

BRUSH STROKE LOVE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is as it was when he was only ten years old, but now twenty one, he has changed nothing.

IAN (21) sits on the floor of his bedroom, dirty and clean clothes scattered about equally. Dressed only in his underpants he eats out of a bag of crisps and drinks an extra large can of energy drink whilst playing on his games console, a headset on and talking trash against whomever he's playing against.

There's a gentle knock on his door. BARNABY, (44) lets himself in. Dressed smartly in a shirt and tie he looks in at Ian. Speaking softly.

BARNABY

I need you to come downstairs for a minute.

IAN

Is dinner ready?

BARNABY

It's not dinner.

IAN

But you are making dinner?

BARNABY

Yes.

IAN

Then why can't I just come down when dinner is ready?

Barnaby snaps, raising his voice to an almost shout.

BARNABY

Just come downstairs. We need to talk.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Barnaby is already at the dining table, sitting and waiting. He watches Ian walk in slowly, still only dressed in his underpants.

The smart open planned kitchen, modern and sparkling clean is like the rest of the house, all except for Ian's own bedroom.

BARNABY

You know I only want the best for you.

Ian eyes him up suspiciously.

IAN

I don't like how this has started.

BARNABY

Your twenty one, not a child anymore. Therefore I need to start expecting things from you.

IAN

Is this what your therapist has told you?

BARNABY

Yes, and for once I agree with him.

IAN

You're supposed to talk about your problems, not about me.

BARNABY

But you are my problem Ian.

Barnaby kicks out a chair from the table, gesturing for Ian to take a seat. He does, reluctantly, but he does.

IAN

So?

BARNABY

You need a job or a girlfriend, at this point I'll accept either.

Ian can't help but laugh.

IAN

What?

BARNABY

I need to see some signs of you maturing.

IAN

A job or a girlfriend?

BARNABY

It shouldn't be too hard for you to find either, or both.

IAN

Alright.

Barnaby holds up a hand, he's not finished.

BARNABY

But if you don't, within a reasonable time. I'm kicking you out.

Ian's smile goes, suddenly serious.

IAN

Kicking me out?

BARNABY

Yes. And I'm serious. I won't let you back in. I'm not going to sit back and watch you waste your life. This is it, I've made my decision.

INT. DATING COMPANY - OFFICE - DAY

Decorative Cupids on the wall, a dating company with a focus on true love.

A large woman, AMANDA, (66) with a large folder in her hands guides Ian, who's finally dressed in clothes, over to a comfy looking red sofa in the corner of her office.

AMANDA

When someone comes into my office telling me that they want to find love, it's amazing. And let me tell you, I take it pretty personally as well.

Ian sits, Amanda hands him the folder. He opens it. Flipping through printed out pictures of available women. All young and pretty.

IAN

Wow, so, I just pick which one I like and you set me up with them?

AMANDA

Yes, eventually, but first I'd love to know a little more about you.

Ian continues to work his way through the folder, closely inspecting each photograph.

IAN

Go ahead, ask me anything you'd like to know.

AMANDA

Why are you looking for love. What's your motivation?

He doesn't hesitate.

IAN

Well, I didn't want a job so I've decided on settling for a girlfriend instead.

Amanda is stunned, not quite sure what to do with this answer. In all her years in this business, no one has ever said something like that to her.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A fancy art gallery, marble floors, old paintings in gold frames lined up along the walls.

Ian, with his hands behind his back marches up and down. A friendly smiling elderly GUARD, (75) approaches him.

GUARD

Are you OK sir?

IAN

Yes.

GUARD

I'm sorry but I couldn't help notice you've been here for a few hours already and don't seem to be looking at the paintings at all.

IAN

I'm waiting for a date.

GUARD

Oh.

IAN

But I think I've been stood up.

GUARD

I'm sorry.

IAN

I thought if I got her to meet me here she'd think I was smart, but now I'm beginning to feel a little dumb.

GUARD

Well, I'm sure there's someone out there for all of us. How about you actually take a look at the art, save this from been a wasted journey.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Ian is now taking the time to look at the different paintings hanging up, some on them are hundreds of years old.

He stops at one painting, it's very similar to 'girl with a pearl earring'. A beautiful girl, sitting on a stool with a red head scarf on in an open green field. The title of the painting calls her 'Noah.'

Ian is stopped in his tracks, he's fallen in love.

IAN

Wow. Beautiful. Maybe the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.
 (reading the title
 underneath the painting)
 Noah.
 (returns to the painting)
 Hi Noah. I'm Ian.

The painting seems to smile back at him. Ian frowns, can't be.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

The painting whispers back to him.

NOAH

Hi.

Ian collapses to the floor, landing hard on his bum. Wow. Reality itself has been turned upside down.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ian carries the large painting, running, he's a thief on the run.

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Sitting outside his house Ian positions the painting so that he and Noah are facing each other.

IAN

Have you always been able to talk?

Noah nods.

