

Accidental Art

by
Peter John Ross

Sonnyboo Productions
520 Enterprise Drive
Suite C
Lewis Center, Ohio 43035 USA
818-396-6758

EXT. ARTIE & BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

White suburban house sits on the street with all the other cookie cutter homes. This one has a repair truck out front and a ladder to the roof. On the front porch are a pair of work boots and a tool belt.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Camera wipes from an out of focus pitcher of lemonade to JACK, repairman in wife-beater and jeans, as he sips the lemonade. BECCA, white sleeveless button shirt and jean cutoffs, drops a towel in the kitchen and Jack eyes her as she bends over to pick it up.

JACK
Thanks for the drink.

BECCA
It looked like it was really hot on
the roof. You needed a ... break.

Becca starts to put frosting on a cake.

JACK
Nice cake.

BECCA
It's my birthday.

JACK
Happy birthday.

BECCA
Artie didn't even remember my
birthday.

JACK
Where's your husband right now?

BECCA
He's at work. He got up, went to
work. Just like any other day.

JACK
I remembered. I got you this.

He hands her a small package, wrapped poorly. It's a paint brush, as in painting a room paint brush.

BECCA
Jack, this is really ...thoughtful.

JACK

You said you were having trouble trying to paint. SO I got you a brush.

BECCA

I did. Uh, I paint with a different kind of... thanks, Jack. It's great.

JACK

Do you have any of your paintings around?

BECCA

I do. It's upstairs. I can show you, if you want.

There's a pause, before she takes the glass from his hand and they both go upstairs.

JACK

Last time we never made it upstairs.

EXT. ARTIE & BECCA'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up in the driveway and a man, ARTIE, wearing a light blue shirt with tie and khaki pants, exits his car with a bouquet of flowers in his hands. He pauses at the ladder and seeing the tools on the porch. He enters the front door.

INT. ART ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

This is a bed room that has been converted to an art room, where there are several blank canvases, busts of sculptures, and less than half finished sketches.

PAN UP of clothes on the floor, the clothes formerly on Becca and Jack.

Jack and Becca are sprawled out on the floor with on part of a paint drop cloth covering his lower torso.

BECCA

That was...

JACK

I know.

BECCA

I need to try something.

Becca gets up, dragging a drop cloth with her, goes to the closet. The door obscures her from view.

JACK
Have you seen my belt?

BECCA
Aren't they still on your pants?

JACK
Oh yeah. Hey, I don't have to be at the next job until 5:00 PM. Do you want to take another ride on the J-train if you know what I mean?

BECCA (O.S.)
Yes. I know what you mean. You're insatiable.

JACK
No I'm not! I got tested for that.

BECCA
That's not what I meant.

JACK
(to Becca)
Hey Ms. Rogers?

BECCA (O.S.)
Yeah?

JACK
What does your husband look like?

BECCA
He's bout five foot ten, black hair and brown eyes. Kind of a watermelon head.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Why do you want to know about Artie?

JACK
I just wanted to know if he was standing in front of me.

Becca comes out of the closet. Artie is standing at the door holding flowers in his hand.

ARTIE
Happy Birthday.
(Beat)

Artie turns and leaves, dropping the flowers to the floor.

BECCA

Oh no.

Becca begins to put her clothes on. Jack stands, wrapping the sheet around his waist.

JACK

So was that your husband?

BECCA

No no no no.

JACK

It wasn't?

BECCA

Of course it was.

JACK

But you said...

Artie enters with a pistol in his hand.

BECCA

Oh God!

JACK

Hey there mister.

ARTIE

How could you do this to me?

BECCA

Artie! What are you doing?

ARTIE

I can't believe this! After all
I've done for you.

BECCA

What did you expect? This isn't a
marriage! You're never here. You're
always working. You're never here
for me.

ARTIE

Why do you think that is, huh? You
wanted to quit your job so you
could do your art full time. You
haven't painted anything in 10
months since you quit.

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what the worst part about all this is?

JACK

What?

Beat, as both Artie and Becca look at Jack for a moment. Then they continue. Jack continues to stand there, non active.

ARTIE

I'm paying him for this!

BECCA

Don't play the victim to me. You love that job.

ARTIE

I hate my job. We have a mortgage, two car payments. I do it because someone had to pay the bills! I was doing anything to make you happy and keep us afloat so you could at least try, really try to paint.

BECCA

Really?

ARTIE

Yes. I do it all for you. I love you.

BECCA

Oh, Artie.

Becca moves to Artie, and Artie drops the gun as they embrace.

Jack appreciates the moment and

JACK

Ah, you guys...

CLOSE UP of the Gun hitting the floor and going off.

CLOSE UP of Jack's head getting a bullet hole in his forehead.

CLOSE UP of canvas getting sprayed with red blood.

OPENING CREDITS - ANIMATED WITH THEME OF SPRAYING BLOOD AND PAINTING/CANVAS