

INT. ROOM - DAY

TESELIA, 8, poofy hair, petite girl sits in a big chair at a lavish oak desk. Outside the window, a red kite sways back and forth. Teselia watches as it hypnotizes her.

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EXT. FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A younger Teselia, with her mother and father, flies a red kite in spellbound happiness.

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INT. ROOM - DAY

MR. CAMBRIDGE, 55, round, places a device on his desk. He barks at Teselia.

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MR. CAMBRIDGE

Teselia!

Teselia snaps out of it. She turns away as he glares at her.

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MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Miss Margaret says you're creative and a gifted builder. I don't believe so. A little brat like you? Never. You're not equipped upstairs to build this-- thing.

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Mr. Cambridge leans in. He wheezes.

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MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

What you are capable of, is stealing.

Mr. Cambridge leans even further; pink-faced.

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MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

No one will ever want a thief in their home. Families arrive tomorrow morning, and your stench of thievery kills the roses as you walk past; burns the hairs in the nostrils of the honest. No one will take you home. You'll perish the hearts of future mothers and fathers. I will ask one time. Where- is- my- Icebox, little girl?

Teselia fails to answer.

A KNOCK on the door interrupts Mr. Cambridge as he attempts to continue. He withdraws his response. His bitter stare remains tight on Teselia.

MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)
You're late, come in.

The door opens. A DELIVERY MAN, 35, strolls in with a trolley. On it sits a wooden box.

With a pry-bar, Delivery Man snaps open each side. The sides peel open.

DELIVERY MAN
Good day, sir. Sorry for the trouble. It's a busy one.

Mr. Cambridge rises from his chair.

Delivery Man pushes the box closer. He moves out the way for a film projector to be seen.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
A beauty isn't it? It's a--

TESELIA
Hand Cranked 35 millimeter Movie Projector.

The two adults both look at Teselia at the same time.

DELIVERY MAN
Ah. What an intelligent little girl, you know--

MR. CAMBRIDGE
That will be enough! Carry on.

Mr. Cambridge's eyes trail Delivery Man as he innocently dismisses himself. Just as the door closes, Mr. Cambridge snaps to Teselia.

MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)
Don't you dare come near the projector. You hear me? Stay away from it! You will be in bed fast asleep during each film night until you confess to stealing.

With full moon eyes, Teselia nervously nods.

INT. FILM ROOM - NIGHT

CHILDREN OF THE ORPHANAGE are all in amusement by a silent film. Barely able to reach, Teselia secretly watches from a window on the door.

Mr. Cambridge turns the knob to keep the film going with a grin of joy as he turns the knob on the projector.

Back and forth, Teselia looks to the screen, then back to the camera.

Teselia ducks into a crouch just as Mr. Cambridge looks over towards the window. To his satisfaction, no one is there.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Teselia rests while her head dangles in a doze. A voice penetrates the door with an announcement. She wakes up with a sudden shake.

Just before she's able to leave, the door SWINGS open. The kids excitedly rush out all at once. When the door closes, she stilts onto her toes against the window.

INT. FILM ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Cambridge pushes the projector away and covers it with a blanket. She ducks once more as he approaches and closes her eyes.

The door opens only to keep Teselia in its shadow. Mr. Cambridge fails to witness Teselia beside him. He locks the door with a single key and drops it into his breast pocket on his pajama shirt.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

While all the children rest peacefully in rows of identical beds, Teselia props up and checks if anyone is still awake.

To be sure, she forces three coughs to test the depths of her orphan sisters' sleep.

With the coast clear, she pitter patters her way to the door.

She slips away through a thin crack into the other side.

INT. MR. CAMBRIDGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Cambridge's sea lion of a body fills the bed. He snores aggressively as Teselia calmly stands before him face to face.

She waits patiently till the pocket reveals itself, but it doesn't. Forcefully, she sneaks her hand into the pocket.

She's close. She's touching the key. It's in her hand, and now she has it halfway from the pocket.

Just as she pulls it through, a plump fist snatches her wrist.

