The Masterpiece

By

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INT. STUDIO - DAY

A living room turned studio on the upper floor.

Broken paint brushes, half-drawn canvases, and paint stains cover the floor.

TERENCE, 30’s, sits by the window. Thick, black coffee steams inside a cup on his hand. A pair of big eye bags surrounds his eyes that stare blankly at the window.

He slowly lifts his cup and takes a big gulp of his coffee, slams it onto the table, sighs heavily, and turns to a BIG BLANK CANVAS on a chisel.

He glares at it for a moment, reaches for some paint tubes and palette, and roughly squeezes out some random colors on it.

He looks around before noticing paintbrush lying on the floor under the chisel.

He gets off his chair, crawls under the chisel, reaches the paintbrush, brings himself up, and SMACK! He delivers a nice reverse headbutt to the chisel.

TERENCE
Motherf---!

He rubs his head and scrunches his eyes in pain.

TERENCE
Godammit!

He angrily slaps the chisel away. It flies out the window.

TERENCE
Oh, shit!

RANDOM DUDE
[PLEASEINSERT\PREREINDERUNICODE{IJIL}INTOPREAMBLE]O.S.[PLEASEINSERT\PRE](from downstairs)
Ouch! Son of a---!

Terence rushes to the window and looks down.
RANDOM DUDE
Hey man, what the fuck?

TERENCE
Sorry, sorry! Didn’t mean it.
Purely an accident, I swear. I’m
really really sorry.

RANDOM DUDE
Fuck you!

TERENCE
What the f--? Hey, I said sorry already!

RANDOM DUDE
Sorry ain’t solve no fucking problem, you fucktard!

TERENCE
Wow! You suck your mom’s dick with that mouth?

RANDOM DUDE
Come down here so I can smack your fucking face!

TERENCE
Why don’t you come up here so I can give that out-of-place butthole you use to talk a bleaching service?

RANDOM DUDE
Fuck you!

TERENCE
No, thanks. I have a standard.

Terence slams the window close. He sits down and struggles to control his breath.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers.

TERENCE
Hello?

CHUCK is on the other end.
CHUCK (V.O.)
Yo Terence! How’s it going, bro?

TERENCE
Sucks.

CHUCK (V.O.)
What? What do you mean by sucks?

TERENCE
You know what I mean.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Terence, we need to submit it at--

TERENCE
I know! I know! I get it! Okay? I get the concept.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Alright, calm down. It’s okay bro, I believe in you. But you know this one’s the big deal, right? Both for you and... for me.

TERENCE
I know...

CHUCK (V.O.)
Don’t give your brain too much workout. You’re a Picasso, not an Einstein. Just take it easy but not too easy. I’m sure you’ll do good.

TERENCE
Thanks, Chuck.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Just tell me if there’s anything. I’ll help in any way I can.

TERENCE
Alright.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Keep the fire on my brother. See you in a few hours.

TERENCE
See you.

Chuck hangs up.

Terence looks at a clock on the wall. It’s 1 PM.
TERENCE
Shit...
He sighs and grabs his coffee cup. But it’s empty.

INT. KITCHEN – DAY
Thick, steaming coffee boils inside a coffee machine.
The coffee drips into Terence’s cup little by little.

TERENCE
C’mon!
Moments later, the coffee has yet to fill half of the cup.
Terence checks his phone. It’s 2 PM.

TERENCE
The fuck?
He turns back to his cup. Still halfway to go.
Annoyed, Terence violently pulls his cup, sending all of the
coffee to his shirt.

TERENCE
Motherf--!
Terence observes the stains on his shirt. Lightbulb moment!

INT. STUDIO – DAY
Terence assembles a new set of canvas and chisel.
He grabs a brush and dips it into a pot full of steaming
coffee.

TERENCE
Marcel Duchamp motherfuckers!
Terence waves his brush on the canvas. And after awhile...
... he creates a simple but gorgeous sketch of a coffee set
which he admires for a moment afterward.
He turns around, dips his brush into the coffee, turns back
and finds...
...the coffee is burning through his canvas.
TERENCE
Shit! No, no, no, no, no, no!

