

D. R. Archila

The Starving Artist's Dog Screenplay

Written By

D. R. Archila

Special Thanks to my West Highland Terrier, Frosty

D. R. Archila

Copyright (C) D. R. Archila 1st Draft - 12/16/2014
Twinkies (C) Hostess

(407) 259-1981
drarchila@gmail.com

D. R. Archila

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

A busy day in the streets doesn't stop BRIAN (20) as he waits for the bus, voraciously EATING a breakfast sandwich.

The Bus's horn SOUNDS off-screen. Brian finishes his trash and lobs the wrapper at the trash like a point guard.

Barely misses, though he winces. An OLD LADY (64), however, is kind enough to stoop over and toss it in. Smiles.

HONK!

Brian looks to his side; the BUS DRIVER is tapping his watch, expectant to get a move on. So Brian scrambles in.

The Old Lady tries to reach for Brian's "goodbye-ing" hand, but the concept isn't grasped. Still she moves as fast (extremely slow) as possible for the door, but misses the bus.

Lucky for her, she falls to the muddy curb *on time*.

INT. CITY BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Slightly congested with PASSENGERS, the Bus's back seat is occupied by our Russian pal, as he looks on (rather bored) at the passing scenery.

He's about to fall asleep out of this drudgery when suddenly, his eyes flicker light.

Its at a crossroads that Brian discovers a calling: Sculpture.

The town museum, Art Deco walls and Gothic rooftops, is laden with banners: "12th Annual Art Contest."

Brian grins a wider grin than most, as in his mind, we see images of a YOUNGER BRIAN (12) playing with Clay and making a huge dog treat sculptures for his pup, YIPPY.

Even if the nose falls off, his dog still picks up the piece and carefully places it back on his döppelganger.

A warm embrace of owner and canine POPS the thought bubble.

Brian, newly-determined, pulls up his jeans and SMASHES his feet through the floor, startling passengers.

EXT. STREETLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The bus, still at the red light, rises several feet. Brian's feet stretch at the joints and hightails it out of there, in spite of the BEEPING traffic.

INT. FRONT DOOR, BRIAN'S HOUSE - NOON

Yippy, small, more mature but still golden, sleeps soundly on the rug, with his squeaky strawberry softly COOING.

The Corgi is even dormant while the World around him lifts in a HARRUMPH. Footsteps FALL in short, quick taps before:

KNOCK-KNOCK.

Yippy, as alert as his raspberry eyes indicate, perks only his ear up. A pleasant WHISTLE affirms his anticipation, as he jumps for the doorknob.

Letting his great ol' Master in, Yippy BARKS happily. Brian pets his furry buddy and hustles to:

INT. STUDY, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, Brian FLICKS on a lamp. He shoves a mess of college papers out of the way, as Yippy drops a calendar in place.

Brian gives Yippy a treat, then pulls back his sleeves. Nothing in the right... Nor the left. A wave of the fingers, and a RAP-A-TAP SNAP produces a marker out of nowhere!

Yippy rolls on his back on the floor and claps his paws.

Brian grins as he circles the twelfth of May. In each of the days 'till then, he writes a letter of "Make it now!"

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Posting the Calendar on the wall, Brian stands back in admiration. Yippy likes the commitment too. Brian motions Yippy to the door as they run out to adventure!

INT. HARDWARE STORE - AFTERNOON

Two HARDWARE MEN look at a 2x4 when Brian and Yippy run in.

The Hardware Men wonder what's the big rush with wood at this time as Brian and Yippy exit just as soon with a dozen wooden planks.

But no worries; Yippy tosses dollar bills as payment suffice.

INT. ARTS AND CRAFT STORE - LATER

These beats repeat as ARTS AND CRAFTS WOMEN look on in surprise at the clay mountain Brian's carrying.

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

Even the PET STORE EMPLOYEES are confuddled at the crazy amount of dog treats being paid for. With cash and cat... fur.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian and Yippy tiptoe around the "crime scene" of the Bus Driver jib-jabbering to a SNOOZING COP, who is apparently fond of sunglasses at night.

INT. FRONT DOOR, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yippy nudges a pillow out of the clay as he snuggles with his chewtoy.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brian DRAWS in a deep breath as he "Xes" out the "M" on the calendar. Brian CLAPS the lights out.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY, BRIAN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

With no time to waste, Brian sits at his desk, hard at work. Of drawing that is. Looking at his finished sketch of an apple, he seems really impressed. He passes it to Yippy who:

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Runs over to the mountain of clay, now centered, and places the blueprint on a podium. Brian exits the Study, in a Michaelangelo get-up and frames his fingers around the clay.

Brian CRACKS his knuckles and gets to work. Yippy tries to look around the flurry, but Brian moves too fast.

TEXT: "10 Minutes Later."

Yippy is fast asleep when Brian WHISTLES and Yippy looks up in grand anticipation.

