

Art Sale

By

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INT. ART GALLERY DAY

A WOMAN stands staring at a painting with great intensity. A MAN joins her.

MAN

Careful, if you stare any harder
you'll burn a hole right through
it.

WOMAN

It's just so...

The man looks around.

MAN

You know you didn't finish your
sentence.

WOMAN

Uh-huh.

MAN

Would you like it?

WOMAN

Excuse me?

She looks away from the painting for the first time.

MAN

The painting, I'll get if for you
if you want.

WOMAN

(backing away)

Thanks, but I uh... excuse me.

She turns and leaves the gallery.

EXT. STREET CONTINUOUS

She turns the corner down an alley way. The man has followed her out.

MAN

Hey, hold up! I think you
misunderstood.

WOMAN

Leave me alone.

She searches through her bag.

MAN

Look, I wasn't trying to hit on you
or anything.

She turns around and sprays him with pepper spray. He falls
to the ground grasping his eyes.

MAN (cont'd)

Holy Shit!

WOMAN

What kind of woman do you think I
am.

MAN

Agghh- Son of a- Do you know how
much that- Shit

WOMAN

Thats what you get for trying to
buy me off like some whore! You
bastard.

She turns and continues to walks.

MAN

I painted it.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

The painting I'm the artist -My god
that stings!

WOMAN

Really?

MAN

No one has ever looked at one of my
paintings like that.

WOMAN

Oh my god, are you OK?

MAN

I can't see, but other than that I
think I'll be fine.

WOMAN

Oh.

She knees him in the stomach.

MAN

(Gasping for air)

What the-

WOMAN

My husband painted that for his
mother, asshole!