Teselia is in a fright. Mr. Cambridge wakes up with rage on his face.

MR. CAMBRIDGE

I knew it! I knew to keep a close
eye on you, little thief.

Mr. Cambridge swings his legs off the bed still with a grip on Teselia. He pulls Teselia to his room exit.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mr. Cambridge opens Teselia's room door and tosses her inside.

MR. CAMBRIDGE

Family guests arrive tomorrow
morning, and this is how you
behave? Off to bed. I will provide
consequences first thing in the
morning.

Teselia, with her chin to chest, lays back into her bed and clamps her eyes shut.

When the door comes to a click, Teselia's eyes light open. She holds the key in one hand as tight as Mr. Cambridge's grip.

In the other hand, she holds the locket on a necklace around her neck. Inside; a picture of her parents. Her thumb touches the picture.

She leaps out of bed as the sheets flair off her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Teselia slips the key into the door. It unlatches its entrance. She quietly walks through towards the projector.

INT. FILM ROOM - NIGHT

Teselia peeks under the blanket and admires the machine with touches on the knob and the film wheels.

She drops the blanket and pushes the projector towards the exit.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Teselia is in the clear up until she has to pass MISS MARGRET'S, 23, room. She's still wide awake with her nose in a book.

Teselia takes a deep breath and passes Miss Margaret's door. She makes it to the other-side and is safe until her steps breaks out in creaks.

She waits, then proceeds with another step as she's in the clear. More CREAKS split the silence.

MISS MARGRET

Teselia, it's nearly 1 AM. What are you doing up so late?

Teselia freezes in her footsteps.

Miss Margret attempts to stick her naive nose into Teselia's motives.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

Darling, everything okay? Is the storm keeping you up? Do you need me to tuck you in with a nursery?

Teselia timidly shakes her head no.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

What will it take then? Warm milk, tea, or a quick snack? I won't tell Mr. Cambridge if you won't. He's been stiff about the new family meetings this week. Nervous? I could only imagine you'll do fine despite what Mr. Cambridge thinks. I feel your luck is closing in.

(MORE)

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

Perhaps you get the creative types
like your previous mum and dad.

Teselia hesitates to reveal her face to Miss Margret, then
lets loose a soft smile.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

Oh- By the way, wait here. I have
something for you.

Miss Margret vanishes into her room, but when she arrives
back holding a device Teselia made, Teselia stands before the
doorway without a trolley.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

Mr. Cambridge wanted me to find the
rightful owner, so here you go. I
do find it quite impressive.

Miss Margret hands over the device.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

What is it?

TESELIA

The compressor from the icebox.

MISS MARGRET

Ah -- so, why does it glow?

TESELIA

It's emotion used as energy. I
placed all of them in a container.
The compressor will apply pressure,
sending selected emotions through
the small channels here- recycling
itself for later use; infinitely.

MISS MARGRET

Ah -- and, what's it for?

Teselia beams a blank stare as if she ran out of words.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

An idea, I suppose.

Teselia lacks a response

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

Well, I guess to bed we go. Come.
I'll walk you to your room.

Teselia steps back timidly.

MISS MARGRET (CONT'D)

It's fine. I understand. You're a big girl now. How about you and I both go off to bed. A big breakfast will be prepared before the guests come tomorrow. You and I can sit and chat about your projects.

Teselia nods with a yes. She slowly heads back towards her room. When she looks back, Miss Margret closes her door with one last wave of goodbye.

In the silent hall, Teselia tip toes back past Miss Margret's room door. She grabs the trolley hidden in a hall off to her right.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Teselia takes her time down the steep steps. She struggles as the weight leans into her.

She slips mid way down the step but catches her fall. The projector shifts left then right as she moves downward.

Sweat drips from her forehead. She uses all her muscles to maintain balance. With a little more to go, she steps on her nightie.

Teselia falls backwards. She tumbles to the bottom of the steps. The trolley follows her downward.

When she rises from her fall, the trolley sits perfectly up; still intact. Teselia wipes the sweat from her forehead and proceeds through the door.

