

The Artistes Worry

By

Richard Buckley

Copyright 2010

rj-buckley@hotmail.com

FADE IN

INT. ATTIC - DAY

A wide, tattered, sunlit room with a circular window. ALFRED, ancient and dignified, resides in front of a canvas with paintbrush in hand. FOOTSTEPS are heard behind him and then a hand appears on his shoulder. He is unmoved.

His wife, PIPPA, with a face battered by the worries of time. She stands in awe.

PIPPA
It's beautiful...

ALFRED
Just applying the finishing touches.

PIPPA
No, no-more. You have finished.

ALFRED
I suppose your right.

A sudden melancholy adorns her face, and she spins on her heels when Alfred grabs her arm. She stops instantly.

ALFRED
My love...We knew this day would come. You know what I must do.

PIPPA
Alfred no, that was just silly talk, Alfred?

ALFRED
I am a man of my word, this is why you have loved me all these years and this is what you will continue to do. Would you have me die with a cowards tongue sticking in my throat?

PIPPA
But Alfred no!

With one stern look into her eyes she obeys. She brings Alfred a hammer, it's steel glistens in the sun.

He grasps the hammer tightly, he raises it with a madness in his eyes. Pippa begins to sob.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

All of the great artists throughout history have sacrificed, bled with every ounce of their being...How can I go on, knowing I will never match this? My masterpiece.

PIPPA

But Alfred...

The hammer strikes down on his right hand with a SWOOSH, bones crack and Alfred lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

PIPPA

You paint with your left!

FADE OUT

THE END.