

# **A Glimpse Of Blue Plaid**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS - MISSION HILLS AREA, SAN DIEGO, CA - NIGHT

CONNIE KARULLO, 21, fair, lithe body, intelligent eyes jogs down a dark street lit by an occasional street light. Her eyes sweep over the east coast style homes.

She glances at her watch. 10:45pm

CONNIE

Damn.

She turns around. She jogs back up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIONEER PARK

Connie runs up to the cement entrance walkway. She stops. She glances around.

The moon alone illuminates the park. Long branches of trees, filled with leaves, seem to beckon to her.

The buzz of crickets fill the air along with the creak of a lone swing in the playground. It sways back and forth in the breeze.

Connie backs up a little. She looks behind her, then back at the park, contemplating. She walks away in the opposite direction.

She halts. She glances at her watch. 10:55.

CONNIE

Okay. I can do this.

She turns around and hightails it through the park's entrance.

EXT. PARK

It's deserted. Eerie. Connie jogs easily. She glances around.

CONNIE

This isn't so bad.

The SOUND of running footsteps. She whips her head around.

A scraggly THUG, 30ish, dressed all in black rushes after her.

CONNIE

Shit!

INHALE. EXHALE.

Connie steps up her pace.

INHALE. EXHALE.

The Thug launches himself at her. He wraps his grimy arms around her.

CONNIE

AAAAHHHHH--

The creature clamps his hand down on her mouth.

Connie twists. She kicks, bites, fights against the man who outweighs her by fifty pounds.

His hand tangles in a locket and chain around her neck. His hand rips it away from her neck. It falls to the ground, unnoticed by both.

THUG

Come on, baby. Where you goin' in  
such a hurry, hmmm?

Connie's eyes dart frantically back and forth above the man's massive hand. She tries to scream. He tightens his grip.

Connie struggles. He picks her up. He SLAMS her feet into the ground. She buckles.

THUG

Quit struggling, baby. I'm just  
gonna. . . pull you over here  
behind this tree and show you a  
good time. You're gonna enjoy it.

He drags her, still struggling, over to a tree with low hanging branches. Some of them long enough to touch the ground.

Connie gawks at the secluded tree with terrified eyes.

She reaches back and grabs at her assailant's crotch. He sidesteps her hand.

THUG

Uh, uh, Bitch. Don't try it. Not  
like that anyway.

He loosens his grip against her mouth just enough for her to get one word out.

CONNIE

Bastard!

He tightens his hand again. She bites at it. He squeezes her hard, lifting her part way off the ground. Connie GASPS for breath.

THUG

If you don't stop, baby, I'm gonna have to use the knife in my pocket. Do you want that?

Connie shakes her head. He puts her down.

THUG

Good. Now we're gonna go underneath these branches here and you're gonna lay back and enjoy it. Now walk.

CONNIE

Wait. . .I can't. . . I can't . . . brea--

She chuffs. She draws a breath in. She gags.

THUG

Yep, baby. My scent. Gets strong when I get excited.

He keeps a tight grip on her. He pulls her toward the tree. Resigned to her fate now, Connie lets him. Tears fall from her eyes.

Suddenly, a man's voice out of nowhere. . . yet everywhere.

MAN'S VOICE

Let her go.

The Thug stops short. He turns around, dragging Connie with him.

A well-built tall young MAN, 20s, stands before them. Dressed in tan suede chaps over blue jeans, well-worn cowboy boots, and a blue plaid shirt, he's an odd sight for the era.

The Thug chuckles.

THUG

What, man? You wanna piece a me?  
 (leans forward)  
 Turn your fairy cowboy ass around  
 and walk away.

Connie gazes at the man, pleading in her eyes. The Cowboy stares back at them, silent.

THUG

Look, asshole. I've got a knife in my pocket. I'll cut your ass, and this bitch too.

(tightens grip)

Right now, I just wanna dip my stick. It's been a while. If you can't understand that, then too fucking bad.

COWBOY

What I know is that the lady doesn't want to go with you. You're holding her against her will.

