

"True Colors"

by  
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1

EXT. DUNCAN HOME - MORNING

1

A beautiful morning. The birds are chirping, and an occasional car passes by.

CHARLIE DUNCAN steps out the door of his home and onto the stoop. He takes a big gulp of air and proceeds down the walk.

He calls to his neighbor, PHIL, who is mowing his lawn and has a quizzical look on his face.

CHARLIE  
Good morning, Phil.

Phil calls back.

PHIL  
Good. . . Good morning, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Lovely day!

PHIL  
It sure is.

Charlie stoops to pick up his newspaper. He slowly turns as he checks out the ball scores.

CHARLIE  
The Sox lost *again*? They *really*  
have to find some pitching or  
they're gonna. . .  
(beat)  
What in the name of. . . ?

We see that his house is now purple. He anxiously calls for his wife.

CHARLIE  
*Claire!*

CLAIRE calls back.

CLAIRE  
What is it, dear?

CHARLIE  
Can you come out here please?

CLAIRE  
I'm busy in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's *important*.

CLAIRE

Coming!

Claire leaves the house and walks to Charlie. Her back is to the house.

CLAIRE

Did the Wilson boy throw the newspaper in the lilac bushes again?

CHARLIE

No, I've got it right here. That's not why I called you.

CLAIRE

Then what's the problem?

CHARLIE

Look!

She turns, looks at the now-purple house, and her jaw drops.

CLAIRE

Our house is *white*; it has been for years.

(beat)

How. . . ?

CHARLIE

I don't have the slightest idea.

We hear the barking of an approaching dog. Charlie whistles for him.

CHARLIE

C'mere, Dublin. C'mere, boy!

As Dublin, their Irish setter, turns the corner, we see that he is bright green.

CLAIRE

Oh my God!

CHARLIE

I know he's an Irish setter, but this is *ridiculous*.

FADE OUT.

2

EXT. DUNCAN HOME - LATER

2

Charlie is outside with his friend, HENRY.

CHARLIE

Well, Henry?

HENRY

(beat)  
You got me.

CHARLIE

What do you mean? You sold me this  
aluminum siding five years ago.  
What happened to it?

HENRY

I sold you *white* siding.

CHARLIE

It's the *same* siding.

HENRY

What turned it purple?

CHARLIE

That's what I want you to tell me.

HENRY

*Me?*

CHARLIE

Did you sell me cheap stuff?

HENRY

Never. Nothing but the best for my  
customers.

CHARLIE

Then how. . .

A confused Henry scrapes his fingernail on the purple  
siding.

HENRY

There's no trace of white  
underneath. It's like it was  
*always* purple.

(beat)  
I don't know of a company that  
even *makes* purple siding.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

What can you do for me?

HENRY

Huh?

CHARLIE

I can't have a *purple* house! You have to fix it.

HENRY

It's not my fault. My team and I put up good-quality *white* aluminum siding. I have no idea why it's changed color, but it's nothing we did wrong.

FADE OUT.

Charlie is alone outside, when a car pulls into his driveway, and a middle-aged man in a uniform festooned with ribbons and medals steps out. This is GENERAL DAVID PETERSON. He approaches Charlie.

PETERSON

Excuse me, are you Charles Duncan?

CHARLIE

I am.

PETERSON

I'm General David Peterson. My friends call me "Pete."

CHARLIE

Pleased to meet you, Pete.

PETERSON

I said my *friends* call me that. You can call me "General."

CHARLIE

(beat)  
Of course.

PETERSON

I'm with the Department of Homeland Security. I'm here about your. . . *problem*.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

The house?

PETERSON

And the dog.

CHARLIE

You heard about my *dog*?

PETERSON

We hear about everything.

CHARLIE

Why would the DHS be concerned about this?

PETERSON

Can you explain why these things happened?

CHARLIE

Well, no, but I hardly think -

PETERSON

We can't explain it either. At the Department, when we can't explain something, our thoughts turn to terrorism. It's part of the job. We need to be naturally suspicious.

CHARLIE

Why would a terrorist want to change the colors of my house and my dog?

PETERSON

We have no way of knowing that at present. My gut reaction is that what's happened here strikes at the very *heart* of America.

CHARLIE

How?

PETERSON

What's more American than our homes and our pets?

CHARLIE

(beat)  
Apple pie?

(CONTINUED)

PETERSON

No thanks. I had a big breakfast.

CHARLIE

I wasn't off-

PETERSON

The Department has checked with local meteorological authorities. We can find no weather-related reason for your problem.

(beat)

We'll want to bring in some specialists to learn what happened. We'll expect your *complete* cooperation.

CHARLIE

Of course.

PETERSON

How's the pup?

CHARLIE

He's fine. Thanks for asking.

PETERSON

His name is Dublin?

CHARLIE

Yes, General. He's an Irish setter - a bright *green* one, but still a setter.

PETERSON

Have you tried giving him a bath? Maybe that's all it would take.

CHARLIE

My wife gave him one. No dice.

PETERSON

Still green?

CHARLIE

*Very.*

PETERSON

Then power washing the house won't do any good.

The general's cell phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

PETERSON

Excuse me.

He removes it from his pocket and answers the call.

PETERSON

Peterson here. . . Yes, Sergeant?  
. . . You *don't* say?. . . Contact  
Larabie immediately. I'll be back  
at the office in 20 minutes.