Which quickly dissipates when what Brian has to showcase is actually just a lopsided donut.

Yippy walks around surveying the structural intergrity. When Yippy deems it "alright" after much sniffing, he sits, still quizzical.

Brian smiles and as he does the lopsided donut FALLS, with Yippy in the middle of the hole.

Brian's shocked as he scoops the clay back into the middle.

How did this fall? Scratching his head, Brian also recieves a RUMBLING in his stomach.

INT. KITCHEN, BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Out of the toaster, Brian serves himself a delicious Twinkie®. Yippy watches with apprehension as Brian slowly lifts the treat into his mouth.

Just as the pastry is about to reach his mouth, Yippy WOOFs at Brian to finish the sculpture already.

But Brian follows suit, only after--behind Yippy's tail, he SWALLOWS the Twinkie whole!

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brian tries, tries again. But everytime he makes a sculpture of something he draws feverishly, it falls to a pulp.

INT. KITCHEN, BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER

And each time he fails, Brian, much to the contempt of Yippy, SNAGS two times the Twinkies® than previously.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

This cycle goes on for many suns and many moons. The days of the calendar float by as Brian reaches the final three or so.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We scope past blobs of misused clay, scrunpled up design sketches and finally Brian. He robotically gorges himself with more and more Twinkies®, getting quite out of shape,

Yippy YIPS in the scene, nearly skidding on the floor and begs Brian to play with him and his squeaky strawberry!

With a grateful but sad smile, Brian lifts himself up, following Yippy outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - SUNSET

The Squeaky Strawberry FLIES through the air as Yippy runs after it. Yippy ruffles it around before bringing it back to a deflated Brian. He blinks his eyes blankly.

Nonetheless, the chewtoy flies through once again. Yippy starts to run for it, but looks back. Brian SIGHS with a heavy heart.

Yippy walks back and sits next to Brian. Yippy nudges Brian. Brian is unresponsive. At a loss of what to do, Yippy suddenly finds an idea. He runs into the house.

Brian bleakly stares at the sundown.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yippy finishes drawing something on a piece of paper and kisses it like a masterpiece. As Yippy runs out, taking the sketch in his mouth, we see the calendar on it's last day.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Yippy runs back out, and PANTS, tail-waggy and everything, as Brian takes the sketch into his hands.

Looking at it, Brian doesn't know what to think. Yippy keeps trying to edge himself on the four sides of the sketch while Brian holds a cold hard look.

After a bit, Brian tucks the sketch in his shirt pocket and carries Yippy over to:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian tucks Yippy in his bed, carefully, with his strawberry. Brian shuts the door on concerned old Yippy as he is left to rest in the darkness.

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Creeping in his bed, Brian stares at the ceiling. Questioning his existence as well as his talent. His eyes fall slowly, slowly asleep.

We get up real close to the digital clock. It reads "8:31 PM." A time lapse makes it go to "1:22 AM."

At this minute, Brian lifts out and sleepwalks into:

INT. KITCHEN, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Still asleep, he feels through the kitchen. Seaching... Searching...

For Twinkies®! As indicated by the empty box he licks passionately.

Once he reaches the end of the box, Brian blinks open bloodshot eyes.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Yippy is turned SNOOZING. At least until his ear perks at--

BRIAN
(screaming)
AAAUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHH!

Yippy tilts his head in concern as he presses his ear against the wall. Sounds of plates, cups and carton CRASHING makes him curious. Prompting him to jump and open the door.

INT. KITCHEN, BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Slowly and carefully, Yippy walks out to the kitchen, startled at the hideous shadow emitted from Brian's stove light.

We see Brian larger and scarier than before. He turns and GROWLS at Yippy as he's cooking some mumbo-jumbo in a pot.

Yippy is undeterred by this, spins around and pulls out his squeaky strawberry in delight.

Brian drinks the bowl of water whole. It's hot! He fumes and blows out fireballs! Frantically looking for some cooling material, he sees the strawberry.

Yippy's elated face quickly turns to fear, as he jumps out of the way. Brian demolishes the strawberry to fluffs and pieces.

Brian hears a WHIMPERING and stops. Yippy is ears-down as he notes his destroyed toy. Brian retreats, surprised as Yippy rests his sad head on the not-so-squeaky strawberry.

Yippy WHIMPERS more and starts to SNEEZE.

In the wake of his monstrous behavior, Brian snaps out of it, and offers Yippy the folded paper in his shirt pocket. However, he notices a pencil scratch on it and opens it up.

Its the design sketch Yippy gave Brian earlier! Of course! Brian looks around, looks at himself, and looks at Yippy.

Feelings of embarrassment, concern, compassion and eagerness to improve all wash over Brian's face in one stroke.

Brian takes the squeaky strawberry again, making Yippy more saddened. Yippy tries to reach for it, but gives up and walks, tail in between his legs for the exit.