The cowboy takes a step forward.

COWBOY

And if you don't let her go, you're going to come face to face with my knife.

The Thug stiffens.

THUG

Screw you, asshole!

The Cowboy's hand moves fast! He WHIPS a knife from his belt; eight inches long, serrated blade with an ivory carved handle. He brandishes it at the Thug.

COWBOY

As I asked you before. Let her go.

The Thug makes no move to let Connie go. He frowns at the Cowboy.

The Cowboy lunges at him. Terrified, the Thug hurls Connie to the ground. OOMPH! She lands on her stomach. The wind knocked out of her, she gasps for breath.

Connie forces herself up. She kneels, still heaving. She looks to the right. Her assailant runs off into the darkness of the park.

She stands. She squints after the fleeing scumbag. She lets out a WHOOP!

CONNIE

Oh my God! I bet that freak didn't even have a knife! Did you see-

She turns around. The cowboy's gone.

CONNIE

Mister? Hey, where are you?

Connie turns around in a circle, eyes searching left to right.

The wind picks up, rustling the leaves on the tree in front of her. Spooked, Connie takes off running.

INT. APARTMENT

Connie rushes through the door of a modestly decorated apartment. It smacks of college girl visits to garage sales.

She kicks it closed behind her. She locks the dead bolt, grabs the security chain, fastens it to the door.

MELISSA SIEVERS, 20, slightly plump, outgoing, comes into the room, nibbling on a cookie.

MELISSA

What's got into you? You look like you just saw a ghost.

CONNIE

I almost got raped.

Melissa crushes the cookie, crumbs dribbling out between her fingers.

MELISSA

WHAT? Where?

CONNIE

Park.

MELISSA

The park? Why were you in the park?

Connie goes to the window. She peers out.

CONNIE

Time got away from me. I thought I'd take a short cut.

Melissa gapes at her.

MELISSA

Connie--

Connie turns around. She gives her a warning look and waves her right index finger at her.

CONNIE

Don't! I know I shouldn't have. It was stupid, but I don't need a lecture right now. A man grabbed me and if it wasn't for another guy who was in the park, I wouldn't be standing here right now. I think he would've killed me.

(wrinkles nose)

God, he smelled bad!

Melissa goes over. She hugs Connie.

MELISSA

I'm so sorry. What about the other guy? Where is he?

CONNIE

I don't know. He. . . he threatened the guy who attacked me with a knife . . . and demanded he let me go. Asshole threw me to the ground and ran off. When I got up. . . the other guy was gone.

Melissa picks up a cordless phone.

MELISSA

I'm calling 911.

She dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911.

MELISSA

My friend was just attacked in Pioneer Park. . . .

EXT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Connie stands in the doorway. An OFFICER, 30s, stands outside the door. Melissa sits on the couch.

OFFICER  
You girls be careful now.

CONNIE  
We will.

He starts to leave.

CONNIE  
Um, has anyone reported seeing the  
guy who helped me?

OFFICER  
(smiles)  
The cowboy? Not yet.

Connie nods. He walks off.

Connie closes the door. She dead bolts it. She sits down on  
the couch.

CONNIE  
Don't you think it's strange.

MELISSA  
What?

CONNIE  
That the guy just disappeared. It's  
almost as if. . . .

Connie looks down.

MELISSA  
What?

CONNIE  
It's almost as if. . . he wasn't  
real.

MELISSA  
He looked real, didn't he?

CONNIE  
Yes, but Mel. . . I was only  
seconds on the ground. He couldn't  
have disappeared that fast. And why  
would he run off?

MELISSA  
Maybe he's a thug too, but with a  
few more morals.

If he'd stuck around, he would've had to have talked to the cops. May not have wanted that.

Connie gives her a solemn nod.

MELISSA

It's late. I'm going to bed. How 'bout you?

Connie stretches out on the couch.

CONNIE

I'm gonna lie here for a little while.

MELISSA

All right. Good night.

CONNIE

Night.

Melissa goes into her bedroom.

