

**Under the Sun**

written by

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ACT I

INT. FRANKIE'S ROOM - MIDDAY

Frankie Wells picks up one of the many dirty paintbrushes in the glass mason jar on her desk. Her unruly hair and tired eyes makes it clear that she's been doing this for hours, seeming to be unsatisfied with the final product. She's aimlessly painting strokes onto the canvas in front of her, and tosses the brush she's using on top in frustration.

Frankie  
(To herself) No, no, no.

We see her glance around the room, showing more of her art collection, most of the pieces contain a woman's face or fragments of facial features.

Frankie's mother Cassandra Wells barges into her daughter's room, which startles Frankie from the loud entrance. Cassandra Wells, being a workaholic mom with a very short temper and not a lot of patience, is the polar opposite of her daughter. She stands at a 5'8 frame as opposed to Frankie's 5'3 one and dresses very sophisticated while Frankie is shown to be more careless and less put together.

Cassandra  
(Holding one of her paintings)  
How many times have I told you to not leave these things around the house? They don't match the decor and these colors look atrocious.

Frankie glances up to her mother who proceeds to saunter into her room while insulting her artistry. Her brows furrow at the critique of her color scheme, consisting of bright oranges, reds, and yellows that fade into each other like a sunset.

Frankie

I needed a place where it could  
dry without getting ruined.

Cassandra

(Clearly infuriated) Well my guest  
room is not a finger painting  
exhibit. I told you, they go  
outside.

Frankie

But last time I set my pieces out  
there they were covered in bird  
shit and I failed my AP Studio Art  
Final.

Cassandra

Don't use that language. And  
honey, (grimacing) those birds did  
you a favor. (Closes door behind  
her)

Frankie heaves a big sigh when her mother leaves. She glances  
down at her painting looking even more dissatisfied than she  
did before her mother intruded. She throws the canvas in a  
bin beside her desk.

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - AFTERNOON/EVENING

Frankie and Cassandra are eating dinner at separate ends of  
the dining table. Forks and knives are scraping against  
ceramic dishes. The two aren't making eye contact, Frankie  
keeps her head down for the duration of the dinner, eyes  
fixated on the elegant designs on the cutlery she's using.

Cassandra

(Looks at Frankie) Frank, I think  
there's something we need to  
discuss. (Visibly stern)

Frankie

(Still looking at her plate) I'm  
going, mom.

Cassandra

Oh, come on. (Chuckles) You think it's just that easy to leave this place? You think some institution is really gonna give you fifty grand for your crappy little doodles?

Frankie Wells

(Abruptly drops fork on the plate and glances up)

Cassandra

If you wanna be like your father that badly I'd suggest finding a nice boy, convincing him to marry you, and taking every last cent he earns.

Frankie

(ponders for a moment) (gets up and takes plate) (quietly) He left me too, you know.

(SCENE ENDS)

ACT II

EXT. FRANKIES CAR - DRIVING - EARLY MORNING

The early morning sky is brimming with light as the sun gets closer to rising above the clouds. Frankie is driving her car to a viewpoint for inspiration. She arrives at her destination, a breathtaking view ready to be soaked in. She parks so that she is facing the view with her sketchpad ready to be etched into. She begins to draw what she sees.

A knock on her window makes Frankie jump in her seat. She turns to see a boy looking directly at her, 5 inches from her face, despite the thin glass window between them. He looks tall, a bit lanky, and has moss green eyes. He's holding a digital camera in one hand and signals for her to roll down her window with the other, and she does.

Frankie Wells

Ummm...yes?

Random Boy

Oh, sorry to bother you. I was just wondering if you knew what time it is.

Frankie Wells

No, you're all good. (Checks time on her phone) It's about a quarter till 7.

As Frankie reached over the center console to grab her phone, the green-eyed boy noticed a few of elements of the sketches on her sketchpad. His eyes open a little wider when he sees the meticulous detail that was put into this miniscule sketch.

Random Boy

Damn, she's got the time and she can draw too? Pretty impressive.

Frankie is thrilled by this comment. She turns to the mysteriously nice boy and gives him a friendly smile before she brings her attention back to the art. She continues the conversation.

Frankie Wells

Thanks, not a lot of people would agree. (while continuing to sketch)

Random Boy

Well I wouldn't see how that would be possible.

Frankie Wells

So you're a photographer? (asks still looking at her artwork)

Random Boy

Aspiring. I knew this morning would be too beautiful to not wake up and capture. (with a giddy smile)

Frankie nods her head in understanding. She's still sketching in her book and begins to immerse herself, not realizing the boy is still there. For a split second she glances up, and immediately sees a flash of light and hears the sound of a camera clicking, to which she gets startled.

Frankie Wells

Woah! Agh (rubbing her eyes). What was that for? (in annoyance)

Random Boy  
(starts to back away) (chuckles) I  
told you, I'm capturing beauty.  
What's your name by the way?  
(yells from a distance)

Frankie (baffled) darts her eyes from her sketchbook back to  
the weird boy to register what the boy was asking. She  
hesitates for about three seconds before answering

Frankie Wells  
It's Frankie.

(SCENE ENDS)

ACT III

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Frankie enters her house for the evening. She walks through  
the front rooms to get to her own as fast as she can but she  
sees her mother Cassandra at the head of the dining room  
table, and she sees Frankie. There is a white envelope in  
front of Cassandra perched next to a tall glass of red wine  
and a batch of freshly-baked chocolate chip cookies.

Cassandra Wells  
Francescaaa, I saw you now come in  
here. I have great news.

Frankie immediately freezes from her position and starts  
walking towards the kitchen area, eventually until she  
reaches her mother at the table, who looks like she's been  
drinking too much.

Frankie Wells  
(Sighing) Yes mother?

Frankie eyes the envelope but doesn't say anything.

Cassandra Wells  
Here, this came for you in the  
mail today. Open it! (with a  
cheerful smile)

Frankie's eyes light up when she sees her dream school on the postage stamp, addressed to her very own self. She frantically rips it open in excitement and anxiousness while her mother sits back and watches her. Within the first 10 seconds of reading the letter, Frankie is already in tears.

Frankie Wells  
(Sniffling) I didn't get in.

Frankie looks absolutely crushed but her mother remains watching her with a glass twirling around in her hand.

Cassandra Wells  
Oh no. That's just too bad isn't  
it. I'm so sorry, honey. Would you  
like a cookie? (she lifts a cookie  
to her daughter and then stuffs it  
in her own mouth when rejected)

Frankie starts shaking in such distress and disappointment. She gets up and rushes to her room, and begins tearing down images, paintings, journal sketches, and everything in her room that represents her love for art.

(SCENE ENDS)

EXT. FRANKIES COMMUNITY COLLEGE - MIDDAY

Frankie is now a student at a community college, she's pertained to still being shy and an introvert. Until she sees the "random boy" from the day he asked her for the time in the same Poli-Sci class as her. They make eye contact while and he rushes over to her as if they were closer than ever and hadn't seen each other in ages. He comes and sits in the empty seat next to her.

Random Boy  
Frankie! I think it's fate that  
I've seen you again.

Frankie cocks her head at the bold statement, turns to the boy, and smiles slightly.

Frankie Wells  
(Nervous) Uh, yeah. Hi there,  
again.

Random Boy  
Listen, I know you don't know me  
and I don't know you but I see  
something in you, and I don't  
know...

Frankie is intrigued by this statement but furrows her eyebrows in confusion.

Random Boy  
I want you to be *my* muse.