

SAINT'S STORAGE

24-DE03-W16

A woman clings to her late aunt's possessions until she discovers a greater purpose for her inheritance.

FADE IN:

INT. GLOOMY OLD HOUSE - DAY

MOLLY, early 30s professional, surveys a cluttered living room with antique furniture, souvenir knickknacks, and a jar filled with colorful pieces of tumbled sea glass. She runs her manicured, wedding ring-clad hand over the arm of a French settee.

DYLAN (O.S.)

The entire attic is stuffed to the ceiling with boxes. I can't believe it hasn't fallen through.

DYLAN, early 30s with khakis and casual button-down, steps into the crowded room, his short hair askew, a box filled with random things in his arms, a wedding band on his hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I haven't braved the basement yet.

MOLLY

I didn't realize she'd collected so many things over the years.

Molly fixes his hair and brushes dust off his shoulder.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You should let the packers carry everything out.

DYLAN

(glances toward a barred window)

I thought I'd get a head start.

MOLLY

The cleaners aren't coming until tomorrow. And then the new owners arrive...

Molly dabs her eyes.

DYLAN

I know it's hard to say goodbye.

Molly slips the Kleenex in her pocket, and Dylan holds out the box.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Where should I put the trash?

MOLLY
(horrified)
You're not throwing that away.

Dylan tosses the box onto the settee, and Molly cringes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Aunt Emma bought this in Paris.

DYLAN
Then we should sell it. Or maybe we can donate it to a museum. We sure don't need another couch.

Molly leans over and places the box on the floor.

MOLLY
I promised her years ago that I would take good care of her things.

DYLAN
(scans the room)
We don't have space for all this stuff in our house.

MOLLY
(shrugs)
We'll put it in the garage.

DYLAN
(eyebrows raised)
We'll need a much bigger garage.

Molly and Dylan look out the barred window as a van marked Master Movers pulls up beside the house. Four workers climb out.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Seriously, Molly. We need to decide what you want to keep before they start packing.

MOLLY

I want to keep everything!

DYLAN

We can't afford to keep everything. Storage will cost us a fortune, and people can still break into those units and take stuff.

MOLLY

We have enough savings to cover at least a year.

DYLAN

And then we'll be broke...

MOLLY

(lifts the jar of glass)
We'll figure it out.

INT. CLUTTERED KITCHEN - DAY

Molly shoves aside a coffee pot, cracked dinnerware, and stacks of papers on her aunt's kitchen counter to sort through a drawer. Beside her is her cellphone, a business card, and the jar filled with sea glass. Dylan is talking on his phone as he walks into the room, his finger plugging the other ear.

DYLAN

Do you know anyone who has a ten by thirty unit?

Dylan glances around the kitchen, exasperated.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Or maybe two units. (Pause) OK, thanks for checking.

Dylan hangs up the phone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

There's not enough room at any of the storage facilities in town.

A banging sound from the packers above. They both look up at the chipped ceiling.

MOLLY

It will be a miracle if nothing breaks.

DYLAN

It will be a miracle if we can find a place big enough to store all of your aunt's things.

MOLLY

Our things.

DYLAN

Right.

Molly nudges the business card toward him.

MOLLY

I found this in a drawer.

Dylan holds it up.

DYLAN

Saint's Store-something. It looks like a coffee spill took out the contact info.

Molly flips over the card.

MOLLY

I called the number on the back, and the owner said she has plenty of space and a couple of people who can help us unload the truck.

DYLAN

(flashes a suspect look)
What's the catch?

MOLLY

Her company is a good half hour outside town. It's probably too far for most people to drive.

DYLAN

Or too good to be true. How much is the unit?

MOLLY

(shrugs)

I was so relieved she had space, I forgot to ask.

Dylan looks at the jar of sea glass.

DYLAN

Can I take that to the trash?

Molly pulls it to her chest.

MOLLY

Absolutely not.

DYLAN

Something is gonna have to give, Molly.

MOLLY

Not her sea glass.

PACKER, muscular middle-aged man, walks into the kitchen and eyes the mess.

PACKER

This is our last room to box up.

DYLAN

Can you fit everything in the truck?

PACKER

(laughs)

We may have to strap a couple of things on the roof.

Dylan doesn't laugh with him. Another loud crash and Molly rushes out of the kitchen.

EXT./INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Dylan and Molly step out of the moving truck cab where a long drive narrows into a forest. Molly is carrying the jar of sea glass. They glance around at the country surroundings and an industrial building partially hidden by trees.

MOLLY

Um...this isn't quite what I was expecting.

DYLAN

(looks both ways)
Maybe it's the wrong place.

Molly checks her phone.

MOLLY

This is the address that the owner gave me.

A bird flies up to a feeder hanging on a tree.

DYLAN

It looks more like a sanctuary than a storage facility.

OLIVIA, a larger-than-life woman in her 60s with a giant smile, wearing a western dress, cowboy boots, and brightly-colored bandana, waves her hand as she races toward them.

OLIVIA

You must be Molly! I'm Olivia Saint.

Olivia gives her a big hug. Molly awkwardly pats her back.

MOLLY

This is my husband, Dylan.

DYLAN

(offers his hand before she hugs him)
Nice to meet you.

Olivia shakes Dylan's hand as Molly waves toward the truck.

MOLLY

And that is all of our stuff.

DYLAN

Are you sure you have enough room for an entire truckload?