Connie snaps off the light.

She puts her hand to her neck, GASPS. . .and sits up fast!

CONNIE

No!

She flips on the light. She stands. Her eyes search the room.

CONNIE

Dammit.

She sinks down on the couch. She leans her head back on a pillow. She softly sobs into the darkness of the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Connie lies on the couch, fast asleep. There is a KNOCK on the door. She opens her eyes and sits up, alert. The KNOCK comes again, more insistent this time.

Connie rolls off the couch. She stands. She runs her hand through her hair, smoothing it into place.

Still groggy, she goes over to the door. She opens it a crack. A look of surprise floods her face. Connie opens the door wide. Her cowboy stands before her, a wide grin on his face. He reaches out his hand to her and . . . .

COUCH

KNOCK! KNOCK! Connie opens her eyes. She sits up. She looks around. She frowns. The KNOCK comes again from the front door.

Connie jumps up! She rushes over to the door. She THROWS it open to find Melissa standing there.

CONNIE

Mel?

MELISSA

Don't look so disappointed. Geez.

She breezes in.

MELISSA

Forgot my keys.

Connie shuts the door.

MELISSA

They're setting up for the concert in the park. That band you like is playing. Wanna go?

Connie shrinks.

CONNIE

I don't know.

MELISSA

Come on, Con. There'll be lots of people. Don't let that jerk stop you from having fun.

Connie puts her hand to her neck.

CONNIE

I lost my grandmother's locket last night. I think he pulled it off.

MELISSA

Sorry. We could look for it when we go to the concert. It starts in half an hour.

CONNIE

I don't know.

MELISSA

You already said that. Come on. Now you have a good reason to go. You need to find that locket. Let's go!

EXT. PIONEER PARK

The five piece band is set up on the black wooden stage.

One of the GUITARISTS, 30s, checks his microphone.

GUITARIST

CHECK. TEST. CHECK.

PEOPLE, dressed casually, congregate near the band on the grass. Some sit in beach chairs, some picnic on blankets. CHILDREN of all ages, run back in forth in front of the stage. They wave to the musicians.

MELISSA

You want to try and find your necklace now?

Connie glances around apprehensively.

CONNIE

Yeah, we could.

They walk over to the long branched tree.

Connie shudders.

MELISSA

This is it, huh?

Connie nods.

MELISSA

Well, look around. Re-trace your steps.

The two girls search for the locket. Nothing.

MELISSA

Maybe someone already found it?

CONNIE

Maybe. Damn. I'd hoped it'd be here.

The piercing wail of a guitar BLASTS through the speakers next to the stage! The band launches into a blues rock song.

MELISSA

Come on. Concert's starting. We'll  
look again after.

Connie follows her. They find a spot near the stage under a  
tree. They plant themselves.

Connie and Melissa kick back. They nod and tap their toes to  
the music.

Several PEOPLE get up. They go up to the front of the stage  
to dance. Melissa pulls Connie up. They join the other  
dancers.

Connie leans in to Melissa.

CONNIE

I think I want to go look for the  
locket some more. Once we hit dusk  
it won't help matters.

Melissa nods.

Connie breaks away. Melissa continues dancing. Connie heads  
back to the long branched tree.

Her eyes search the ground. She looks up to see the back of  
old woman, MILDRED, 80s, standing in the South East corner of  
the park.

Connie walks over to her. She crests a small hill and what  
Mildred is observing comes into view.

Gravestones. Twenty full ones with a few square cement  
markers fused into the ground.

Connie halts. She frowns. She walks up behind Mildred.

CONNIE

Hello. I'm Connie Karullo.

Mildred turns around. She holds a bouquet of colorful flowers  
in her hand.

MILDRED

Hello, dear. My name is Mildred.

CONNIE

You wouldn't have found a silver  
locket on the ground near here,  
would you?

MILDRED

A locket? I've found many things  
here through the years, my dear.  
But no locket.

Connie looks at the gravestones.

CONNIE

What's this?

MILDRED

The gravestones of San Diego's  
first settlers.

