

The Exhibit
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FADE IN:

INT. ART GALLERY-CHELSEA-NEW YORK-NIGHT

A COUPLE in their thirties walks casually at the opening of a new exhibit. The woman, ZANNY (34), is a beautiful vision of abstract sophistication: flowing hair, patterned pashmina, Italian high-heeled boots.

Her ruggedly sexy husband DAVID (35) looks like he walked into the wrong place.

A stylish, pretty GALLERY ASSISTANT (20s) smiles at them. Suddenly Zanny takes David's hand and pulls him to the side.

ZANNY

That's it!

DAVID

Where?

She points to a rectangular black SLAB leaning against the wall.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(lost)

Is it, really?

David stares at the artwork in confusion; Zanny admires it.

ZANNY

This is Frockenberg! Genius.

David is nonplussed.

ZANNY (CONT'D)

There's nothing else like it. It's so intuitive. It's like every speck speaks to you, even the ones stuck in the tension of negative space. Look at that negative space! Imagine putting all your nuances, your deepest desires into one tangible thing so that it all make sense, even when it makes no sense. I could never do that.

Beat. A spark is reignited in David.

ZANNY (CONT'D)

How could something this defiantly beautiful sit here unnoticed by all those people?

(MORE)

ZANNY (CONT'D)
 (referring to tourists)
 They're looking at that Von
 Schnubal as if they've never seen
 blocks of color on canvas before!
 Von Schnubul is so pre Moma
 reconstruction.

A few people move obliviously past them.

DAVID
 Honey, we own a Von Schnubal. You
 were excited about it once, kind of
 like how you were at our wedding.

ZANNY
 Yes, well, I was an idiot. I
 thought the colors would go well
 with our drapes.

DAVID
 And now you're imagining this thing
 in our living room because it
 matches our onyx mantle?

ZANNY
 No! You don't think I'm serious, do
 you? You never understood my taste
 in art. Okay, with the Von
 Schnubal, I was frivolous. I didn't
 understand the conceptualism. And
 now I just don't think it goes with
 the decor since we redid the
 bedroom. I still appreciate the Von
 Schnubal. I'm just sick of looking
 at it every day.

DAVID
 Uh huh.

ZANNY
 But this! This piece of brilliance
 I can live with! Did I ever tell
 you how I fell in love with
 Frockenberg?

DAVID
 No...

ZANNY
 Remember when I was writing about
 Stuckism under the influence of
 Cynical Realism in the 21st
 century?

DAVID
 (sarcastic)
 Oh yeah, that one.

ZANNY
 Anyway, I went to this opening
 featuring emerging European
 sculptors...most of the work was
 the same old conceptual crap and
 regurgitated masssurrealism...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART GALLERY-CHELSEA-NEW YORK-NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Zanny's boredom evaporates at the sight of a SHINY RED DOME.
 Her gaze follows the stir of ART FANS surrounding
 FROCKENBERG, a weathered Euro-Trash artist with skinny pants
 and scarf on his head.

She melts at the sight of him, pushes past the people and
 introduces herself. Frockenberg smiles as he scans her
 figure.

CUT TO:

INT. ZANNY AND DAVIDS'S APARTMENT-NEW YORK-NIGHT

A stack of ART FORUM magazines on the glass coffee table. Von
 Schnubal on the wall. Zanny's hands slap the painting.
 Frockenberg is screwing her from behind.

With messy hair and smeared make-up, Zanny is no longer a
 vision of sophistication.

ZANNY
 (panting, moaning)
 Genius! Genius! Yes! You're a
 genius! Say it again!

FROCKENBERG
 You're a masterpiece...a fucking
 masterpiece!

ZANNY
 Genius! Oh God! I'm a fucking
 masterpiece!

End Flashback.

BACK TO:

INT. ART GALLERY-CHELSEA-NEW YORK-NIGHT

ZANNY

I was one of the first critics to recognize his talent. Now look where he is!

Looking at "slab".

You know, I wonder...honey, I'm going to put a bid on this, because I'm just thinking about that space on the wall in our bedroom, once we get rid of the Von Schnubal...

DAVID

I'm leaving.

The Gallery Assistant approaches.

ZANNY

What? But we just got here!

DAVID

I'm leaving you. I'm done with this marriage.

ZANNY

What?

DAVID

I want a divorce.

ZANNY

You can't just...what?

The Gallery Assistant picks up the slab and turns it over, revealing that it is actually a TABLE WITH FOLDED LEGS. The couple watches in disbelief as she unfolds the table and sets it up for a reception.

David gives Zanny one last look, then walks out of the gallery. Zanny turns around. Stares vacantly at the empty space on the wall.

FADE OUT.