

DOODLES

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INT. PUB - LATE AFTERNOON

A hand is doodling a noticeably childish and basic stick figure onto a white napkin. On the table we also see the daily newspaper - the same person has attempted the crossword puzzle, albeit badly. Several empty pint glasses are placed scattered across the table. Several packets of crisp lay destroyed - with crumbs everywhere. The table is chaotic.

We eventually see that KEN is the one doodling on a napkin. He sits alone.

The BARMAN approaches and places a fresh pint of beer onto the table, next to the doodle - KEN immediately stops doodling, leaving it half-finished, and reaches into his pocket to fetch some changes.

But he doesn't have enough to pay.

KEN

Put it on my tab, will ya' mate?

BARMAN

We're not allowed to do tabs.

KEN looks up again.

KEN

Well, you can for me. I'm a regular. So... Ask the owner!

BARMAN

(frustrated)

He's not here.

The BARMAN turns and points to a sign on the bar that clearly says: *NO TABS*. And then in smaller writing underneath: *NO EXCEPTIONS... EVER!* KEN thinks seriously about leaving in protest, but he's too lazy to find anywhere else to drink - especially when a fresh pint is sat in front of him.

KEN

Fine! I'll just nip to the cash point after I've finished this lovely thing of beaut-

KEN goes to pick up the pint, but the BARMAN snatches it away. He then sees the napkin doodle.

BARMAN

Sorry, no can-...

(amazed)

Did you do that?

The BARMAN puts down the pint and picks up the napkin - slowly and delicately, as though it was likely to break.

KEN
(mocking)
And I suppose we're not allowed to draw on the napkins anymore either?

BARMAN
You were never allowed to draw on the napkins, but this is... just...

There is an awkward pause - KEN looks around for the answer.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Magnificent.

KEN raises his eyebrows in surprise. The BARMAN shoots a glance at KEN - deadly serious.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
Can I keep this?

KEN
Err-

BARMAN
The beer is on me, have as much as you want! But please- please let me keep it?

The BARMAN waits eagerly for KEN's response.

KEN
(confused)
As long as the beer is free, then yeah sure-

The BARMAN pulls out a chair and sits down in front of KEN.

BARMAN
(eager)
My Dad is an art dealer. Quite respected actually- *locally*, at least. I'm sure he could sell this! I'll call him now!

The BARMAN disappears with the napkin in hand.

KEN
(calling)
...Don't forget about my next pint! I'm feeling very thirsty all of a sudden.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

KEN is fast asleep - snoring the type of snore that can only mean a nasty hangover is imminent.

A phone begins to ring, louder and louder, until eventually KEN stirs with a pounding headache. The ringing stops, and KEN closes his eyes tightly and lays back down.

But then the ringing starts again. KEN groans. He pushes the leftover kebab off of him, which lands on the floor going everywhere. The phone continues to ring. KEN stumbles to where the sound his coming from, picks up his jeans, and fumbles through the pocket until eventually finding his phone - he accepts the call.

KEN

How dare you wake me up this early on a Tue- (unsure) *Wed-nes-day*, is it Wednesday?

JONATHAN (O.S.)

It's Monday, and it's three in the afternoon.

KEN lets out a deep groan - his head is pounding.

KEN

Well, it's still bloody early if you work nights, ain't it? Anyway, I don't wanna buy anything, I wasn't involved in a crash, and I don't want to sponsor-

JONATHAN (O.S.)

It's *Jonathan...* From the pub!

KEN

Who?

JONATHAN (O.S.)

The *BARMAN!*

KEN

Right, listen, if I damaged anything after it all got a bit fuzzy you can't expect me to-

JONATHAN (O.S.)

No- no, you don't understand. I showed your piece to my father last night, and he is absolutely dying to meet you.

KEN looks around his bedroom - which is in absolute chaos.

KEN

Unfortunately, I've got a lot to do around here today, so I'm a bit tied up. Sorry!

JONATHAN (O.S.)

My Dad said the first round is on him.

KEN's eyes light up.

EXT. POSH TERRACE BAR - SOMETIME LATER

KEN stumbles out of a door and onto a terrace bar.

