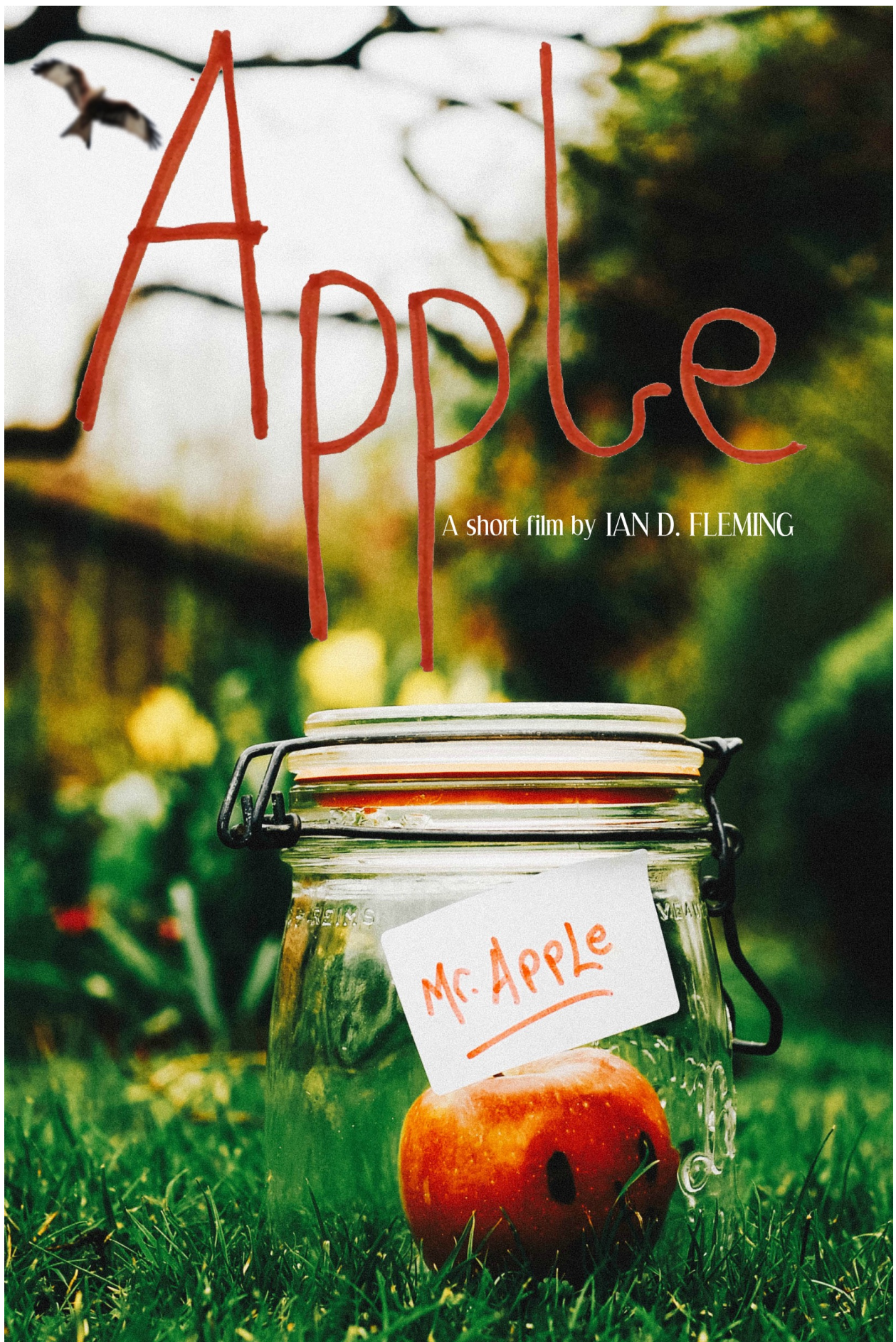


Apple

A short film by IAN D. FLEMING



APPLE

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[D20.1]

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ON BLACK: SOUND OF ...

MUMMY and GENIE laughing and giggling.

TITLE: "A *single branch springs forth from the old tree...*"

MAIN TITLES OVER:

1 **EXT: GARDEN / HOUSE /APPLE TREE: DAY**

1

A single BRANCH 'springs forth' from a RAGGEDY OLD APPLE TREE.

A single APPLE hangs on the branch.