CONNIE

Why aren't they in a graveyard?

MILDRED

You don't know, dear?

Connie shakes her head.

MILDRED

Pioneer Park used to be a cemetery.  
The city turned it into a park in  
the 1960s. They moved the stones  
over here, but they never moved the  
remains. The bodies are still  
buried under the park.

CONNIE

Really?

Connie bends down. She examines one of the stones,  
scrutinizing the etchings.

CONNIE

James Serrano. 1845 to 1874. Twenty-  
nine.

She turns to another one.

CONNIE

Becky Delaney. Nine.

And another.

CONNIE

Gertrude Stahl. Eighty-five.

Mildred lays the bouquet at the foot of one that seems to  
stand out from the others.

It's extremely white and polished, as if it was washed and buffed frequently. Connie stares at it, mesmerized.

CONNIE

Luke Kelly. 1863 to 1888. He would've been. . .twenty-five. How do you know him? Relative?

Mildred smiles. She shakes her head.

MILDRED

No, dear. He's no relative.

CONNIE

Then. . . ?

Mildred stays silent. The band can still be heard.

MILDRED

I grew up in this area. In the early 60s, I was attacked by a mugger or...maybe he would've raped me, I don't know.

CONNIE

(frowns)

Go on.

MILDRED

That tree over there, the one with the long branches. . . my attacker was dragging me over to it when HE appeared.

CONNIE

Who?

Mildred points at the gravestone. Connie frowns.

CONNIE

But he died in 1888. He wouldn't have. . . .

Mildred gives her a knowing look.

CONNIE

You're saying he was a ghost?

Mildred smiles softly. Connie glances around.

CONNIE

What did he look like?

MILDRED

Tall, handsome, he was a looker.  
Dressed western, with a blue  
patterned shirt. Gingham, I think.  
Or plaid.

Connie stares at her speechless.

MILDRED

He raised a large knife to my  
attacker. The man ran off. When I  
turned around, Luke was gone.

CONNIE

How do you know it was. . .Luke?

Mildred points to the side of the stone.

Connie kneels down beside it. She peers closely at the small  
lettering on it. She runs her fingers over the inscription.

CONNIE

You loved the color blue. . .so  
wear it well in eternity. Rest in  
peace, beloved son - Mother.

Connie looks up at Mildred.

CONNIE

He loved the color blue?

Mildred nods. Connie stands.

CONNIE

What would you think if I told you  
the same thing happened to me last  
night? I was attacked. . .right  
here. . .and this. . .this cowboy  
came out of nowhere. He frightened  
the attacker off. When I went to  
thank him he was gone.

MILDRED

(nods)

I'd say he's still being his old  
chivalrous self. They don't make  
them like Luke anymore, dear.

CONNIE

But. . .a ghost?

MILDRED

There've been other sightings here  
at the park.

She points to a large brick house across the street.

MILDRED

That's my home. I've witnessed  
strange occurrences all throughout  
the years. Lights in the park late  
at night. Weird mist. Strangely  
dressed people who shouldn't be  
here at all.

(beat)

You and I were in trouble. Luke  
came. I think spirits just may  
appear when people need them the  
most.

She gestures around the park.

MILDRED

Especially if you're on their turf,  
dear.

Connie looks at the flowers.

CONNIE

Gratitude?

Mildred gives her a mysterious smile.

MILDRED

Absolutely. And I think he likes  
them.

(winks)

Take care, dear. I hope you find  
your locket.

Mildred walks off.

Connie turns around. She stares back at the gathering  
darkness. The band is finished. They break down their  
equipment on the stage.

Connie bends down in front of the gravestone. She touches the  
gleaming white stone.

CONNIE

Hey, Luke.

Connie stands, eyes still locked on the headstone. She starts  
to back up. . .and bumps into a body. She SCREAMS!

Connie whirls around. Melissa stands there.

MELISSA

Shut up girl! You wanna wake the dead?

Melissa chuckles.

CONNIE

Damn you! You scared the shit out of me.