NOAH

Yes, but I think maybe you're the first person to be able to hear me.

IAN

This is amazing.

NOAH

Are you going to get into trouble for taking me out of that place?

He shrugs.

IAN

Do you want to go back?

She shakes her head.

NOAH

I've been there too long. I'm just glad to be out in the real world again.

IAN

Well, I can't go home empty handed, but I can't have you talking in front of my dad.

NOAH

You're the first person ever to hear me talk.

IAN

I don't want to take the risk.

Noah mimics that she's zipping her lips closed.

NOAH

My lips are sealed.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Ian enters with his painting, whilst Barnaby is putting on his shoes and coat, car keys in his hand. One on his way in, the other on his way out.

BARNABY

Wow, what on earth is that?

Ian rushes to the staircase, doesn't want to get caught up in small talk.

IAN

I got myself a job like you said.

Barnaby frowns, trying to understand what job could entail Ian bringing home huge paintings.

BARNABY

And what kind of job could that be?

IAN

Selling art work.

Barnaby watches him head for the stairs, he sneaks a peak.

BARNABY

It's a nice picture.

NOAH

Thanks.

Barnaby frowns, he could swear he heard a woman's voice, but it's impossible.

BARNABY

(to Ian)

Did you just hear that?

IAN

I said thanks.

(to the painting)

Zip it.

Ian enters his bedroom. Barnaby shrugs, thinking no more of it. He leaves.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ian sits crossed legged in the middle of his bed, the painting propped up against his wall so that he and Noah can see each other.

IAN

There's so much I want to know.

NOAH

I bet.

IAN

Do you remember who painted you?

She shakes her head.

IAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea when you were painted?

She shrugs.

NOAH

But I've heard enough people talking about me, discussing me in the gallery. I'm at least a couple hundred years old.

IAN

You're amazing, I didn't think things like this could be real.

She puts a hand in front of her mouth and laughs.

NOAH

Things like what?

IAN

Magic. I want to know everything about you.

Noah plays with her hair, the two of them grinning at each other like a couple of teenagers in love, despite the fact she's been trapped in this painting for a couple of centuries.

NOAH

And I want to tell you. But...

IAN

There's a but?

NOAH

It's dangerous for people to know about me. The wrong kind of people are out there. I don't want you to get hurt.

He nods, knowing there's good magic and there's bad magic. He just hasn't worked out which hers is yet.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

A table for two, a posh French cafe. A WAITER places down two cups of coffee and two slices of cake. The waiter aims a curious look towards Ian. Ian's in one chair, with the painting propped up in the other.

WAITER
Anything else?

Ian can't take his eyes off of Noah, he's most definitely loved up.

The waiter walks away. Noah looks uncomfortable.

NOAH
Are you sure you're OK doing this?
People are staring.

IAN
Of course they are. I'm on a date
with a ten.

NOAH
I don't think that's why they're
staring. You got me a coffee and a
slice of cake.

IAN
Should I have gotten you something
else?

She laughs, gesturing to the gold frame that surrounds her.

NOAH
I'm a painting Ian, I don't eat or
drink.

IAN
Well this is only our first date,
I'll do better on the next.

NOAH
I'm not complaining.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

On a row boat, Ian rows Noah around a pristine and picturesque body of water.

Noah looks out around them, enjoying and embracing the perfect summers day. She throws her head back, closing her eyes and allowing the sun to shine down on her face.

NOAH

I've missed being outside. I can even feel the wind in my hair.

IAN

Better than the gallery?

NOAH

I'm here with you, that's all I need. Where doesn't matter.

CUT TO:

On the edge of the lake, JAMES, (55) short, overweight and wearing a t-shirt and shorts that are far too small for him. Armed with a pair of binoculars he's staring out towards the lake.

POV: he's watching Ian row the boat. He focuses on the painting. But through his eyes that's all Noah is, just a painting.

JAMES

There you are. My dream painting.

EXT. CANAL PATH - DAY

The water in the canal is calm and clean. A couple canal boats cruise slowly along.

Ian walks along the gravel path carrying the painting. It's heavy, but he acts like he doesn't mind.

James sits on a bench in front of them, watching Ian chatting to Noah. Can't see Noah chatting back.

James waits for them, once Ian and Noah are level he stands. Removing his cheque book and pen.

JAMES

That's a wonderful painting.

Ian's caught off guard, does a double take of James.

IAN

I'm sorry, what?

JAMES

My mother would love it for her living room. How much.

IAN

It's not for sale.

JAMES

Everything is for sale.

IAN

Not this.

James rips out a cheque, on the back of it he quickly write down his phone number and address.

JAMES

Just write a number down on this, any number and it'll be yours.

IAN

No thank you, no matter what the price.

James comes to a stop. Ian continues walking along the path, returns to chatting with Noah. James discards his chequebook and pen, throwing them away into a nearby bush.