Before he can round the corner, Yippy's ears catch a WHISTLE. Yippy darts his head and YELPS in joy.

Brian holds his squeaky strawberry, restored thanks to duct tape! Huzzah!

Yippy runs up and grabs it, but when Brian gets near to pet Yippy, Yippy GROWLS and nearly bites his finger off.

(CONTINUED)

Being given the cold shoulder, Brian starts to cry tears. At the sound of TEAR DROPS, Yippy slants his face and walks up cautiously to Brian.

Yippy puts a caring paw on Brian. Brian's expression freezes, although still sad, but is wiped clean off into gratitude as Yippy licks off the tears.

Brian lifts, spins and hugs his furry friend tight. Yippy YIPS happily, takes out the sketch and exchanges with Brian a look of determination as they set out to work in the:

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They scramble across the mountain of clay, occasionally referring to the sketch before returning to the cartoonish whirlwind of productivity.

We pan to the window and calendar next to it. Sunrising the next morning.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Brian and Yippy are tired but done. Yippy hears an alarm.

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian's alarm clock is buzzing at "11:01 AM."

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Yippy looks at the Calendar. "Deadline: Noon O'Clock!"

Yippy's hair raises on its ends and awakes Brian to the sight. He jumps, throws a blanket over the piece of art and helps Yippy get the sculpture out to:

INT. GARAGE, BRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

They load the covered submission into a red 1996 Corvette. Sitting in, Yippy and Brian share a confused look.

YIPPY
(in one dog yip)
Why didn't we just use the car this
whole time?

They shrug. Brian puts the key in the slot and REVS the engine.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Outside, KIDS play in a park "In Loving Memory of the Best Bus 'Bessie'" when Brian and Yippy SMASH through the garage and annihilate the playground (without hurting any kids.)

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian veers in, out and all about the spaces between cars.

INT. CAR - DAY

While Brian drives like a madman, Yippy peers his tongue outside and adjusts the side mirrors. But upon the lights of red and blue, Yippy is startled and shows Brian.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The COPS are on their tail!

INT. CAR - DAY

Brian one-handedly, straps Yippy in his seat-belt.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Then he pulls off some stunt-like driving skills and tries his best to lose the cop car. But still they pursue!

INT. CAR - DAY

Yippy turns Brian's worried face ahead and makes it worse.

A traffic jam of doom lays dead ahead before the tunnel.

Brian, judging between the cops, the jelly and the time on his watch:

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Swerves a maneuver to the wall of the tunnel and gains enough traction to go all the way around.

Unfortunately, they end up on the opposite lane and end up with a road rush of "near-misses" and "close-calls."

INT. CAR - DAY

Brian and Yippy are scanning the road feverishly when finally Brian points ahead at an exit. Yippy winks at Brian and gets on:

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Yippy claws on the roof and BAYS at all the cars speeding by. They evade the power of his bay (or maybe just the fact there's a car driving in the wrong way) as Brian finally:

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Makes the exit! Yippy whirls through the window just in time.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Brian's car zips by the same bus stop where the Old Lady still is, SIGHING in exhaustion.

A SCREECHING BREAK and they return.

Brian flips over the Old Lady, puts two cucumber slices on her face. Yippy pulls them off and they speed off.

A PEDESTRIAN OLD MAN walks at turtle-speed, when he noticed the Old Lady. Or new lady rather, considering that the Pedestrian Old Man WOLF-WHISTLED at the modeling smokeshow!

INT. CAR - DAY

Yippy and Brian HI-FIVE. But upon doing so, Brian sees the time on his watch: "11:55 AM." He SHRIEKS at this, distracted, causing Yippy to zigzag the car:

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Through a four-way intersection:

EXT. GUARD BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Past the SLEEPING BEAUTY of a guard-slash-through the safety bar:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

And right near an open parking space...

But instead, right through the wall of the:

INT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

The CRASH startles the JUDGES, SPECTATORS and other CONTESTANTS.

Yippy and Brian cautiously step out of the car, CHUCKLING nervously, but nonetheless, unveil the sculpture of...

Yippy and Brian drawing each other with the faces of Robert Downey Jr. and Chris Evans, respectively.

SPECTATORS

(walla)

Oooh!

The judges consider this, head-to-toe, congregate, occasionally glancing, and agree in unison.

They place a big 1st place ribbon on the sculpture and the spectators raise them up to surf on the crowd. The judges give them the key to the Twinkies® motherload.

But Brian denies it and advises the judges to send the grand prize to their charity of choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN DIABETES ASSOCIATION HQ - CONTINUOUS

Like I said, the Twinkie® motherload just drops like an avalanche on those high-blood pressured souls.

INT. MUSEUM - LATER

Yippy gives Brian a big LICK. Brian LICKS him right back.

LAUGHTER.

CIRCLE OUT.

END.