JONATHAN and his father, KENNETH, are stood on the far side, holding two glasses of champagne, and dressed appropriately for an 'important' meeting. KEN is not however, and immediately feels out of place.

JONATHAN spots him and ushers him over - KEN is noticeably reluctant.

JONATHAN

Thank you so much for coming! Have I got some exciting news for you?!

KEN

I dunno, have you?

JONATHAN grabs hold of KEN drags him towards KENNETH.

JONATHAN

(to KENNETH)

Dad, this is him. This is *the* KEN.

KENNETH appears just as eager and excited to meet him as his son does. KENNETH grabs KEN by the hand.

KENNETH

I must say, I've seen some masterpieces in my time, but what you've managed to capture with a blue biro and some napkin paper simply took my breath away. Tell me, are there others?

KEN

Others?

KENNETH

Other doodles. You know, hidden
away for a rainy day.

KENNETH winks at KEN, and cackles with laughter, but KEN doesn't understand the implication. He spots the bottle of champagne and extra glass sitting on the table, which is obviously waiting for him.

KEN

(to KENNETH)

...Do you mind? I assume this is
for me.

KEN grabs the bottle and pours himself a large glass of bubbly - KEN downs the glass. KENNETH shoots JONATHAN a worrying look.

KENNETH (O.S.)

The industry has been crying out
for a new voice like yours, and
with my knowledge of the local art
business, I see only big things to
come for us both! We can make a *lot*
of money together.

KEN chokes on the champagne, and wipes the dribble away with the back of his dirty sleeve. He turns and looks at KENNETH.

KEN

Look *chaps*, I don't know what your
racket is, but I'm not stupid, so
you're wasting your time. (mocking)
I'm gonna *graciously* accept your
invitation of a drink and then I'll
be on my way. Okay?

KENNETH steps towards KEN and takes on a serious demeanour.

KENNETH

KEN... I'm not letting you go until
I've drained every creature juice
from those talented fingers!

KEN looks increasingly worried and confused.

CUT TO:

KEN, KENNETH and JONATHAN, along with a fresh bottle of champagne, are sat at a corner table, mid-conversation.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

(to KEN)

I want to do a whole show of just you and your *doodles*. It will be huge! The biggest art event of the year. It will certainly put *me* back on the map!

KEN seems to be more warm to the idea now.

KEN

Hmm. It does sound like a lot of work, and I'm not even that good!

KENNETH

Ah, such modesty!

KENNETH turns to JONATHAN.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Show him.

JONATHAN pulls out his phone and presents it to KEN - who looks down. We see a art-selling website and an image of the doodle KEN made in the pub the previous day.

We then see it's currently selling for: £19,801.

KEN

(shocked)

Fuck! Is that in *pounds*?!

Terrance chuckles smugly.

KENNETH

And just think how much people will pay once they've heard of you!

KEN

Wait, so- that stupid thing drunkenly doodled on a pub napkin has sold for nineteen-grand?!

JONATHAN

Selling! The auction hasn't finished yet. We get new bids every minute. Look...

JONATHAN refreshes the page and the figure has risen to £20,045.

KEN

And that money is mine?

KENNETH

(sheepish)

Technically, no. You gave away this piece to Jonathan yesterday in the pub. We have visual and audio proof from the security cameras, so legally, that's a binding contract.

KEN looks like he is about to punch someone, but KENNETH is quick to notice so tries to put him at ease.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

But all you have to do is doodle some more, and we'll sell the work for you! Sixty, forty, in our favour. That's more than what Banksy gets.

KENNETH holds out his hand - a binding contract.

KEN

(confused)

What's a *Banks-*

KENNETH's beaming and somewhat untrustworthy smiles - he grabs KEN by the hand tightly and forces him to shake it.

KENNETH

Splendid! Splendid, indeed. How exciting. Now... You better getting doodling, eh? We've got to strike whilst the proverbial rod is still red-hot.

KEN literally has no idea what he's talking about but decides to down the last of the champagne for a bit of reassurance.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

KEN is tidying his room - aggressively. Pushing stuff out of the way, and chucking things in random places. He eventually manages to clear some room, and he sticks down an easel and chair into the centre.

