

Red and White

By

The StoryTeLLer

INT. DEANS ATELIER - DAY

A beautiful, light-flooded and big atelier. A gathering of impressive artworks.

Sitting on a bench, LUCAS (31), focus on something outside the frame.

His face expresses a struggle of thoughts as he props his chin on his hand.

On a wall next to Lucas, stands DEAN. A devilish, good-looking ARTIST with a look that carries a lot of insecurities.

DEAN

And?

Lucas bites his lips.

DEAN

Do you see what I mean?

LUCAS

Well... it ehm... it definitely has some new elements in it.

The view panels and a big canvas takes the presence of the scene, revealing the look at what seems to be a colourful, abstract paint of a human most intimate interaction.

Both are eyeballing the paint.

DEAN

You think it's too much?

LUCAS

No ... I ... well ... say again for what was it for?

DEAN

For Aurelié, a gift to her and her family as a sign of our intensive love for each other.

Lucas gazes at a part of the paint that indicates to represent Deans genital.

LUCAS

It could be a slight too intense.

A furious and clueless look of Dean.

Lucas looks back shocked.

LUCAS (CON'T)

Too intense in a good way. The best way, you know. But maybe it is more for the real life. Not meant to be caught on a poor canvas.

Dean nods understanding.

Lucas breaths out relieved.

DEAN

So?

LUCAS

So, how about trying something more tradi--

Dean shakes his head.

LUCAS (CON'T)

--tional should definitely be the last thing you should aim for. Yes, no old stuff. Not here, sir.

Dean nods very convinced and serious.

LUCAS (CON'T)

Mhm. May I suggest something without making you tempted to switch the brush to a blade.

Dean nods a little confused, but still very serious.

LUCAS (CON'T)

What about starting with a new, empty canvas?

DEAN

What? From scratch? This one took me over four months. I barely ate and slept. I even hold back the urge to use the bathroom more often than I should or could.

LUCAS

So ... is this a yes?

EXT. DEANS ATELIER - DAY

A deep HOLLER of Lucas resounds and something big hits the pavement.

INT. DEANS ATELIER - DAY

Dean and Lucas stand together at the open window.

Dean gapes startled at Lucas.

LUCAS
Sorry, couldn't resist.

Both look down: the paint lies on the street.

DEAN
I literally put my blood on that.

LUCAS
Yeah, I think that would be the last thing your girl would wanna know when it comes to your artwork. Let's get that baby started.

Lucas leaves the window.

Dean follows suits.

A new CANVAS is in front of them.

LUCAS (CON'T)
We try out something simple. One of the few things I actually learned in that stupid art class.

DEAN
My father was the tutor.

LUCAS
Yeah, how is he doing?

DEAN
Still in coma.

LUCAS
What a fighter. Now let's get back to the exercise, champ.

Dean fights to maintain his composure.

LUCAS (CON'T)
I want you to close your eyes and
focus on the colour I will name you.

Dean looks at him suspiciously.

LUCAS (CON'T)
Come on, man.

Dean reluctantly closes his eyes.

LUCAS
The magical colour is: red. Now tell
me what are you seeing?

DEAN
I see ... her.

LUCAS
Perfect, keep it runnin' boy. What are
you seeing exactly?

DEAN
They are looking at me.

LUCAS
Okay ... keep it on. What are "they"
doing else?

DEAN
They look so soft. They open up for
me. Only for me.

LUCAS
I like that track. Now tell me what
you wanna do with them?

DEAN
Kiss them.

LUCAS
Yes! Kiss them, buddy. They are all
yours. What are you going to do next?

DEAN
I will use my tongue.

LUCAS
Okay. We movin' up some levels.

DEAN
Now I bite them.

LUCAS
And now we're cooking. What's next?

DEAN
I get in.

LUCAS
Yes, yes ... you get ... what?

DEAN
And out.

LUCAS
But you've just said, you get--

DEAN
--They are so wet.

LUCAS
Wet?

DEAN
And I keep it going harder and harder.

LUCAS
Wait what ... stop! Stop!

Dean suddenly opens his eyes in shock.

LUCAS
What is wrong with you, man?

Dean looks ashamed.

Lucas takes a seat right in front of him.

LUCAS (CON'T)
May I ask you a few questions?

DEAN
No.

LUCAS
What is the colour of her eyes?

DEAN

In the morning they are brown like hot chocolate and sometimes in the night they seem to have a slight tint of red in them, mixing to a beautiful hazelnut brown.

LUCAS

What are her favourite flowers?

DEAN

Roses?

LUCAS

Red?

DEAN

White. They carry a sweet innocence in them in her eyes.

LUCAS

Why her?

DEAN

Why her?

LUCAS

Look at you, you could have every woman you desire. Why exactly her?

DEAN

Why should a blind man care for the colours when it is the tone that reached the way deep into him.

Lucas looks confused.

LUCAS

I think I don't understand.

DEAN

But thankfully, I do now.

Dean gets up, picks a brush and some paint and starts to work on the canvas.

Lucas gapes at the ground with an unreadable face.

INT. DEANS ATELIER - DAY/TWO DAYS LATER

Lucas enters the atelier.

LUCAS
Dean? Are you there, buddy?

DEAN (O.S.)
I'm over here.

Lucas follows the voice.

LUCAS
I was thinking a lot about what you've
said and I think that I finally--

Lucas looks up and holds his breath.

In front of him: a huge canvas with an extraordinary paint of Aurelié's face made out of hundreds of roses.

Lucas stares almost paralysed at the artwork as Dean approaches from the background.

DEAN
Sometimes a new frame is all that is
needed.

Lucas is amazed.

DEAN (CONT'D)
So, what do you think?

LUCAS
(looking at the paint)
I think this makes your Kama Sutra
idea look like shit.

Dean smiles and lays his arm around his friend's shoulder.

DEAN
Yes it does.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

