

A Mother's Legacy

(C) Copyright 2012

FADE IN:

EXT. CRAWFORD FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

SUPER: HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS - 1987

Moonlight illuminates an old wooden double story house and barn, they stand out in a vast field.

INT. CRAWFORD FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A child's room, toys, stuffed animals, single bed with a small lump under the covers. The door BURSTS open with force.

ABBY CRAWFORD, 8, cute as a button, sits up startled.

Three MEN stomp into the room led by FRANK CRAWFORD, 30s, scruffy beard and hair, torn shirt.

ABBY

Daddy?

Frank picks Abby up from the bed.

FRANK

Its ok, sweetie. Take her.

He passes her to AIDEN, 40s, calm personae. He spins, exits the room quick.

ABBY

Daddy!

O.S. An EXPLOSION disturbs the silence. Frank turns his gaze out the window, fire reflects on the windows.

EXT. CRAWFORD FARM HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Aiden with Abby in arms exits the house, blazing light hits them. Flames, smoke, a disarray of PEOPLE rush around the inferno SHOUTING.

ABBY

What's happening?

AIDEN

Don't look child.

He hugs her tight, she thrusts her head into his shoulder, her eyes water, scared.

A SCREAM, loud, unnatural, echoes out.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

SUPER: 25 YEARS LATER

Abby, 33, pale features, opens her eyes wide, sweat rolls down her forehead.

KIP (O.S.)

You okay, Abby?

She takes a deep breathes, wipes the sweat from her brow.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Is this part of it?

She glimpses at a PEN in one of her hands, single piece of paper rests on the table in front of her. She takes in the surroundings.

Pentagrams, rune writing and other symbols clothe the walls. Faint candle light highlights a round table, a light green witch ball sits in the middle of the table.

CHLOE, 20s, pretty, delicate, sits beside BILLY, 20s, broad, business attire. They sit close together the other side of Abby.

KIP, 20s, handsome, lays a hand on Abby's shoulder.

KIP

Abby.

ABBY

I'm fine, Kip.

He glares at her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Honestly!

With a nod, Kip retreats from the table satisfied.

BILLY

What is this crap! Come on lady,
I paid good money for this.

Chloe shakes her head at him, he shrugs "what" back.

CHLOE

I'm sorry. Please continue.

Abby closes her eyes again, takes slow, long breaths. She relaxes, mediates.

Her hand holding the pen jerks to life, it moves towards the paper. Begins writing fast.

Billy and Chloe watch on in amazement...

BILLY

So this is not HER writing, right?

KIP

Correct, its called channeling,
automatic writing. She's connected
with a source, its using her body
to communicate.

Unimpressed, Billy sits back in his chair, arms folded.

She proceeds to write fast, uncontrollable. Chloe leans forward engrossed by the scene.

Abby stops, the pen falls from her hand, her whole body goes limp for a beat...

Springs awake like a defibrillator has electrified her, breathes heavy, analyses the room.

BILLY

Oh, brother! You're taking some
good stuff, I'll give you that.
Maybe I could have the name of
your supplier?

She picks up the paper, reads what was been written. Chloe and Billy anticipate.

ABBY

It was a woman name Madeline.

CHLOE

My mother! What did she say?

Abby peeks over the top of the paper.

ABBY

I don't think--

BILLY

Get on with it! That's what I
paid you for.

CHLOE

Please. I want to know.

With a nod, Abby begins to read.

ABBY

I'm sorry I left you, it was the
worst, most painful decision of my
life. You have no idea of the
emptiness I felt. I don't want
you to blame yourself anymore--

CHLOE

Then why did she leave?

ABBY

You sure you want to hear this?

CHLOE

Yes! I need to know why?

Abby sighs, glances to Kip, back to the paper.

ABBY

I was beaten, abused by...your father.

Chloe lifts a hand over her agape mouth, shocked.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I left to save you, his violence was towards me, not you but if I'd stayed...I fear for what he may have done to you.

CHLOE

This can't be true, it just can't!

BILLY

That's because its not.

CHLOE

Shut up, Billy!

Amazed by Chloe's reaction, he turns away, sulks.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Is there anymore?

ABBY

Do you have a bother?

Still bewildered, Chloe nods slow.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I don't know how to quite say this...its difficult. Could you ask him to go and see an Oncologist.

Billy sits forward perplexed, stares intently at Abby.

BILLY

What did you just say?

CHLOE

Billy--

BILLY

No! An Oncologist, really? You're crazy lady, honestly, you've got problems. I've had enough of this shit, come on.

He rises fast, the chair BANGs to the floor behind him. He holds his hand out to Chloe.

BILLY (CONT'D)
We're out of here. Two hundred
bucks for this.

Hesitant, Chloe ganders at Billy, back to Abby.

CHLOE
Abused. My God. I always thought
she'd abandoned me.

ABBY
She did, Chloe! Whatever the
reasons, she still left you.

Billy clutches Chloe's arm, lifts her hard to her feet,
hauls her away. She continues to peer at Abby.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Remember the Oncologist, Chloe.

Billy opens the door for Chloe, she exits the apartment.

CHLOE (O.S.)
Did you hear that, Billy? About
my mom?

BILLY
Its all nonsense, baby. Don't
listen to a word of it.

He strolls out after her, SLAMS the door shut.

Kip steps up beside Abby, throws an arm around her.

KIP
Good work.

ABBY
Here.

She lifts up a small wad of notes, Kip smirks, takes the cash. He strolls away, studies the money.

ABBY (CONT'D)
What is it? You wanted a bigger
cut?

KIP
No, it's all good.

He pockets the money, flicks on the lights.