Terence quickly wipes the coffee, but it’s too late. A large hole has appeared on his canvas.

TERENCE
Shit! What the f--

Terence notices a label on the corner of his canvas. It says "Made in China."

TERENCE
Damn right...

DING DONG! The doorbell rings.

TERENCE
(scream)
Who the fuck is that?

It RINGS again.

TERENCE
Motherfucker!

Terence storms toward the door, opens it to reveal...

...THE RANDOM DUDE, a muscular giant, stands in front of him with the canvas he dropped earlier.

TERENCE
(gulps)
Hello...

The Random Dude smacks the canvas to Terence’s face, sending him diving to the floor.

RANDOM DUDE
Bleach this, fucker!

The Random Dude throws the broken canvas into the room and walks away.

Terence brings himself up and shakes his head, trying to recover from the delirium.

TERENCE
Son of-- Ugh!
LATER

The clock on the wall shows it’s 3 PM.

Terence is in front of a computer while rubbing a bag of ice on his swollen face.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Terence types in "ideas for original modern arts" in the Google search bar.

TERENCE

He glares at the computer screen. Anxious as ever.

His cell phone RINGS. He answers. Chuck is on the other end.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Bro! I’m almost there! Everything good?

TERENCE

Yeah fucking right.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Wha... what do you mean?

TERENCE

You know!

CHUCK (V.O.)

Terence, listen! We don’t have much time left. We need--

TERENCE

I know! Fuck! What do you want me to do, huh? Stop the fucking time? I’m not a cocksucking time lord!

CHUCK (V.O.)

Terence, calm down!

Terence slams his phone to the floor.

He calms himself down and gently sets up a new canvas.

He grabs his pallet and a tube of paint. He opens the tube, squeezes the paint onto the pallet, and...

...SNEEZES! Sending the paint smearing all over the canvas and chisel.
Losing his shit, Terence grabs the canvas, screams to the top of his lung, and slams it to the floor.

MONTAGE

Terence goes full rampage in his studio. Throwing chisels across the room, tearing canvases apart, and breaking brushes into pieces while screaming like a mad man.

END MONTAGE

Chuck, 30’s, looking neat and presentable, opens the door.

CHUCK
Yo Terence, I’m--

Chuck notices Terence’s ongoing rampage.

CHUCK
Wow[U+FF0C]what the hell?
Terence[U+FF01]

Terence notices Chuck and stops his frenzy while gnawing on a broken canvas.

Chuck moves his eyes across the room.

CHUCK
Bro... What did you do...?

Terence pulls out the canvas from his mouth.

TERENCE
I know! I’m fucked up! Okay? I’m fucked up big time here!

Chuck’s eyes turn to the broken canvas Terence gnawed on.

TERENCE (CONT’D)
So now what, genius? Any suggestion?

No answer. Chuck observes the broken canvas carefully.

TERENCE (CONT’D)
Hey, you’re listening? What do you want me to do now, huh? Hey! Answer me!

Still no answer. Chuck keeps staring at the canvas. He then nods and starts to smile.
INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Numerous fancy artworks fill up a spacious hall. But, the highlight is a BIG PILE of broken canvases, chisels, and brushes in the center of the room.

Terence, dressed in suit and tie, stands in front of the pile, talking to an elegantly dressed crowd.

TERENCE
So, the act of destroying the canvas suggests the idea of breaking the...
(stutters)
...the traditional form of art which...

Terence looks at Chuck in the crowd.

CHUCK
(whispers)
Go on!

TERENCE
...kinda saying that artists need to...
(stutters)
...always follow the rules. So with this paint-- installation, I want to...
(stutters)
...suggest all fellow artists out there to...
(stutters)
...break the rules. Yeah! That’s it. Thank you!

The crowd delivers a thunderous applause.

Chuck gives Terence a thumbs up.

The applause becomes louder and louder. Photographers showers Terence with flash. Satisfaction appears on his face.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

A picture of Terence happily shaking the hand of a man that looks like Al Capone.

Headline: "Young Artist Sold Artwork for $$$!"
Subtitle: "Buyer: ‘Totally not money laundering, I swear!’"