

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

(A nine year old boy with unnaturally orange hair stands at an easel, painting intensely amongst the otherwise deserted rows. The idealized classroom looks like a painting itself, its more vibrant than life colors and angular architecture highlighted by the thick tubes of yellow light that pour through its windows.)

(Two women converse in the foreground. The younger of the two has long purple hair and wears flowing white linens splattered with every color of paint. The older woman has the same color of flaming orange hair as the boy and is dressed conservatively in a bright blue business suit. All three individuals exude fairness and grace.)

MS. DEXTER

Jack is a very gifted painter Mrs. Havenstead, you and your husband must be very proud.

MRS. HAVENSTEAD

We most definitely are, although I must say, it does come as a bit of surprise. It's just so unintuitive to think that he could excel so naturally considering his disability.

MS. DEXTER

It's less rare than you might think for the visually impaired to excel at visual arts, although the level at which Jack is painting certainly qualifies him as a special case.

MRS. HAVENSTEAD

It's just so bizarre to think that a boy who has never seen the world around him...

(We move towards Jack as he stares at his canvas with wide-eyes, we approach his eye then enter his pupil- blackness.)

MRS.HAVENSTEAD

...can make it look so beautiful.

(A burst of blazing white light grows out of the darkness until it comprises the entire frame.)

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM- DAY

(Jack, now a handsome twenty-four year old, catapults out of his slumber into a sitting position on his bed.)

(Jack exudes an unnatural vibrancy that is made literal by his bright orange hair and the strange color scheme of his quarters.)

(Despite being a modest one-room student dorm Jack's accommodations are a feast for the eyes. The warm morning light bathes the bright blue and white walls lending the room a soft angelic glow. The immaculacy of the room is such that even the disorganized pile of clothes and scattered books on the floor maintain a colorful aura and a deliberate sense of composition.)

V.O. (JACK)

I awoke that morning as I do every morning, from light into darkness.

(Jack rolls out of bed, coordinated but obviously blind, fumbling for the "on" button of a bright pink stereo. The stereo blares Mozart while Jack stands before a brilliant print of an impressionistic painting, running his hand over its contour-less surface.)

V.O. (JACK)

And as usual the only beauty I could find came to me through my ears.

(The phone rings, and with minimal searching Jack grabs the pastel orange receiver from his desk.)

JACK
Hello.

VOICE
Jack?

JACK
Oh, hey Professor.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

Jack, I just noticed that you haven't picked up your prescription for this week. Is everything alright?

(Jack turns towards his bedroom window, revealing a breathtaking second story view. The park below is amazingly serene but as strangely colored as Jack's room- red grass, teal pigeons, purple sidewalks.)

JACK

Yeah, fine... I guess.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

You know that if you don't take the medication on a consistent basis we won't get the desired results.

JACK

Well, it doesn't seem like I'm getting those results anyway.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

Jack, I can't make any guarantees. I'll admit it; it's bizarre that we've yet to see any change but all our tests have told us that the treatment should be able to provide you with at least some semblance of sight.

(Jack runs his finger over the turquoise dust that has collected on his painting supplies. On a stack of papers sits an equally dusty newspaper clipping with the headline, "14 year old painting prodigy to get exhibit".)

JACK

Professor, I'm thinking of quitting the treatment.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

(Audibly stunned) What? Jack, I... I think you should come down to the lab. We should at least talk things over before you do anything rash.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK- DAY

(Jack exits his building to reveal that the majestic color scheme of his apartment and the park below extends to the world at large. Angular purple and pink buildings jet upwards into a glowing yellow sky that imbues the environment with a Technicolor glow. Shiny pastel cars

streak past Jack as he strolls, cane in hand, down a purple sidewalk into the entrance of the park.)

(The park's entrance exudes a welcoming Zen like radiance which is only exceeded by the exalted beauty of the park itself. The center of the area is occupied by a large ornate fountain that bubbles gently with golden water, creating a hypnotizing ambience that casts its spell over all the park's patrons. Large violet trees with scarlet trunks loom over the square creating enough shade for a pink-haired couple to enjoy a picnic. Old men with bright blue hair relax at a table attempting to outwit each other with boldly colored chess pieces. Meanwhile, a beautiful girl with brilliant yellow eyes relaxes next to a wall of perfectly manicured fuchsia hedges.)

(Jack scuttles through the park without a second glance, a somber sunspot against a blaze of luminescence.)

V.O. (JACK)

It was yet another perfect day, but I couldn't enjoy it. All I could do was think about all the beautiful things around me that I was missing out on.

(Jack strolls by a tangerine haired woman walking a pink German shepherd, followed by a man feeding bright blue pigeons. Unphased by the unusual sights Jack maintains his course.)

V.O. (JACK)

And finally, after what felt like an eternity, I arrived at the lab.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

(Jack raps lightly on a peach colored door until an elderly but energetic looking face pops through the doorway.)

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

No thanks we give at the office.

JACK

Professor...

(The professor exchanges the glasses he's wearing for the pair dangling from his neck then smacks his hand to the blue hair of his temple in recognition.)

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

Oh, gee, hell, it's you Jack come on in.

(Jack follows the professor through the door into a cramped room so entwined with glass pipe and test tubes that there is barely room to move. Brilliantly colored liquids bubble, smoke and zoom past the duo as they squeeze through the nest of piping into a cramped clearing just large enough for two small chairs.)

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

Go ahead, make yourself comfortable.

(Jack and the Professor sit face to face, corralled by colorfully illuminated glass, their knees forced to touch in the ridiculously small space.)

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

Now, not as the Professor, but as someone close to you, tell me what's wrong. Are you experiencing complications from the pills?

JACK

No, I'm not experiencing anything, that's the problem.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

But my good boy we knew it would take time, perhaps not this long but time none the less...

JACK

I haven't painted anything in months!

(In his excitement Jack sits strait up in his chair bumping his head on the thick glass tube that hovers above him. The Professor cringes knowing the alteration will somehow effect his results.)

JACK

Sorry... (More calmly) I haven't painted in almost a year, I can't keep floundering like this I need some results.

PROFESSOR PLUMMER

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