

THE DRAWING

written by

Todd William Knaak

Three Page Challenge Version

FADE IN:

From complete DARKNESS, the LIGHT of an oncoming TRAIN. Headed straight for us. It RUMBLES and QUAKES as it gets closer.

It WHIZZES past us and --

INT. LUKE'S ROOM - MORNING

-- emerges from under a bed. A TOY TRAIN.

We FOLLOW it around the imaginative room of a 10 year old CHILD. LEGO CITIES, VIDEO GAME CASES, ART SUPPLIES, Edward Gorey POSTERS, NIGHT LIGHTS.

We LAND on LUKE, 10, inventive and curious, furiously scribbling a picture of a shadowy figure. Hard at work.

 WOMAN (O.S.)
 LUKE! TIME TO GO!

He perks up. Grabs his BACKPACK and leaves.

We get a good look at his DRAWING: it's a woman. Incomplete.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

His feet SCUTTLE across the floor. His backpack in tow. It's open and SPILLING crayons along the way.

INT. FRONT DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

GABRIELLE LAWSON, 38, dark hair in a power ponytail. Slacks and a button-up. Panic in her voice and to her movements. Thick MASCARA MARK on her right cheek.

A POLICE OFFICER is talking to her through the doorway.

OFFICER RAYMOND CARTER, 40, cropped dark hair in perfect unison with his short beard. Weathered. Never told a joke, but if he did, it would be quality.

 OFFICER CARTER
 ... I put those sticks in the
 ground so you can see her
 perimeter. We don't normally do
 that, but otherwise it just
 creates problems, so I figured I'd
 take care of it. I'll be back soon
 to check in.

We see the sticks. Bright red. Obtrusive in the yard.

GABRIELLE

Oh, wow, you didn't have to do that, I really can't thank you enough.

OFFICER CARTER

It took 10 minutes, no worries. I'd have her avoid the garage too. The insulation and the distance can sometimes make it fidgety. If there are any problems like that though, just call me. If you call the station, it'll be a whole thing.

He chuckles and she smiles warmly.

GABRIELLE

(leaning in)

This is crazy, right? It's insane. I'm really not sure what I'm doing.

OFFICER CARTER

Yeah, but I mean, you're doing the right thing. I think, anyways. For what it's worth.

Luke TUGS on Gabrielle's shirt.

GABRIELLE

(to Luke)

In the pantry, honey.

(to Officer Carter)

It's worth a lot.

Luke scurries off --

OFFICER CARTER

Still not a word, huh?

GABRIELLE

(shaking head)

Just more drawings.

OFFICER CARTER

It'll pass, just hang in there. He just needs time. You both do.

GABRIELLE

Did you wanna come in? I got an extra two minutes.

She laughs --

Outside, OFFICER LLOYD is by the cop car. His RADIO BEEPS.

OFFICER LLOYD
Carter! 594. We gotta roll.

OFFICER CARTER
(to Lloyd)
Copy that.
(to Gabrielle)
Not today, Gabby. Rain check?
Again, if you need anything just
call. If I don't pick up, call
again, okay?

He chuckles and tips his hat --

OFFICER CARTER
Oh! They're waterproof by the way.
Most people think they aren't. But
they are.

GABRIELLE
Oh, good! Well, thanks again, Ray.
As always.

She CLOSES the door. Turns around --

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luke's CHOMPING down on a POP TART. His backpack's gone.

GABRIELLE
Ready? Where's your backpack?

SCARLET enters. 24. Cold and distant but without angst.
Detached. Wearing OLD PAJAMAS with medium-length dark hair and
bags under her eyes. She's HOLDING Luke's backpack.

He goes to grab it, but she smiles and pulls it away.

SCARLET
Trade you. Just a bite.
(no response)
A small bite.

Luke reluctantly HANDS her the pop tart.

She DROPS the backpack at her feet -- it LANDS at her left
ankle, right next to her ANKLE MONITOR. GREEN LIGHT on it.

She takes a BITE before Luke SNATCHES the pop tart back.

Scarlet chuckles.