

"Stealth"

A screenplay excerpt

by

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EXT. SIDE OF A BUILDING DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

CARL BOKS skateboards down an alley, stops at a store and throws his backpack down beside the wall. The lighting isn't very good and we cannot see him very well. He is in his early twenties. He pulls spray cans out of his backpack and shakes them up. He then begins to paint the clean wall. We begin to see a design emerge from his painting. He stops several times to check his surroundings, looking to the left, to the right, and all around.

A car drives by, and the young man quickly drops the paint can and acts as if he is walking past the store. This happens several times. Sometimes, he tries to hide behind the dumpster. Sometimes he just leans on the wall.

More and more cars start to go by, including a squad car, and the young man gives up. He packs up his bag, puts it over his shoulders, and skates away.

The wall looks like a mess. A black outline, some white areas, and a brief coloured section can be made out but whatever it is supposed to be, it is unrecognizable.

More and more cars drive by the store. The camera follows the flow of traffic and pulls back to reveal the downtown core, as we see the sun come up over the city.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF A LARGE CITY - DAY

Pan over to a long shot of the industrial section of a city. Steel plant smoke stacks are spread out like trees in a forest. An overpass runs beside the plants and a SMALL RED FOREIGN CAR drives into the shot. The camera follows it.

INT. SMALL RED CAR - DAY

Shot of the car's interior. WILLIAM BOKS drives the car, tuning the stereo. He is in his forties and has just

started going grey. He looks exhausted. He switches from one talk radio channel to another, finally stopping when he hears

CALLER ON RADIO SHOW

Kids these days don't respect nothing. I 'member when I could walk downtown and not see a mess all over the place. It's pathetic. I don't even wanna go down there anymore.

HOST

Why's that? What is it that you see as disrespectful?

MAN

Ya know, they just sit there or hang out in groups and talk. Things I don't wanna hear. And they get in the way and don't pay attention -

HOST

Okay, but these kids aren't the only ones that are creating this mess. I see adults who don't use the trash cans even though they are located on each corner. What can we do about it though? 416-555-talk if you have an opinion. Hello Maria

MARIA

Yes, I love your show.

HOST

Why thank you. So what do you think we can do about our struggling downtown core?

MARIA

I think that it is those stupid spray cans. What's wrong with these kids who think they can write their names all over the place? I can't even read it either. It takes away from the landscape, and it's downright ugly if you ask me. Why would I even want to go there?

EXT. SMALL HOUSE ON A CITY STREET - DAY

The car backs into the driveway. It's obviously a lower middle class neighbourhood. The house looks fairly small but not much different than all the others on the block. William undoes his seatbelt. The car still runs.

HOST

Now let's talk more about this graffiti problem. The mayor has just announced that he will be cracking down on those who choose to deface public spaces. Do you think it is a good idea? Will it work?

William shuts off the car and exits the car. He goes up to the porch, checks the mail and heads inside the house.

INT. BOKS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

WILLIAM

Hello! Carl, you home?

The house is quiet. He checks the basement, no sign of life there. He heads upstairs.

He peeks into his son's room. There is a stack of several comic books on Carl's desk. William notices a black hard covered artist pad beside them. He picks it up and flips

through the pages. The cover of the book has the name CARL BOKS written on it and has "For My Eyes Only" sprawled underneath that quite conspicuously, but William just has to look. The pages reveal amazing drawings and sketches, some only half complete, some brilliantly coloured. William closes the book and carefully places it back on the desk, unsure of why he just needed to look in it.

He walks into the next bedroom, and stops to look a photograph on the wall. It shows two boys in their soccer uniforms. The boys are roughly 6 years old. William smiles, goes over to the window, pulls the shade down, and flops down on his bed exhausted.

EXT. BOKS HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A car drives by the front of the house and joins the main street. We see a bus zoom past and the camera quickly pans the length of 43 city blocks and slowly stops on a bus that looks remarkable similar.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL AT THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

The bus stops at the university terminal and several people disembark. Lots of small talk can be heard but we focus on one conversation. The conversation is between CARL BOKS and his friend SEAN.

