

CRAYONS

Written by

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[Excerpt]

FADE IN:

EXT. CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

Bright sunshine colors the city in warm YELLOW light.

From the sky, it all looks perfect.

The quaint RED and BROWN skyline.

The BLUE harbor with WHITE sailboats.

The huge PASTEL mansions on "SOUTH BROAD ST."

A deep GREEN Country Club golfcourse.

EXT. FOLLY ROAD THRUWAY

A breeze rustles the treetops. The leaves sway and reveal a solitary man hurrying alongside a busy thruway.

EXT. WAPPOO RIVER DRAWBRIDGE

DAVID TRESSAR (42) scampers up the narrow sidewalk of a drawbridge. His collar is open, tie loosened, shirttail out.

David is average looking and forgettable in every way. In a roomful of people, he's the wallpaper.

He passes the steel cubicle where the BRIDGE ATTENDANT works.

DAVID

Hi Pete.

BRIDGE ATTENDANT

Hey David, just in time.

David hustles down the other side of the drawbridge, gliding his hand like a child over the stone railing.

At the last rail, David taps it twice.

He made it. RED warning lights flash. Traffic stops. The bridge slowly rises. Unlucky commuters are stuck for a while.

EXT. FOLLY ROAD THRUWAY

With a shy wave, David crosses the road between packed cars.

EXT. SOUTH BREEZE SHOPPING CENTER

Anxiously, David looks up at a bank's time & temp sign.  
"5:52 PM, APRIL 4 2007." He hops over a berm.

EXT. SCHWANN'S DRUGSTORE

A bit out of breath, David arrives. It's still open.

INT. SCHWANN'S DRUGSTORE

A bell jingles as he enters. He scurries with purpose past an old-fashioned lunch counter and down several aisles.

Then he skids to a stop at stationery and CRAYONS.

David gazes at the crayons like most middle-aged men gaze at the interior of an expensive sports car.

His fingers caress them as if he's reading braille, then skip down to a crisp new box of "64 CRAYOLAS."

DAVID

Cool, a sharpener.

David carries the crayons to the checkout while he avidly skims the back of the box. He's captivated as he whispers

DAVID (CONT'D)

Pale peach, azure blue, creamy  
beige, charcoal black.

Manning the register is WALTER SCHWANN (62) whose wire rimmed glasses magnify kind-hearted eyes that have seen it all.

Almost reluctantly, David hands over the box of crayons.

WALTER SCHWANN

Hey David, you found 'em.

DAVID

Yes sir, Mister Walter.

David addresses the shop owner like a true child of the South. Use the adult's first name preceded by Mister or Miss.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Great to find the skin tones like  
the ones in here.

Walter seems familiar with this transaction. Nothing out of the ordinary.

WALTER SCHWANN  
Beautiful evenin' out, isn't it?  
Not too humid yet.

DAVID  
Yeah, and it's stayin' lighter  
later. Gonna be nice for your  
meeting. Bronze chip, right?

Walter's ROSY cheeks blush with appreciation.

WALTER SCHWANN  
15 years. Thanks for remembering.  
Hasn't been the easiest, but I  
think Gladys would have been proud.

Walter's eyes fall to the floor as he mentions her name, but  
move back up again when David says

DAVID  
She is proud, Mister Walter. She is  
proud.

Walter clears his throat, struggling with his memories.

WALTER SCHWANN  
Is this all David? Can I get you  
anything else?

DAVID  
No thanks, this is got it.

WALTER SCHWANN  
Four dollars and thirty four cents.

David removes the bills from his wallet. Not many in there.  
From a coin pouch, he carefully counts out exact change.

WALTER SCHWANN (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't believe how many  
catalogs I went through to find the  
sharpener model. Hope you like it.

DAVID  
I do. The sharpener one's the best.

Walter chuckles while placing the crayons in a paper bag.

WALTER SCHWANN  
'Night David.

DAVID  
Thanks, Mister Walter.

David discreetly taps the counter twice. As he exits, the bell jingles again. And a burst of early evening sun drenches the open doorway in GOLDEN light.

I/E. SCHWANN'S DRUGSTORE

Walter watches David leave, then flips the door sign from "OPEN" to "CLOSED, SEE Y'ALL LATER!"  
The second hand on the store clock sweeps past 6:00 PM.

EXT. SOUTH BREEZE NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

A modest neighborhood brims with meek, well kept homes. Sounds of a lawn mower and children playing blend with the pervasive chirping of cicadas. It seems idyllic.

David steps like he can't wait to get where he's going.

A neighbor, BEATRICE HAMMOND (63), digs in her garden. She adjusts her wide-brim, floppy hat as she waves and calls to him. She's as southern as shrimp and grits.

BEATRICE

Hey David! How ya doin'?

David responds without slowing his stride.

DAVID

Fine, Miss Beatrice. How are the jasmines?