BRAMBLES entwine the base of the tree.

WILDFLOWERS grow among the brambles. Bare feet run by...
dodging and weaving in the GRASS of an UNCUT LAWN.

This is MUMMY (40) being chased by GENIE(8). We glimpse their
faces but don't quite see them.

Genie grabs at Mummy's dressing gown, but can't catch hold.

They chase around the tree until Mummy catches Genie from
behind...

MUMMY

GOTCHAAAA!

... falling onto her back breathless, Genie in her arms. Genie
tickles Mummy.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

Oooo... you little tinker. No baby.
No. Give me a mo Genie.

Genie rolls off to lay next to Mummy and we see them fully for
the first time. They're both wearing DRESSING GOWNS and
PYJAMAS. Mummy wears a BANDANA, dressing her baldness. They're
looking up to the sky ...

GENIE

Oh look!

A HAWK hovers high above.

GENIE (CONT'D)

Do you think he could he swoop down
and on us ... *guurnash* us Mummy?

MUMMY (CONT'D)

No. He's just watching over us baby. I
bet he can see the whole world ...
(Through cupped hands)
Hello up there.

GENIE

(Cupped hands)
Hello Mr. Hawk. Helloooohhh.

MUMMY

It's always nice to say hello.
Especially to *new* people, *new things*..

GENIE

Awww, he's going ...

Hawk soars away.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

But can you see him waving?
(Waving up)
Never forget to wave goodbye.

Off a look to Genie, who's waving enthusiastically' Mummy spots the APPLE on the branch and makes a decision ...

A GARDEN BENCH is being dragged along the grass ...

Mummy is stood on the GARDEN BENCH at the base of the tree.
Sssss-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g; mere fingertips from the apple.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

Oooooofffgggghhhh!

A sudden rush of exhaustion makes her sit down. Genie fusses.

GENIE

Mummy?

MUMMY

It's fine baby. Mummy's fine.

Genie looks up at the apple, exits and returns wielding PROP.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

Oh?! Smart cookie.

Genie gets up on the bench and knocks the apple off. It thuds to the ground. Genie collects it ...

GENIE

For you.

MUMMY

Mmmmm... the last of the magic apples.

GENIE

Magic apples?

MUMMY

Yea-eh. If you look after the magic apples on this tree, they'll look after you. You know how Mummy was born here and grew up here?

GENIE

And then we came here; when Grandad died.

MUMMY

Yes sweetheart. Well, when I was your age, this tree would get full. All the branches *bursting* with apples. Nanny would make apple pies, Grandad would make his juice and I'd eat an apple everyday, just pick it and eat it right here.

GENIE

Now there's only this one left.

MUMMY

It's a very old tree.

GENIE

Is the tree it's mummy?

MUMMY

Hahaha. I suppose, yeah. So when the apple's left *it's* mummy, it's got it's own life. And you see life is sort of like an apple. It seems to spring from nowhere and it grows on the tree until it's big and round and it's juicy. And then it gets picked, or it falls. Well, then *everybody* wants a bite out of it ... and that's ...

GENIE

But we *should* share it ... right?

MUMMY

Yes darling. We should share. But *sometimes* we need to ... *you* need to cherish and protect... to...

(polishing apple)

To *polish* your apple.

Puts the apple in Genie's hand, wrapping her little fingers round it in hers as DAD hurries out carrying a THROW ...

DAD

Girls?!

MUMMY

You just look after your apple sweetie.

DAD

What are doing out here? And where are your ...(shoes)

MUMMY

(In)

We wanted to feel the grass between our tootsies. Didn't we?

(wiggling toes - silly voice)

We love the damp grass getting between us Daddy.

Genie laughs enjoying the daft moment ...

MUMMY (CONT'D)

Race ya!

Mummy leaps up, but Genie's off like a rocket ...

GENIE

Haaaaaaaaaaa ... you'll not catch me
Mummy.

MUMMY

I'm a-comin' to getcha! Whhhaarrgghh!
(becomes a cough)

She stops by Dad who holds wraps the throw around her ...

DAD

You shouldn't be ...

Mummy cuts him off with a kiss.

Genie looks back to find Mummy's not chasing her...

GENIE

Muuuummyyyy?

Mummy drinks in a long look at her baby girl.

MUMMY

Go get ready for school baby.

Genie polishes the apple on her top; goes inside.

