

Lacy

written by

Alexis Francis

A perfectionistic artist struggles to complete an assignment and finds the key to unlocking her creativity.

Acfranc5@asu.edu

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

LACY CAMPBELL sits in her small art studio, surrounded by paints and brushes, her work space messy.

Lacy is listening to loud R&B music.

She sighs, picks up a brush and dabs some paint onto it. She slowly begins to paint the large canvas.

After a montage of painting, where we see her painting a canvas, giving up, painting another canvas, and giving up again, she pauses to look at her work.

Her face twists. She is dissatisfied and picks the final painting up, putting it in the reject corner with a huff.

She turns off the music.

We pan to the side of her to see a pile of uncompleted or rejected paintings. They are abstract, full of colors but without focus.

Lacy gets up and leaves the studio to wash her hands.

INT. LACY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She walks to the sink, washes her hands, and gets a glass of water. She drinks it, her hand shaking. She sighs.

She looks at the calendar; the date for the next day is circled in red "FINAL PROJECT DUE."

She puts her hands down on the counter in front of her, head hanging.

Lacy suddenly straightens, posture correcting, a look of resolve on her face.

Lacy returns to her easel, walking with purpose.

She turns on music again, this time an alternative rock song.

She sits down and determinedly grabs a brush.

She forcefully pushes her brush into the fresh canvas.

This time she's violent as she spreads the colors across the canvas' surface. Her frustration is evident with every stroke. The paints get on her arms and elbows as she brushes with vigor.

As she comes to a stop, her breathing heavy, she evaluates what she has made.

It's an abstract piece, with monochromatic colors and harsh lines. All of her anger has made an ugly, busy piece of work.

Lacy steps away from the easel, frowning. It's clear she's displeased with the outcome.

She grips her hair in frustration and turns to walk into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LACY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lacy goes into her closet and pulls out a photograph box. She sits down with the box, opens it, and inside are young pictures of her and other childhood memorabilia.

She finds a bracelet underneath the photographs, examines it, and puts it on.

She lays out the photographs on the floor, making a mosaic of the photos. There are candid's, Halloween pictures, and old dance recital pictures.

There are several close shots of different photos and the bedroom, as well as capturing her pensive facial expressions.

She squints her eyes, tears filling them as she closes them, overcome with emotion.

She looks at a few pictures and carefully picks out five.

She puts the photographs back in the box, except for the select few.

Lacy grabs the box and takes it to the restroom.

INT. LACY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lacy puts the photograph box on top of the bathroom vanity.

She tapes up the pictures in a square around her reflection in the mirror.

She smiles. She touches the photographs like she's remembering.

She looks deeply into her own eyes in the mirror with a look of examination and knowing.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

Lacy returns to her easel. She stands in front of it, smiling, her mind open.

She places her paints neatly in front of her with clean brushes. Everything is organized and ready to make a masterpiece.

Instead of reaching for the brushes, Lacy starts pouring paint into bowls.

This time, she dips her fingers into the paint.

Spreading her hands across the fresh canvas, she uses many different colors, her face lit up and excited. Her fingers dance across the artwork. After a montage of this, she finally stops, joyous in her new expression.

Lacy's face is covered in paint, as well as her hands, hair and apron, after completing her work of art.

She steps back and looks at her work, head tilted to the side.

She smiles to herself, and takes her work off the easel.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

A still shot of the finished painting sitting proudly next to the marked calendar.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END