

Love and Paint

By

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FADE IN:

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

This living room doubles as a creative workspace for a messy painter. ART PAINTBRUSHES and PAINT CONTAINERS fill available surfaces. CANVASSES are stacked in a corner.

A CANVAS sits on an EASEL in the middle of the room, though we can't see what's painted on it.

MALCOLM, early 30s, unkempt, awkward, paces around the room. He's a nervous wreck.

MALCOLM

What if she laughs at me?

An unknown WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(frustrated)

She won't--

MALCOLM

And then stabs me. And saws out my liver and eats it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(sighing)

She won't eat your liver.

MALCOLM

You're right. She's a vegetarian.

Malcolm collapses on the couch.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I need a beer.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You don't drink, cupcake.

MALCOLM

I need to learn how to drink.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(hopeful)

Or maybe you could distract yourself with a little painting?

MALCOLM

Yes! Yes yes yes.

(CONTINUED)

Malcolm springs up, grabs a PAINTBRUSH, marches to the canvas, turns, and falls back onto the couch, whining.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(sigh)

So, other than her appearance,
which I admit is ravishingly
beautiful--

Malcolm turns to the painting on the easel. We see that it's an unfinished painting of an attractive, mid 20s woman. The PAINTED LADY moves as if alive. In the background behind her, clouds slowly move through the sky.

MALCOLM

(humorless)

Ha ha ha.

PAINTED LADY

What is it about her that you like?

Malcolm stares at the ceiling, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

2

CAROLINE, mid 20s, attractive, stands on the sidewalk talking on her CELL PHONE. It's obvious that she is the lady in the painting.

Malcolm comes trotting up.

MALCOLM

Sorry I'm late.

CAROLINE

(to phone)

I didn't fucking order ranch on yours, you ate mine! No, the file is under the stapler. The red stapler! No, not the fucking chartreuse stapler! Tomatoes! That's how you can tell it's my fucking salad! No, the check didn't bounce, check the bottom line. Of course it was fat mother fucking free dressing.

Caroline gives Malcolm an "Oh God, why me?" look.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

(to phone)

I gotta go, Malcolm's here. Yes,
his new paintings look great. Yes,
I'm looking at them now. Yes,
you'll make lots of money
boss. Bye bye.

Caroline manages to hang up and looks at Malcolm. Malcolm shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT) 3

MALCOLM

I like how she's cute when she's
exasperated.

PAINTED LADY

Is she exasperated a lot?

MALCOLM

(dreamily)

Yeah...

PAINTED LADY

That...actually doesn't sound that
great...

Malcolm continues thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 4

Malcolm, fashionably dressed, but still a little scruffy,
stands smoking a CIGARETTE outside. Caroline and JEREMY,
mid 20s, macho stud type, stumble out of a
building. Inside, FANCY MUSIC and a CROWD MINGLING can be
heard.

Caroline and Jeremy are giggling like idiots. Both are
dressed in trendy, upscale clothes.

MALCOLM

(pleased)

Hey!

CAROLINE

Oh, hi Malcolm. Great great show
tonight. Boss lady thinks you're
going to sell a lot of pieces.

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Great!

Pause.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Say, would you want to...

JEREMY

Oh, this guy arts! I mean--

Caroline and Jeremy laugh like idiots. She hits him playfully.

MALCOLM

Yeah, yeah I "art."

CAROLINE

(to Jeremy)

You're so bad!

(to Malcolm)

Well, we gotta go. Good night.

Caroline and Jeremy stumble off.

MALCOLM

Good night, Caroline.

JEREMY

Keep up the good arting, Mark.

MALCOLM

Uh...Malcolm...

CAROLINE

(whisper to Jeremy)

He's so weird...

CUT TO:

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

5

Malcolm is standing at the canvas and paints the Painted Lady.

MALCOLM

And she's really playful.

PAINTED LADY

(disbelief)

Playful...

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

You wouldn't understand if you
haven't seen the two of us
together. Hold still.

PAINTED LADY

Sure.

MONTAGE - A GLIMPSE OF MALCOLM WITH CAROLINE (FLASHBACKS)

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

6

Caroline stands in one corner, texting on her CELL
PHONE. Malcolm stands in the other corner, awkwardly
staring at her.

MALCOLM

(V.O.)

There's a kind of magic...

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

7

Malcolm and Caroline walk toward each other down a hallway.
They try to avoid each other, but end up continuing to get
into each others way with much awkward shuffling.