We see that he now has a large collection of various pens, colours, chalk and other paints in all colours surrounding him, but he doesn't know which one to use and becomes noticeably frustrated. But suddenly, he gets up from the chair and leaves the room.

Moments later, KEN returns with a bottle of wine and sits it down beside him - which makes him feel much better. KEN sits down, straightens himself out and returns to the matter at hand.

KEN
(to himself)
Right, come on, KEN. You can do this! Just... just *doodle*, like you did before.

He closes his eyes and takes a lucky dip pick at the colours in front of him - grabbing a thick blue chalk, and readies himself before looking back at the blank canvas in front of him.

He hesitates for a second - anxiety takes over. He's frozen. He doesn't know what to do. He opens the bottle of wine and takes a large gulp - he doesn't like the taste. But then suddenly he is able to start doodling - he makes large, sweeping gestures with the chalk all across the page.

We watch KEN frantically brush the chalk back and forth across the canvas, but never see what he's doing. He leans back and observes the work - he smiles to himself, but then the expression quickly drops away.

KEN abruptly grabs the canvas off the easel and throws it across the room.

KEN (CONT'D)
Fuck! I'm shit. I'm shit. This is shit. I can't do it. It was just a fucking doodle. I can't... I can't put on an entire show! It's ridiculous! They're crazy. Fucking, crazy! The lot of them.

He slumps back onto the chair and takes another gulp from the wine bottle. He waits for a second and then takes another large gulp.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ART GALLERY - EVENING

A room full of eager art lovers await the unveiling of KEN's doodles - they drink champagne, and chat amongst themselves. It looks like the event KENNETH had promised.

Posters and leaflets of KEN's face litter the room.

We see KENNETH and JONATHAN stood in the centre of the room - KENNETH is greeting and thanking people, but takes a moment to lean into JONATHAN's ear.

KENNETH
(curt whisper)
Where the hell is he?! We can't do
the unveiling without him! Go and
find him! And if he's drunk, god
help you!

JONATHAN dutifully runs off - knowing where he'll likely be.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see someone on their knees underneath cubicle door - it's KEN, and he's being sick. He leans back, stands up, and pulls the chain.

The toilet door slams open, and JONATHAN enters the bathroom.

JONATHAN
KEN?! KEN... Are you in here?

KEN takes a swig from a small bottle of rum before hiding it in his jacket pocket. He opens the cubicle door and steps out - JONATHAN is overwhelmingly relieved to see him. KEN walks groggily towards the sink to wash his hands.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
We need to unveil your doodles,
KEN! There are some very important
people out there, and if we keep
them waiting any long we'll-

KEN groans.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
...Are you drunk?!

KEN
No! Just... I've never done
anything like this before! All
those people out there, they're
going to see straight through me! I
don't belong here.

KEN storms out of the bathroom and JONATHAN quickly follows. Just as the door closes, we hear a round of applause break out.

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - SOON AFTER

KEN stumbles into the gallery as the applause subsides and KENNETH takes centre stage.

KENNETH

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me the upmost excitement and pleasure to introduce to you all one of the greatest unknown artists of our time. Simple known as... *The KEN!*

There are hushed whispers back and forth around the gallery.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Now, can we unveil the doodles please?

A gallery assistant pulls the cover off each art work one by one as the audience watch with anticipation. Silence. No one says anything.

KEN is on the verge of being sick again, and looks pale as a sheet. He looks up at the artwork hanging on the wall - the doodles are baby-like, boring, unskilled, unimaginative, and perhaps even offensive.

Silence.

But KEN cannot stand it.

KEN

(screaming)

...I know what you're all thinking. They're terrible! I should never have done this. This freak show is fucking over. I'm done. I can't believe I ever did this thing-

KEN storms out of the room, but as he leaves, we see what everyone else can see...

On the wall are six magnificently and exquisitely painted images of various pieces of work - blending genres and techniques like nothing ever seen before.

They are truly magnificent pieces of artwork.

The silence is because of the shock.

No one in the rooms knows what to do. They look on in awe. They've never seen art like it.

THE END.