SEAN

What's with you anyway?

CARL

(seems distracted)

Huh? . . . (beat)

Sorry, I was just thinking. . . . Hey did you catch Rap City last night?

SEAN

Don't change the subject! That wasn't just another of your

Walter Mitty impersonations and you know it.

CARL

Walter, who?

SEAN

I guess you were daydreaming in English Tuesday too. We were supposed to read that story for today's class.

CARL

Shit, can you fill me in quickly?

SEAN

It'll have to be quick. We're almost there. Just let me know what's bothering you, eh?

CARL

Later man, alright.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Several people start to trickle out of the building while others are coming in.

INT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY

Carl shoves his clearly organized binder into his backpack and quickly gets up out from his seat in the lecture hall. Sean sits beside him, trying to shove his mess of things into his backpack. He drops a few things as he tries to get up, quickly picks up a few papers and shoves them awkwardly into his bag. He has to play catch up as Carl is already on his way out of the lecture hall.

SEAN
(catches up to Carl)

What's with you today, man?
(moves to Carl's side)

CARL

What?

SEAN

I mean, you didn't even crack a
joke when the prof said -

CARL

No fooling you, eh? (beat)

SEAN

I can't figure you out bro. It
seems like you have it all
together. I mean, you're like
your backpack. Cool, calm,
seemingly collected, but on the
inside you're a mess.

CARL

You know me too well.

SEAN (smiles)

CARL (cont.)

I'm trying to keep it all
together so no one feels sorry
for me. Put on the strong
face, ya know. It's not how I
feel though. I've been
thinking a lot about my mom
lately.

SEAN

Sorry, man. I forgot what day
it was. I should'a known.
Still though man, you don't
need that strong face for me.

CARL

I know bro. It just seems
easier.

SEAN

If there's anything I can do -

CARL

Actually there is.

SEAN

Name it.

CARL

A Wall.

SEAN

A Wall.

CARL
(smiles)

SEAN
(smiles and shakes Carl's hand)

INT. CITY HALL. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BARRY DAWBER can be heard even through the mayor's
closed door.

BARRY

Someone has obviously has put a lot of effort into destroying the side of my store.

MAYOR

I know. I saw it. What's it supposed to be anyway?

BARRY

That's the thing. I don't know, but I do think I know how we can find out.

MAYOR

I'm listening.

EXT. BOKS HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

An alarm clock sounds loudly. BUZZ

INT. WILLIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

William fumbles to shut off the alarm. The clock reads 10:02 P.M. He gets up, checks Carl's room. It's empty. He leans over the stairway and strains his ears to hear. No sign of life there either. He goes into the bathroom and closes the door.

William comes down to the kitchen and opens the fridge to find a lunch bag. There is a post-it note on the front of it. It reads "Have a good night at work Pops, I made your favourite. Sorry I'm not home. I'm working on an important project. Love, Carl."

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Carl and Sean skateboard down the street. They are both wearing black sweaters with hoods. They also both sport a backpack.

CARL

Monday nights are usually pretty dead. We should be okay.

SEAN

I haven't done this in a long time.

CARL

Come on, man. You were good. I bet ya still got it.

Carl and Sean skate down the side streets and approach the store wall that Carl started painting last night. They skid their boards at a perpendicular angle to the way they were travelling and freeze in place, staring at the wall.

CARL

This is where we split up. You know what to do.

They go there separate ways and since the sky is overcast, it is pretty hard to see who is who. Sean goes for the wall, put his skateboard beside the dumpster and lines up his spray cans on the ground. Carl stays back and hides in the shadows of another building.

A police car drives past the street. Both boys tense up, but they see him and quickly get out of the patrol car's view.

Carl looks at his watch. Two minutes have passed since the patrol car last passed. He lets out the breath he didn't even know he had been holding.

CARL

(under his breath)

We should be good now.

Carl then joins his friend at the wall.

CARL
(cont.)

Coast is clear. Let's hurry though,
just in case. With both of us on it,
we should be done in half an hour.

SEAN

Cool.