MALCOLM

(V.O.)

There's this sexual tension between
us.

She grabs him to keep him in place, then walks around
him. Malcolm watches her go with a dreamy expression.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

It's electric when we touch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

8

Malcolm sits, pretending to play on his CELL PHONE with a
half eaten SANDWICH and CUP OF COFFEE. He watches Caroline
flirting with a good looking GUY.

The guy hands her his CELL PHONE and she punches something
into it. She hands his phone back and saunters off. He
looks at his phone and makes a minor fist pumping motion.

Malcolm, frowning a little, looks down at his phone.

MALCOLM

(V.O.)

She...can do no wrong.

END MONTAGE

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT) 9

Malcolm is staring off into space. The Painted Lady stares at him, sadly. In the background of the painting, it's RAINING.

PAINTED LADY

Malcolm...

MALCOLM

Mmm?

PAINTED LADY

You...are a great catch. You're passionate, you're focused, and you're very confident...about certain things.

Pause.

MALCOLM

You're shittin' me.

PAINTED LADY

You're also a little bit of an idiot.

MALCOLM

You're just asking for some paint thinner, lady.

PAINTED LADY

Do it, cupcake.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

MALCOLM

I got this.

PAINTED LADY

You got this.

Malcolm moves toward the door, stops, grabs the canvas of the Painted Lady and faces it toward a wall.

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT ENTRY AREA - CONTINUOUS

10

Malcolm answers the door. Caroline enters, barging past him.

CAROLINE
Okay, where's the delivery? Boss
is nutso today.

MALCOLM
Oh, it's, uh...

CAROLINE
Where?

MALCOLM
Go on a date with me. Tonight.
You and me.

Pause.

Caroline starts laughing at him.

CAROLINE
(laughing)
Oh Malcolm! Oh. Oh, Malcolm, no.
Nooooo. No, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
I'll go get the...

CAROLINE
(still laughing)
Yeah, you get the...oh, Malcolm...

Malcolm pauses in the doorway and half looks over his shoulder.

MALCOLM
(whispers)
You were wrong.

He leaves.

CAROLINE
(to self)
Fucking...weirdo...

Caroline, left to her own devices, walks around the apartment.

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

On a coffee table is a PACK OF CIGARETTES. Caroline grabs them, lights one, and puts them in her pocket.

She notices the canvas of the Painted Lady leaning against the wall. She grabs it and puts it on the easel, stepping back. The Painted Lady, stationary as a painting should be, stares back at her. In the background of the painting, a storm is brewing and a bolt of lightning streaks from the sky.

CAROLINE
Great. A stalker.

She blows smoke at the canvas and turns her back on it to ash in the ASHTRAY.

When she turns, the Painted Lady, still looking like a living painting, is standing before her. In the canvas, the STORM is going crazy. LIGHTNING CRASHES from the sky. The SOUNDS OF THE STORM are audible.

The Painted Lady grabs Caroline by the neck. Caroline grabs the Painted Lady's arms, futilely tries to pull her away, tries to scream, and only manages a GASP. The PAINT of the Painted Lady starts oozing over Caroline. As it does so, it drains off of the Painted Lady, showing a living duplicate of Caroline underneath.

PAINTED LADY
I told him you wouldn't laugh.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 12

A simple bedroom. Malcolm sits on the edge of the bed, staring at nothing. He stands, grabs a CANVAS CARRIER, and leaves.

INT. ARTIST'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 13

Malcolm enters with the CANVAS CARRIER. Caroline has her back to him, staring at the Painted Lady CANVAS.

MALCOLM
This is all I have for today.

Caroline turns. She smiles sweetly at him. She walks up and gives him a simple kiss on the lips.

CAROLINE
Tonight would be wonderful. Where ever you want to go. Pick me up at 7.

(CONTINUED)

Pause.

MALCOLM
(stunned)
Great.

She smiles, grabs the canvas carrier and is about to leave when she stops and walks back to him.

CAROLINE
Just realized I needed to make a
better apology for the laugh.

She grabs him and kisses him passionately.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
There!

She once again goes to leave.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
I'll see you tonight, cupcake!

Caroline leaves. Malcolm goes from stunned to confused.

MALCOLM
(to self)
Cupcake?

Malcolm notices the canvas of the Painted Lady is on the easel. He looks at it and stops in his tracks. Slowly, he looks at the door, then back to the canvas.

The painting, now in shades of red, shows the Painted Lady, arms spread, in a horrific scream.

FADE OUT