

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

WHITE CRAYON

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A neglected white crayon strives to prove his worth as the underdog in a fight against red crayon for the best spot in the crayon box and the honor of winning colouring page of the week.

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INT. A KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - EARLY MORNING

Open on, MS. WALTERS, 25, a stylish brunette. The preschool teacher sits on a swivel in an office chair shuffling through her book bag, continuously looking at a large analog clock up on the wall.

A buzzing black dot zooms around her head.. a fly named MARTY. She swats at it with her papers, this sends Marty in motion around the room.

Marty zooms past a cursive alphabet, hung water colour paintings, a pencil sharper gripping for life onto the wall, vacant coat hooks, and lands on a miniature caddy on a dwarf table.

The caddy is full of children's supplies: safety scissors, a ruler, pens and pencils, paint brushes, and a **box of crayons.**

INT. A BOX OF CRAYONS WITHIN A CLASSROOM

Through the front cut out in the box we see some of the colours of the rainbow.

Deeper into the box, hidden by the colours, there's, WHITE, sporting some big puppy dog eyes.

YELLOW CRAYON

(Cheery)

Good Morning Marty!

She turns and smiles at Marty the fly sitting on the top of the box.

MARTY

Good Day Yellow! Big day today.

RED CRAYON

First day of kindergarten. My favourite day of the year.

WHITE CRAYON

Yeah that's because you're the favourite.

WHITE crosses his arms.

BLUE CRAYON

(somber)

Hey! what about me?

Ms. Walters places a white colouring page in front of each place. The crayons watch attentively.

GREEN CRAYON
SCORE! A dinosaur.

RED CRAYON
HA! Gonna be a good day for me, like
always.

BLUE CRAYON
(sighs)
Well, I guess I could be the sky
today... Oohh.

PURPLE CRAYON
(humph)
I have a hunch they'll be feeling
creative.

WHITE CRAYON
Today's the day.

YELLOW CRAYON
That's the spirit white. Chin up.

RED CRAYON
No way you're getting any action,
especially in the back.

BLUE CRAYON
White crayon, white paper, sounds
pretty depressing to me.

WHITE CRAYON
Maybe, if I stood in the front of the
box someone would pick me.

RED CRAYON
No way you're taking my spot.

White's shoulders sink as he hears this, but he brushes himself off and takes a deep breath.

MARTY
Perk up folks, it's almost time!

The teacher is eyeing the analog clock again, it reads 7:59 am, and the seconds are ticking.

BLACK CRAYON

That's it, get back in line everyone.
Keep your order. God knows it won't
stay that way after today.

The crayons shuffle and ruffle themselves up to stand
straighter.

White tries to push his way into the front line and is
knocked back by Red busy puffing out his chest and checking
out his muscles.

Yellow smells his armpits. Purple combs her hair.

Blue pinches his cheeks and goes a little red, but it
quickly fades and goes back to a frown.

Black adjusts his tie and makes it straight.

White tests the smell of his breath against his hands.

He wipes his palms on his pants and then stands straight
again, relaxing his face. **BRRRRINGG**. The crayons take in a
sharp final breath.

PURPLE CRAYON

(excited whisper,
through a smile)
This is iiit!

WHITE CRAYON

(murmuring to himself)
Today's the day, today's the day.

INT. THE KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM

The door BURSTS open and loads of colorful tiny feet start
running in through the classroom door, stumbling and
tripping over each other.

MS.WALTERS

Slow down now my little gum drops,
don't step on each others toes.
Everyone put your backpack and coat
on a hook. Then, pick a seat.

Eager children run to the hooks throw down their coats and
bags, they then run to the tables and take a seat. A few
kids reach for the boxes of crayons and start pulling them
out.

MS.WALTERS (cont'd)
Careful now children. Nobody likes a
bruised candy apple.

Enter, SASHA, 5, slowly, she peers around the corner with wide eyes, her feet glued at the door.

She grips a lunch box with both arms and gulps, eyes darting about the room. She wears a pink bow with short hair poking out the top.

She takes a careful step towards the coat area, hands and bodies are flying all around her in a fury, almost knocking her over.

KATE
Pssst, over here.

An eager, KATE, 5, is waving frantically. She stands tall, chin high, juggling a red coat in the corner.

Sasha looks up through her messy brown bangs, wide eyed, like a deer.

KATE (cont'd)
(waves her over)
Come, we can share my hook.

Sasha half smirks and stumbles over her laces to Kate. She removes her coat and places it on the dual hook beside Kate's red coat.

