

TULIPS ON A SUNDAY EVENING

Written by

Kaden Quinn

kqfilm@gmail.com
502 418 0089

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA STREET - 11:52PM

SUPER: NEW YEAR'S EVE 2008

The wheels of a bicycle rapidly spin. We see the silhouette of the CYCLIST (11), the city lights speeding past her. The cyclist HUFFS, her breathing ragged. Her face is hidden by shadows. She makes a sharp turn.

INT. CAR - 11:52PM

Music BLARES from the car's speakers. The windows are down. Four high school STUDENTS ride in the car, singing along and laughing.

STUDENT 1 (17), sitting in the backseat, leans forward, a JOINT in his hand.

STUDENT 1
Turn up the music unless you're
older than my grandmother!

DRIVER
Yessir, your highness, sir!

The DRIVER (18) cranks the volume up.

EXT. HANGMAN'S HILL - 11:56PM

Under a full moon, a grand hill overlooks the West Virginian town below. Every house has their lights on. A BOY (10) walks up the hill toward the MAGNOLIA TREE at the top.

CUT TO:

Against the moonlight the boy lays out a blanket and sits down.

EXT. CHAMBERS LANE - 11:58PM

The cyclist pedals faster and faster. She passes the corner drug store. It's sign reads "Happy New Year" and 11:58.

CYCLIST
Crap. I'm sorry, Obi.

The cyclist turns onto Carson Street.

INT/EXT. CAR - 11:59PM

The car speeds down the road. Student 1 offers the joint to the driver, blocking his view. The driver pushes student 1's arm out of the way.

STUDENT 1

Just a hit. You look like you need a buzz.

Student 1 relights the joint, takes a puff, and shoves it back in the driver's view. Student 1 clings onto it with his fingertips.

STUDENT 1 (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Now would ya look at that? I did all the hard work for ya. Now take a hit.

The car blows through a FOUR-WAY STOP and we see that they're on Carson street.

DRIVER

You're an idiot.

The driver reaches for the joint, but miscalculates. The joint falls into the driver's lap. The driver frantically tries to pick it up.

DRIVER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Shit! I can't grab it! Damn it!

PASSENGER

David! Look out!

The screen cuts to black.

SUPER: SEVEN YEARS LATER

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INT. EVAN SAMPSON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - 10:24PM

Silence. We don't hear a thing.

The picture fades up and we're concentrated on the rim of a RED SOLO CUP. CLOSE on a hand pulling out a white PING PONG BALL. We follow as the arm arches back and with a swift, forward motion, releases the ball. It flies through the air and lands in a lone red solo cup on the other side of the table. The room erupts with the sound of a college party in full swing.

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The loser, RICH - (22) stereotypical frat boy - picks up the cup.

RICH
You bastard.

Behind him, a skinny kid, noticeably younger than the other partygoers, tries to scoot past. This is EVAN "OBI" SAMPSON (17), the younger brother to ALICE SAMPSON (21).

As the cup reaches Rich's lips, his shoulder his shoved. Hard. Beer spills down his shirt.

RICH (CONT'D)
Goddamnit Evan. Can't you go be a loner somewhere else? If you weren't Alice's kid brother, I swear you'd never see tomorrow.

EVAN
Sorry, Dick. Do you know where Alice is?

RICH
Piss off.
(under his breath)
Loser.

Evan scurries out of the room as Rich starts to set up another game.

INT. EVAN SAMPSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 10:36PM

The kitchen is trashed. Empty bottles, cans, and cups lay strewn across all surfaces. GRACE (21) and MACK (22) - Alice's best friends - stand at the counter, entranced by an alcoholic concoction they're brewing.

GRACE
Here, add some rum. It needs some rum.

MACK
You're drunk if you think that'll taste good.

EVAN (O.S.)
Grace.

They don't hear him.

EVAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
Mack.

Ignored. He swipes the big bowl they're mixing everything in. The tequila Mack was adding spills onto the counter.

MACK

Hey! That wasn't very nice.

Grace sucks the spilt tequila off of the counter.

EVAN

Guys, where's Alice?

