The Artistes Worry

By

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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.

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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.