MELISSA

Serves you right for wandering over here on your own.

She peers around Connie at the headstones.

MELISSA

Gravestones.

CONNIE

I just met an old woman who told me the park used to be a cemetery.

(beat)

She said it's haunted.

MELISSA

Haunted?

She points to the Kelly headstone. Melissa gives Connie a wry look. Melissa bends down to the stone.

MELISSA

He loved the color blue. . .

Melissa stands. She faces Connie.

MELISSA

. . . you think this is your cowboy?

Connie stays silent.

MELISSA

He'd be about the right age, huh? You really think he was a ghost?

Connie gazes at the long branched tree.

CONNIE

I don't know what to believe. He disappeared into thin air.

People can't do that. Plus Mildred told me he saved her too.

MELISSA  
You're kidding?

Connie shakes her head.

CONNIE  
Nope. Same situation, forty years ago.

Melissa frowns at the gravestone.

MELISSA  
Well, ghost or not, you have to be thankful that the guy probably saved your life. Or at least your virginity.  
(grins)

CONNIE  
Puhleeze!

MELISSA  
You know what I mean.

Connie nods. Melissa puts her arm around her.

MELISSA  
Let's go. It's getting late. The cops still haven't caught that creep. Your Luke may not be around tonight if he comes back.

The two women trek through the park toward the street.

MELISSA  
Did you find your locket?

CONNIE  
No.

MELISSA  
Sorry.

CONNIE  
(shrugs)  
It's okay. Whaddya gonna do?

Connie lags a few steps behind Melissa. The wind comes up. It whips their long hair around their faces.

MELISSA

I can't believe that guy hasn't called me from the other night. I know I met him in a bar, but he seemed like such a nice guy. Maybe it had to. . . .(droning on)

Connie tunes Melissa out. She glances back at the long branched tree. Nothing. She turns her eyes forward. Melissa gabs on. Connie trudges after her.

From the corner of her eye she sees movement. . . and a slight flash of blue. She turns back to the tree. She halts. Her mouth gapes open at the sight of HIM.

The young cowboy stands under the long branched tree, his hand on the trunk. He stares back at her. His dark hair is still, not stirred by the wind. Tan suede chaps. . . blue plaid shirt.

Melissa walks on, oblivious that she's speaking only to herself now.

Connie stares at the man, a disturbed look on her face. Then. . . she visibly relaxes. The disturbed look gives way to one of peace and understanding. She smiles.

CONNIE

(whispers)

Thank you.

The cowboy's gaze is steady. He nods his head ever so slightly.

MELISSA

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!

Connie spins around. Melissa stands several hundred feet away, hands defiantly placed on hips.

MELISSA

I've been gabbing on and you haven't heard a damn word I've said, have you?

CONNIE

(laughs)

Hang on! Be right there.

Connie turns around. Her hero cowboy is gone.

Her eyes catch a glint of silver in the grass a few yards away. She goes over to it.

She looks down to find. . .her locket. She picks it up. She faces Melissa swinging the locket from her fingers.

CONNIE

Hey! Look!

MELISSA

Cool!

Connie trots over to Melissa. They walk to the street.

MELISSA

So what were you staring at back there? You looked. . . kinda peaceful.

Connie smiles softly.

CONNIE

Before you yelled at me you mean?

MELISSA

(grins)  
 Couldn't resist.

CONNIE

(shrugs)  
 Just seeing if I could catch a glimpse of blue plaid.

MELISSA

Did you?

Connie hesitates, contemplation on her face. She smiles and shakes her head. She links arms with Melissa.

CONNIE

Come on. Let's see if that guy left a message on your answering machine.

MELISSA

Yeah! I can't believe he hasn't called me. What is wrong with men these days, they. . . (drones on)

Arm in arm the two women walk toward the looming apartment building.

EXT. PARK - TREE

The long branched tree fades into view, an aura of blue around it.

The blue aura takes on a plaid pattern, then dissolves away, leaving only the tree, its branches waving slightly in the breeze.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL

THE END