

Willy T.- No Snow Draft

by Rus Robert Blemker

The No Snow Draft - final draft 11/26/01

A bright late fall afternoon in Lincoln Park, the trees, the leaves, the fall breezes. President Lincoln resides in stony form. A YOUNG BOY reaches and picks up a fine brown oak leaf. He examines the leaf through his large specs before pressing it into a sample book. In the background a mound of leaves erupts as WILLY T. emerges from underneath. He is a dirty, leather-skinned homeless man of forty. The boy falls back in shock. Willy T. shakes the leaves from his body and upon seeing the boy crawls his way. The boy jumps up in fright and runs off into the park.

We see the boy examine another leaf as Willy T. ambles across the background. Willy T. notices something in the bushes and dives into them. He comically rolls out of the foliage causing the boy to laugh. In Willy T.'s hands is a large bouquet of deep red leaves. He presses his nose into the bouquet and sucks in its aroma. He gestures with the bouquet towards the boy causing him to flee again.

Willy T. is at a grove of small trees digging in to the earth. He then picks up various leaves and examines them. Some disgust him and he throws them away. Others bring him great joy and he carefully places them on the ground. TWO CHICAGO POLICE OFFICERS appear behind Willy T. and silently watch him. They have seen enough and grab him by the arms.

The boy is looking at his book as Willy T. is dragged across the park. Willy T. sees the boy and gestures towards the way they came. The boy looks at the grove of trees - it is dark and mysterious. He cautiously travels towards the grove. The branches part and a world of wonder appears. Hundreds of discarded pieces of cloth have been tied to the branches. Various size leaf balls dangle from above. The boy smiles. At the center of the space is an array of different color leaves spiraling around a neatly crafted hole in the earth. The boy is in awe. The leaves are arranged by shades and the arrangement has a cosmic quality about it.

Willy T. smiles as he is dragged across the park.

We spin and enter the darkness of the hole. Fade to black.

Willy T.- Snow Draft
by Rus Robert Blemker
second draft, 1.09.01

Lincoln Park is covered in a deep beautiful fresh snowfall. A distant snow mound erupts as WILLY T. sits up from under the mound. Willy T., waking from a deep sleep, pushes snow covered garage bags and clothes off his body. A soiled, bearded, leather-skinned man of fifty, Willy T. spews large amounts of steam from his mouth.

Dirty and thinly dressed, Willy T. stumbles down one of the park's paths. He frantically rubs his body. He spots an average YOUNG COUPLE in thick designer sweaters walking his way and quickly ascends on them. His approach appears violent, but Willy T.'s confused face and broken body language show it is the manifestation of desperate survival. The MAN grabs his WOMAN and pushes Willy T. away.

Willy T. is against a cold stonewall shivering violently. The steam flows from his mouth. His face shakes as saliva cascades down his bottom lip to join the ice in his beard. His eyes close.

The view spins around and around as we look into a blinding winter sun through the bare park trees. The view eventually comes down to the ground and rests on a SMALL BOY running through an open snow covered field. The boy is from another era - he wears a navy wool sailor's coat and woolen tweed brimmed hat. Knitted mittens dangle by thin pieces of yarn from the boy's coat as he hops through the snow in small black rubber boots. He is as happy as a clam.

Willy T. is against the same stonewall as before, but he no longer shivers. A large smile stretches across his face as the steam continues to bellow from his mouth. Opening his eyes, he jumps to his feet with some mysterious jolt of energy and runs out across the park.

Willy T. is busily packing snowballs with his bare hands in a small grove of trees. He stops to excitedly hurl three snowballs at an out-of-view target. After the last volley, he jumps behind a tree and laughs wildly. Peeking around the tree, he wildly taunts the distant enemy with a combination of funny faces and childlike hand gestures.

The stoic statue of Abraham Lincoln sits in the snow-covered park with his name. Three nicely packed snowballs fly towards him and two make contact. President Lincoln does not retaliate.

Willy T. runs into an undisturbed snowfall and throws his tread bare body into the snow. He proceeds to make a snow angel by waving his arms and legs back and forth. He arises from his creation caked in snow. Ignoring the snow and wetness on his body, he smiles and dives into the snow again.

Willy T. runs into another snowfield dragging a large garbage bag. He opens it and frantically throws cloths and cans about as he searches for something. He finds three mangled Kool Aid containers. Willy T. rips open the containers, takes handfuls of Kool Aid and begins to throw them about. He works feverishly, unblinkingly during this task. Soon, his actions bring another wide smile to his face.

From above we see Willy T. running deeper into the park. Below is a beautiful ten-foot by twelve-foot depiction of a snow dove created by throwing Kool Aid on the virgin white snow. The powder creates the frame and background allowing the beautiful snow to create the dove's silhouette.

Willy T. runs across a deep field of snow. As he stops to catch his breath, he notices that the steam no longer erupts from his mouth. Willy T. takes a deep breath and then blows it out, but no steam makes an appearance. Death grabs hold of his smile. His legs wobble as he tries to walk through huge amounts of snow. He eagerly looks at the beautiful Chicago skyline that seems miles away.

In the foreground we see the statue of Lincoln. In the middle of the scene are a few snow angels with the Kool Aid snow dove beyond. In the distance, stands a wobbly Willy. T. He falls over face first into the snow.

Fade to black.