

Starving Art

By

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FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACQUES, 20, hunches over a drawing table. The lights are off except one lamp directed towards the drawing board.

He sits in an apartment, turned into an artist's studio. The only furniture in the room is a small desk in the corner. There are linen lines hanging from wall to wall across the room. On the linen lines, drawings and unfinished paintings hang from clothespins.

Jacques holds a pencil, staring at a semi-drawn face of a woman. He adds a line, then erases it. His head bobs up and down as he fights the urge to sleep. His head finally rest on the table as he begins to fall asleep.

Jacques abruptly lifts his head, startled he fell asleep. He hunches back over his drawing.

A door begins to creak open, emitting a bright light. Jacques turns toward the door, gets up from the desk, and walks towards the door. He approaches the door, opens it, and walks through it.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sun shines brightly in the sky. There is joyous orchestra music playing somewhere in the distance. Everything in the park is vivid in color and warmth.

Jacques stands in the middle of the park squinting with confusion. He looks around and sees all the beautiful colors. He grins and begins to walk through the park.

There are framed paintings on the walls of buildings. The paintings are filled with singular solid colors. One green, another blue, and so forth.

Jacques stops at a row of paintings. He admires them as he grins. He reaches his hand out towards the painting. When he touches them, they begin to turn gray from the point his finger touched. The joyous music becomes somber and depressing.

Jacques backs up from the paintings in confusion and bumps into a tree. The tree begins to turn gray as well. Jacques looks around the park and suddenly everything begins to turn gray.

Jacques runs through the park trying to get away so the colors will reappear. He finds a door to a building where a bright light is emitting from the cracks. He runs towards it, opens it, and rushes through it.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Jacques is falling from mid-air, slightly above a body of water.

Jacques hits the water, sinking. He struggles to reach the surface, because his clothing weighs him down. He wrestles with the water, maniacally tossing his arms and legs. He is drowning. He see's a bright light emitting from the top of the water's surface. He explodes through the surface taking a deep breath.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jacques takes a deep breath after being submerged underwater. He looks around and finds himself in a small bathtub. The tiles that align the floor are worn and crumbling. There are drawings with black slashes covering the walls of the bathroom.

Jacques sits up in the bathtub, touching his dry shirt with both hands. He quickly places his hands on his hair which is dry as well. The only indication of him drowning is his panting breath.

The bathtub is filled with drawings. Jacques picks up a drawing and sees that it is signed "Jacques" with year 2055 below the signature. He shuffles around the drawings in the tub picking them up, then tossing them to the side. They all either have black "X's" across them or a singular black slash, with years ranging from 1999 to 2070 under the signatures.

Jacques gets out of the tub and looks at the drawings on the walls. He walks closer to the drawings until his face is uncomfortably close to the paper. He sees the signature, "Jacques", and the year 1999.

He grabs one drawing off the wall and begins to tear it up. He rushes to others on the wall and grabs multiple drawings and begins tearing them up. He turns, facing a cracked, dusty mirror with a drawing taped to it. The drawing has the year 2070 under the signature. He tears off the drawing, looks into the mirror, and stops everything.

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He stares in the mirror, seeing a reflection of himself as an older man. The door to the bathroom slowly creaks open, and a bright light emits from it.

Jacques walks towards the door and goes through it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

There is a blinding white light. Jacques blinks rapidly trying to clear his eyes of the brightness.

He is standing in the middle of a field. The only thing that can be heard is the wind. He looks around his surroundings and glances towards the distance. He sees another person in the distance.

He walks towards the person. The person walks towards him.

As Jacques gets closer, he realizes it is a WOMAN. The woman is young, about 20, and beautiful. Her skin is fair and looks soft to the touch.

They approach each other, then stop. They're staring, examining one another. The woman cracks a grin and flirtatiously starts walking towards Jacques. She becomes face to face with him.

Jacques stares with fascination at her face, reminiscent of a spell. He is entranced with how beautiful she is; not only physically, but spiritually as well. She reaches her hand out and caress's his cheek. She grins at him. Closing her eyes, she kisses him.

Jacques, surprised, takes a step back. The woman smiles at him and beckons him to come to her. She starts to lift her shirt over her head.

Jacques is in a trance, staring. The shirt rises to the lower curve of her breast.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jacques raises his head off the drawing table. He is back in his studio apartment in the dark. Nothing inside his studio has changed.

He glances down at the drawing he was working on and notices that the face he is drawing is the face of the beautiful woman. Only now, paint has spilt on the upper left-hand corner of the drawing, and black ink has spilt on the upper right-hand corner.

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Jacques swiftly signs his name on the bottom right-hand corner, followed by the year 2015. He picks up the drawing, wipes the paint and ink, gets up from his desk, and hangs the drawing on the linen line.

He pulls out another drawing paper and places it on his desk. He hunches over the paper and begins to make marks.

FIN.

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