

FADE IN:

INT. CHALK RESIDENCE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thunder can be heard in the darkness.

A saxophone breaks the rhythm as flashes of light from an old camera briefly illuminate the interior. An upscale living room, but different. Paintings, lamps, tables, chairs and a fully stocked bar are drawn in **CHALK** revealing a world outside our own. The lights stir once more shining onto the floor, a **CHALK OUTLINE OF A BODY. FOOTSTEPS** are heard then stop. We pan up to reveal the silhouette of a man standing in a chalk lined doorway.

ECU: Lights flash revealing a pair of tired eyes.

DETECTIVE COLE

I'll take it from here boys.

In from the doorway he steps, but trips and falls suddenly. A **LOUD CRASH**. Back into frame pops up **DETECTIVE COLE**, a shell of a man nursing a ten year hangover.

DETECTIVE COLE (CONT'D)

Can we turn on some lights, please?

LIGHTS COME UP.

DETECTIVE COLE (CONT'D)

What are we, mole people? And what were you two doing over there in the dark anyway?

A **UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER** and a **FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER** scoot quickly past and through the doorway bumping into **DETECTIVE RACER**, tightly buttoned trench coat and fedora, as they exit the room.

DETECTIVE RACER

(observing)

Someone had fun.

DETECTIVE COLE

Don't touch anything, rook. I don't need any inadmissible evidence on my hands.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)

(kneeling before the outline)

It's the latest in the worst string of murders this town has seen in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
years. None of the other detectives would touch it, so naturally it finds its way to my desk. The Chalk Killer is what they're calling him. It's only been eight months, but he's already working his way up the ladder to serial hall of fame. Right alongside Coco Puff and The Lucky Charm. I didn't like it. It was like a bottle of bad whiskey or an oversized burrito. It just didn't sit right in my gut. It felt, too..toooo..toooooooooo

DETECTIVE RACER
Familiar?

DETECTIVE COLE
I was getting to that. Stay outta my head, rook if you know what's good for ya.

DETECTIVE RACER
(referring to the outline)
Bad news for Chalk City.

Detective Cole walks over to the window looking out at Chalk City.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)
Unfortunately, the rook was right. Mr. Chalk was Chalk City's most influential politician. This town had flourished under his leadership. So much so that he was elected mayor four consecutive times.

MONTAGE

Detective Cole's rant continues over a **VISUAL ANIMATION**.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O. CONT'D)
Chalk City never saw better days. Unemployment was at an all time low and chalk politicians were lining their pockets with more dust than they could keep track of. That was until recent, dryer times. Everyone had heard of the new dry erase boards, but to see them in person -
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O. CONT'D) (cont'd)
gleaming high against the skyline,
sleek, colorful and perfect - gave
everyone, especially Mr. Chalk an
eerie look at our inevitable future
replacements.

We see a blank chalkboard that comes alive as a piece of chalk wildly draws a spectacular white skyline of a once prosperous city. Underneath is drawn a round table encircled by chalk politicians in suits toasting success. The city above begins to shake and crumble as the politicians look on helpless. Chalk dust whirls into every crevice, billowing out toward the edges of the chalkboard. The edge of the chalkboard is cracked and shattered, making way for a dry erase board forcing itself into place. A line from the dust escapes the chalk side and turns into spectacular colors of green and blue, rebuilding the skyline on the new dry erase board with straight and narrow marker lines. One chalk man watches from the broken edge of the chalkboard as his livelihood is replaced by a new round table and new dry erase politicians toasting to their futures.

INT. CHALK RESIDENCE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

After Detective Cole's rant Detective Racer kneels down in front of the outline, but violently jerks away coughing.

DETECTIVE RACER

(coughing)

I never could stomach the sight of chalk dust. If you only knew the irony in that.

DETECTIVE COLE

(suspicious)

I'll be the only one being ironic around here, rook.

DETECTIVE RACER

There does appear to be a clean smudge to the right temple. Elegant, perfect. Whoever did this, was a true professional.

DETECTIVE COLE

Keep your pants on. We don't know anything for sure yet. The only chalk I see is what's right in front of *me*.

CU: Detective Cole as he furrows his brow.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)

I hate rhyming. Even more than that was rhyming without trying. (winces) I didn't like it. It was like an old retainer or a baby's binky. It just didn't fit right in my mouth.