Mack steps aside to reveal Alice, slumped onto the ground with a bottle of Fireball in her arms.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Alice. Hey, Alice. This has gone too far.

Alice perks up, but only slightly. She is obviously drunk and has trouble holding up her head.

ALICE

Evan? My baby brudder, Evan?

EVAN

Alice. We gotta get everyone out.

ALICE

Evan, I've always wondered.... Why are you such a buzzkill?

EVAN

The house is a mess. I didn't even want to have a party. You know I hate parties.

ALICE

Have a beer. Live a lil'.

She places a beer into his hands.

EVAN

You're a lost cause.

(to Grace and Mack)

Make sure she doesn't do anything stupid or kill herself.

Grace and Mack are back to making something probably more flammable than the atomic bomb.

GRACE

Sure thing, Evan!

MACK

You can count on us, Evan!

They LAUGH.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - 10:54PM

Evan's room is the definition of "nerd cave." Posters of the *Star Wars* movies and collectable action figures in glass cases to maintain pristine condition. Large models of the Millennium Falcon and Death Star hang from the ceiling.

His desk is a mess. Piles of discarded sketches sit to the side. A single picture frame sits in the corner. We recognize Evan, dressed as a young Obi-Wan Kenobi. A GIRL's wrapped around him, painted blue as Aayla Secura. They wear ginormous smiles.

He sets the beer on the desk, opens the window, and climbs out onto the roof. His phone rings.

EVAN (ON PHONE)

Hello?

LUCY (ON PHONE)

Obi?

Evan perks up at the sound of her voice.

EVAN (ON PHONE)

Hey. It's- how're-

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LUCY (ON PHONE)

What're you up to?

EVAN (ON PHONE)

Alice threw a party. Where-

LUCY (ON PHONE)

8 minutes.

The line goes dead. Evan slumps. He watches the party rage on.

INT. EVAN SAMPSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 11PM

Several GUYS crowd in front of the door, drinks in their hands. They're shoved to the side as the door is pushed open. A YOUNG COUPLE (19) stumbles in, infatuated with each other.

Enter LUCY CROIX (18) behind. She's beautiful, but not that overdone-up-in-makeup beautiful, but a natural kind of beautiful.

Alice stumbles toward her.

LUCY

Alice! Hey!

Alice stumbles on, ignoring her.

EXT/INT. EVAN SAMPSON'S HOUSE - ROOF - 11:02PM

Evan huddles on the roof. The weather is unseasonably warm for January and he's put on a hoodie.

Through the window we see Lucy walk into his bedroom. She pauses at his desk and picks up the framed photo. For the first time, we recognize that she's the girl, done up as Aayla Secura. She puts the photo back.

LUCY

Obi?

He doesn't hear her. She sticks her head out the window.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Obi.

He turns and sees her. His voice falters.

EVAN

Lucy.

LUCY

Am I late?

EVAN

What?

LUCY

8 minutes. Am I late? Whatever, doesn't matter. Come on.

She motions for Evan to climb inside. He follows.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - 11:09PM

She digs through the bottom of his closet and pulls out a backpack.

EVAN

Wait, hold on. What are you doing here?

LUCY

Do you have a blanket?

EVAN

Left shelf above the shirts. What's this about?

The blanket hits him in the chest.

LUCY

I'm getting you out of here. Your great escape.

EVAN

I can't leave.

LUCY

Obi, you look like the life is draining out of you.

EVAN

The party's fun.

LUCY

You hate parties.

EVAN

Yeah, well, things have changed. It's been a long time.

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The comment makes Lucy uncomfortable.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

LUCY

Away.

(a beat)

Now let's go. We've still got a stop to make.

EVAN

Fine. But you'll tell me where you've been later?

LUCY

Yeah, yeah. Sure. Do you still have the bike with pegs?

Lucy's already rushing out the door.

EVAN

In the garage. Wait!

He follows.

INT. 7 ELEVEN GAS STATION - 11:43PM

The SLUSHIE MACHINES spin in their colorful glory. Lucy fills her 44oz styrofoam cup with every flavor.

She walks down the aisle pulling snacks and chips from the shelves at random, piling them into Evan's arms.