MUMMY (CONT'D)

(as if to Genie)
You're gonna be just be fine.
(to Dad)
Just fine.

Then they go in too; the apple tree left behind.

2 **INT: KITCHEN : DAY**

2

An ELECTRIC JUICER zaps FRUIT. Genie enters in her SCHOOL UNIFORM carrying apple.

DAD

(of apple)
Shall we put that in Mummy's drink?

Genie looks at the juicer as it obliterates fruit. Holding the apple protectively, she exits to...

3 **INT: LIVING ROOM: DAY (CONT)**

3

A WOODBURNER with a healthy fire. Stacks of LOGS either side.

Genie finds Mummy sat wrapped in the throw, sat on a QUILT, on the SOFA. She's struggling to rewrap her bandana.

GENIE

Let me Mummy.

MUMMY

No. It's okay sweetie. I've got it.

GENIE

(of baldness)

I don't mind you know.

Tentatively strokes her Mummy's bald head ...

GENIE (CONT'D)

You're all smooth. It's nice.

Mummy strokes the apple's smooth surface.

MUMMY

Like Mr. Apple.

GENIE

Mister Apple?

Genie laughs as Mummy picks up a MARKER PEN and draws a smiley face on Mr. Apple, finishing with the eyes.

MUMMY

(Mr. Apple voice)

Aaaahhh ... I can see you now. You must be ...

Genie waves ...

GENIE

Genie. And this is Mummy.

MUMMY

(Mr. Apple voice)

Nice to meet you Genie. Mummy. I'm Mr. Apple. Can I come to school with you today?

GENIE

Oh yes.

MUMMY

(Mr. Apple voice)

Well, you can't go to school with messy hair like that! Can she Mummy?

(own voice)

No Mr. Apple. She can't.

Mum with HAIRBRUSH ...

GENIE

Oh but ... *Muuuummy?*

MUMMY

Mr. Apple doesn't want to be seen out and about with a tangly haired girl like you. Do you Mr. Apple?

(MORE)

MUMMY (CONT'D)

(Mr. Apple voice)

Oh no. No indeed not.

Mummy hands Mr. Apple over to Genie then brushes Genie's hair, holding it so that tangles don't snag in the brush.

Dad comes in with Genies COAT and SCHOOL BAG. Pauses to watch.

DAD

Come on Genie. School.

Exits.

Mummy kisses her. Genie holds Mr. Apple out, Mummy kisses him.

MUMMY

You look after Mr. Apple baby. And he'll look after you.

Another kiss and a huge hug...

MUMMY (CONT'D)

Love you.

GENIE

Love you too.

MUMMY

Love you three.

Genie gathers her stuff together, loving their obvious ritual.

GENIE

Love you four.

MUMMY

Love you more.

GENIE

Love you five.

MUMMY

Feel alive.

GENIE

Love you six.

MUMMY

Pick up sticks.

GENIE

Love you seven.

MUMMY

Up in... heaven.

Dad returns with LUNCH BOX and JUICE. A loaded look with Mummy.

GENIE

Love you eight ...

DAD

(IN)

O'clock. Yes. Now come on missy.

Dad hurrying her out. Genie runs back with Mr. Apple ...

GENIE

Kisses!

One last kiss. And one for Mr. Apple. A hug ...

MUMMY

Bye baby. Now go on. Have a great day.

Genie exits, calling back ...

GENIE

Love you nine!

MUMMY

Feeling fine.
(not - cough / pain)

GENIE (OFF)

Love you ten!

Dad gives Mummy juice and PILLS. She's had enough of drugs!

MUMMY

What time's it coming?

DAD

I'll be straight back.

Kisses her; goes. Genie pops head back in...

GENIE

Love you ten?

MUMMY

Let's do it *all* again.

Exits ... and Mummy's alone.

4 **EXT: GARDEN / APPLE TREE: NIGHT (OR LATE SUNSET)**

4

Establish - via APPLE TREE to house.

5 **INT: GENIE'S BEDROOM: NIGHT**

5

A CABIN style BED; the underside tented off. FAIRY LIGHTS on inside. A crudely written "DO NOT DISTERB" SIGN hangs over tent 'door'.

SFX - an AEROSOL sprays (off).

6 **INT: BED TENT : NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

6

Genie in PYJAMAS, is polishing Mr. Apple. Puts him down.

