

The Gift

By

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FUNERAL HOME

The film opens in a funeral. It's open casket. Close up on Emily, near the exit, being consoled by three of her friends. A mourner comes up to her.

MOURNER

I'm sorry for your loss, I know you
were close to your sister.

EMILY

(Nodding a bit)

Thanks.

Cut to Claire in the back of the funeral home, staring at the scene forlornly. Only her face is seen. Then to Anna. She's leaning against a wall, a small smile on her face. Claire looks over to her, they lock eyes. Claire has a very angry expression as she stares her down. Anna is the first to look away. She walks out, a smug smile on her face. Cut to Quentin, in line to say goodbyes. He looks at the casket. Claire appears behind him. She's about to place a hand on his shoulder, but then pulls back. Quentin places something on the body. Pan up. It's Claire that's been watching. She turns around and walks away; her clothes are soaked with blood. She sits on a bench in the back of the funeral home and looks at Emily.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I wonder if Emily can see me yet. I
wonder if she ever will.

Claire continues to look at Emily. Emily suddenly turns and stares straight at Claire, her eyes wide with shock. Emily blinks hard a few times. Cut to Emily's POV. She looks at Claire, sitting on a bench. Someone passes in front of her. When Emily looks again, Claire is gone. Cut to Claire, outside the funeral home, watching a hearse pass by.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I hope she never does.

EMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (TO BE CUT)

It's dark out. Emily is in her bed, tossing and turning. Claire appears at the foot of her bed. She puts a hand on Emily's shoulder.

EMILY

(Groggily)

C-Claire?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
(Raising finger to lips)
Shh.

Claire takes a pearl necklace off and places it around Emily's neck. Claire turns to leave

EMILY
Don't go... I miss you so much...

CLAIRE
(Sad look)
I miss you too. Please go back to sleep.

Claire walks out of the room, closing the door behind her.

THE NEXT MORNING

Emily blinks awake.

EMILY
Weird dream...

She stretches and her hands brush her neck. More specifically, her hands brush Claire's pearl necklace. She looks down, surprised. She's sure she didn't go to sleep wearing her dead sister's jewelry.

EMILY
Whatever...

She reaches over and picks up a phone on her bedside table and dials a number. The phone on the other end rings twice before being answered.

QUENTIN
Hello?

EMILY
Hi, Quentin. It's Emily... Claire's sister.

QUENTIN
Oh... Hi Emily. Are you doing OK?

EMILY
Alright, I guess. You?

QUENTIN
Same.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

I was wondering if you wanted to get together. Talk.

QUENTIN

About Claire?

EMILY

About anything.

QUENTIN

(After a pause)

Alright. Come over whenever.

QUENTIN'S HOUSE

Quentin is lying on the couch, staring at an engagement ring, turning it over and looking at it from every angle. He's lost in his own world. A knock at the door. He's jolted from his thoughts. He puts the engagement ring in his pocket and gets up to answer the door. The camera passes a picture of Claire and Quentin at a party, hugging and smiling. Quentin opens the door.

QUENTIN

Hey Emily.

EMILY

Hey Quentin.

Cut to the couch. They're sitting on it side by side. The silence is a bit awkward.

QUENTIN

(Hesitantly)

You... alright?

EMILY

I just... I miss her so much...

QUENTIN

I know. I miss her too. She was everything I ever wanted.

EMILY

She was my best friend. And after mom died... I don't know what I would have done without her.

QUENTIN

Claire was special.

Emily starts to cry. Quentin pulls her close and holds her.

(CONTINUED)

QUENTIN (CONT.)

Shh. It's OK.

He rubs her back. When his hand gets to her neck, he stops and frowns. He brushes her hair back, then stares at the necklace in shock- with a trace of horror.

EMILY

What's wrong.

QUENTIN

Where did you get this necklace...?

EMILY

I don't know, I just found it... It was Claire's...

