothe it with her words. The baby looks back to the farmhouse.

EVERLINE

Abel? Hey Abel ...

She coos. The baby turns to the sound of his name. His crying subsides and he crawls towards to her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Everline looks deep into Abel's eyes. A distant stare.

She can sense he is not entirely with him.

EVERLINE

Everline ...stay with me.

EXT. BACKYRAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

The baby plays with a plain silver band wedding ring. The same as the one worn around Abel's neck.

She lifts her left hand, the rays of sunlight stream through her fingers.

Placing it on the chest of the baby she closes her eyes. She concentrates.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Abel breaths become tranquil and shallow. With his spare hand he clutches Everline's.

EXT. BACKYRAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Everline's hand begins to emit a warm white light.

EVERLINE

You know what my mum said to me
before I passed away?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Abel's face contorts as the pain takes over him.

EVERLINE

She told me not run because it
would find me.

The pain that cripples Abel suddenly releases him.

EXT. BACKYRAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

The warm white light slowly fades. Everline drops her hand to the ground, slumping back against the edge of the sandbox.

The baby sits up and plays with the sand between his fingers. Unaware. Content.

Everline's eyes drift up to the clear sky.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The distant sound of a siren draws near. Abel blinks, struggling to sit up.

ABEL

What did you do?

Everline smiles.

EVERLINE

Something I didn't know I could.

The sirens approach.

(CONTINUED)

EVERLINE

I guess my gift did find me.

The ambulance comes to an abrupt halt meters from Abel's body.

Everline stands aside. The paramedics move in on Abel. They begin to work on him when he climbs to his feet.

The paramedics check him over, unable to find the source of the blood. Abel looks around for Everline.

EXT. BACKYRAD - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lying in the sandpit in her nightie Everline gazes in wonder at the clear blue sky.

She rolls over.

The baby throws the ring out of the sandpit.

EVERLINE

Want to hear a great story?

He crawls towards her and tries to feed her sand from his plastic shovel.

EVERLINE

Listen carefully.

(Whispers to him)

I have no name until you name me.
I have no form until you shape
me. I don't exist until you make
me. I am waiting deep inside you
Touch my spark and let me light
you. Give me life and I'll revive
you.

Her gaze drifts up the the house.

Everline stands, dusting her hands as she makes her way to the farmhouse. Her words echo into the forest that surround the property.

THE END