Mr. APPLE sits on a CUSHION; smiling out at us. MARV (GLOVE PUPPET BOY) looms up to Mr. Apple his mouth opening wide to take a 'bite'...

GENIE

No Marv!

Marv (Genie working him) looks to her, then goes for another bite ...

GENIE (CONT'D)

I said NO! Now behave, or you won't get a vote.

Bangs a TOY HAMMER like a Judges gavel.

GENIE (CONT'D)

This meeting of the Council is called to order.

MR. TEDDY presides over a 'council' of CUDDLY TOYS.

GENIE (CONT'D)

This is Mr. Apple. He has been put under our protection by the Special Mummy Bureau. It is our mission to look after him.

(She scans their faces)

All those in favour?

Mr. Apple is 'looking' at the council.

Genie raises the hand of MR. TEDDY. Marv play-acts 'resisting', wanting to bite, but Genie raise his hand too. She smiles at the result...

All the CUDDLY TOYS have an arm raised.

GENIE (CONT'D)

Motion carried.

7 **INT: LIVING ROOM: NIGHT (LATER)**

7

SIDE TABLE: PILL BOTTLES, A HANDBELL, WATER, etc.

Mummy is asleep. (Don't see whole room)

8 **INT: GENIE'S BEDROOM : NIGHT (CONT)**

8

Dad is checking Genie's bed. She's not there. Goes under to...

9 **INT: GENIE'S BED-TENT : NIGHT (CONT)**

9

Dad peeks inside, touched to find ...

The TOY COUNCIL lying together in various sleep positions, Genie curled up asleep among them with, Mr. Apple. Dad gently takes him. Genie squidges an eye open ...

GENIE

Mummy?

DAD
Just me baby-girl.

... and pulls Mr. Apple back with a protective pout. Dad strokes her head.

GENIE
Daddy? Will Mummy always sleep downstairs now?

He reaches to lift her out.

GENIE (CONT'D)
No! Sleep here.

DAD
You just get to sleep little girl.

He leaves. Genie turns Mr. Apple to look at her, considers.

10 **INT: LIVING ROOM: NIGHT (LATER)**

10

A SALINE DRIP; drip, drip - the WOODBURNER glowing.

Mummy sleeping, a rasping rattle in her breathing.

Genie, with Mr. Apple tentatively watches her. Mummy stirs.

MUMMY
Mmmmmfff ... hello sweetie.

GENIE
Mr. Apple wanted to look after you.

Mummy pulls back SHEET.

MUMMY
C'mere.

Genie climbs up into bed with her Mummy, who holds her close, lilting a gentle lullaby. Genie dozes off, then Mummy.

Reveal; they're laid in a HOME HOSPITAL BED. Mummy on a DRIP.

Dad enters to find his sleeping angels. He puts Mr. Apple on the side table amongst the drugs and lifts Genie to carry her off to her own bed. Mummy doesn't stir.

Mr. Apple is 'watching' over.

11 **INT: LIVING ROOM: DAY (MORNING)**

11

Genie in doorway stares off (past us), expressionless.

Dad brushes Mummy's HAIR (full head - healthy) sitting on the HOSPITAL BED; laughing and smiling.

Mummy reaches out to Genie. She exits shot towards her...

CUT TO:

... to approach the empty hospital bed; stripped bare, save for Mr. Apple sat there 'looking' out. Genie sits next to him, on the bed, to join his gaze into the lifeless room. She won't look at Mr. Apple for a long time; when eventually she does, he's turned to look up at her. She runs her finger over his smooth 'pate'.

12 **EXT: CREMATORIUM : DAY** 12

Establish - CREMATORIUM. An abundant APPLE TREE in the garden of remembrance.

13 **INT: CREMATORIUM: DAY (CONT)** 13

Mummy's COFFIN slides away. Dad, broken, gazes blankly. Genie, with Mr. Apple, remembers to 'wave goodbye'. She takes Dad's hand. He doesn't seem to notice.

14 **INT: LIVING ROOM: NIGHT** 14

A LOG (from last few), thrown into the WOODBURNER.

Dad sits staring at the fire. Genie enters, wearing PYJAMAS and DRESSING GOWN, her hair up inside Mummy's BANDANA, sits beside him. He sees her Bandana.

DAD

Genie!

GENIE

I want to be like Mummy!

DAD

No you DON'T!