DETECTIVE RACER

(sarcastic)

Maybe he slipped and fell from a heart attack.

Detective Cole acknowledges Detective Racer with contempt.

MS. CHALK (O.C.)

He had to have a heart first.

Detective Cole and Detective Racer look up to see standing in the doorway, **MS. CHALK**, perfectly drawn and scandalously dressed.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)

I've seen a lot of chalk over the years, but when she walked through that door she broke them all. With an outline like that, one could only think of one thing, "Why the hell didn't I pay attention in geometry class?"

MS. CHALK

Does he always do these voice overs?

DETECTIVE RACER

You get used to it. You must be Mrs. Chalk.

MS. CHALK

(winks)

That's Ms. Chalk to you now. You boys seem a little parched. Scotch?

Ms. Chalk crosses to the bar and begins drawing two glasses of scotch with her finger.

DETECTIVE COLE

Rocks. Don't you think it's a little too soon to be dusting your husband under the rug?

Detective Cole joins Ms. Chalk at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

MS. CHALK

Not soon enough I'm afraid.

DETECTIVE COLE

Sounds like you weren't too fond of your husband.

MS. CHALK

It's no secret we didn't line up.

DETECTIVE COLE

Anyone ever threaten your husband Ms. Chalk?

MS. CHALK

Unfortunately, not everything is so black and white.

Detective Racer walks over to a large PAINTING OF MR. CHALK.

DETECTIVE COLE

Perhaps you would like fill in the blanks?

MS. CHALK

My husband wasn't ready to accept our changing world and to protect against that he started lying, cheating and stealing from those less fortunate. Money became his master and he the slave.

RACER

What does someone who can draw anything they desire want with money?

Slow zoom on the painting of Mr. Chalk.

MS. CHALK (O.C.)

Power detective. Power over those not spawned from limestone and silt. You see, if my husband had his way, chalk would be the only thing marking through this city. He thought he could bribe humans into abandoning these new dry erase boards.

DETECTIVE COLE

I'm a human.

MS. CHALK
Nobody said you weren't-

DETECTIVE COLE
I know. (long pause) So, Mr. Chalk
was worried of being outdated,
discarded, thrown out like
yesterday's garbage...

Ms. Chalk hands Cole his glass of scotch.

DETECTIVE RACER
(under his breath)
Here we go again.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)
Chalk. Messy, fragile and always
rubbing off on people. Even if I
couldn't get the thought of her
rubbing me off out of my head, I
knew I couldn't let her draw
circles around me.

MS. CHALK
I heard that.

DETECTIVE COLE
(changing the subject)
You mean to tell me your husband
wanted rid the city of dry erase so
you erased him for it?

Ms. Chalk makes her way to the other end of the bar.

MS. CHALK
(laughs)
Me? Oh come now, I don't have the
stomach for making dust detective,
but I know one who does.

Revealing music plays. Racer coughs.

DETECTIVE COLE
The Chalk Killer

MS. CHALK
He's closer than you think.

DETECTIVE RACER
How do you know this for sure?

DETECTIVE COLE

Easy there rook. Wouldn't want you to go popping your buttons too soon.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)

Rookies. Hot headed and impatient. Like a bag of jiffy pop. I'm not really sure what that means, but it made sense in my head. Jiffy pop. I didn't like it. It always smelled like burnt socks or an old fart filtered through a pair of pants. It just didn't-

MS. CHALK

(irritated)

You gonna arrest someone stud or play twenty questions with yourself?

DETECTIVE COLE

Twenty questions. Would you prefer hop-scotch?

MS. CHALK

Sidewalk chalk never fit right with me hunnie. Some things are just too thick for keeping between these lines.

DETECTIVE COLE

Is there any proof of your husband's plot?

DETECTIVE RACER

Besides the dead body?

DETECTIVE COLE

Stay outta this, rook.

MS. CHALK

My husband wasn't stupid detective. He knew I was a threat to his plans for ridding Chalk City of the dry erase. It became dangerous for me. That's why I needed a professional. Someone willing to get his hands dusty.

DETECTIVE COLE

You're speaking of the Chalk Killer?

(CONTINUED)

MS. CHALK

That's right. You see, our little friend had a special gift.

DETECTIVE COLE

What's this gift?

MS. CHALK

Making chalk disappear.

Revealing music plays a little too long. Eventually, all three look to each other then directly to camera. Silence is broken by a violent cough coming from Racer.