As the door opens, a flash of light sparks from the sky. A thunderstorm is at its peak with a downpour.

EXT. YARD - NIGHT

Teselia pushes the trolley against the rain. Already, the projector holds a puddle on top of it.

She looks ahead. A rundown shed rests at a distance.

She decides to pick up the pace. As she does, the trolley comes against bumps on the surface.

The rain picks up and so does her speed.

The race to the door gives her an advantage until the trolley's wheel pops off.

The trolley loses balance. The projector spills over onto the floor and dismantles into pieces as it hits the ground.

In distress, Teselia watches the parts drown in puddles.

She drops to her knees and opens up the necklace around her neck. Water from the sky drops on the picture like a tear from her face.

When she lets the necklace go from her finger tips before her in the puddle of water with broken pieces of projector, she sees her mother and father's reflection.

They smile at her and in return she smiles back.

Teselia rises from her knees. She packs the trolley with the broken pieces and pushes it through the rain.

When she arrives to the door she creeps into a broken part of the shed small enough for her to fit in.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

From the inside, Teselia unlocks the door.

Teselia pulls and parks the trolley next to what looks like piles of metal junk in front of her and everywhere the eye meets.

She searches for her tools and gets to work.

CLASHES of metal JINGLE from the shed. Teselia grabs a large piece of scrap metal as well as small pieces as she sits under a hand made light bulb.

She grabs gears and other various metal pieces. She focuses on each addition to her concoction studiously.

She grabs bits from the projector; the light bulb, the film, and then the body of the projector.

Teselia takes the base of the projector and places it onto an upright metal body with arms and legs.

She fastens the projector as tight as possible. She takes the device of green glow and applies it to the device.

After Teselia rests the body down, she takes off her necklace and opens it one last time.

She holds it over the heart spaces of the metal-figure body.

When she releases it into its chest, its stomach glows a neon green, and then the single eye on the projector turns on.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

A banner on the house reads "Welcome New Families."

INT. ORPHANAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Children meet and play with adults as they get to know one another.

INT. MR. CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr Cambridge sits at his oak desk. He crosses his hands. His face is tight with frustration.

Before him, Teselia sits in a chair. Beside her sits a humanoid ROBOT.

MR. CAMBRIDGE

The key to the film room went missing. So did the projector, and I caught you last night pinching at my pockets. The clues add up!

Teselia blinks without worry.

MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

I guess the saying stands true. Once a thief, always a thief. However, I didn't think you'd be foolish enough to arrive to my desk with this -- thing. I don't know where to begin. Is that the projector?

Mr. Cambridge adjusts his glasses, staring at the robot inquisitively.

TESELIA

He's not a thing. It's my mother and father. These are my parents.

MR. CAMBRIDGE

Little girl, guests are downstairs to which I should be monitoring and mingling with. I don't have time for these games.

(MORE)

MR. CAMBRIDGE (CONT'D)

Today you will be given an opportunity to meet anyone. You must straighten up before you leave this orphanage.

TESELIA

I don't need to meet anyone. These are my guardians.

MR. CAMBRIDGE

Enough! That is a piece of metal. It cannot pass as a human who contains wisdom, emotion, and protection!

Mr. Cambridge turns to peer out the window.

The robot rests its hand on Teselia's shoulder.

The sound of film roles. Light flickers and catches Mr. Cambridge's attention. He turns around and witnesses a film of light against the wall.

The motion picture is of Teselia's father and mother with Teselia between them. The three are in an orphanage. They motion a discussion with a happy Mr. Cambridge in the silent film.

The parents stand with Teselia, shake Mr. Cambridge's hand, and walk out with her.

The robot stops with the film and turns to Mr. Cambridge.

He struggles to speak.

The robot looks at Teselia and stands up. Teselia follows its lead. The two walk out the office.

Mr. Cambridge continues to choke on his words.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Teselia and her robotic guardian stand in an open field. Together, they fly a red kite.

THE END