He pulls it from her head. They tussle for it. He wins.

GENIE

DADDY! NO!

DAD

Mummy loved your hair. She wouldn't want you to hide ... not your ...
(breaks off)

They stare into the fire, not looking at each other until Genie takes her HAIRBRUSH from her dressing gown pocket, holds it out.

He takes it. Looks over to where the hospital bed once was ...

15 **INT: LIVING ROOM: DAY [INSERT]** 15

Mummy, brushing Genie's hair, smiles at us (ie: at camera).

16 **INT: LIVING ROOM: NIGHT** 16

She takes back the bandana. He looks at her 'But...?'

GENIE

It's okay.

He nervously starts to brush her hair. It pulls at a tangle.

GENIE (CONT'D)

Ooowww...

DAD

I don't know what to ...

Genie snatches brush, showing him how ...

GENIE

Just hold it and brush from here. See?

A bit better. It snags. She winces as she breathes in the comforting scent of Mummy's bandana.

17 **EXT: GARDEN / APPLE TREE: DAY**

17

ASHES URN / BOX and Mr. Apple sat in the grass.

A SPADE cuts into the ground at base of Apple Tree.

It's Dad digging.

Dad opens the urn / box ...

Mum's ASHES are poured into HOLE.

Genie and Dad, a shared moment of silence. Dad walks away.

Through tears, Genie watches him go, then looks up through the branches of the tree to see...

Mr. HAWK soaring high.

She can't bring herself to wave.

18 **INT: GENIE'S BEDROOM: NIGHT**

18

CABIN BED TENT. The fairy lights inside go on, off, on, off.

19 **INT: GENIE'S BED TENT: NIGHT**

19

Inside tent Genie with Mr. Apple, curled up in silent tears.

20 **INT: SUPERMARKET: DAY**

20

A MOUND OF SHINY APPLES. Genie with Dad pushing TROLLEY. They stop there. Dad has a LIST.

DAD

You get a bag Gene's.

She doesn't.

DAD (CONT'D)

Genie? A bag?

Genie pouts; makes Mr. Apple look at the apples, then up at Dad and makes his head shake 'No'.

Dad snaps a POLY BAG from the dispenser and reaches for an apple. Genie snatches it ...

GENIE

NO! We don't want *their* apples. Only Mr. Apple can live with us.

DAD

Genie! Don't be so silly. He ... *it's* just a bloody apple. Now ...

He goes to take Mr. Apple, she jerks away, knocking him her Genies hand. Mr. Apple rolls under the apple stand!

GENIE

MR. APPLE! MR. APPLE!

She scrambles down to retrieve him but can't reach.

DAD

Genie. Get up. Come away. Come on. Away!

He pulls her up and sees a WOMAN looking at him disapprovingly. Kneeling down, retrieves Mr. Apple and gives him to Genie.

DAD (CONT'D)

There. Satisfied?

And wheels off with the trolley.

Genie makes Mr. Apple give a smug little 'wave' to the apples with her finger and exits.

Dad's list has been left on the ground.

21 **INT: SUPERMARKET - AT TILL : DAY**

21

Genie with Dad in queue. She has a COMIC.

CHECKOUT BOY

Do you have a Nectar card?

DAD

No my wife ...

He's distracted, putting his pin number into CARD READER.

GENIE

Dad you said I could have ...?

CHECKOUT BOY

I'm sorry sir, do you have another card?

DAD

(Embarrassed)

Wha ... ? Oh Eeerrrr ...

Fishing through WALLET; embarrassed at front of the queue.

CHECKOUT BOY
Is the comic part of your shopping
sir?

Dad takes COMIC from her and passes it over ...

DAD
No.

GENIE
But Dad you said...

Dad stabs a CREDIT CARD into reader.

Genie is sulkily polishing Mr. Apple.

CHECKOUT BOY
Err and the apple sir? Is that ...?

DAD
What? Oh. No. No she eeerrr... she
brought it with her.

Payment declined.

CHECKOUT BOY
I'm sorry sir, your card is ...

Grabbing Genie's hand, leaves the shopping to pull her away.

22 **EXT: GARDEN / HOUSE: NIGHT (LATER)** 22

Establisher via APPLE TREE.

23 **INT: LIVING ROOM: NIGHT (CONT)** 23

THE WOODBURNER - a tired flicker. Logs all gone.