They march up to the ATTENDANT (19) - a boy with horrible acne and stuck in an exhausted stupor. Various colored flowers sit in a beat up tin on the counter.

Undistinguishable from a robot, the attendant rings them up.

ATTENDANT

This everything?

Lucy's attention is stuck on the lone TULIP in the bucket. She reaches for it and then quickly pulls back her hand.

LUCY

(to Evan)

I'm gonna run to the restroom. I'll meet you outside.

ATTENDANT

Is this everything for you?

EVAN

Um, yeah.

Evan pulls out his wallet and hands the attendant a \$20 bill.

EXT. 7 ELEVEN GAS STATION - 11:52PM

Lucy sits on the bike, picking at her fingernails. Evan walks out, the two slushies in his hands and the plastic bag of snacks hangs on his arm.

EVAN

Okay, where to now?

LUCY

Hop on.

Evan carefully climbs onto the back pegs and leans against Lucy, balancing off her shoulders. They pedal out of the parking lot.

EXT. BILLBOARD - 11:57PM

Evan follows Lucy as she clambers up the billboard's ladder, the snack bag wrapped around her arm and slushie in one of her hands. She shows no trouble, while Evan struggles with only his small 16oz slushie.

EVAN

You- uh- you sure this is worth it?
It's safe and legal?

Lucy reaches the top and climbs onto the platform.

LUCY

Just don't look down.

Evan immediately looks down and stares at the ground below. He hugs the ladder even tighter. Lucy reaches her hand down and takes the slushie from him. She reaches down again.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Evan takes her hand and she helps pull him up. The view is breathtaking with a clear sight of the river. The town's lights reflect off of the water. A second starry sky.

EVAN

Okay. I take it back. This is 100%
worth it.

LUCY

Seven.

EVAN

What'd you say?

LUCY

Six.

Evan looks at her. In the glow of the moonlight she's stunningly beautiful. He's speechless.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Five.

INT. EVAN SAMPSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 11:59PM

The PARTYGOERS crowd around the television.

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PARTYGOERS

Four! Three!

EXT. BILLBOARD - 12AM

Evan and Lucy sit side-by-side on the platform. He's captivated by her.

LUCY
Two.

EVAN
One?

FIREWORKS explode over the water. Beautiful colors light up the sky, welcoming the new year.

LUCY
Happy New Year, Obi.

She throws her arm around him. They watch the fireworks and listen to the town's CHEERS.

EVAN
This is awesome. Thank you.

LUCY
Of course. Anything for you.

Evan breaks away, a new light of excitement in his eyes.

EVAN
Deadman's dance floor. *

LUCY
What? *

EVAN
Deadman's dance floor. Let's go. *

She thinks for a moment.

LUCY
Obi, that was years ago. We were kids. I don't even know if Hangman's Hill is still there. *

EVAN
It's still there. You're here so it's gotta be. *

LUCY
Do you still have two left feet? *

EVAN
No. *

LUCY
Good because you need a dance partner to get in.

CUT TO:

Below the billboard, Evan holds the bike steady. Lucy situates herself on the handlebars.

EVAN

You sure about.... This doesn't seem safe.

LUCY

Just pedal. You gotta live a lil' Obi.

They take off.

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA STREET - 12:18AM

- Evan pushes on the pedals with all his strength.
- The lights of the city reflect off of Lucy, illuminating her eyes. Her hair waves back and forth slightly.
- They pedal through a strip of red stoplights.
- Both are smiling and laughing.
- They cross a bridge. The moon reflects in the stream below. *
- They pass a new Starbucks which used to be the old drug store *
- They turn a corner *

EXT. ROSEDALE AVENUE/CARSON STREET - 1:10AM *

The street's deserted. Evan's breathing is staggered.

EVAN

Hold on. Gotta take a rest.

He slows to a halt and Lucy jumps off the handlebars. She abruptly stops, like a deer caught in headlights.

EXT. CARSON STREET - LUCY'S FLASHBACK *

The light is blinding. It gets brighter as the car speeds toward them.

LUCY

Obi!

EXT. ROSEDALE AVENUE/CARSON STREET - 1:12AM

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She pulls him to the side.

