

OPENING CREDITS

VOICEMAIL

You have three new messages.

CURATOR (V.O.)

Coo coo, give me a call darling, it's urgent.

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO. DAY.

Mozart's Requiem plays from a stereo. The voicemail beeps.

CURATOR (V.O.)

Darling we need a little chit-chat about this painting. Call me.

We see a calendar with the days marked in red pen. The day next to the last red X reads 'Exhibition'.

Next to the calendar is a newspaper article titled: Renowned Artist's Return?

Voicemail beeps again.

CURATOR (V.O.)

I'm getting the impression you're avoiding me, darling. I'm going to have to come over there if I don't hear from you soon. Ciao.

Meanwhile, a montage of ARTIST.

He smokes out the window, he drinks tea, he plays the harmonica, he sings David Bowie (terribly), he chokes on the tea.

He does everything but paint.

The phone rings again. This time he picks up.

ARTIST

(disgruntled)

Hello? -

CURATOR

(on the other side of the phone)

Where is my painting?

ARTIST

Uh, well, it's coming along -

CURATOR

Darling, your painting is the centrepiece of my exhibition. I need it. Now.

ARTIST

Now?

CURATOR

If not now, certainly by tomorrow afternoon.

Silence.

CURATOR

Darling, this is your last chance to be one of the greats. I want launch you to eternal fame. Let me be to be the Warhol to you Basquait. The Micha-

ARTIST

(rolling his eyes)

Okay okay, thank you!

CURATOR

I sent you some edible encouragement.

ARTIST

Yes, of course!

He heads towards the cake, it's missing a slice. The icing reads: Hurry the F*%k Up.

ARTIST

You have such a way with words, you know that?

(He takes a bite, talking with his mouth full)

This is delicious -

CURATOR

Oh it's my favourite: Pistachio and -

ARTIST

Pistachio?!

CURATOR

Problem?

A crash is heard in background of CURATOR's line.

CURATOR

SHIT! I have to go. Get me that painting. Ciao Bella!

She hangs up.

ARTIST

(still to phone)

I'm allergic! Fuck! You - Hello? Shit!

He rushes towards a cabinet, he pulls multiple drawers open and finds an epi-pen box, opens it. It is empty.

Panic. He pulls out his phone and dials 999. The swelling is getting worse. His coughs.

OPERATOR
999 what's your emergency?

ARTIST
(punctuated with wheezes)
Ambulance... anaphylactic shock...25 Tate Avenue...

OPERATOR
Ok, the ambulance is on its way.

The artist looks at the painting. As he re-seats himself before the easel, Mozart's Requiem begins to crescendo. He paints.

OPERATOR
It'll be with you soon, sir. Sir?

His breathing becomes more and more constricted.

OPERATOR
Sir, are you there?

His body now violently shudders. Blood on his lips. He paints like he has never painted before.

OPERATOR
Hello??
The artist's hand slides across the canvas, he has passed out. Dead.
Collapsed on the floor.

Silence.

Blue lights start flashing on the corner of the room.

The painting is now fully revealed.

INT. ART GALLERY. DAY.

The painting hangs alongside other masterpieces in art history.
Mozart's Requiem now plays non-diegetically.

CURATOR
- and this portrait perfectly encapsulates that synthesis. It is arguably his most famed piece, however it came at the cost of his untimely death. Some say I was the Warhol to his Basquiat -
Cut to black.

END