

THE DRAWING OF DESTINY

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INT. OFFICE - DYLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

WORDS OVER: OCTOBER 4, 2021

The plastered white wall behind the barely-working drafting table lamp is lined with all sorts of fictitious drawings, from dragons, robots, and even a mouse with a cowboy hat.

A large trophy cabinet rests beside the drafting table. It is filled with golden trophies and medals, all bestowing great acclaim to a certain comic artist's endeavors.

DYLAN (28), pens and pencils sticking out of his ever-spiraling hair, sits on his rolling, cushioned chair, sketching away at his latest creation on his drafting table. He takes a sip of his warm Diet Coke.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DYLAN'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Dylan puts his colored pencil back in his hair and grabs the page he was sketching on. It is labeled STICKMAN JOE (22). The character is wearing a neon green tee-shirt, ragged white pants, and two scrunchy wristbands, each with a jewel in the center. He's hollering "I'll save your day!" in a speech bubble. Stickman Joe just hopped out of a busted up cardboard box.

Dylan hears a THUD just outside his house, then a knock at his front door. He gets up to answer it.

INT. FOYER - DYLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dylan opens the door, revealing a waving and smiling Stickman Joe, dawning large, innocent eyes, a bunch of mail in his hand, and the exact same outfit that Dylan just sketched.

After a piercing SCREAM, Dylan slams the door, locks it, and runs to...

INT. KITCHEN - DYLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dylan slips but catches himself on the water dispenser. He fills a cup with water and splashes his own face with it.

After shaking his head, he runs back to the front door.

INT. FOYER - DYLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dylan opens the door again, and Stickman Joe is still there.

DYLAN

(out of breath)

Who are you, and how did you spy on my drawing just now?

STICKMAN JOE

Why, I'm Stickman Joe, and I'll save your day! Golly gee, it looks like the mail spilled out of your mailbox. Here you go, mister.

Dylan yanks the mail from Stickman Joe.

DYLAN

Cut the looney act. There's no way you're real, "Stickman Joe." I commend you for your creative approach in stalking me, but I get fans at my doorstep all the time. No, I don't know when my next comic is coming out. So scram!

STICKMAN JOE

Are you sure your day doesn't need more saving? It sure does sound like it.

Dylan sighs. He puts his hands on his hips.

DYLAN

If you're really Stickman Joe, then you won't mind if I ask you a couple things?

STICKMAN JOE

Why, of course! Fire away.

DYLAN

What's your favorite food?

STICKMAN JOE

Burgers, just like the ones pappy made every Sunday.

Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Where do you work?

STICKMAN JOE
Fine Dining's Fine Silverware
Company, on the corner of Trickle
Avenue and Bombard Street.

DYLAN
Favorite holiday?

STICKMAN JOE
Halloween.

Dylan raises his eyebrow.

DYLAN
Favorite Soda?

STICKMAN JOE
Root beer.

DYLAN
And love interest?

STICKMAN JOE
Wait, what?

DYLAN
Ha, sike! You don't really have
one.

STICKMAN JOE
Wait a dang minute... how do you
know that?

DYLAN
What do you mean? I crea --

Dylan spots something behind Stickman Joe. There is a BUSTED
UP CARDBOARD BOX on his lawn.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Wait... did you come out of that
box?

STICKMAN JOE
I sure did! It fell out of the sky
just now.

DYLAN
No way... that's your origin story!

STICKMAN JOE
My what?

DYLAN

(realizing what this
means)

Holy God! You might actually be
real. Do you wanna hang out with
me?

STICKMAN JOE

Golly gee! Do I!

JUMPY MUSIC BEGINS

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Stickman Joe and Dylan play war on a table. Stickman Joe
wins.

- Stickman Joe and Dylan play Mario Kart. Stickman Joe wins
in that as well.

- Stickman Joe and Dylan walk down a street. They're munching
on burgers with one hand and drinking sodas with the other.
Dylan gulps down his Diet Coke, while Stickman Joe gulps down
his root beer. Both burp.

END MONTAGE

Dylan takes a look at his watch.

JUMPY MUSIC ABRUPTLY STOPS

DYLAN

Uh oh! My deadline's coming up. I
can't miss that.

Dylan dashes away. Stickman Joe follows.

INT. OFFICE - DYLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stickman Joe opens the door.

STICKMAN JOE POV: Dylan is hard at work at his drafting
table.

Stickman Joe tiptoes in and quietly closes the door. Looking
back at Dylan's wall of drawings, he freezes.

He spots one of himself, largely dated September 10, 2021.

He shuffles to the drafting table and hovers over the
drawings Dylan is working on. They depict the first Stickman
Joe comic.

One of the panels has a woman tied to a chair, while Stickman Joe is playing video games against a purple monster. Stickman Joe is yelling, "Don't worry, miss! I'll save your day." This is dated September 16, 2021.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Cut the looney act...

Another panel has Stickman Joe knocking on another person's door with a bunch of mail in his hand. This is dated September 13, 2021.

DYLAN (V.O.)
No, I don't know when my next comic
is coming out...

Another panel has Stickman Joe eating a burger on the streets, while he still has his work cap on. This is dated September 18, 2021.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Favorite food?

STICKMAN JOE (V.O.)
Burgers, just like the ones pappy
made every Sunday.

The last panel Stickman Joe glances at is the same drawing that Dylan finished earlier today: the one with the cardboard box.

SMASH TO BLACK.

DYLAN (V.O.)
There's no way you're real,
"Stickman Joe."

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - DYLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stickman Joe stumbles back. Dylan finally notices him.

STICKMAN JOE
Golly gee... what is this?

DYLAN
No, Joe. This isn't what you think
it is --

STICKMAN JOE

(teary-eyed)

Well, I think it's exactly what I
think it is!

Stickman Joe storms off. Dylan chases him.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

The wind howls against a shivering Stickman Joe. He's sobbing
into his knees.

Dylan finally catches up.

Unsure of what to say or do, Dylan just stands in front of
his creation-brought-to-life.

STICKMAN JOE

Why?

DYLAN

Why... what?

STICKMAN JOE

Why didn't you say anything sooner?

DYLAN

What could I have said? "Hey, you
don't really exist?" I mean,
clearly you do! You're here right
in front of me.

STICKMAN JOE

(screaming)

But that doesn't change the fact
that I was born from the pencils in
your hair, does it?

Dylan, shook to silence, feels the pencils in his hair.

BEAT

DYLAN

You're right.

Stickman Joe looks up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean I don't know
what it feels like.

Dylan grasps a colored pencil in his hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What my destiny could be... knowing
that someone out there was writing
it for me... everyone real goes
through that.

Stickman Joe tilts his head.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And what's worse... most people
never get to meet that person. The
one truly behind the wheel of life.

Dylan extends the pencil to Stickman Joe, staring in awe.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

...But that doesn't mean you can't.
So, what do you say? Do you want to
write your own story?

Wordlessly, Stickman Joe's hand shakes toward the pencil.

He GRABS it.

CUT TO BLACK.