BEATRICE

Lovely, as long we don't get a late cold snap like last year.

With his brisk pace, David has to turn around to face her. So he begins walking backwards.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Any frost just ruins their color.  
It's such a shame.

David stretches out both his arms, embracing the GOLDEN glow. The bag of crayons dangles from his hand.

DAVID

Doesn't feel like that's gonna happen. It's all good. I think you're safe--

Suddenly, two YOUNG BOYS on bikes appear, circling David. They echo each other when they greet him.

YOUNG BOYS  
Hi Mr. Tressar! Hi Mr. Tressar!

DAVID  
Whoa. Ninja bikers? Ya'll keep it  
under the speed limit, okay?

The kids giggle and ride away.

YOUNG BOYS  
See ya Mr. Tressar! See ya Mr.  
Tressar!

David resumes walking backwards and conversing with Beatrice.

DAVID  
Traffic's really picking up 'round  
here. Gonna have to move out to the  
country if this keeps up.

Waving goodbye, David spins back around, eager to get going.

BEATRICE  
Night, David.

DAVID  
(over his shoulder)  
G'night, Miss Beatrice.

EXT. DAVID'S BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

David hops up the steps of a vintage Charleston bungalow.  
It's shabby and needs some work.

He gallantly greets an ORB SPIDER web-sitting in a corner.

DAVID  
Hello BORIS.

David opens the back door and darts inside.

INT. DAVID'S BACK ENTRYWAY

The home is decorated great grandmother style. Looks like  
nobody's used the matronly furniture in years. It's pristine.

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM

This room is so close to the busy thruway it feels like David  
could reach out and touch a car. The sun reflects off passing  
traffic making wisps of GOLD light shimmer across the walls.

These lights touch a row of hanging photographs featuring the smiling faces of an attractive COUPLE.

The WOMAN defines Southern Belle with her STRIKING BLUE eyes. The MAN is the stereotype of a tall, dark, handsome Italian.

David passes by the photos on his way to the kitchen. They tell a story like a child's picture book.

The first is the couple's wedding, inscribed: "ANTHONY & VIVIAN TRESSAR, SEPTEMBER 2, 1960."

Then, a beach honeymoon.

In a shiny '62 Convertible.

A pregnant Vivian.

Proud parents cradling their baby boy, David.

David on the first day of school.

At a picnic. David looks about 8.

The last photo seems out of place. Something's changed. David and his mom stand under a "CLASS OF '82" high school banner. Their smiles are tired and forced.

#### INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN

David enters a kitchen that the 1960s never left. Vintage appliances surround a BLACK & WHITE Formica table and chairs.

A children's coloring book is open on the table. David sets down the bag and scoots around to open a window.

When he does, a breeze blows in that turns the pages of the coloring book like an invisible hand.

Each page is colored flawlessly. Not a speck over the lines.

The breeze stops at the first uncolored page.

David clicks on a RED antique radio perched on top of a chubby refrigerator. The vacuum tubes hum as they warm up.

A calendar hangs on the fridge. Each date box contains a single check mark. Nothing else.

With a pen dangling from a string, he checks off today's date, "APRIL 4."

The rest of the month is blank -- except for two boxes.

Neatly written on "APRIL 24" is "FINAL PAYMENT."

Neatly written on "APRIL 27" is "7:19 PM GOODBYE."  
David contemplates this date.

INT. A VAGUE ROOM - EVENING (DAVID'S DAYDREAM)

A man's hand wraps around the BROWN BURL grip of a .45 AUTOMATIC HANDGUN. Slowly, he turns the SILVER barrel towards himself. Then gradually begins to squeeze the trigger.

INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN (BACK TO PRESENT)

A SONG abruptly comes on the radio and David flinches. The tubes have warmed up.

He moves to an open-shelf pantry. Stacks of coloring books and supplies fill the shelves.

David reaches up and takes down the same .45 Automatic. It's resting on top of a BLACK & WHITE COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK.

Wedging the gun under his arm, David opens the Notebook and checks inside. Then he puts them both back on the shelf.

He sits and eagerly removes the crayons from the bag. But he lifts the lid slowly, as if a Jack might pop out of the box.

Inside is a tiny stadium filled with COLORS. His fingers dance from one crayon to the other as he fondly chooses one.

As he colors, David transforms. His face relaxes, showing real contentment. His movements become fluid and familiar.

EXT. PARK - DAY (DAVID'S FLASHBACK 1973)

8 YEAR OLD DAVID grins with anticipation. Sunlight kisses his forehead. Anthony hands him a RED Frisbee as Vivian looks on.

ANTHONY TRESSAR  
Go ahead bubba, give it a try.

David winds up and lets the disc fly. It sails into an endless BLUE sky.

INT. DAVID'S KITCHEN (BACK TO PRESENT)

David's fingers glide gracefully across the page.

He is completely lost in the BLUE sky that he's coloring.