

THE GIFT

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

A doorbell RINGS.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and LYDIA (17), a brunette tomboy skater chick, steps out.

An envelope, with her name, sits on the ground before her.

She opens the envelope, pulls out a plastic bag with a lock of blonde hair inside.

Disgusted, she scans the area. There's nobody around.

LYDIA
(shouts)
Quit stalking me, you creep!

She slams the door shut.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Lydia walks through a field toward a dilapidated house.

She peeks inside.

INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

WEYLAND (17), a wannabe goth kid with black hair, kicks a piece of wood away when he turns to Lydia.

WEYLAND
Oh, hey.

LYDIA
(looks around)
Well, I've seen worse.

WEYLAND
It's an old hangout spot. Why'd you want to meet here anyway?

LYDIA
I need you to perform one of your freaky spells.

WEYLAND
Oh, just like that?

LYDIA

Look, I don't believe in the shit
in the first place. But, after what
Yasmin told me...

Weyland smirks.

WEYLAND

Yeah? Did she say anything about
me?

LYDIA

That's not why I'm here.

She sighs, steps inside and up to Weyland.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

She said you did something to make
her more successful. And she's been
acing every test since then. And
it's because Rob sent her to you.
He wanted love, and now the girls
at school have been paying more
attention to him.

WEYLAND

And you think I can grant you a
wish.

Lydia twists her lips. Weyland smirks again, steps forward.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

I can't perform these rituals all
willy-nilly, ya know.

LYDIA

I have what you need, right here.

She holds up the plastic bag with the lock of hair.

WEYLAND

Whose is that?

LYDIA

It doesn't matter. Can you, I
dunno, make someone go away? Or,
get them to not be in love with me?

WEYLAND

How so?

LYDIA

Do whatever. Make them hate me,
scare the shit out of them,
whatever it takes to get them to
stop.

WEYLAND

Stop?

LYDIA

I want to be left alone.

Weyland nods at the bag of hair.

WEYLAND

How'd you get that?

She shoves the bag of hair into his chest.

LYDIA

Just...do what you need to do.

MOMENTS LATER

Weyland kneels down and opens the plastic bag. He pulls out
the lock of hair.

Strand by strand, he lights each one on fire with a lighter.

The hair strand fizzles away into nothing as it burns.

He WHISPERS a chant, to himself. It's nearly inaudible.

He continues to burn each strand, whispering the chant over
and over again.

Lydia watches from beyond. She gulps.

His lips move in a blur as his whispers echo in the rotten
house.

Lydia hugs herself, an invisible chill settling in.

One more strand of hair burns away.

WEYLAND

It's complete.

He stands and turns to find Lydia gone.

WEYLAND (CONT'D)

Lydia?

INT. OLD HOUSE (ANOTHER REALM) - DAY

Weyland faces Lydia. He stares at her, almost sinisterly.

LYDIA
Did it work?

WEYLAND
(flat)
Yes.

She smiles nervously.

LYDIA
So, now what?

Weyland remains quiet.

She chuckles nervously.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Okay, weirdo...now what?

He stays silent.

She gulps, begins to turn.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna leave.

WEYLAND
You can't.

LYDIA
Why not?

WEYLAND
You are here.
(beat)
Forever.

LYDIA
What do you mean?

WEYLAND
The lock of hair was gifted to you.
It is yours to own. You wanted to
be left alone, and now...you are
alone.

Lydia, spooked, turns around.

She takes a step outside of the dilapidated house—

INT. OLD HOUSE (ANOTHER REALM) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

—Lydia steps INTO the house.

She gasps.

Weyland is gone, and it's suddenly NIGHTTIME.

Lydia turns, steps outside of the house—

—she walks back into the house.

She begins to hyperventilate.

Lydia turns to walk out of the old house—

—and returns into the house.

LYDIA

No...

She runs out of the house—

—only to run into it again.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Help...Somebody!?

She spins around.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Anyone?!

She runs out of the house again—

—only to return inside once more.

Again, and again, and again.

Trapped.

Forever.

She SCREAMS—

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Her screams echo away, as Weyland walks away from the old dilapidated house that sits in the sunshine.

FADE OUT.