

6 PAGES

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PAINTED PIECES

Written by

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EXT. BUILDING CORNER- DAY

DREW, 19, sits next to her backpack dressed in drab black clothes, playing music from her headphones, with her hood up. She sketches in a notebook. There is no one around.

After a while, she crumples up the paper, throws it and leaves.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER - DAY

Drew sits and sketches in a notebook with her hood up.

JASMINE, 18, rides in on a skateboard. She tries to get Drew's attention.

JASMINE

Hey!

Drew doesn't look up. Jasmine lifts a headphone out of her ear, music BLARES out.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Hello!

Drew jumps, then grabs her notebook. Her hood falls. She looks at Drew.

DREW

Who are you?

Drew gives Jasmine a cynical look. She puts her notebook in her backpack.

JASMINE

My name's Jasmine. I found your sketch, of the girl. I thought you'd want it back.

DREW

I don't know what you're talking about.

Jasmine hands Drew an un-crumbled piece of paper. Drew stares at it and Jasmine skateboards away. Drew looks up, smiles, and then looks down.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER

Drew is sitting alone with her hood up. It is silent. In her hands is the un-crumbled piece of paper.

(O.S) A COUPLES LAUGHTER.

Drew -- frustrated -- gets up, then grabs her backpack with her shoulders slumped. She crumbles up the paper and throws it. She walks to leave, turns around and picks up the paper. She un-crumbles the paper as she leaves.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER

Drew is wearing headphone while sitting on her backpack. In front of her is an easel and canvas. She dips a paint brush into paint from a small tin can.

JASMINE

What are you doing?

DREW

My thing.

Drew looks at Jasmine annoyed.

JASMINE

I liked your art, the woman, she was so dark and abstract. There was something about her... I just understood.

DREW

You should have left it.

Drew snaps the tin closed then puts the paint brush in a water bottle.

JASMINE

Why... You don't think we make a good team?

Drew looks up, puts the easel in her backpack. She places the canvas against the wall.

DREW

I like that the roses are blue.

Drew passes her the un-crumpled piece of paper grabs her backpack and walks away.

Jasmine is left alone. She lifts the top of the canvas from the wall, then looks.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER

Jasmine is sitting on her skateboard next to her colored pencils with the canvas facing her. Drew comes up wearing a tank top, music JAMS from her headphones. She sits next to Jasmine.

Drew takes an easel from her backpack and places it in front of Jasmine. Jasmine looks over at Drew.

DREW

You know we do make a good team.

Jasmine places the canvas on the easel.

JASMINE

Drew? That's your name isn't it? I could hardly make out your signature.

DREW

Yeah, that's it.

Drew fidgets with the pencil in her hand.

JASMINE

So why this corner? Are you friends with the baker?

DREW

There's a lot of foot traffic on this corner. No one bother's me, but you... or unless it's for a cigarette. I sketch what I see.

Drew hands Jasmine her notebook. Jasmine marvels at the pages, running her fingers along it.

DREW (CONT'D)

Why have you come here?

JASMINE

I live down the street, with my dad. I don't go home until it's dark. I really do like your art.

DREW

Your arts... very bright.

Drew rolls her eyes. She takes out the tin from her backpack and the

JASMINE

Don't you like contrast? Is it so bad I add the missing pieces so that your broken cup is fixed, that way it can fill?

Drew looks back at the canvas they worked on together. She nods.

DREW

It changes the dynamic, but I don't mind taking a chance.

JASMINE

I can add a few painted pieces.

Drew and Jasmine work on the canvas together, smiling and laughing.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER- NIGHT

The sun is setting. Drew and Jasmine are smiling from ear-to-ear, should-to-shoulder. They look at the canvas, proud of their work.

JASMINE

You...

Jasmine says in a daze.

JASMINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You have so much talent, why do you come off so... distant?

DREW

Was never much of the skater type.

JASMINE

That's not what I mean.

Drew walks to the end of the alley. She looks around then returns to where they were sitting. Jasmine smiles. Jasmine doesn't break eye contact, but Drew continues walking a few steps, then turns back.

DREW

I had a twin brother, Art. We-- did everything together. I never really got along with other girls, but I'd hang out with Art and his friends.

JASMINE

I'm sorry Drew.

DREW

Now I draw people. People in motion.

Drew sits down next to Jasmine.

DREW (CONT'D)

When I don't draw what I see, it looks like the sketch you found. This distraught version of myself.

JASMINE

I think Art would like your art.

She smiles at her own pun. Drew smiles too.

DREW

Yeah, he was always supportive no matter what.

JASMINE

Now what are we going to do with our master piece.

Jasmine hugged her jacket.

DREW

I don't know we hold on it and remember the beginning of a friendship?

JASMINE

I think we should find a good home for it.

DREW

I think dark realism is a hard sell. Not to many people enjoy it.

JASMINE

You sit here everyday and you can't think of anyone who might want this painting?

DREW

Let's ask the baker.

JASMINE

I knew you had a thing for the baker.

Drew looks at Jasmine with an astonished face, then laughs.

DREW

Who knows, maybe he needs a little  
bit of contrast in his life.

Drew and Jasmine walk off screen with the canvas facing the  
wall.