

## MY EVERYTHING

A SHORT FILM SCRIPT BY ALWYNE KENNEDY

[The hotel room is based firmly on the Round Room in the Portobello Hotel, London.]

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - DAY

In a hotel suite fit for a movie star, EMILY REGENT is standing at a window, gazing down to the street below. She has a delicate English rose look, a look that has earned her millions from films and photo shoots. But she is a rose that is losing the bloom of youth. The first lines of age are showing on her face.

There's an oddness about Emily today. A pre-occupation. A coldness.

Dressed expensively, standing at the window of her room, Emily watches a MAN and CHILD getting out of a black cab. They have a trolley suitcase. The man is in his late twenties / early thirties; the child is a girl of about seven.

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL CORRIDOR - A LITTLE LATER

Hand-in-hand, the man and child walk wordlessly along the corridor. The man pulls the trolley suitcase.

Nearing Emily's door, Emily's SECURITY GUARD wordlessly indicates that the man cannot proceed further.

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on the edge of the luxurious bed in her suite, Emily gazes across the room to a framed cover of a glossy movie magazine, which is propped up on a dressing table. Her own face is on the magazine cover, along with the caption: "*The English Rose.*"

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The child and Security Guard are standing outside Emily's door. The Security Guard knocks on the door.

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Emily opens her door. Standing before her is the child, and only the child. The suitcase is by her side. The Security Guard has stepped back.

Seemingly impassively, Emily looks at the child - looks at her face.

**A LITTLE LATER**, Emily is again standing at the window, looking down to the street below as the man who brought the child gets into the waiting cab. He looks up to Emily at the window. Emily does not react.

Behind Emily, the child is standing by the suite's ornate bathtub, gazing at it with subdued fascination. It looks like something from a Captain Nemo story, with its copper pipes and large, mysterious brass taps.

**A LITTLE LATER**, Emily is again sitting on the edge of the bed, viewing the framed magazine cover, which is now in her hands.

**A LITTLE LATER**, the child is lying in the bath, submerged under foam, except for her face. Her eyes are closed.

The child opens its eyes and sees that Emily is standing beside the bath, staring at her. Staring at her face.

EXT. A COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Wearing a period costume apt for a Jane Austen story, Emily contests a misapprehension.

EMILY

No! No! My dear Estelle, the attachment I have formed to Lord Barnard is barely measurable! The merest gossamer thread connects my heart to his. It is true that I have been finding his company pleasant to a degree, but if he has, as you reveal, developed a notion that-

She falters.

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Standing before a mirror set on an easel - a wide mirror that has a Cinescope aspect ratio - Emily is rehearsing for a period drama role.

[She is not wearing period costume within the hotel room, only in her mirror world]

Having forgotten her words, she consults a script in her hands before continuing.

EMILY

But if -

EXT. A COUNTRY LANE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

EMILY

- he has, as you reveal,  
developed a notion that my  
feelings for him have depth, then  
I fear he is destined to arrive  
at-

She abruptly stops, subject to a stark realisation.

INT. ELEGANT HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Reality has suddenly taken over with Emily. She is no longer seeing her reflection in the wide mirror as a period drama movie.

She stares at herself in the mirror before approaching it to closely look herself in the face.

EMILY

(murmured)

*The English Rose.*

Anxiety suddenly shows. She backs away with a hunted, stressed look.

In the mirror, the scene takes on a monochrome film noir appearance, and Emily is now in 1940s costume.

EMILY

(impassioned and  
fraught, in US accent)

Why? Because every time... Every  
time I saw her it was more and  
more... more and more *there*.  
That's why.

Emily's sense of being in a tense film noir courtroom drama starkly falls away, and she turns from mirror, sitting down on the edge of the bed, staring bleakly across the room.

Suddenly returned to her film noir drama, she rushes up to the mirror and pleads her excuse.

EMILY

She was getting my nose, that's  
why. My real nose. Getting my  
real everything.

In the bath, the child is floating clothed and face down in the water, motionless.