

I CAN'T DRAW CIRCLES

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## 1 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

RONAN is sitting at his desk in the dark. His hair is greasy. He's wearing worn, unwashed pajamas.

His face is illuminated by the light from his computer screen.

His desk is neat, cleared off entirely except for the computer and a piece of paper. The floor around the desk is completely cluttered.

Ronan's face is solemn. He's watching a tutorial.

DR. SQUARE

Hello, my name is Dr. Square.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

DR. SQUARE is a prim and proper woman with a square face, wearing a suit. She's standing in front of a whiteboard with random equations on it.  $E=mc^2$ .  $y=mx+b$ .  $3=2$ .

The smile on her face is big and unnatural, as is her enthusiasm.

DR. SQUARE (CONT'D)

Today, I will be teaching you how

to draw a ... circle!

(chuckling)

Woo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo! Let's  
get going!

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Square bursts into song.

DR. SQUARE (V.O.)

First, you pick up your writing

utensil like a pen or a pencil.

Then, get a paper or a tablet or a  
rabbit or whatever.

Dr. Square pronounces "whatever" to rhyme with "paper".

Ronan follows the instruction with a furrow between his brows, glaring between the paper and the computer in unblinking determination.

DR. SQUARE (V.O.)

Put your pencil on the paper, twist  
your wrist a little inward, and you  
... make ... a ... circleeeee!

Ronan finishes his drawing with a flourish, brimming with pride.

Dr. Square returns back to her corporate cadence.

DR. SQUARE (V.O.)  
Congratulations to the unemployed  
adult man sitting in his parent's  
home wearing pajamas that he has  
not washed in two to three years.

Ronan hits the space bar on his computer. The fun, childlike atmosphere abruptly dissipates. Ronan sits in a long silence, contemplating this. That was oddly specific.

Shrugging it off, Ronan hits the space bar again.

DR. SQUARE (V.O.)  
You have successfully --

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

DR. SQUARE (CONT'D)  
-- drawn a circle! It should look  
like this!

BACK TO SCENE

Ronan is holding up his drawing, admiring it. His circle is slightly crooked. Still, Ronan is triumphant about his creation.

When he puts down the piece of paper, though, he reveals Dr. Square smiling on screen, holding up a tablet with a perfect circle drawn on it.

Ronan looks back and forth between his circle and the one Dr. Square has made.

It is clear to Ronan that his circle pales in comparison. In fact, it is Devastatingly Ugly. This is terribly, frighteningly humiliating.

Ronan begins to notice more perfect circles on his computer screen. The Search icon. All the "o's" and "O's." The profile circle that has Dr. Square's smiling square face.

Ronan pulls up Google and can't help but notice the perfect circles in the logo. He scrolls through pictures and pictures of perfect circles.

We do a 360 around Ronan's face in choppy stop-motion as Ronan looks past the computer screen and sees his perfectly round clock, the rounded fire alarm on his ceiling, the door stopper.

Suddenly, SPHERE (a person in a sphere costume) jumps out of the screen. Sphere has eyes like a biblically accurate angel's and cartoon arms.

Sphere rears back two arms and *slugs* Ronan across the jaw. Ronan bursts into a bunch of worthless geometric shapes and blobby, imperfect circles.

CUT TO:

**2 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - DAY**

**2**

One bird is chirping.

Ronan is lying on the ground, amidst the clutter around his desk, paralyzed by his complete lack of talent and skill.

After a bit, Ronan claws his way up his desk and peeks at his terrible circle drawing. Maybe it wasn't that bad? Maybe? NO IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN WHAT HE REMEMBERED.

Finding energy in his anger, Ronan stumbles upright, crumples his drawing up, tears it up, chews it up, throws it up in the trash.

He collapses on the ground again, paralyzed by uselessness.

CUT TO:

**3 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**3**

One owl is hooting.

Ronan is still lying on the ground next to his desk.

CUT TO:

**4 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - DAY**

**4**

Many birds are chirping.

Ronan is still lying on the ground next to his desk.

Outside his door, his MOM calls for him.

MOM

RONAN! COME DOWNSTAIRS! RIGHT NOW!  
AND EAT!

CUT TO:

**5 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**5**

Many owls are hooting.

Ronan is scarfing down a bag of chips with one hand, typing on his computer with another. He is single-mindedly focused on this task.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Ronan is searching up: how to draw a line.

CUT TO:

**6 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**6**

Ronan's head is in his hands, staring down at his new drawing with a haunted look.

We see the result of his endeavor: a slightly crooked line.

CUT TO:

**7 INT. RONAN'S ROOM - DAY**

**7**

Ronan is lying on the bed. All the junk on the ground around his desk has migrated back to the top of his desk. We hear a morning dove hack on its coo and cut off entirely.

We see a montage of imperfect circles play out next to Ronan's prone figure.

Statues, sculptures, architecture. Tree leaves scattering shadows on the ground, sunlight dancing on the surface of the ocean. Imperfect circles, imperfect ovals, imperfect lines. Beautiful things.