Dad rifles through BANK STATEMENTS and BILLS. Puts head in
hands. A few COINS pour onto the bills.

GENIE
Don't worry Dad.

It's Genie, wrapped in Mummy's THROW, tipping a PURSE. He holds
her gaze, fighting back tears he can't let her see. He picks up
the coins from the bills and puts them back in her purse.

24 **EXT: GARDEN / APPLE TREE: DAY** 24

A wind is rising. Genie is with Mr. Apple sat by the ragged
APPLE TREE. He looks worse for wear. She puts DAISIES and
DANDELIONS on the ground where Mummy's ashes are buried.

GENIE
Love you.
(beat)
Love you three ... love you more ...
love you five ... love you six...love
you seven

Long beat as she waits for the response that never comes. Looks at Mr. Apple ...

MUMMY (V.O.)
... cherish and protect ...

GENIE
Cherish ... and protect.

She tries to polish him, in the grass, on her clothes. She flops back looking up into an empty sky; RAIN CLOUDS gathering.

GENIE (CONT'D)
Up in heaven.

It starts to rain.

25 **INT: KITCHEN /DINING ROOM : DAY**

25

The BACK DOORS are lashed with RAIN. The WIND is building.

Genie and Dad sit to eat SOUP and BREAD. She pushes hers away.

DAD
Come on sit up.

He pushes it back to her. She pushes it away again. He pushes it back.

DAD (CONT'D)
Eat.

She pushes it away.

GENIE
You didn't put the crispy bits in.

Dad tears up bits of bread, throwing them into her soup.

DAD
Right. See? Bread. In your soup. Just like Mummy did.

Pushes it to her.

GENIE
IT'S NOT CROUTONS!!

She shoves the bowl and soup slops onto the table.

DAD
EAT!

He shoves it back. She lashes it off the table!

GENIE
I WISH YOU'D DIED INSTEAD OF MUMMY!

Both shocked; stunned! She runs out, forgetting Mr. Apple.

Pushing his own bowl away, he gives up..

MONTAGE: SFX - STORM RISING

- 26 **INT : GENIE'S BEDROOM : DAY (CONT)** 26
Genie stomps in crying. Goes to RAIN lashed window.
- 27 **INT / EXT: BACK DOORS : DAY (CONT)** 27
Dad staring through tears, out through RAIN lashed DOORS to ...
- 28 **EXT. GARDEN: DAY (FLASHBACK)** 28
The APPLE TREE on a sunny day. Mummy (full head of hair) sits on the BENCH reading, she looks back at him smiling and waves.
- 29 **INT / EXT: BACK DOOR : DAY (CONT)** 29
Dad half waves back... alone staring through the RAIN.
- 30 **INT / EXT: GENIE'S BEDROOM: DAY (CONT)** 30
Genie stares through tears, through of RAIN lashed window to 'see' ...
- 31 **EXT. GARDEN: DAY (FLASHBACK)** 31
Mummy chasing round the apple tree ... stops, looks up to wave.
- 32 **EXT: GENIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW : DAY (CONT)** 32
Off Genie's RAIN lashed tears ... doesn't wave back.
- 33 **INT: KITCHEN /DINING ROOM : NIGHT (LATER)** 33
SFX - Outside the storm is building.

Dad is clearing the table, wiping up spilt soup. Some splashed onto Mr. Apple. Dad picks him up. It squishes in his hand.

Gets a PARFAIT JAR from a SHELF / CUPBOARD. Puts Mr. Apple in the jar, then finds a set of BLANK STICKERS and a MARKER PEN.
- 34 **INT: GENIE'S BED TENT : NIGHT** 34
SFX - Outside the storm is building. LFX - LIGHTNING flashes.

Genie with a TORCH, lays awake among the 'toy council'. She hears Dad coming in. Switches torch off, pretends she's asleep.

Another flash of lightning casts shadow of her Dad from outside the tent! She's puzzled when he doesn't check in on her.
- 35 **INT: GENIE'S BEDROOM: NIGHT (CONT)** 35
The tent-door starts to slowly open a snick, then opens wider as Marv's head pushes out, checking to see if the coast is clear, then nods to 'come out'. Genie comes out to see ...

Mr. Apple inside the JAR. STICKER reads "MR. APPLE".

She looks long and hard, considering Mr. Apple.

A flash of lightening outside douses the room, throwing sudden SHADOWS of wind whipped BRANCHES.

