

DRAWN OUT LOVE

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EXT. GRASSY HILL - DAY

1

A MOTHER and FATHER (30s) sits upon a picnic blanket with their son (8). Finishing packing up their leftover meal, the son turns to his mother with that wide-eye look as if he needs something.

SON

Do we have to leave just yet, mom?
Can't we please play a little before
we go?

The mother looks at the father. He nods.

MOTHER

Alright, alright. But you gotta help
your father bring our things back to
the car.

SON

Sweet! Be right back.

As she stands waiting, we heard a strange disembodied voice speaking to us.

VOICE (V.O.)

Man do I miss ever these old times.

The father and son return. The son runs like the wind towards his mother. Tagging her, the son runs off. Th parents soon chase him, having loads of fun and laughing.

The parents eventually exhaust themselves and sit by a maple tree catching their breath. Their son comes over too.

MOTHER

Phew. I'm pooped.

FATHER

Yeah, I haven't ran like that since I
was his age.

(snarky)

But it feels like someone might've
snuck some sugar from behind our backs
again?

SON

What? Me. No way... Okay, maybe. You
know how I love me some candies.

The father rubs the son's hair.

FATHER

Haha. Just messing with ya kiddo.

Once again the strange voice returns.

VOICE (V.O.)

I wish they never left though.

The son looks up, noticing the moving clouds. Trying to make shapes from them, he finds the sky shift into menacing dark storm clouds. Scared.

The son looks to his parents, but their gone. Thunder strikes, wind blows. The son shields himself, crying out for his parents.

SON

(sobbing)

Mom... Dad... Where did you guys go?!

The sounds of thunder continues to drums up the sky as the ground beneath the tree begin to crumble. Another faint voice can be heard, growing louder.

STRANGER(V.O)

.....Mason.

The voice grows closer and closer.

STRANGER (V.O)

...MASON!

The son and the tree fall down from the cliff-edge as the voice shouts for the child that we know now is Mason.

STRANGER(V.O)

MASON!!

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY (RAINING)

2

Eyes snap open. A young BOY stands in front of his locker, newly awakened. This is MASON (12), who realizes he's back in reality.

Behind him walks many STUDENTS passing to and fro from class. Besides him is his friend, ALEX (12), who just snapped Mason out of his daydream.

ALEX

Hello. Earth to Mason. You alright in there? You've just been staring into

your locker for like ten minutes.

MASON

Huh?... Y-Yeah. I'm fine. Must've spaced out there for a moment. That's all.

ALEX

You sure? You seemed to be acting strange since your folks got-

MASON

(agressively)

Hey! How do you know about that?!

ALEX

Woah. Uh well, it's been going around dude. You know how people love their rumors. So is it true?

MASON

Well. Can we not?

ALEX

Okay, okay... Oh, I almost forgot. Ms. Bailey was wondering where you were this morning. She marked you absent bro. Your first one this whole year... Wait! You weren't here the whole time, were you?

Mason refuses to answer.

MASON

Can we change the subject. How are you doing lately?

ALEX

Mason, come on man.

MASON

I'm fine I said. Please, just drop it... Anyway, I'll see you later.

Mason begins to walk off, but Alex stops him and pulls him back around.

ALEX

Mason.

MASON

I said to leave this alone. Please.

ALEX

Come on Mason, it's me. You're good
old buddy Alex here help you out.

Alex lays his arm over Mason, but Mason shoves him away.

MASON

I said don't want help! Don't you
understand. I told you I'm fine! What
else do I need to say?

Mason thrusts his fist towards Alex.

The hallway fills with a curious crowd. Alex tries dodging
Mason's blows, but is grabbed and pushed towards the lockers.
Slamming his back hard onto the metal surface.

Alex, trying to push Mason off, grabs his backpack. Opening
it and having some of Mason's things fall out, especially a
sketch of Mason's family. Mason steps on it.

Mason hears a rip and notices the sketch has been torn. Angry
again, Mason throw another punch when...

TEACHER

Mason Rodgers! That is quite enough!

A TEACHER (mid 30s) appears stopping Mason punch. She quickly
goes to Alex to check on his condition.

TEACHER

Are you alright Alex?

He nods, but is too in pain to talk. She looks back to the
other students.

TEACHER (CONTINUOUS)

Someone help his young man to the
nurse's office. And as for you Mason,
follow me.

Mason grabs his things and starts walking. Upset about what
he's done, he doesn't speak. They make it the principal's
office.

TEACHER

Go on in. Principal Brown will explain
the consequences for your actions.