He hangs up.

CHARLIE

Is there *another* problem?

PETERSON

Indeed there is.

CHARLIE

Anything I can help with?

PETERSON

(beat)  
Are you a good American, Mr.  
Duncan?

CHARLIE

Of course.

PETERSON

You pay your taxes?

CHARLIE

Every year.

PETERSON

Do you stand and put your hand  
over your heart when the National  
Anthem is played?

CHARLIE

At every ball game.

(beat)  
What's wrong?

PETERSON

(beat)  
That was Sgt. Hunnicutt from my  
office.

(sotto voce)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

PETERSON (CONT'D)

The entire state of New Hampshire  
has turned. . . *blue*.

FADE OUT.

4 INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

4

The room is packed with reporters. The male PRESS  
SECRETARY approaches the lectern.

PRESS SECRETARY

Ladies and gentlemen, the  
President of the United States.

The assembled press corps snaps pictures as the PRESIDENT  
takes the lectern. She adjusts the mike and begins  
speaking.

PRESIDENT

Good Sunday morning, ladies and  
gentlemen. I'd like to make a  
statement before I take any  
questions: Reports are coming in  
from all over the nation about  
sudden, unexplained color changes  
happening to animals, plants,  
homes, and a variety of other  
things. Wyoming is now entirely  
orange, Rhode Island is pink, and  
Kansas has turned a lovely shade  
of magenta - really *quite*  
beautiful.

The press people react in surprise.

PRESIDENT

I want to stress that these  
changes, while odd, have *not*  
proven the least bit harmful to  
any living thing that has  
undergone such a transformation.

(beat)

These occurrences are not limited  
to our country: Great Britain is  
now largely brown, the city of  
Paris has turned a glimmering  
white, and Canada is almost  
entirely paisley.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

The Department of Homeland Security is investigating all cases in this country, and I expect to have a report from Secretary Morgan in short order.

FADE OUT.

5

INT. BOOKIE JOINT - LATER

5

LOUIE, a middle-aged man smoking a cigar, is on the phone.

LOUIE

OK, let me make sure I have your bets straight: 20 bucks that Washington, D.C., will turn blue by Tuesday morning, another 20 that L.A. will go pink by lunch tomorrow, and 50 that absolutely *nothing* will happen to New York because they won't put up with it.

(beat)

OK, you're covered.

He hangs up the phone.

LOUIE

(chuckles)

I don't know why all this is happening, but I'm gonna make a *mint*. This is bigger than the Super Bowl!

FADE OUT.

6

EXT. SHADY BROOKS FARM - LATER

6

BART LAWSON, a local TV reporter, stands by ZEB BROWN, the elderly farm owner. Behind them, we see some silver cows munching on red grass.

LAWSON

This is Bart Lawson for News 4 reporting from Shady Brooks, the local dairy farm of Mr. Zebediah Brown.

(beat)

Good afternoon, sir.

(CONTINUED)

BROWN

Afternoon.

LAWSON

I was curious, Mr. Brown, if the recent changes here have affected your business.

BROWN

What changes would those be?

LAWSON

The *color* changes.

BROWN

No, not really. My cows still give the best white milk in the county.

LAWSON

Even with eating *red* grass?

BROWN

Yup. If any of you is *at all* concerned, you just come on down to Shady Brooks, and I'll *personally* give you a free glass of the best milk your money can buy - whole, skim, or two percent.

FADE OUT.

Astronaut MITCHELL stands amid the flashing lights and beeping computers, looking out an observation window at the spinning Earth below him. The globe now looks like a crazy quilt, with various patches of color everywhere.

MITCHELL

Mission Control, this is Mitchell aboard the international space station. Our instruments show that 82% of the Earth has now changed color.

(beat)

I'm at a loss to. . .

FADE OUT.

8

INT. AN ALIEN HOME - LATER

8

The home and aliens should look different, but not bizarrely so.

An alien boy sits looking at a hologram of a planet spinning before him. It is the newly colorful Earth.

The boy's father walks into his son's room. The boy looks up. DAD and SON talk.

SON

Hello, Father. How was work?

DAD

Same as always.

(beat)

You're playing with *that* world again?

SON

Yes.

DAD

I haven't seen *that* one in thousands of years.

SON

Me neither. Mother found its data cartridge when she was cleaning up the other day.

DAD

Why are you bothering with that old planet again? You have so many *new* ones you can design.

SON

I know, but, now that I see it again, I feel bad.

DAD

What do you mean?

SON

Remember the way it *was*: blue sky, green grass, white clouds? *Boring!* It was one of my first efforts back when I was little, and I used some pretty drab colors. Now that I'm older, I'm sure I can make it look *much* nicer.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

It looks better already. I like  
the *orange* seas.

SON

Thanks. Just wait until it's done!

DAD

Be careful. The beings on that  
world have been a problem since  
day one - *so* much bickering.

SON

That was my fault, but I know how  
to fix it now.

DAD

You do?

SON

The problem is that I made all the  
people different colors: white,  
black, brown, yellow, red. That  
gave *some* of them the idea they  
were better than others.

DAD

How are you going to fix that?

SON

Make them all the same color! That  
should do it.

DAD

*Good* idea.  
(beat)  
What color?

SON

I'm leaning towards. . . *gray*.  
What do you think?

FADE TO BLACK.