OLIVIA

We have plenty of space, and your timing is impeccable. Our inventory was getting low, and I have a family arriving tonight. A dad with two kids who lost their mom to cancer a couple months ago. And then they lost their house to a pile of medical bills. They've been living in their car ever-

MOLLY

Wait, what do you mean about inventory?

OLIVIA

I have a cabin ready for them, but nothing to furnish it. I'm hoping you might have a bed or two in that truck and maybe a couch and kitchen table.

MOLLY

(holds up her finger)
Just a second...

Molly scans their surroundings again until she lands on a sign in the trees that says *Saint's Storehouse*.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Saint's Storehouse?

OLIVIA

Oh, dear. You didn't realize we were a donation center, did you?

MOLLY

I thought it was called Saint's Storage. As in a lineup of storage units to rent.

OLIVIA

I'm so sorry about the confusion. The search engines don't quite know what to do with a storehouse. We're all about kingdom storage here, but we sure don't keep anything for long.

Dylan glances at Molly, expecting her to say something about the coffee spill, but she just shrugs.

DYLAN

It was a misunderstanding.

OLIVIA

Let's pour you a couple glasses of lemonade and then you can be on your way. I'm sure you'll find the perfect spot for all your things.

They walk toward the building, beside a row of bird feeders. Molly carries the jar of sea glass with her.

DYLAN

Where are the cabins?

OLIVIA

Behind the storehouse. We have sixteen of them for families who need a place to stay until they're able to afford a new home. Would you like to see them?

DYLAN/MOLLY

(simultaneously)

Yes/No

MOLLY

A quick tour, please.

EXT. A SMALL CABIN IN THE TREES - LATE DAY

Molly sets her jar on the cabin porch as Olivia opens the front door. Before they go inside, a beat-up car rumbles toward them, and Olivia hops off the porch.

OLIVIA

They're here!

HENRY, a ragged dad in his twenties, steps out of the driver's side. Two young children tentatively climb out of a back door. Olivia greets all of them with a hug.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the ranch.

Molly leans toward Dylan's ear.

MOLLY
We should go.

Olivia escorts Henry and his son into the cabin. Molly hears a rattling sound and turns to see HARPER, a barefoot girl in a worn T-shirt and shorts, drop a muddy rock into the colorful pieces of sea glass. Molly swipes the jar away.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
This isn't a toy.

DYLAN
Molly...we haven't even had your aunt's stuff for twenty-four hours, and you're already stressed out.

Molly looks at the jar and then at the girl, blinking back tears.

MOLLY
(turns to Dylan)
Aunt Emma spent her life collecting this glass.

DYLAN
Maybe it's time for a friend to enjoy her collection with you.

Molly sits down beside Harper and tentatively lifts out a piece of sea glass.

MOLLY
What's your name?

HARPER
Harper. I'm four.

MOLLY
My aunt used to love the ocean, and she brought sea glass home from all over the world.

She sets the jar on the porch between them.

MOLLY

This piece was from Japan...

Molly lets Harper hold the glass and picks out two more pieces.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

She found this one on a beach in France. And this was from Egypt where she attempted to ride a camel and promptly slid off it.

Harper giggles as she examines the piece.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

She was always looking for the most beautiful pieces of glass because...

Molly looks up at Dylan, her eyes wide with a memory.

DYLAN

What?

MOLLY

Because treasure like this is meant to be shared. That's what Aunt Emma told me when I was a girl.

DYLAN

Do you think your aunt kept Olivia's number because she was thinking about giving some of her things away?

MOLLY

But then she ran out of time...

DYLAN

(smiling)

Maybe we can still share some of her treasures.

Molly glances from the jar to Harper. Then she stands and offers her hand. Harper takes it.

MOLLY

I just happen to have an extra couch and a couple of beds and a few other things that need a good home.

Molly continues talking as she and Harper walk into the cabin.

EXT./INT. CABIN PORCH - NIGHT

Dylan and Molly laugh together as they carry two kitchen chairs into the cabin. Inside the living room is the French settee with a kid's blanket draped over the arm. Simple and homey. Harper waves at her from one of the twin beds in a bedroom. Dylan and Molly place the chairs at the table where two glasses of lemonade are waiting for them.

DYLAN

Your aunt would happy that some of her favorite things found a new home.

They toast with the lemonade.

MOLLY

Olivia said she has a friend who can help us sell a few of the antiques. I was wondering if we could use that money to help Harper's dad?

DYLAN

That's a fantastic idea.

MOLLY

I still want to keep a handful of things to remember Aunt Emma.

DYLAN

(wary)
How big of a handful?

MOLLY

No more than what we can fit in the 4Runner.

Dylan kisses her.

DYLAN

Well done.

HARPER

Miss Molly?

Harper is standing at the door in a clean nightgown, a book in hand.

MOLLY

Yes, Sweetie?

HARPER

Will you read me a story?

Molly glances at Dylan, and he smiles.

MOLLY

Of course.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harper snuggles next to Molly on the couch while Dylan and Henry talk in the kitchen. Molly opens the book cover.

MOLLY

Once upon a time, there was a girl
who discovered a great treasure.
At first, she wanted to keep it
all for herself, but then she met
a man named Jesus and her heart
began to change...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DIRT-PACKED GROUND - DAY

During END CREDITS, children's hands slowly shape the pieces of sea glass into a heart. Molly's fingers, same polish as the opening scene but trimmed nails and dirt-smearred hands, will set Harper's rock in the center.

THE END