Mason wakes in, disappointedly.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SAME

3

Mason enters the office. PRINCIPAL BROWN (early 40s), an average built man wearing glasses, sits behind a big desk, shining one of his glass figurines.

PRINCIPAL

Ah Mason. Sit down.

Mason, still disappointed, pulls a chair and sits. The principal places the figurine down as he sees Mason looking down in shame.

PRINCIPAL

Now. You want to tell me why one of your teacher brought you down here today?...

Still silence from Mason.

Nothing huh? Even for your first time here, you aren't the least bit curious why you're in trouble... Ok, must not be important then.

MASON

(whispering under breath)

Wait...

PRINCIPAL

Yes?

MASON

I-I know what I did was wrong b-but I told Alex to stop.

PRINCIPAL

Alright. But still, that is no excuse to irrationally assault another student for any reason.

MASON

(angrily under breath)

I'm just sick of this.

PRINCIPAL

What was that?

MASON

Uh! Nothing.

Mason looks back at his ripped sketch. He gives it to the principal.

PRINCIPAL

What is this?

MASON

My art project for class. We had to draw one of our favoritest thing and now it ruined.

PRINCIPAL

You love your family, don't you Mason?

MASON

Yes sir. I love them both very, very much. But-

Mason stops himself. The principal looks at his glass figurine and stands to grab one.

PRINCIPAL

You know who gave these to me Mason?

Mason shrugs.

PRINCIPAL

My wife... She works as a glass artist and often times she makes me plenty of these little figurines... And I know even if I ever broke one, she would get really upset at me. But I know she can't stay mad at me forever and will soon realizes that I didn't really try to break them. And I know through thick and thin that she's still love afterwards. You understand?

MASON

Yes sir.

PRINCIPAL

Alright. Good.

The principal sits back down.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Oh! And Mason...

MASON

Hm?

PRINCIPAL

Before you leave here today, may I ask you a serious question?

MASON

Oh. Uh, sure.

The principal takes off his glasses and looks at Mason straight in the eye and asks...

PRINCIPAL

If there is anything happening at home... You know we're here to help, right?

MASON

Yes sir.

PRINCIPAL

Alright. I'm gonna let you off with a warning this time Mason, but if you do anything unusual or troublesome. The guidance counselor will be expecting a visitor. Are we clear?

MASON

Crystal, sir.

PRINCIPAL

Alright then. You're free to go.

MASON

Principal Brown... Thanks.

The principal smiles. Mason gets up, grabbing his things, and heads for the door. Feeling a little better. Mason headed back towards his class.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ART CLASS - DAY (RAINING)

4

Mason enters the room to his art teacher speaking in the middle of her lesson.

TEACHER

Ah Mason, welcome back. Please. Take your seat.

Mason walks to his desk. The other students stare at Mason,

whispering harsh things bout him. Mason takes his seat, keeping his head down. The teacher finishes her lecture.

TEACHER

Okay class, like I said before today's a creative day, so grab whatever equipment you want to use and draw to your heart's content.

Many students go up, while Mason walks up slowly. He's about to grab his supplies when...

FLASHBACK: 2 YEARS AGO

INT. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

5

Young Mason appears again. He goes to sit at the table as he draw his doodles. Working hard behind the sink, is the mother again cleaning dinner plates. Mason looks up at her with a smile. She give one back.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ART CLASS - DAY (RAINING)

6

Back to reality, Mason notices his teacher waving at him.

TEACHER

Mason. You alright?

MASON

Y-yes. Sorry.

The teacher goes to walk around the room. Mason grabs his supplies and sits back down. Other students again secretly talk about Mason. He chooses to ignore them.

Putting the supplies down, he opens his bag to take out his sketch.

TEACHER

Hey Mason. About before... How are you feeling?

MASON

Like I told the principal. I'm fine.

The teacher notices his sketch.

TEACHER

Is that your homework?

MASON

Yes.

TEACHER

What happen to it?

MASON

I ruined it. I can sit here and draw.
I just want to be left alone for now.

TEACHER

Okay. You relax and draw. I'll be
around if you need me.

Respecting Mason's wishes, she leaves. Mason looks at his paper. Thinking what to draw.

He sighs and begins drawing, letting himself open up. Mason's pencil touches the paper and...

INT. MASON'S IMAGINATION - ART WORLD

7

Mason's imagination take over, creating a new world from nothing. No else can see what's happening, but Mason.

Two FIGURES are sketched, one a male and the other a female. Both figures become alive and animated. Grassy plains appear under their feet.