DETECTIVE COLE

(to Racer)

Get that under control for Christ sakes.

(to Ms. Chalk)

So you helped someone erase chalk to stop chalk from erasing dry erase because dry erase was erasing chalk? Makes complete sense.

MS. CHALK

Oh, come on now Detective, you are so narrow minded. Those murder cases you've been trying to solve for these past eight months? They're all connected. Those chalk were working for my husband. Breaking off the head isn't always the answer. Sometimes, you need to chop up the body to see what else is inside, then, and only then, will you know if it's safe to tear off the crown.

DETECTIVE COLE

You're a clever and poetical little chalk, I'll give you that, but I'd never let that stand in the way of justice. No one takes the law into their own hands. I'm afraid it's the end of the line for you sweet cheeks. Not only are you going downtown, but your gonna spill some dust about your connections with this Chalk Killer and your husband's little circus of Nazis. It's time to draw those cuffs.

Detective Cole steps toward Ms. Chalk.

(CONTINUED)

Detective Racer finally loses the battle with his cough.

DETECTIVE COLE

For the last time rook, get that
under contr-

Detective Racer doubles over, fedora slipping off his head,
an over-sized eraser where his hair should be, still white
with chalk dust.

DETECTIVE COLE

Wait a minute...You're not a
detective...

DETECTIVE RACER

That's right, Cole.

DETECTIVE COLE

You're an eraser?

DETECTIVE RACER

And?

DETECTIVE COLE

And that means you're
the...the...the

MS. CHALK

The Chalk Killer?

DETECTIVE COLE

You knew?

DETECTIVE RACER

She did.

DETECTIVE COLE

She did?

MS. CHALK

I did.

DETECTIVE COLE

She did.

Revealing music plays.

DETECTIVE RACER

That's right detective and the only
line being drawn here tonight, is
yours.

DETECTIVE COLE (V.O.)
I'd been duped, hoodwinked,
bamboozled. Like a rat in a trap or
a cat on a hot tin roof.

DETECTIVE RACER
Cut it out will ya? We can hear
you!

DETECTIVE COLE
(changing the subject)
So, the infamous Chalk Killer
allergic to a little chalk dust?
You were right. That's about as
ironic as a drowned fish.

DETECTIVE RACER
Imagine the disappointment of my
parents. It's a shame this all went
down, really. What Mr. Chalk and
the rest of Chalk City never
understood is that no matter how
many dry erase move in we will
always have a place. Whether
through classrooms, sidewalks,
coffee shops, hipster bars, or
OFF-OFF Broadway theaters.

DETECTIVE COLE
I understand what it means to be
uncertain about your own existence.
I had a wife, kids, a dog, cousins,
uncles, second cousins,
step-cousins twice removed. But, I
lost all that ten years ago when
they were erased from the boards of
life.

DETECTIVE RACER
Ten years ago...(evil laugh) Could
it be? My first dusting...was..your
family? Can't be. That would
mean...

DETECTIVE COLE
Yes?

DETECTIVE RACER
You're not a detective...

DETECTIVE COLE
And?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE RACER
Not a human...

DETECTIVE COLE
Almost there.

DETECTIVE RACER
You're...you're...you're-

MS. CHALK
Chalk?

DETECTIVE RACER
You're chalk?

MS. CHALK
He's chalk.

DETECTIVE RACER
He's chalk?

DETECTIVE COLE
I'm chalk.

DETECTIVE RACER
He's chalk.

Detective Cole pulls his HUMAN MASK off.

Revealing music plays.

DETECTIVE COLE
The years of chalk dust have finally taken its toll. I'm betting you don't have long, huh, Racer? Or should I say, Chalk Killer?

DETECTIVE RACER
(coughing)
You know what's so sweet about your first kill? You never forget. I can still hear the sounds of your family screeching like little shards as I dusted them from history.

COLE
I spent too many years hiding under that mask in hopes of finding you...and there you were...right under my nose. Looks like you and I have unfinished business.

(CONTINUED)

A moment of tension. Then Detective Cole and Detective Racer charge each other.

A cloud of white dust fills the air.

The dust finally settles leaving Ms. Chalk alone.

She circles the pile of clothes and chalk dust.

MS. CHALK

I knew I'd get you boys to hug it
out in the end.

Ms. Chalk laughs as she saunters out of the room.

WHITEOUT

