

# **Aubrey**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - AUBREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tidy little girl's bedroom. Everything is perfectly at the right place. The window shows lighted windows facing it from a nearby building. Not a noise.

On the pink wallpaper, a child drawing: a house in the sun, a tall tree, and flowers everywhere. It is signed with a child writing: Aubrey.

On a dresser, an old record player with only one record.

On the bedside table, by a lamp, a goldfish turns in an aquarium bowl by a picture under frame of a red-haired little girl and her mother in a wheat field, laughing.

On the bed covered by Dora the Explorer sheets, a beautiful brand new tall plush toy is seated. A giraffe.

Pinned on its neck, a white envelope where it reads: FROM MOM TO AUBREY

The giraffe looks like staring at the closed bedroom door. Its presence in the bedroom appears to be weird, as if the toy was waiting for something, for someone.

Footsteps are heard.

The giraffe keeps staring at the door.

Footsteps stop, the doorknob slowly turns, and the door opens. The little girl with red-haired seen earlier on the picture enters the bedroom and carefully closes back the door.

She is seven year-old AUBREY.

Her childish face draws a grave and serious look. She wears a blue coat and a red satchel on her back. She holds a ring of keys and clumsily carries a cat she coldly drops on the floor. The animal meows and rushes to cuddle against a radiator.

Aubrey switches the lamp on and looks at the goldfish, gently knocking on the bowl.

AUBREY

Hi Hobbes.

She notices the giraffe and frowns. Intrigued, she steps closer and sizes it up.

The giraffe on the bed is taller than she and dominates her. Aubrey is clearly disturbed by this new alien.

She takes the envelope, opens it, and takes a paper out.

AUBREY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Princess. I'm off to work and I'll be home late. But this is your birthday present. Sleep tight and have sweet dreams with your new friend. Happy birthday. I love you. Mom.

Aubrey slips the paper back into the envelope and pins it back on the giraffe neck. She stares at the toy right into the eyes, like she has it in for it.

She grabs the giraffe and takes it to the opposite corner of the bedroom. Then, she turns her back to it and takes her satchel off her back and her coat.

Then, she puts the record on the record-player and plays it. The small loudspeaker sizzles and a childish melancholic song slowly plays.

Aubrey dances to the rhythm of the music, slowly swaying, staring at her own reflection in a wardrobe mirror. She hums along with the music, and then steps to the window. She puts her nose on the steamy glass.

Suddenly, the same note of music is played: the needle jumps and is stuck. The record is scratched.

Aubrey steps back to the record player and stops it. She turns her head and sees the giraffe on the floor, staring at her. Duel of gazes.

AUBREY

What are you looking at?

The toy still stares at her. Aubrey shrugs and steps out of the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aubrey enters a small kitchen. On the table, an empty plate waits for her. Like a ritual, Aubrey opens the fridge, takes a frozen meal, and puts it into the microwave.

Still humming the song, she starts to dance, slowly spinning on herself. She steps out the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Still twirling and humming, she slowly crosses a corridor--

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

--enters a living room only lighted by the street lights--

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

--and steps into a small and dark bedroom with a bed undone.

From the kitchen, Aubrey hears the ping of the microwave.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cat seated on the table, Aubrey delicately eats like a lady. She doesn't look like a little girl but rather like an adult. She drinks a glass of milk, gets up, and puts the dirty dishes into the sink.

She steps out of the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - AUBREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aubrey reenters her bedroom. She picks up a doll on the carpet, sits on the bed, and starts to undress her with love.

AUBREY  
(to the doll)  
What about you Princess? Are you  
hungry?

She takes an imaginary spoon and pretends to feed the doll.

AUBREY  
(to the doll)  
Did you have fun at school today?

Suddenly aware of the giraffe's presence, Aubrey looks now disturbed. She frowns again, gets up, and walks to the toy.

The bedside lamp reflects in her agate eyes.

AUBREY  
Why are you staring at me? This is  
my home. You don't belong here.  
(a pause)  
I don't like your eyes.

The giraffe still gazes at her as if she was listening. Aubrey takes her coat and covers the toy, giving the coat a weird shape. She steps back to the bed but the coat slips off the giraffe.

Her ironic eyes gaze at Aubrey again.

The little girl is struck as if the giraffe had talk back. She gets up again, paces to the plush toy, and gazes at her with a mean look.

Suddenly, she slaps her on the snout. The giraffe falls on her side. Aubrey looks down at her, satisfied.

She paces to the bedside table, opens the drawer, and takes children's scissors out. She steps back to the giraffe and cuts one of its eyes out. Then, the second one.

AUBREY

I don't like your eyes.

Fists on her waists, Aubrey looks down at the toy with a contented smile. She now dominates her.

The giraffe now lies on the floor, with no eye, expressionless. She doesn't "live" anymore.

Aubrey picks up the eyes. In the palm of her little hand, the two agate look like still gazing at her. The little girl closes her hand and holds them away from her. She looks like she doesn't know what to do with them now.

INT. APARTMENT - TOILETS - NIGHT

Aubrey opens her little hand and drops the two agate eyes into the toilets. Then, she flushes.

Water whirls for a while but the two "eyes" are still here on the china bottom, staring at her.

Out of spite, Aubrey shuts the lid down.

INT. APARTMENT - AUBREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

With a large smile, Aubrey steps back into her bedroom and sits on the bed, taking her doll in her arms.

AUBREY

Don't worry, Princess, mom's here now. Did you miss me?

She hugs the doll, humming the same song. She now comfortably lays her on the bed.

AUBREY

It's your birthday. I'm gonna get you your present.

She frowns, remembering the giraffe's presence. She turns to her, gazing at her with a malevolence look.

Suddenly, Aubrey rushes to her, grabs her, opens the window, and throws her out down the street.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The giraffe falls off the building. A long fall.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The giraffe bounces on the wet pavement and stops, its snout in the street gutter.

TWO KIDS spring up around the corner of the street and run closer. Seeing the giraffe in the gutter, one of them kicks it, playing soccer.

The envelope is unpinned, taken away by the filthy gutter flow and disappears into the sewers.

The two kids keep kicking, running down the street, dropping the giraffe to each other, then a last strike.

The giraffe flies off to another street and lands on the sidewalk, in front of a peep-show lighted with red neons.

A woman's legs with high heels and fence net stockings, walk to the plush toy and stop by it. A PROSTITUTE squats down and picks up the dripping giraffe, puzzled.

She is Aubrey's mother, the one from the picture.

INT. APARTMENT - AUBREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aubrey's little hand puts the record back on the old record player.

Music resumes.

FADE OUT: