

## MIST FROM THE FALLS

### "Picnic Scene"

Alex is a quiet, poetic soul who has an interesting practice of writing random words on his hand. Early in the story, he develops a crush on a popular cheerleader named Kelly. Given Alex's shy demeanor, his good friend and starting wide receiver, EJ, takes matters into his own hands. After some awkward and amusing match making attempts, EJ succeeds at bringing the two together.

This is their first one on one date...

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Beneath a sparkling blanket of stars flicker two candles.  
Alex has fixed a picnic for Kelly.

ALEX  
I just felt so nervous.

KELLY  
You shouldn't have though. You  
were cute.

ALEX  
Cute?

KELLY  
Yeah, cute. EJ apologized for you  
being quiet and all, but I thought  
you were sweet.

ALEX  
He did what?

KELLY  
Don't worry about it. He actually  
told me I should get to know you.

ALEX  
Really?

KELLY  
(teasing)  
Yeah, but you were so shy.

ALEX  
I was nervous.

KELLY  
I'm kidding.

Alex picks at the grass. Kelly notices something written on  
his hand - "NIGHT, DAWNING"

KELLY (CONT'D)  
What's that on your hand?

ALEX  
Oh, just little notes.

KELLY  
About what?

ALEX  
Life and stuff.

KELLY  
Life and stuff?

ALEX  
Yeah.

KELLY  
So what is life and stuff?

Kelly takes his hand and reads.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Night, dawning?

ALEX  
It's just something to help me  
remember a moment.

KELLY  
What moment?

She gives him a look that he can't help but oblige.

ALEX  
See, what I do is if I experience  
or feel something that is really  
moving, something I really want to  
remember, I write it down. I wrote  
this looking forward to tonight.

They exchange a look.

KELLY  
What's wrong with a sheet of paper?

ALEX  
I don't look at it like that. When  
I write it here...

Gestures to hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
...it's more than just taking notes,  
it's like making a memory real. I  
think of the simplest and best way  
to capture the moment. Then it's  
like, as the pen touches my hand,  
it becomes a part of me. (beat) I  
know, that probably sounds stupid.

KELLY  
(awed)  
No. Not at all.

Alex smiles appreciatively.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So what would you write right now?

ALEX

Now?

KELLY

(sweetly)

Yeah, now.

ALEX

(nervously)

I don't know. I don't think I  
could write anything.

KELLY

Why? Is the moment not memorable?

ALEX

No. It's just that I don't think I  
could write anything.

Alex holds up his shaking hand. Kelly takes his hand in hers. She kisses him. The candlelight flickers as a twinkle in their eyes. They are interrupted by a light gust of wind that blows out the candle. They gaze at one another and then kiss again in the starlight.