KATE (cont'd)
I'm Kate. What's your name?

A beat. Sasha looks down at her toes.

SASHA
Sasha.

MS.WALTERS
Alright everyone, take your seats
now.

Kate grabs Sasha by the arm and pulls her over to the nearest empty table and they plop down as a pair.

INT. THE CRAYON BOX

The crayons look sideways at each other, literally buzzing with excitement. White tilts his head and squints at Sasha.

RED CRAYON
(eyeing up Kate)
Well shes an eager one, my kinda gal.

MARTY
An excited bunch we have here, place
your bets ladies and gents.

PURPLE CRAYON
Already?!

WHITE CRAYON
Surely, we need more time to judge
their character.

RED CRAYON
Not me. Look at these two, clearly
Kate will be much more creative. You
can tell *she knows her way around a
piece of art.*

Marty swings into the box and picks up blue, and writes a
tally on the empty back wall. It reads: Kate | Sasha.

Red waltzes over and uses the tip of his nose to scrape a
red line under Kate's name.

BLUE CRAYON
Put me down for Kate, Marty.

A line forms, chattering heads poke out from behind each
other. White stands at the back of the line, hidden.

He leaps like a pogo stick, toes wiggling in the air, as he
peers over everyone's heads.

One by one all the crayons scrape their nose against the
wall and slowly white reaches the front of the line. It
reads Kate: 6 Sasha: 0

White's glossy eyes widen, he turns back around and peers
through the cut out in the box at Sasha. His expression
softens.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

Sasha sits, lips sealed. Her eyes battling with the floor
and Kate, as she tells some dramatic story requiring
flailing arms and dancing feet.

KATE

And then the plane went
NEEEERRRRROOOOOO.. and the donkey's
goggles go flying out of his hands
and then.. OH OH.. and then he..

Kate's antics become a blurred murmur as white's eyes zone in on Sasha. Her hands are folded tightly between her closed knees and her jaw grips strong.

INT. THE CRAYON BOX

White turns back to the cardboard wall. He sizes up the tally and sighs with his shoulders. He rears up and places the first tally under Sasha's name.

A collective GASP is heard from the riff raff and mutters of *oh my god!* and *did he really?* are heard from over his shoulder.

A crowd gathers behind white, reds buff physique pushes through to the front.

RED CRAYON

Well, well what a shocker. The forgotten crayon picks the loner.

Snickers are heard from the group.

WHITE CRAYON

Not everyone is so bold and flashy Red. Maybe you should pay more mind to the underdog.

RED CRAYON

(laughs)

Underdog? Underdog! HA. That little girl has not a wink of luck. Her photo will never make it to the golden bulletin.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

Everyone's eyes become mesmerized by a sparkling bulletin board across the classroom. The board glistens in the rays streaming from the window.

A rotating fan blasts some dangling streamers around the shiny board, shaking them like falling snow, making the scene all too romantic.

An 8.5 by 11 cut out looking to be filled has a flashy title above it reading: COLOURING PAGE OF THE WEEK.

INT. THE CRAYON BOX

WHITE CRAYON

I'll show you. *We* will prove you wrong.

RED CRAYON

(smiling)

We? Ha ha. You make me laugh White. Tell you what, if you can get that little girls poster to the golden bulletin with your colour on it, then I will give up my spot in the front of the box.

Oooo's and shock are heard from the group. White's eyebrows top his forehead and he grins from ear to ear.

He trips over his own feet going to shake Red's hand. He shakes so viciously that Red almost falls over.

WHITE CRAYON

(grinning)

You've got a deal Red.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

Ms. Walters stands before the class holding up the uncoloured dinosaur page.

MS. WALTERS

Alright my little angel cakes, welcome to your first class! I am pleased as punch to get started with you all. In front of each of you is a wonderful dinosaur grrr! But, he is a sad dinosaur because he has no colour, do you think you can help him out?

THE CHILDREN

YES!

MS. WALTERS

Okay my lollies. You all have a box of crayons, some coloured pencils, and crafts in front of you so go wild!

(MORE)

MS. WALTERS (cont'd)

Ooo and also remember we don't colour inside the lines in this classroom, so you are welcome to grab any craft from the *inspiration* table.

She points to an octagonal table at the edge of the classroom that explodes with texture and colour.

It is covered in strands of ribbon, tubes of glitter, extra paper in every colour etc.

INT. THE CRAYON BOX

Red walks shoulder to shoulder with blue passing time before the colouring begins.