Surprised to see each other, run and hide off frame. The male figure looks out first, looking for the other figure. Then the female does the same thing.

Nervously, they walk towards each other. Both awkwardly speak at the same time. They both laugh. Trying again, they happily begin their first conversation together.

They continue as their speech appears as visual bubbles to describe and express themselves (like the Sims). They both begin to bright up with color. This ability allows them to change color based on their emotions.

They look at themselves and then each other. Smiling, they change into a bright red color (representing their new-found love for each other).

DISSOLVE TO: A YEAR LATER

The figures, still glowing bright red and loving each other. They're walking through a park, soon stopping in front of a pond to see three swans drawn swimming in the water.

They begin throwing crumbs at the swans. Noticing the two of the swans are look alike parents while the other is small like a baby, the female figure turns orange in fascination.

The female figure brings up the image of a baby to the male. The male figure depicts a question mark (wondering if she's ready for that). She nods.

The male nods as well and a stork seemingly coming out of the pond with a blanket carrying a sleeping baby boy for the figures. The figures decide to raise the child. They hugs the baby and all of their bodies light up yellow in happiness. The baby smiles and laughs. Behind them sits a maple tree.

DISSOLVE TO: 10 YEARS LATER

Back to the kitchen with the child, now a grown 10-year-old sits at the table. Working hard behind the sink, the female figure, much older now, cleans the dinner plates. They light up in another yellow glow.

The sound of front door opens, it is the male figure, coming home in late. Saying a hello to them. The child runs over to hug his father. The mother walks over, looking at the male figure upset.

The mother tells the boy it's time for bed and takes him upstairs. Tucking him in, she kisses him goodnight. She heads back downstairs.

The female figure angrily goes over to the father and bubbling mad faces over her head. She pointing at her watch that he's late.

Bubbling back, the male shows he's been working. She shakes her head in disbelief. The child leaves bed to see the commotion, going by the stairs to listen.

She makes another bubble depicting her worry and how they haven't spent time together in a while. The male figure bubbles that he blames the boy.

The child looks worried about what his father said. He runs downstairs to listen to more. The parents fight as the child notices they turn gray. Yelling bubbles back and forth.

The father yells that they should split and the mother agrees. The child is shocked. The father grabs his things and leaves.

The child runs after him and grabbing his hand. The father

looks back frustrated and let him go of the child. Walking out in the process.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - ART CLASS - DAY (LATER [SUNNY])

8

A school bell rings. Back to reality, Mason's head raises his head quickly, noticing what he drew. The images of him and his parents. Students leave. Mason's art teacher walks over.

TEACHER

Mason. Class is over. You can go now.

MASON

Sorry, Mrs. Jones. Have a nice weekend.

Mason hastily grabs his things. Rushing out of the room. Leaving his art supplies behind on his table.

TEACHER

Hey! Mason! You forgot to-

It's too late. Mason's gone.

EXT. MASON'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

9

Mason hops off the school bus, seeing both of his parents standing by the front door. Mason run towards them.

MASON

Mom! Dad!

Mason gets closer to his father, but is stopped by his mother.

MOTHER

Mason. I'm sorry sweetie, but I got a call from your principal today. Care to tell us what happened at school?

MASON

(under his breath)
...I'm not proud of it.

MOTHER

(angrily)
What was it Mason?

MASON

I kinda beat up Alex for bothering me.

MOTHER

You're gonna get punished later young man. Go inside now.

MASON

Yes, ma'am.

Mason walks into the house as his parents follow.

INT. MASON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

10

Everyone sits down at the kitchen table. Discussing the rest of Mason's day.

FATHER

...So Mason. Where are those your famous drawings you always make in your art class.

Mason doesn't look or answer him. But hands them over anyway. His parents instantly know what they means.

FATHER

Is this what I think these are, kiddo?

MASON

Yes. And I'm not a kid anymore.

MOTHER

Is this why you acted out in school, sweetie?

MASON

(sobbing)

Yes.

MOTHER

Oh Mason. We're really sorry. We should have made this change much easier for you. But what we want you to know that you had nothing to do with what happened. We've been so wrapped up in our own problems that we should've paid more attention to you. We're sorry.

FATHER

Son, sometimes there are parents

eventually drift apart. I need you to know that. You understand?

MASON

Yeah, okay. I think I understand...

FADE TO: BLACK

MASON(V.O.)

Mom, Dad, Am I still punished?

MOTHER (V.O.)

Definitely.

FATHER (V.O.)

Nice try, Mason.

MASON(V.O.)

I love you guys.

THE END