

TULIPS ON A SUNDAY EVENING

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA STREET - 11:52PM

TITLE: One Year Earlier

The wheels of a bicycle rapidly spin. We see the silhouette of the CYCLIST, 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, sitting in the backseat, leans forward. He holds 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 cranks the volume up even louder.

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 - high school aged - walks up the hill toward the magnolia tree at the top.

CUT TO:

Against the moonlight we see the boy lay out a blanket and sit down.

EXT. CHAMBERS LANE - 11:58PM

The cyclist is now standing up, pedaling faster and faster. A PING! Is heard and the cellphone in her back pocket lights up. The time is 11:58pm on New Year's Eve. The message says "I'm here."

CYCLIST

Shit! Shit! Shit!

The cyclist turns another corner 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. It's barely an inch long and student 1 clings to 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. Student 1 lets go and it 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.

ONE YEAR LATER

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. A hand reaches into the cup and pulls out a ping pong ball. We follow as the arm arches back and with a swift, forward motion, throws and releases the ball. It flies through the air and lands in a long red solo cup on the other side of the table. The room erupts with the sound of a college party in full swing.

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. The beer spills down his shirt.

RICH (CONT'D) (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. A pile of dirty dishes and semi-empty pizza boxes sit piled in the sink. 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 here him.

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

Mack.

They continue to ignore him. He swipes the big bowl they're mixing everything in. The tequila Mack was adding pours onto the counter.

MACK

Hey! That wasn't very nice.

Grace starts sucking the spilled 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) (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? Is that my baby brudder?

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 hand on the walls and collectable action figures sit on the shelves in glass cases to maintain pristine condition. Large models of the Millennium Falcon and Death Star hand from the ceiling.

A desk sits to the side in front of a window looking out to the backyard. It 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. Hey! How're-

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

She spots Alice stumbling toward her.

LUCY
Alice! Hey!

Alice walks right past, ignoring her.

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

Evan huddles on the roof. The weather is unseasonably warm 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 in the photo, 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) (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.
You've been gone awhile.

The comment makes Lucy uncomfortable.

EVAN (CONT'D) (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 ever 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) (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Evan takes her hand and she helps pull him up. The view is breathtaking with a clear sight of the Kanawha River. The town's lights reflect off of the water, creating another starry sky.

EVAN

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

LUCY

Seven.

EVAN

What'd you say?

LUCY

Six.

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

LUCY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Five.

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

The PARTYGOERS are crowded around the television. We can't see what's on.

PARTYGOERS

Four! Three!

EXT. BILLBOARD - 12AM

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

LUCY

Two.

EVAN

One?

Fireworks explode over the water in front of them. Beautiful colors light up the sky, welcoming the new year.

LUCY

Happy New Year, Obi.

She throws her arm around him. They silently watch the fireworks show 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

Where do you want to go?

LUCY

Huh?

EVAN

Where do you want to go? Anywhere.
I'll take you.

She thinks for a moment.

LUCY

Anywhere? Have you been to the
deadman's dance floor?

EVAN

Only with you.

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

CUT TO:

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

EVAN
 Uh- you sure about.... This doesn't
 seem safe.

LUCY
 Just pedal. You gotta live a lil'
 Obi.

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 turn a corner

EXT. 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. LUCY'S FLASHBACK - CARSON STREET - 11:58PM - ONE YEAR
 AGO

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

LUCY
 Obi!

EXT. CARSON STREET - 1:12AM

She reaches out and pulls him to the side.

EVAN

Wha-

Lucy's scared to death.

EVAN (CONT'D) (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) (CONT'D)

Where are we?

EVAN

Carson street. Are you-

EXT. LUCY'S FLASHBACK - CARSON STREET - 12:01AM - ONE YEAR
AGO

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

EXT. CARSON STREET - 1:15AM

LUCY

What happened here?

EVAN

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

LUCY

Something happened here. You're
lying to me!

EVAN

Nothing's happened here except...

LUCY
Except what?

EVAN
Except the crash last year. It was a car of like four high school kids, 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.

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

She calms down and 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 me! Gone without a trace or note. YOU. LEFT. ME.

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

EVAN

And then you just show up out of nowhere? What happened? Did you get tired of me? You were popular and had friends so you thought you could just drop out of my life like that? You just didn't care what happened to me. 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) (CONT'D)

Why'd you leave?

LUCY

I DIDN'T LEAVE!

(quieter)

I didn't leave.

The world goes quiet. Slowly, the bugs' sound returns.

Lucy huddles on the curb. She's tucked into herself, making 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) (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

Well, you're here now because I
came and rescued you for the
umpteeth time, but who's counting.

EVAN

You know where to find me. I'll
always be here.

The music slowly drowns out.

CUT TO:

They lay down on the blanket and stare up at the stars. Lucy
lays her head on Evan's chest and he wraps his arm around
her.

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

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 morning 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.