He watches Ian as he moves away, gritted teeth and looking furious. His mind racing with a new plan or idea, he must get that painting.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ian's fast asleep in bed, cuddling the painting in bed with him like a child does with a teddy bear.

Despite his size, James has managed to sneak in, standing at the end of Ian's bed.

James is still wearing the same t-shirt and shorts, but is also wearing a tight ski mask over his face. He reaches down to the painting, ripping it out of Ian's hands.

Noah wakes up. She panics.

NOAH

Ian. Wake up. Ian. I'm being stolen. Ian!

James staggers backwards, falling into the wardrobe behind him. Hitting it with such force, some of the cardboard boxes stacked on top of it crash to the floor.

But Ian is undisturbed. To call him a heavy sleeper would be a huge understatement.

INT. JAMES'S CARAVAN - DAY

A messy cluttered caravan, James lives like a pig.

James clears away his table, using the painting like a makeshift shovel, knocking everything onto the floor.

JAMES

(to Noah)

Talk. Speak to me. I know what you are. And you're going to make me rich.

Noah flips James the bird, waving her middle finger back and forth. Not speaking though.

James throws his head back, laughing.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm going to sell you for a pretty penny. I can't tell you how long I've searched for you.

Noah leans forwards.

NOAH

Give me back to Ian.

He hears her, his face is overjoyed. Already dreaming of the possibilities.

JAMES

You belong to me now. You're mine. I own you.

Noah closes her eyes and slowly the painting fogs up, impossible to see anything.

James eyes are searching, lifting the painting up he shakes it angrily, like fixing an etch a sketch.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

The fog slowly begins to clear, noah is no longer there. The painting as completely changed. Now, instead of Noah it's a painting of a dog doing a number two in the middle of a muddy field.

James lets out a terrible scream. Throwing the painting away, as far away from him as he can.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ian turns his bedroom upside down. Trashing the already messy bedroom and somehow making it even worse.

Ian stops, a memory comes to him. Hits him hard. He finds the jacket he was wearing the day before. He finds and removes the cheque that James wrote out to him. On the back, his phone number and address.

EXT. JAMES'S CARAVAN - DAY

Dirty on the outside, the windows blocked out with sheets of cardboard.

With two clenched fists Ian tries to batter the door down. James finally answers.

JAMES

Get the hell out of here. You had your chance to sell.

Ian grabs a hold of James and drags him out of the caravan, throwing James down to the ground in a heap.

IAN

Where is she?

James looks up at him, terrified. Holding his hands in front of his face. Scared that Ian is going to beat him to a pulp.

JAMES

She's worthless.

IAN

How wrong you are. I love her.

JAMES

Well, she's not here.

IAN

Where is she?

James cowers.

JAMES

Please don't hit me.

Ian grabs a hold of James's collar, whilst holding a clenched fist millimetres in front of his face, a very clear threat to beat him senseless.

IAN

What did you do with her?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Noah's painting is sticking out of the top of a filled up large plastic bin. Inside this alleyway, there's several more filled to the top bins just like this.

Noah is calling out, screaming for help, but there's no one around with the ability to hear her.

A team of BINMEN dressed in their bright uniforms walk into the alleyway. Focused on their jobs, they're rushing to get it done so they can clock out and go home.

One after another they remove the plastic bins from the alleyway. Soon one of them grabs onto the bin with Noah trapped onto. As he begins to drag it out Ian appears, out of breath, drenched in sweat looking like his heart is close to bursting out of his chest. Running without stopping.

Trying to get his breath back, Ian is unable to talk. Looking at the binman he gestures to the painting. Then to himself.

IAN

(gasping)

Mine.

Ian takes the painting, hugging it to his chest he collapses to the ground. Pure exhaustion, but he got there just in time.

The binmen share a look, confused but not caring enough to question what Ian has just done. They continue with their work, their desire to get it done and get themselves gone not changing.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ian hangs Noah up on the wall, pride of place. The two of them smiling happily at each other.

IAN

We just need to work out what to do next.

NOAH

As long as I'm with you, it doesn't matter.

Ian leans in for a kiss. Noah blushes but is ready to accept.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

IAN

I've wanted to kiss you from the very moment I saw you. I just don't know how it's going to work.

She shrugs.

NOAH

Me neither.

IAN

But I'd like to give it a try.

He tries to kiss her, his eyes closing. A bright brilliant light engulfs him.

When the light fades away and Ian reopens his eyes, he's teleported into the painting with Noah.

Their kiss lingering and beautiful as all first kisses should be. As they pull apart they both realise that they are inside the painting together. Ian looks around at the rolling green fields around them. Neither of them looks able to grasp what has actually happened.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh no.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - IAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Barnaby enters the bedroom.

BARNABY

Ian, are you in here?

Barnaby sees the painting. Through his eyes the painting of Noah now includes Ian standing beside her. Holding hands and looking out. But just a painting.

Barnaby lifts it up for a closer look, chuckles to himself.

BARNABY (CONT'D)

Selling paintings of himself? What kind of job is that?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END