

BREADSTICKS

by

Andrew Richardson

Note: I wrote this in early 2015
as an exercise to do with my friend,
collaborator, and pizza lover, Alex Wiggins.
My hope was we'd shoot it in a night on an iPhone
just in the spirit to work on things
that made us (well me, dunno if he read it) laugh,
but time passed and now you're reading this
for your own reasons.
Best of luck in there.

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EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A CAR pulls to a stop before a blue Victorian home.

ANDREW, stepping from the car, walks towards the door, passing an idling SEDAN.

He pauses, noticing the rumbling and stationary vehicle, before moving out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

Andrew enters into the foyer licking his thumb.

ANDREW (shouting)
Yellow? Puppies, puppie--

ALEX (O.S.)
Oh, hey! Pizzas here if you want some!

He takes off his jacket.

ANDREW
Is that whose here? What is he, dropping some garlic knots in the toile--

INT. BLUE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Turning the corner into the living room, Andrew halts.

ALEX fastens the knots entangled around the appendages of a seated and unconscious, PIZZA GUY.

ALEX
Pizza is on the table!

ANDREW
Alex? What's--

The Pizza Guy **awakens** in a panic.

Alex *slaps* him across the face.

ALEX
(screaming)
I WILL TIP YOU IN PENNIES.
(Turning to Andrew,
calmly)
No, but seriously have a slice.
Half is BBQ Chicken.

He gestures to an open box on the coffee table beside him.
Andrew remains motionless.

ANDREW

Alex, why--

Alex stands from his tying.

ALEX

It looks bad, I know! It looks
incredibly bad, but it's not as bad
as you think because 'bad' isn't
always the worst.

ANDREW

What's the worst?

ALEX

This.

Alex withdraws a PISTOL.

ANDREW

FUCK! ALEX, put **that** down! This
isn't a student film in need of
stakes! **WHY** are you doing this?

ALEX

I **NEED** answers, Andrew! Do you want
justice in this world? If you think
I can just let this crime happen in
front of me, under this roof, inside
these walls, then you can walk out
the door you came in. There are no
more games to play in this world!

Alex cocks the gun, motioning towards the Pizza Guy.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You scream, you'll be getting your
tip from the bullet.

The Pizza Guy nods aggressively.

Alex **rips** the tape from his grimmacing maw.

Leaning in towards the Pizza Guy's ear, he whispers an
inaudible paragraph.

PIZZA GUY

DUDE, is **that** still the reaso--

THWACK!!!

ALEX
Where are my breadsticks?

Andrew gulps.

PIZZA GUY
I **don't** know!

ALEX
WHERE ARE MY *FUCKING* BREADSTICKS?

PIZZA GUY
Fuck, man! You're fucking crazy,
bro! I had them in the car from the
shop, and now they're gone! Jesus,
is that *fucking* loaded?

Alex waves the gun around, humming while orchestrating an
unseen symphony.

PIZZA GUY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?
(to Andrew)
WHAT'S HE DOING?!

ALEX
Oh, I'm just imagining the perfect
score to go with your bullshit Epic!

He palms a beautiful *smack* across his face.

PIZZA GUY
HELP! Why aren't you *helping me*!?
Don't just stand there? Like, WHAT
TIME IS IT? HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN
OUT! **I HAVE A KID TO FEED!**

THWACKK!!!

Andrew embeds his stare in the floor.

Alex strikes the Pizza Guy...

ALEX
Don't talk to him! YOU BROUGHT US
TO *THIS*!

...and again...

ALEX (CONT'D)
WHERE ARE MY BREADSTICKS!

PIZZA GUY
I don't know!

...and again...

ALEX
WHERE ARE MY BREADSTICKS?

PIZZA GUY
JUST KILL ME!

...and again...

ALEX
WHERE ARE MY *FUCKING* BREADSTICKS!

ANDREW
Alex.

Alex freezes, his arm recoiled back forming a perfect slap.

MUSIC: SWELLING STRINGS BEGIN TO STIR.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I--I...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ANDREW steps from his car, passing the idling sedan.

He takes note of the vehicle, before continuing forward.

CRUNCH!!!

His steps land on a greasy white box that excretes marinara.

A trance forges between him and the crushed box.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANDREW
I'm so sorry.

Alex's blankly eyes him.

ALEX (voice trembling)
And then?

Andrew's tears boil forth, his head shaking with regret.

MUSIC: THE ORCHESTRA BUILDS TO A HEART-ACHING CLIMAX.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Leaned against the pattering car, Andrew casually consumes the breadsticks.

Taking his time in lathering the marinara across the garlic buttered bread, he slowly pushes a singular doughy rod inside his mouth.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC: DECRESCENDOES TO A SOMBER FINALE.

ANDREW

I couldn't just leave them there!
The cats, you know--they would've
torn them apart in the street!

Beat.

PIZZA GUY

Dude.

Alex's head hangs over the ground.

ANDREW

Alex? Say something. I betrayed
your friendship and trust and I'm
sorry...

Alex raises a hand.

ALEX

And... *cut!* Thank you, Jimmy. Wow,
I can't say I had any or much
expectations, but WOW.

The Pizza Guy stands from the chair.

ANDREW

Oh, no.

PIZZA GUY

Dude, anytime, man. You're gonna
hook me up with that link, right?

ANDREW

Oh, fuck. This was filmed?

He spins 289 degrees.

ALEX

Oh, absolutely!
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

You earned it and you were putting yourself down earlier. It maybe, might sort of go viral if we hit Reddit at the right hour.

PIZZA GUY

Yus. That's what I love to hear, thanks bro! Thank you for the opportunity! I'm gonna call my step-dad and tell him I'm moving to L.A.!

He whips out his phone, turning away.

ANDREW

Okay, so, circling all the way back to the, 'why fuck is my ugly crying going to go viral?'

ALEX

Oh, I don't know. It's the old classic 'breadstick friendship loyalty test'. Truthfully, beyond impressed you ate all of them before coming inside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Andrew inserts the final breadstick into his gob.

Behind him in the window, Alex and the Pizza Guy gander.

The Pizza Guy whistles.

INT. BLUE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANDREW

And you filmed everything?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Andrew drops a breadstick after an attempted trick move, before picking it up to eat.

The Pizza Guy turns away from the sight.

ALEX

We'll do something in slow-mo with that. Jimmy?

INT. BLUE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALEX

No.

ANDREW

But, *why*? I'm having flashes of regret from past lives. I didn't want to leave my hunting partner behind! The sabertooths, they were closing in so fast...

ALEX

Well, Jimmy mentioned that he's been taking improv classes and the whole honest truth is, I'm bored. I got bored, Andrew. And I think our friendship is a little stronger for it. Plus, I found this gun in the river the other day and haven't found a real use for it.

ANDREW

So, you were bored and hired an actor to fuck with me?

ALEX

Oh, God, no! I wouldn't pay-- I mean-- Jimmy isn't an 'actor'. He's an actual pizza guy that sleeps in a van near some youth soccer fields.

The Pizza Guy returns to the group.

PIZZA GUY

He's all for it! I've never heard love in his voice before today!

ALEX

Sorry, he sleeps in a sedan outside some youth soccer fields. Well, I'm starving, so we're gonna pay tribute to the Pizza Gods, and Jimmy, you need to get some headshots done.

PIZZA GUY

I'm actually off, if you guys wanted to hang?

Beat.

EXT. BLUE HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The Pizza Guy, followed by his delivery bag and cap, is tossed out the door.

He turns with his hand gestured out.

8.

A pelting of pennies greets him.

CUT TO:BLACK