ABBY
What's wrong, Kip?

Kip walks around the room, blows out all the candles.

KIP

Oncologist? Where did that come from? We had a plan, I researched this girl's mother, we had a name, reports of violence. We knew she had a brother if we got stuck, it was all solid stuff. I worry about you sometimes, Abby.

She laughs, walks past him and grabs an old worn leather jacket from the coat rack.

KIP (CONT'D)

You had another vision, didn't you?

She spins to face him, resolute.

ABBY

It was nothing.

KIP

They're becoming more frequent, vivid. It's not just random dreams anymore is it? These are actual memories, something from your past?

ABBY

You don't know what you're talking about?

She throws the jacket on, goes to open the door.

KIP

Explain it to me then. Abby!

Abby stops, facing the door, her back to Kip.

KIP (CONT'D)

Whatever it is your seeing, it's scaring you, why won't you tell me?

She spins, faces Kip.

ABBY

Because there's nothing to tell.
I gotta go, I need to get ready
for Maddy tomorrow.

Kip sighs, unconvinced.

KIP

I'll call you next week. Good luck.

ABBY

I keep telling you, I'm fine.

KIP

I meant with Maddy.

ABBY

Oh, thanks. Catch ya.

He watches on as Abby exits the apartment.

INT. ST. PETER'S CHURCH -- NIGHT

Four immense concrete pillars line up either side of empty wood benches. A huge cross embedded at the alter, silver chandeliers swing down from the high decorated ceiling.

AIDEN, 60s, kneels in front of the alter, head down. He mumbles to himself.

A CREAK breaks the quietness, Aiden lifts his head.

The huge doors CRASH shut, FOOTSTEPS clang on the stone floor, echo through the nave. They stop.

Aiden arises casually, intrepid. He looks to the cross. His hand clenches shut, it's contents impossible to see.

AIDEN

Chiron.

CHIRON (O.S.)

(scratchy voice)

I see your memory hasn't deserted you old man.

AIDEN

Memories are all I have left.

CHIRON (O.S.)

You've turned to religion for refuge?

AIDEN

We all have to find peace, this is mine. I won't tell you anything.

CHIRON (O.S.)

I know.

Aiden unclenches his hand, reveals a black amulet in his grasp, studies it.

AIDEN

May I be forgiven for my sins.

He spins around, lifts the amulet over his head so it dangles across his chest. Looks to--

CHIRON, dark robe, features concealed, just faint red eyes peer from dark hood.

A combustion of fire ascends from its lifted palm, it inspects the flame profoundly.

CHIRON

There is only one God in this world
my Irish friend.

Aiden clutches the amulet tight, closes his eyes.

CHIRON (CONT'D)

And this God is vengeful.

Aiden smiles, knows his fate.

INT. TURNER HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

A modern kitchen, messy after breakfast. Luggage bags stand beside the counter.

Abby sits alone, watches television. IAN TURNER, 30s, clean, sharp, dashes in flustered, he plays with the cuffs of his shirt, smiles to Abby

IAN

Sorry about this.

ABBY

You always did like to leave things
til' the last minute, Ian.

IAN

Eight year old's don't understand
plane timetables unfortunately.

The mess catches his attention.

IAN (CONT'D)

It doesn't always look like this,
promise. Would you like some
anything to eat, drink?

ABBY

No, thank you.

Ian picks up a cell phone, wallet from the counter. Glares back out the kitchen.

ABBY (CONT'D)

She okay?

IAN

Yeah, she just likes to cause me
problems. How's the witch...crafty
thing going?

ABBY

(laughs)

It's keeping me afloat.

He rushes from the kitchen. Abby spins around on the stool.

IAN (O.S.)
Maddy Jane Turner, you get down
here this instant!

MADDY (O.S.)
I'm not going!

IAN (O.S.)
I'm leaving in one minute! You
better be down!

MADDY (O.S.)
I hate her!

IAN (O.S.)
We don't have time for this again.

Abby spins back around, stares aimlessly around the kitchen.

IAN (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry about this.

She comes out of her trance, discouraged.

ABBY
She still resents me.

IAN
She's eight, Abby. She resents
anyone who doesn't do or give her
what she wants.

Ian picks up one of the luggage bags, swings it over his shoulder. Lifts the handle up on the other, begins to pull it on wheels behind him.

IAN (CONT'D)
I really have to go.

Abby steps off the stool, follows Ian into the--

HALLWAY

They stop at the bottom of the stairs.

IAN (CONT'D)
Maddy!

Ian strolls on, opens the front door, Abby waits uneasy.

MADDY (O.S.)
Hey, Mom.

STAIRS

MADDY TURNER, 8, bright blue eyes, Hannah Montana t-shirt,
walks down, focused on a Nintendo DS.

HALLWAY

ABBY
Hey yourself.

Maddy strolls past, Abby follows her out

EXT. TURNER HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ian closes the trunk of his car, sees Maddy, sighs.

IAN
About time, Maddy. I've gotta go,
come here and give me a cuddle.

Ian squats, hugs Maddy, she whispers in his ear, he nods.

He lets her go, straightens from his squat, looks to Abby.

IAN (CONT'D)
You've got Maddy's bag?
(Abby nods)
Could you get the door please.

Abby walks back to the door, Ian frowns at Maddy.

IAN (CONT'D)
You be good. I mean it!

MADDY
Bye, Dad.

IAN
See ya pumpkin.

He gets in the car, reverses out the driveway. Drives away, waves from the window.

Maddy waves back, Abby steps beside her. They stare at each other.

ABBY
Ready to go?

FADE OUT:

TO BE CONTINUED...