

Brush
by
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INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Two figures stand admiring a painting in the vast walls of the gallery.

Richard, 50, is on the right hand side, sporting a particularly dishevelled and scruffy look, casual clothes, yet worn and dotted in tiny splashes of paint.

Tim, 20, is putting in a little more effort than his father; wearing an un-ironed shirt, half tucked in and messily styled hair.

Remaining quite still, Richard slowly reaches his arm up to rest on Tim's shoulder, very slightly squeezing it.

RICHARD

This is gonna be so great. This is your moment my boy.

Tim nods but doesn't take his attention away from the painting. The gallery's curator approaches them.

RICHARD

Chris, this is brilliant! Love how you've used the space.

Richard gestures, eyeing the entire room.

CURATOR

Oh wonderful, I'm glad you like it.

RICHARD

There's just one thing.

He raises a finger up in the air.

CURATOR

Please, go on?

Richard's finger comes down to point to a different section of the gallery.

RICHARD

I think that, that corner over there just looks a little bare?

All three of them look in the direction of Richard's point.

RICHARD

There's a bit of a gap?

TIM

Yeah, dad, that's where the new piece is going.

RICHARD

Oh right, yeah. Silly me.

TIM

I'll bring it in when it's ready. Thanks again, Chris.

CURATOR

The pleasure is mine. It's so exciting to think we'll have shown both yours and your dad's work nearly twenty years apart.

TIM

Yeah, that's pretty cool I suppose, I hadn't actually thought about it like that.

RICHARD

It's great son!

Richard reaches around Tim and pulls him in closer to him, while remaining fixed on the curator.

RICHARD

I'm so bloody proud of him.

CURATOR

Aww, it's wonderful to see you following in your dad's footsteps.

[TITLE: BRUSH]

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/STUDIO - NIGHT

Richard, wine glass in hand, enters into a heavily cluttered room, there are canvases and paint tubes strewn around the place.

Tim tip toes around the mess from the back to the front of the room, where a large canvas stands half finished.

RICHARD

What are you doing?

TIM

Oh, I was just looking at it from a

lil further back.

Richard turns his head to look and gives a nod of approval to painting.

RICHARD
Brilliant.

Tim gives a slight sigh, before bringing his attention back to the canvas. He leans forward and makes a small mark before stepping back again and frowning, he repeats this cycle several times.

Meanwhile, Richard collapses onto the sofa opposite, sips his wine and then reaches for his laptop on the coffee table in front of him. The light illuminates his face as he begins typing away, breaking occasionally for another sip of wine.

TIM (O.S.)
Ugh... for fuck's sake!

Richard watches as Tim jumps forward and tries to wipe the canvas with his finger.

Tim paces around looking for something to wipe the canvas, dissatisfied with a dirty rag he finds, he settles for his shirt sleeve.

RICHARD
Paint over it?

Tim's shoulders sag as he turns to face Richard.

TIM
It's just shit.

RICHARD
Want some help?

Richard puts his glass and laptop aside and stands up.

TIM
No. It's ok.

Tim plants his brush in a jar of water and walks out.

Richard stares at the canvas for sometime before picking up his glass and wandering closer. He folds his arms as his eyes scan the painting.

TIM (O.S.)

Dad, do you wanna just watch a film or something? I'm really not in a painting mood.

Tim, carrying a bowl of pasta, idly walks back into the room. Richard stays faced towards the canvas.

RICHARD

You know what I think this really needs?

TIM

Oh give it a rest will you?

Richard brings his attention away from the canvas, his smile fading as he notices his son's reaction.

RICHARD

I... I was only trying to help.

TIM

Stop interfering.

Tim walks passed Richard and drops his bowl down onto the table. He then turns to confront him.

TIM

This is my work, not yours and I don't need your fucking help.

RICHARD

Please don't take that tone with me. I've taught you everything. Do you know how difficult it was to organise this exhibition?

TIM

I didn't even want this exhibition, dad. You did.

Tim paces across the room and picks up one of the finished paintings before holding it in front of Richard.

TIM

Painting is dead. It was dead when you were doing it.

RICHARD

Well what else are you gonna do? Listen to me son, your paintings are

great...

TIM

You're not listening to me. Nobody
fucking cares anymore!

Tim sighs and drops his arms, still holding the painting.

TIM

Just please let me have this, I don't
want this exhibition to have anything
to do with you.

Tim lets the painting slip to the floor and quickly grabs a
brush from a bucket of white paint. Richard interrupts,
stepping between Tim and the canvas.

RICHARD

Son, I realise you're stressed. When I
had my first exhibition...

TIM

If I'm like you, then I won't make it.

Tim's focus goes back to the canvas, he raises the brush and
drags it across it, coating the painting beneath in white.

TIM

Just like you didn't make it.

Richards face drops. He flashes with anger and prepares to
shout but stops himself. He sulks out of the room, stopping
in the doorway but remaining faced away.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

Tim stays faced away as Richard leaves. Taking a deep breath,
he continues painting white over the canvas.

EXT/INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE/STUDIO - DAY

It's morning now and Richard is preparing himself to enter
the studio. He sighs but finds the courage to push the door
open.

Once inside he finds the place empty of Tim and the large
canvas.

He's just leaving when he passes a picture of Tim when he's
much younger on the side. Richard stares at it for a moment

too long and his eyes swell up with tears.

RICHARD

Fuck.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Richard, dressed a little smarter than usual, meekly pushes open the door to the gallery.

He immediately notices the paintings are missing from the space. Instead there is a small crowd gathered around something in the centre.

Curious, he wanders over and inserts himself amongst the group so he can see what they're all looking at. There is a small projector on a stand, projecting a low-quality video onto a white canvas against the wall.

Richard recognises the canvas as the one Tim painted over. A look of panic hits his face as the audio and video also become clear to him.

It is a recording of Tim and Richard's argument in front of that very canvas it is being projected onto.

He stares. A million emotions flooding through him. After a few moments the crowd's whispering praise of the work becomes clear to him.

Eventually, he smiles.

END