QUENTIN

I know it was Claire's. I gave it to her. Emily... Claire was buried in this necklace.

Cut to the funeral, a shot of Claire in her casket. Quentin's right: she's wearing the necklace. Cut back to the apartment, where Emily's face is a picture of horror.

EMILY

No. That can't be right...

QUENTIN

I drove it to the funeral home myself... Told them to put it on her...

EMILY

(Shaken)

I have to go.

Quentin waves as Emily gets up to leave.

EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The apartment is dark. Claire sits on a chair and stares through Emily's open bedroom door. She's asleep. Suddenly, you can see a figure standing behind her. It's Anna, a very creepy girl. She steps out of the shadows. The following dialogue is completely calm and emotionless. Almost eerily so, given the subject matter.

ANNA

You can't watch her forever.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
(Without turning around)
Neither can you.

ANNA
I don't need to. There are plenty
of others that will be perfectly
happy to finish her off even if I
can't.

CLAIRE
You won't let them. You like the
carnage too much.

ANNA
You know me well.

CLAIRE
I should. I spent the better part
of my life trying to avoid being
murdered by you.

ANNA
One should try to familiarize
yourself with those trying to kill
you.

CLAIRE
What are you going to do? Wait
until she takes off the necklace?
Make it look like an accident, like
you did with me? Or are you
planning to try something new?

ANNA
Flattered as I am, I can't take
credit for you. It was the
telephone pole that finished you
off.

CLAIRE
You're the one that made me swerve
into it.

ANNA
Very, very true.

CLAIRE
Anna... Get out of here. You were
out to kill me, you did it.
Shouldn't you have moved on? I was
really hoping you were burning in
hell by now.

ANNA

No such luck. I'm not going to move on any time soon. I'm trying to eliminate the Gift, remember? Not just you.

CLAIRE

(Glancing at Emily)

So it's true? She got it?

ANNA

Of course. If she hadn't, neither of us would be here right now.

CLAIRE

(Sighing)

Poor girl.

ANNA

The Gift is awful, isn't it? Wouldn't it be so much better if she didn't have to deal with it?

CLAIRE

I'm not letting you kill her.

ANNA

I'll be watching her, Claire. Both of you. The moment you let your guard down, I'll be ready.

CLAIRE

I'm not letting my guard down.

ANNA

(Shrugging)

I have my ways.

A look crosses Claire's face. She knows exactly what Anna is talking about, and it isn't pretty. Suddenly, she notices something in Emily's room. It's the necklace: Emily isn't wearing it. It's sitting on it's bedside table. Claire stands up and walks quickly towards Emily's room. Anna notices and quickly gets ahead of Claire. She freezes and smiles when she sees the necklace. Claire lunges at her but misses. Emily stirs in her sleep. Anna grabs the necklace and runs to the window Claire runs after her, but it's too late. Anna opens the window and tosses the necklace out. Claire runs to the window and looks out.

ANNA

I wouldn't stand there if I were you.

(CONTINUED)

Anna shoves Claire out the window. A knife glints in her hands and she moves over to Emily's bed, where she's still asleep.

ANNA (CONT.)

This is too easy.

She raises the knife over Emily's chest when suddenly....

EMILY

(Screams)

Emily scrambles away from Anna.

ANNA

(Annoyed)

Stop moving.

EMILY

(Grabbing the lamp off her
bedside table as a weapon)

Stay away!

ANNA

Sorry hun, can't do that.

EMILY

Why?!

ANNA

(Stops)

You mean she didn't tell you?

EMILY

Tell me what?!

ANNA

You're *Gifted*.

EMILY

...what?

ANNA

Tell me darling, when was the last
time you saw your sister?

EMILY

At the funeral. Wait, how do you
know about Claire?

ANNA

I know *everything*.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Who are you!?

ANNA

Answer my question first.

EMILY

I told you. At the funeral.

ANNA

That wasn't *really* the last time,
was it?

EMILY

(Pausing)

Actually... I saw her... In a
dream.