EVAN

Wha-

Lucy's scared to death.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Lucy, what's wrong?

LUCY

The- the car. Coming toward us. You almost got hit.

EVAN

Car? There's no car. This street is deserted.

LUCY

There- there was a car.

She's frantic.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Where are we?

EVAN

Rosedale Avenue. Are you-

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EXT. CARSON STREET - LUCY'S FLASHBACK

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In the distance, siren's BLARE. They get louder.

EXT. ROSEDALE AVENUE/CARSON STREET - 1:15AM

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LUCY

What happened here?

EVAN

Nothing! Nothing happened here. Lucy, what's going on?

LUCY

Something happened here. You're lying to me!

EVAN

I'm not lying to you!

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LUCY

You said this was Rosedale Avenue.
I grew up here. Why don't I
remember a Rosedale Avenue. Why
don't I remember a Rosedale Avenue?

*
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*

EVAN

It used to be Carson Street. They
changed it after those four high
school kids crashed, but they made
it out fine. A few scrapes and
bruises, but they were okay. The
car was pretty messed up but-

*
*
*

LUCY

Something else happened. I don't
feel right. Why are you lying to
me, Obi?

EVAN

No, it was just them. My parents
told me it was a crash with four
kids, but they were all okay?

LUCY

Why'd we go this way? I never go
this way. It wasn't my fault.

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EVAN

It's the fastest way to Hangman's
Hill from the river. What wasn't
your fault?

She slows. She looks straight at Evan.

LUCY

(accusingly and hurt)
You brought us this way?

EVAN

Me? What's this got to do with me?

LUCY

Why did you have to do this to me,
Obi?

EVAN

What? You were the one who left!
Gone without a trace or note. YOU.
LEFT. ME.

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LUCY

It wasn't my fault! Wasn't my fault. Wasn't my fault.

EVAN

And then you just show up out of nowhere? Seven years. What happened?

(beat)

You're my best friend. You know that right? Do you have any idea how hard that was? Accepting you weren't coming back? Yet here you are.

*
*
*

Lucy's sitting on the curb, her eyes closed and hands covering her ears.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Why has it taken you this long to come back?

*
*

LUCY

I NEVER LEFT!

(quieter)

I never left.

*
*

The world goes quiet. Slowly, the bugs' CHIRPS return.

Lucy huddles on the curb. She's tucked into herself. As small as possible. Evan's never seen her like this before.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Evan slumps down and wraps himself around her, cradling her.

EVAN

I'm sorry.

He holds her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He helps her up and leads her to the bike.

EXT. HANGMAN'S HILL - 1:56AM

The hill and its tree sit under the moonlight. The town is now mostly dark, except for a few stray lights that have been left on. Slow jazz music plays from one of the clubs.

Lucy pushes the bike up the hill toward the magnolia tree. Evan walks next to her.

Evan takes the blanket out of his backpack and arranges it at the base of the tree.

Evan takes Lucy into his arms. They sway to the music coming from the town. *

LUCY *

I've been thinking and I'm not sure what I would've done either if I were in your position. I'm sorry I left you.

EVAN

It's okay because you're here now.

LUCY

Yeah, I am. And you're here now because I came and rescued you for the umpteenth time, but who's counting?

EVAN

You know where to find me, close enough for you to keep saving me. I'll always be here.

Lucy pulls away and sits down on the blanket. The music slowly drowns out.

CUT TO:

Evan lays down next to her. They stare up at the stars.

It's quiet. The town's New Year's celebrations have ceased. Evan's eyelids get heavy, the silence lulling him to sleep. His chest rises and falls in a steady beat.

Lucy places her hand on Evan's chest over his heart.

LUCY

Me too.

EXT. HANGMAN'S HILL - 9:46AM

Evan's eyes flutter open as he wakes. It's mid morning and the sun coats the hill in shades of orange and yellow. Lucy is gone.

A calm and warm smile spreads across his lips.

CUT TO:

Evan walks his bike down the hill, the sun warming him. At the trunk of the tree we see the tulip from 7 Eleven. Above it is a plaque that reads "In Memory of our Beautiful Lucy."

FADE TO BLACK.