BLUE CRAYON

Why does she always say that every year?

RED CRAYON

What, the *outside the lines* bit?

BLUE CRAYON

Yeah.

RED CRAYON

(slowly raising his voice)

It's for the outcasts to feel included.

His eyebrows raise in the direction of White, who's head is deep in a costume bin in the corner of the crayon box.

His feet flop in the air as a pink feather boa flies through the air and onto the floor, and a sparkly high heel clunks down and lands on it's side.

White hears Red and flips right side up.

A cowboy hat slants on his head, a drama mask hangs off his ear, an officer's star badge is pinned to his chest, and a pair of goofy mustache glasses are on his face.

He spits out a pink feather.

WHITE CRAYON

What?

Blue and Red lock eyes and burst out laughing.

RED CRAYON
Don't make us late White.

Red and Blue walk off. White stumbles out of the bin and spins on one heel, trying to regain his balance.

BLACK CRAYON
Places everyone!

MARTY
Good luck, folks.

A chubby toddler hand grips around the box and lifts it in the air.

Chewed finger nails rip open the lid and tip the entire box upside down. The crayons go pouring out all over the table.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

Kate dumps an arm full of supplies from the inspiration table beside Sasha. Kate and the kindergartners dive in and start scribbling on their dinosaurs.

Sasha remains frozen, eyes darting about the table. She holds her dinosaur to the light, and lowers it to reveal:

Kate with white glue and googly eyes smeared on her wide spread fingers and face. She smacks down a palm onto pink paper.

A black paper slides out from the pile and flutters down in front of Sasha, almost landing right in her lap. Wide eyed she selects this paper.

Her hands start to move, she cuts out the dinosaur and glues him down.

White eyes Sasha and pushes up his goofy mustache glasses and rolls over and bumps orange.

ORANGE CRAYON
Hey!

Sasha picks up Orange, White frowns. Sasha tries to trace the dinosaur with Orange, she looks at the tip of it confused and tosses it away.

White puts on his cowboy hat and sheriff badge and skips over to purple and plops down.

PURPLE CRAYON

Watch it!

Sasha hand hovers over the two, she grabs purple which doesn't work either. Purple sobs when put down so Orange consoles her.

Red watches from the sidelines and puts himself into the line of fire.

White runs back over to his pile of costumes, looking for a better idea. He slides right past it by accident and smashes into something off screen. **CRASH. MEOW!**

WHITE CRAYON

(nervous laugh)

Whoops. Heh heh.

He digs through the bin and throws stuff everywhere. Out of the corner of his eye he notices red gunning for Sasha.

White panics and decides to go without any costume and runs and jumps down beside red.

Sasha stares at both crayons, her hand lingers over top of them both. Red smiles eagerly and winks at white, white winces and closes his eyes.

A sole drop of sweat runs down his forehead.

She chooses... White!

Red's jaw drops. All the crayons, on the table glance over in shock watching something they never thought would happen.

Sasha smears the white colour all over the black paper tracing out a copy of the dinosaur. White is in adoration of Sasha, his eyes show hearts in them, as he blushes.

She gets lost in her own world of creativity, like a musician lost in song.

Ms. Walter's attention is peaked. She strides over in excitement.

MS. WALTERS

My, my, what do we have here? What a creative idea Sasha! I think this masterpiece deserves a shiny new spot.

She lifts the black page from Sasha's grip and pins it onto the golden bulletin.

INT. THE CRAYON BOX

All the crayons are in disbelief. They gather around White in a busy huddle.

He stands engulfed like a celebrity receiving high fives, hugs, and pats on the back. Red walks over and breaks the circle.

RED CRAYON
I was wrong about you kid.

WHITE CRAYON
Yes, indeed you were.

RED CRAYON
Well, a deals a deal.

He gestures to his spot at the front of the box.

RED CRAYON (cont'd)
It's all yours White, you've earned it.

Red reaches out a friendly hand, white's eyes bounce between the hand and the spot.

His expression looks absent and then hard.

WHITE CRAYON
You know what, no.

Gasp's are heard. Red crosses his arms, puzzled.

WHITE CRAYON (cont'd)
I like my spot in the back, plus someone's gotta keep you guys on your toes.

He smirks and nudges a nearby purple with his elbow. Red nods in agreement and smiles at White.

White steps forwards once more and reaches his hand out to Red.

WHITE CRAYON (cont'd)
To the under dog?

RED CRAYON
To the under dog.

They grin together as they shake hands.

