

# CAN OF PAINT

Script by Avi

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## **PART 1 - MEETING**

**Fade in.**

**PLACE - A bus full of people.**

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A lot of murmuring and sound. Mouth-faced people talk loud amongst themselves and shouting across the bus.

A figure of MOSSY can be seen amongst the mass. She keeps to herself, trying to ignore her surroundings.

A tall broad mouth-faced man bumps into her non-gently. He starts shouting into MOSSY's face. MOSSY tries to retort back, but her mouth is glued, even with the most of her effort, she is not capable to open them and make a sound. So, to avoid confrontation, she pushes past the person and jumps off the bus, just before the door shut closed.

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**PLACE - Industrial part of the city. Pipes stretch through the buildings and the streets like veins of a huge beast, and big blocky buildings gives impression of a huge concrete and metal forest.**

MOSSY is moving with a purpose. Her hands securely placed on her messenger bag's strap She needs to remove herself from the busier parts of the city to enact her plan. She walk deeper into the city's heart to find it.

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**PLACE - Fire escape staircase leading on the roof of the old fire station building. (Note: Fire station is a mid-sized building, its quite comfortable place to observe lower parts of the city from here. And its also hidden enough with surrounding tall buildings to not pull too much unwanted attention)**

MOSSY is climbing the fire escape up onto the roof of the fire station. Throughout the whole journey here, her steps were confident and were led with conviction and set goal.

But now when she has reached the place for her plan, she starts to feel unsure. She climbs all the way to the roof, cautiously looking back and around for unwanted observers or someone to stop her. She doesn't see anyone. She takes slow guarded steps towards the wall. Her frame is hunched as if the hood she is wearing could turn her invisible if needed be.

She takes of her bag. The clunking of spray cans in her bag echoes throughout the roof.

She raises her head and lowers her hood. Two rabbit ear-like headpieces sprung free. She observes the wall once again.

She takes a can out of her bag and with another deep breath and a bit of hesitation she moves towards the wall.

MOSSY starts spraying with self-conscious movements, couple of smaller streaks of paint at the time. But the more she paints, the more she gets into a groove.

With a sudden boost of confidence, she jumps and leaves a wide arch or paint along the wall. This action surprises her. It was a moment of confidence, a burst of freedom she felt. MOSSY grins to herself

**MONTAGE: MOSSY is making bunch of colourful strokes, too close to the wall to see the whole painting, but MOSSY's energy betrays her excitement and vigour.**

The last colourful line is connected. MOSSY's fingers brush against the wall, like petting the creature's fur (it is some kind of animal (EKO) painted by MOSSY). Her hand leads the attention to creature's head, where MOSSY leaves her palm to linger longer.

The fur starts to move. EKO awakens. And after registering MOSSY's hand, EKO leans even more into it. MOSSY is shell-shocked, but after a moment, grins wide and leans into EKO.

## *PART 2 - PAINTFUL RESISTENCE.*

**PLACE - The bus stops and doors at the industrial part of the city.**

MOSSY speed-jumps out of the bus and jogs down the street.

She passes variety of alleyways and train bridges. There is quite a few splashes of colour on surrounding walls. Impressive animal murals cover wall spaces.

MOSSY runs through couple of alleyways and river side to reach her destination - A PLACE UNDER THE RIVER BRIDGE. (It was a new spot of hers that she found couple days back and was coming back to finish her started mural of a jackalope.)

When MOSSY reached the place, excited to continue her work, a sight froze her mid-step.

Instead of beautiful curves and wild colours of her making, MOSSY is met up with fresh coat of grey covering her piece. In the middle of this ugly grey square, she can see poster stuck to it. She takes it to look at the paper.

**' 'STOP THE VANDALISM' '**

MOSSY's hands shake. She takes couple of unsteady steps back. She can't believe what she is seeing. Her hard work, painted and consumed by the ugly grey.

