

Saving Stewart
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

A panel with three bulbs - green, yellow, and red stands underneath a small video monitor. The green light is lit.

On the monitor, images of PEOPLE flash by. All nationalities. Each live picture lasts a couple of seconds, then switches to another person.

STEWART HARRISON (early 30s), a somewhat solemn man who strives for greatness but oozes self-doubt, appears next on the screen. He sleeps in the middle of a large bed, cuddling a pillow with a goofy smile on his face.

The green light dulls to a lighter shade.

INT. STEWART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Elegant with its king-sized oak bed and matching dressers, expensive wallpaper, and plush carpet. It's obvious someone fairly wealthy lives here.

On a nightstand, an alarm clock flashes "3:26."

SAM, a mixed breed, medium-sized dog, jumps into bed and licks Stewart's face. Stewart giggles as he tosses and turns.

STEWART

Stop it, Linda. It's not even Friday.

His eyes open just a slit. Sam continues licking his face. Stewart jumps back.

STEWART

Jesus, Sam. We really need to find you a bitch.

Sam jumps down off the bed and happily trots out of the room.

Stewart lies back and yawns. He runs a hand over the vacant area of bed next to him, away from his clock. Looks closer.

STEWART

Linda?

A glimpse over at his flashing clock reveals a shocking reality.

STEWART

Shit!

He bolts upright, smacks the clock several times.

STEWART

Why do you keep doing this to me?

(MORE)

STEWART (CONT'D)

Of all days--

Sam returns with an empty dog food bowl in his mouth. He jumps up on the bed, tail wagging.

Stewart leaps to his feet.

STEWART

Not now, Sam.

He scrambles into the bathroom and closes the door to a crack.

Sam sits down on the bed, drops the bowl. He WHINES.

BATHROOM

Stewart strips off his pajamas and jumps into the shower. The stall door closes. A moment later, water BLASTS.

The main door opens all the way. Sam enters, his tail wagging.

SHOWER STALL

Stewart rushes through his shower. He squeezes too much shampoo from a bottle directly onto his damp hair and massages it in. Still frenzied, he leans forward. Water from the spray rinses the excessive lather down his face.

STEWART

Ow!

Eyes squeezed shut, he opens the door and reaches into the...

BATHROOM

... To the towel rack. Sam tugs on the lone bath towel, pulling it further out of Stewart's reach.

Stewart reaches more and more. He stretches a tad too much and falls out of the stall.

O.S. THUD.

STEWART (O.S.)

Sam!

Towel in mouth and tail wagging, Sam watches his owner.

INT. STEWART'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Large with mega counter space and cabinets. The latest in appliances. A lone briefcase lies on the table.

Sam drops his empty food dish next to a large unopened bag of dog food that stands in a corner.

Stewart stumbles in. He wears a dress shirt that's partially unbuttoned at the top, a tie around his neck with a crooked knot, and a wrinkled jacket.

One leg in a pair of non-matching pants, Stewart attempts to shove in the other leg as he walks. He trips over the pant leg and crashes to the floor.

STEWART (O.S.)

Dammit!

Stewart jumps up, leans back against a counter, and sticks his leg into the right hole. He zips up the pants.

Sam BARKS.

Stewart removes a donut from a cake server and tosses it to the floor.

STEWART

Just don't tell Mommy.

He grabs the briefcase and exits through the back door.

Sam gobbles down the donut like a hungry beast, then moves to the back door and sits. He scratches at it with a paw. His WHIMPER is heartbreaking.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The drab sky suggests it could rain any moment. Just down from his house, Stewart dashes toward the corner so far away.

A city bus passes by. Stewart eyes it with worry, then steps up the pace.

At the corner, the bus stops to pick up a lady.

Stewart closes in but is still so far away.

STEWART

Wait!

It looks like the bus might actually wait. Stewart arrives at its side, slowing to catch his breath.

The bus drives off.

STEWART

No!

He grabs at the vehicle, his fingers claw at metal to no avail. The bus disappears down the street.

Stewart stands in its fumes, defeated. The smoke causes him to cough. He looks up to the cloudy sky with his arms out to his sides.

STEWART

You hate me, don't you?

A sudden downpour drenches Stewart. He stands there, frozen, his eyes fluttering. Nods his acknowledgment.

Head hung low, he trudges down the street.

INT. DAWSON AND HANOVER ADVERTISING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

SALLY HARDING (20s), the bubbly, somewhat pretty but conservative receptionist, talks business on the phone at her desk.

The main entry door opens. Stewart, his sloppy attire drenched, trudges inside. He leaves wet footprints behind. His shoes SLOSH with each step.

Sally hangs up the phone. Her eyes go directly to Stewart and she smiles sweetly.

SALLY

Good morning, Mr. Harrison.

Stewart briskly passes down the office hallway, sideswiping Sally with an admiring glance.

STEWART

Morning.

He passes by a couple of fellow employees, who stop and turn in their tracks to watch Stewart and his SLOSHING shoes.

STEWART'S OFFICE

Nice but on the small side. A desk and chair make up most of the decor, other than a bookshelf off to the side with three books on advertising spread out, one to a shelf. A computer and some folders occupy the desktop.

A large window behind the desk showcases a breathtaking view... of an alley.

Stewart enters and kicks the door closed with his foot. He slings his wet briefcase to the desktop, where it instantly dampens the folders it lands on.

Stewart swipes up the briefcase. Wet folders scatter to the floor. One sticks to the case.

Stewart drops into his chair and slouches over in his own little world of dread and defeat.

A brief KNOCK at the door before it opens. On the other side stands MYLES HANOVER (30s), a dashing man who oozes the appearance of wealth and sophistication.

MYLES

Harrison...

Myles steps inside, just now notices Stewart's terrible appearance and gives him a once over. He pauses, then:

MYLES

... I need the Carson account wrapped up by the end of the week.

Alarm sweeps Stewart's face.

STEWART

(standing)

I thought I had three weeks to get it ready.

MYLES

Now you have three days.

He turns for the door.

STEWART

Mr. Hanover, I can't possibly get it done that fast with Christmas coming up.

Myles stops in the doorway.

MYLES

Holiday withstanding, you will get it done if you want to keep your job here.

With a slight smirk, he exits and closes the door.

Stewart stares at the closed door. It opens. Myles gives Stewart a quick up and down look.

MYLES

Oh, and Harrison... let's work on appearance, all right? I know you can do better.

He closes the door.

Another blow hitting him hard, Stewart leans back in his chair. The back snaps off. Stewart topples to the floor out of sight with a THUD.

STEWART (O.S.)

Stupid piece of junk!

The chair's back flies over the desk, just as the door opens. Sally stands on the other side with a folder in her hands.