ANNA

Are you sure it was a dream?

EMILY

Claire's dead. Of course it was.

ANNA

Tell me dearie, do you believe in
ghosts?

Before she can answer, Claire bursts in the room, carrying the necklace. Anna sees and goes to stab Emily again. She goes for the chest, but Emily moves and gets her in the stomach instead. Claire grabs the lamp out of Emily's hands and hits Anna in the head. Move to Emily's POV. The world is fuzzy and out of focus.

EMILY

Claire...?

Fade to black.

HOSPITAL - DAY

A heart monitor can be heard beeping. Still Emily's POV. Her eyes open to see three people peering down at her. It's Mona, Kay, and Evie, her best friends.

EVIE

Guys, she's waking up!

KAY

Ohmigawd you're right.

(CONTINUED)

LEAH
Are you ok Em?

EMILY
(Groggily)
What happened?

KAY
Some jerk like, stabbed you.

LEAH
We were so worried!

EMILY
How'd I get here?

EVIE
You called 911. Don't you remember?

EMILY
No I didn't...

EVIE
Your apartment was empty. Who else
could've called?

Focus the camera on Claire, who's sitting in a chair on the other side of the room.

EMILY
Claire!

Mona, Kay, and Evie follow Emily's gaze to the chair. It's empty.

LEAH
Em...? There's no one there.

KAY
What kind of pain meds are you on?

Claire's back on the chair.

EMILY
Must be pretty strong...

KAY
Can you get me some?

EMILY
What? No. Leah, what's going on?

LEAH

You seriously don't know?

EMILY

No, I'm just making sure the elves that live under my bed know.

KAY

You have elves under your bed?

LEAH

Some psycho broke into your apartment and attacked you.

EMILY

Ugh. I remember that. She kept going off about how I was Gifted or something. And... Claire was there.

Leah looks at her weirdly.

LEAH

Yeahhh.... Sure. Look, you won't mind if we head out, right? Going party tonight and we have to make ourselves look awesome.

EMILY

Sure... fine.

LEAH

Thanks a billion! We'll be back tomorrow.

KAY

(To Evie, as they're leaving)
You have an awesome accent.

EVIE

I know, you've only told me that every day since we met.

KAY

Oh... Can I have it?

EVIE

No. Wait... what?

Emily watches as the girls leave, all adlibbing. Once they leave, Emily looks over to the chair where she saw Claire earlier. She's sitting there, smirking.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Some friends you've got there.

EMILY
C-claire?

CLAIRE
The one and only.

EMILY
No... that's impossible. You died.
They had me come and identify the
body and everything.

CLAIRE
I know that. Yet here I am.

EMILY
(Muttering to herself)
Those meds must be *really* strong.

CLAIRE
I swear I'm not a hallucination.

EMILY
I don't believe you.

CLAIRE
(Sighs)
Well, for the benefit of this
conversation, let's say that yes,
I'm a hallucination.

EMILY
Alright.

CLAIRE
Someone broke into your apartment
and stabbed you in the stomach,
right?

EMILY
Yeah.

CLAIRE
That means the police are going to
investigate. They're going to want
to know who did it, how they got
in, their motivation, ect.

EMILY
I want to know that too...

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Here's the rub. The police aren't going to find anything.

EMILY

Huh? Why?

CLAIRE

Well... Because the girl that tried to kill you... she fell off a bridge three years ago.

EMILY

What?!

CLAIRE

Last night, you were almost murdered by a ghost.

EMILY

You know what? I'm calling the nurse and figuring out exactly what kind of meds I'm on. You're too weird.

CLAIRE

I wouldn't do that if I were you. Because I'm the only thing standing between you and hundreds of angry ghosts out to kill you.

EMILY

What are you talking about?!

CLAIRE

You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Look... Our family has lived in this town forever. See if you can get their death certificates. While you're at it, the ghost that's trying to kill you... Her name is Anna.