MOSSY throws the poster to the side. She reaches out for her bag, pulling out her spray cans and gets to work. She re-traces previously existed lines of the jackalope. Soon the new painting covers the ugly grey.

While walking back, she takes notice in the abundance of '' against vandalism'' posters. Some of them are put on her murals as a warning, but most of the are decorating every passing step, as a warning to stop, to reconsider.

MOSSY doesn't stop. She rips the posters from her tagged walls. It is her space to protect. No one will touch them if she can help it.

#### **PLACE - Fire station roof, EKO's mural**

MOSSY observes the city. Spaces where she has tagged, most of them were starting to get covered. But couple were still alive and moving. EKO approaches MOSSY. Feeling her friend so close and present, MOSSY takes a deep breath and steels her stare. It is her city, and she will make herself heard.

#### **TIME - Golden hour**

MOSSY is determined. With her bag full of cans, she runs through the city, jumping over pipes, and ducking under bridges. She leaves her touches everywhere she can: small flower patches of the mailboxes, animals on shop corners, birds on traffic signs.

#### **TIME - LATE EVENING**

MOSSY stops after finishing one of her bigger pieces of tonight. She wipes her forehead, appreciating the piece. It has been busy and tiring night, but the outcomes speak for themselves.

### *PART 3 - THE LOSS*

#### **TIME - MORNING**

It's gone.

The evening's efforts - all gone.

MOSSY is standing in front of the wall, previously filled with majestic creature and swirls of colour, now freshly devoured by unyielding grey that covers it. The poster on a wall is mocking her .

MOSSY turns to look around her. No specks of colour. Only those horrible posters and glossiness of fresh paint. She takes steps back.

Quickly steps growing into unsteady jog. The city, so big and already massive, looks even more predatory and dark, almost like a monster, ready to devour the unlucky victim.

MOSSY runs. She needs to know if EKO is ok. Passing streets blur together, the shades of grey reach out to her, to constrict and choke her out of her resistance.

#### **PLACE - Fire station's roof**

MOSSY finally reaches the fire escape. She frantically grabs the rungs to pull herself up. She reaches the top!..

MOSSY stares.

Her best friend, her voice... He is gone. Instead of him, an ugly grey stand.

MOSSY grabs a last can of red paint. She runs up to the wall and starts painting.

One streak, two streaks! ... two streaks...

The empty can hits the flow.

MOSSY doesn't have any more paint left over. That SPRAY CAN was her last.

The pain of losing her friend mixes with disappointment and bitter sense of loss. She grabs the spray can and throws it over the edge.

Her fingers find the EKO's wall and desperately try to claw the paint away. MOSSY falls to her knees. Her fists drawn tightly, shaking in her grasp. The grey is creeping up her arms. She almost inclined to let herself go, let herself be silenced once again.

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The spark of pain snaps her out. She looks down. Her tightly clenched fists draw blood. The brightness, the visceral visual of it pushes MOSSY out of her mental fight.

MOSSY stands up almost dazed, eyes still locked on her hands. She slowly approaches EKO wall.

Raises her hand and traces bloody mess of her palms against the grey.

Blood mixes into the grey, working almost like acid, bubbling and making grey paint run down.

Seeing in MOSSY jumps to her feet with a wave of vigour. She uses both of her hands to cover as much space as she can.

The grey coating starts running down even more. The reveal slowly picking up pace. The bloody marks unravel rainbow of colours, all shifting and trying to get out.

The wall explodes (the grey paint is disintegrated). And under grey the mass of creatures can be seen. All of the creature murals, that were covered and killed by grey, now free and in one place.

MOSSY, seeing it happened, turns to the city and screams. The creatures, hearing it like a war cry, as a wave pours down from the Fire station's roof into a city, leaving their mark along the way.

***-camera turns back to the roof -***

There is no MOSSY. Only her red bandana can be seen on the ground.

***-Slow zooming into a mural. -***

Mural has an addition. MOSSY can be seen staring in the distance with determined look. With EKO curled around her.

***-END-***