Genie is scared! Exits.

36 **INT: DAD'S BEDROOM : NIGHT (CONT)**

36

Genie comes into the bedroom carrying Mr. Apple in his jar.

GENIE
Daddy? Can you fix him?

DAD
I can't baby girl.

Lightning flashes. Dad pulls back the duvet. A clap of THUNDER!

GENIE
Oooohhhh.

She climbs in. He tries to take the jar. She hugs jar close.

GENIE (CONT'D)
Mummy said we need to protect him.

DAD
He can watch over us.

He puts jar on BEDSIDE TABLE. Another crash of thunder. He pulls the duvet over their heads.

UNDER DUVET : There's a simultaneous LIGHTNING and THUNDERCLAP! They snuggle up close, safe together.

Mr. Apple doused by lightning, 'withers' between flashes.

37 **EXT: GARDEN : DAY (MORNING)**

37

The apple tree smoulders; split, smashed and broken!

38 **INT: DAD'S BEDROOM : DAY (MORNING - CONT)**

38

Genie considers Mr. Apple now a shrivelled ball in his jar. Can just see what's left of his face.

39 **EXT: GARDEN: DAY (MORNING - CONT)**

39

Dad is heaving to drag the tree from it's BROKEN ROOTS. Genie comes out to show him Mr. Apple.

GENIE
You can fix him can't ... (you?)
(sees tree - upset)
Mummy!

The dead branch snaps in his hand. He falls.

GENIE (CONT'D)
PLEASE DADDY. PLEASE FIX IT!

Helpless against her cries as she flails at him.

DAD
I wish I could. I ...

GENIE
You CAN!

DAD
I *can't* baby ... I *can't* fix anything.

GENIE
YOU HAVE TO! MUMMY! YOU HAVE TO!

Flailing, he takes her shoulders

DAD
Genie!

She drops the jar; *Smash!*. Stunned silence.

What's left of Mr. Apple lies amongst the BROKEN GLASS.

Dad picks up the pathetic remains of Mr. Apple. Squishes the 'corpse' in his palm, the face becoming mush. Finds PIPS.

DAD (CONT'D)
Perhaps Mr. Apple can fix us?

Off Genie's sad face ...

40 **INT: GREENHOUSE : DAY (MONTAGE)** 40

PIPS dry on KITCHEN ROLL.

41 **EXT: GARDEN: DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)** 41

Dad and Genie drag DEAD BRANCHES.

42 **INT: GREENHOUSE : DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)** 42

WATER rains from a watering can onto ...

PIPS in a SEED TRAY

43 **EXT: GARDEN: DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)** 43

Dad is chopping and cutting up the DEAD TREE.

44 **INT: GREENHOUSE : DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)** 44

WATER rains from a watering can onto ...

SHOOTS in the SEED TRAY

45 **EXT: GARDEN: DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)** 45

Genie buries the remains of Mr. Apple where the dead tree's roots were.

Dad watching - gives a little inward smile. Then with a swing of his AXE splits a LOG. Throws it onto LOG PILE.

46 **EXT: GARDEN / PATIO: DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)**

46

WATER rains from a watering can onto ...

APPLE TREE SAPLING-SHOOTS in a PATIO TUB.

Genie's watering them.

47 **EXT: GARDEN : DAY (MONTAGE CONTINUES)**

47

WATER rains from a HOSE....

It's Genie, with Dad, watering a SAPLING where the old tree was.

WATER rains from a HOSE...

An OLDER Genie (11/12) is watering a young APPLE TREE, a branch bearing it's first fruit. We remain focused on the APPLE as Genie and Dad walk away ...

TEENAGE Genie returns with (older) Dad. She reaches to the APPLE.

CUT TO:

48 **EXT GARDEN : GARDEN - APPLE TREE: DAY (MONTAGE)**

48

A woman's hand plucks A BIG SHINY APPLE from a TREE.

It's GENIE (WOMAN), who has picked the apple. She has her BABY on hip. Dad (OLDER) watches her polish the apple and take a bite. Putting his arm round her, we leave them to their future... the APPLE TREE bursting with life.

FADES TO: TITLE:-

"A single branch springs forth from the old tree. Though hidden in brambles, countless generations of flowers, fruit and seed flourish; they feed the people and they continue endlessly"

FADE TO CREDITS.