



# LIFE DRAWING

Short Film Script  
by Gregory Earls

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**INT. ART SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

ROBYN, a full-faced college student with jeweled eyes, fills the screen. She seems to speak directly to us.

ROBYN

"Fat ass." ...That's what I say when I see myself in the mirror. One day, I was so damn tired of seeing myself that I covered every mirror, every reflective surface in my dorm room with newspaper. The Jewish girl down the hall thought I was sitting shiva. She brought me Kugel.

KELLY (O.S.)

Did you-

ROBYN

(interrupting)

I ate every goddamn bite. Look, I just can't expose myself like this. I'm sorry, I can't.

We PULL OUT and see Robyn is curled up on the floor in a fetal position, trying to cover herself up with a a small BLACK BATH ROBE.

She's speaking to TAYLOR, a teaching assistant, and fellow student, KELLY, stand menacing above her.

ANNE, with her military styled boots, stands guard at the door. All three skinny, very cute, and wear the TARTAN PLAID GREEN color and insignias of their sorority, Omega House

KELLY

Poor, Robyn.

TAYLOR

Pour Robyn another drink. Geeeezus! Do you ever stop with this shit?

KELLY

Roger that.

ROBYN

I just don't want to strip naked in front of a dozen strangers-

Anne leaves her post and begins to walk towards Robyn

TAYLOR

(interrupting)

They're worse than strangers. They're art students.

KELLY

Narcissistic, opinionated jerks. The lot of 'em.

Anne plays "Good cop," stoops down and rests a hand on Robyn's back.

ANNE

She should know. She's one of those narcissistic, opinionated jerks.

TAYLOR

Roger that.

ROBYN

Not helping.

TAYLOR

You wanted to join this house.

ROBYN

(correcting)

My mom wanted me to join this house-

TAYLOR

(interrupting)

YOU COMMITTED TO THIS!

Her screams shock Robyn and Anne, who shoots Taylor a not-approving look.

**INT. ART SCHOOL - DRAWING STUDIO - NIGHT**

Packed with ART STUDENTS sitting at easels, they encircle a stage, harshly lit from above.

Anne whispers in Robyn's ear.

ANNE

I'll pose you. I'll keep it civilized.

The girls escort Robyn towards the center of the circle, like executioners, and deliver her upon the stage.

ANNE

I'm right here.

Robyn manages a nervous smile. Kelly mans an easel as Taylor makes herself at home at the instructor's desk.

Robyn nervously scans the room. The students scan her back.

She tugs the bottom of her tiny robe, seeking to expose less of her ass to those behind her.

The INSTRUCTOR (late 60's - silver haired and wearing an 80's BLOW MONKEY'S CONCERT T-SHIRT) glides in the room.

INSTRUCTOR  
Taylor, decontaminate my desk.

TAYLOR  
Roger that.

She stands up. Kelly taps at her iPhone. Taylor receives the TEXT.

***"Here's the fake text you asked me to send you. You're welcome. We're evil."***

Taylor looks towards Kelly. Kelly winks back.

The Instructor throws his coat, hat and scarf atop a home KARAOKE MACHINE.

TAYLOR  
Um, sir? That's the truck guy. The supplies are here.

INSTRUCTOR  
Take care of it.

TAYLOR  
You bet. I'll need a hand with the inventory and-

INSTRUCTOR  
(Interrupting)  
Take what you need.

TAYLOR  
Aces.  
(points to Kelly and Anne)  
Let's go.

To Robyn's shock, Anne leaves her alone on the stage!

ANNE  
Watch your six.

Anne turns her back to her. She's wearing a soccer jersey, number "6."

Robyn pleads with her eyes, but the girls bolt.

Taylor slowly closes the door.

**\*click\***

ROBYN  
(Whispering)  
No.

Robyn is alone, surrounded by strangers.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
What's your name?

Robyn spins around to find the Instructor breathing down her neck.

ROBYN  
Robyn Willis.

INSTRUCTOR  
I'm Mr. Vrable, Robyn. May I?

The Instructor unties her robe, pulls it down and off, literally spinning her nude. She covers herself with her hands.

With a flourish, he flings the robe away. Far away.

INSTRUCTOR  
Okay. Lie down, please, Robyn.

Robyn stiffly lies down upon the stage, which is carpeted with a red throw rug. He begins to pose her, but Robyn resists...

INSTRUCTOR  
Hey.

The Instructor and Robyn stare at each other. Robyn gives in and he manipulates her like an articulated doll.

After shaping her, he stands.

INSTRUCTOR  
It would be a shame to hide such gay faces behind drawing boards. Let's start with Blind Contour drawings.

He starts the timer.

INSTRUCTOR  
Eyes on the model, not on the paper. Go.

The students begin to draw WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE PAPER. Fifteen sets of unblinking eyes lock onto Robyn's frame.

The students are silhouetted, and their eyes reflect light like predators.

POV of one of the ARTISTS: an extreme close up of Robyn's body, as his eyes travel every detailed inch of her.

ANGLE ON HIS PAGE - His pencil matches her lines almost perfectly.

ROBYN (V.O.)

You're not here. You're not here...

INSTRUCTOR

Time's up! Let's rock some figure drawings.

ENTIRE CLASS

Roger that.

**MONTAGE:**

**GOD'S POV** - We look down upon the stage, as the Instructor coldly manipulates Robyn into a series of poses.

The students sketch, stare, frown, smirk, comment, whisper, ball up their paper, start again. Some give up and go smoke.

**END OF MONTAGE.**

INSTRUCTOR

Time! That's it for today. Tack your drawings up on the wall and get the hell out of my classroom.

A STUDENT (off screen) tosses her the robe, which falls at her feet. She picks it up and covers herself, her head down, ashamed.

The Instructor yanks a money clip out of his pocket, stacked with cash. He peels off some bills from the top.

INSTRUCTOR

Taylor told you it was cash, right?

Robyn nods. He hands her the dough.

INSTRUCTOR

Nice work. Hope to see you again.

The lights come on. The room empties, and Robyn is left alone, the cash crumpled in her hand. She begins to cry.

**JUMP CUT:**

Robed, she dashes out of the class in tears.

**INT. ART SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Robyn explodes into the hallway, where she finds Anne, Taylor and Kelly.

ROBYN  
I CAN'T BELIVE YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU  
BITCHES! YOU FUCKING BITCHES! FUCK YOU!  
FUCK YOU!

Anne pushes her. Robyn pushes back.

Beat.

BOOM!

**INT. ART SCHOOL - DRAWING STUDIO - NIGHT**

The three girls use Robyn's body as a battering ram to EXPLODE back into the room!

Robyn struggles as they drag her towards the VIEWING WALL of the classroom. Once there, they let her collapse upon the floor. A crumpled mess, Robyn is defeated.

TAYLOR  
Stand up.

Robyn doesn't move. She sobs.

TAYLOR  
STAND UP!

Robyn bolts up in anger.

ROBYN  
WHAT! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

TAYLOR  
Shut up and turn around. Please, for  
goodness sake.

Robyn turns around to face a wall covered with the drawings of the art students.

They are all of her and they are all wonderful. Gorgeous.

She sees herself as she's never seen herself before, through the eyes of a bunch of strangers.

**MONTAGE:** Each drawing, each a different style, but all depict Robyn with gorgeous lines and shading.

Sensual, sexy, powerful, delicate, all at once.

Robyn stands there in awe. We see a close up of her full face, with jeweled eyes.

ROBYN  
Beautiful.

TAYLOR (O.S.)  
(Exasperated)  
Finally.

CUT TO:

Screen fades to black.

Text fades up...

"Behold your own beauty"

END

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