

THE TRADE

By

KIRK BARBERA

FADE IN:

EXT.NEW YORK CITY PARK OVERLOOKING SKYLINE-DAY

A beautiful day at the park, there's only a few people sitting scattered throughout. One man, an ARTIST in his late 20's, an upright young man who is lacking his usual confidence and zeal for his craft, is staring at two paintings; one is a classic looking painting of a sleek and muscular man wearing only business pants overlooking his city, it shows the triumph of man. The other is a garbled mess of random colors thrown onto a canvas for seemingly no real purpose but chaos. The young artist is clenching a newspaper in his hand as he stares at the two paintings.

He begins to get more and more frustrated, angry even. Not understanding.

ARTIST

What devastation of man claims this  
is art?

As the artist stares at the paintings he looks around at the sparse population in the park with a look of disgust, which turns quickly into a deep sorrow and confusion.

He stands there arms folded like a statue watching the people, then he begins to look back and forth between the painting of the man and the painting of the garbled mess of random colors, aptly called 'modern art'

INT.OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

In a very neat and extremely extravagant office sits a BUSINESSMAN in his mid to late 40's wearing an expensive suit with his feet on the table, a man utterly in control of his universe and with a certain contempt for those in it. He is reading a newspaper with his picture on the cover, in bold it says "THE MAN WHO WISHES TO REBUILD THE WORLD IN HIS IMAGE" as he is reading through the article he bursts out laughing and throws the paper in the garbage. He picks up a tattered worn out tan rucksack flings it over his shoulder and walks out of his office.

EXT.NEW YORK CITY PARK OVERLOOKING SKYLINE-DAY

The artist now sitting on a park bench with blank sketch pad looking for inspiration.

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ARTIST

I can do this, it's simple, just  
don't think.

He sits there and begins to draw random curves and angles with no meaning or purpose, then all of a sudden the random curves and angles begin to connect and the makings of a beautiful landscape take place. He looks at it angrily crumples it up and begins staring at a new blank sheet of paper.

He then notices a gorgeous 1967 Ferrari 275 GTS/4 NART Spyder pull up and an even more impressive man step out of the car; the businessman begins walking over to the bench. He sits down and pulls out a trade journal from his odd looking rucksack and begins reading.

The artist tries to casually go back to his sketching, stealing glances at the car and the businessman, then to his ruddy sack.

The artist gets up and walks around the bench to look at the two paintings. Once again staring down at them, he begins drawing something on his sketchpad and again crumples it up and throws it away.

The businessman notices this and looks at the paintings then to the painter, suddenly very intrigued. The businessman gets up and walks behind the artist who instantly turns around to face him. The Businessman's gaze moves from the artist to the painting of the modern art.

ARTIST

That's not mine! The other one's  
mine, but you would probably want  
this one. you can have it if you  
want.

The businessman scoffs then looks at the other painting inquiringly. He picks it up and places it on the bench, stepping back to get a full view. As he continues to stare at the painting a small smile begins to spread over the landscape of his face.

ARTIST

You probably don't want that, the  
reviews were horrible, people said  
I just don't understand the concept  
of humanity or the art of the day.

The businessman pulls out a checkbook from his rucksack and starts writing a check.

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ARTIST

You really want this? Well, I don't know if I want it sold anymore.

The businessman finishes writing the check and hands it to the artist, putting the checkbook in his pocket. The artist lights up, and then a look of horror takes over the features of his face.

ARTIST

But... But, this is too much. The reviews! The reviews!

The businessman frowns and reaches for the painting.

ARTIST

OK well it's your money.

The businessman takes the painting and walks towards his car. The artist notices that the man left his sack.

ARTIST

HEY! YOU...

BUSINESSMAN

It's yours, I don't need it anymore.

The businessman looks over one more time winks and smiles then continues to walk away.

The artist looks apprehensively at the rucksack and begins to slowly walk over to it. He sits down pulling the sack onto his lap and begins to cautiously yet anxiously open it.

He pulls out a small statue, an exquisite scale down model of Auguste Rodin's The Thinker. The detail is so moving the artist can barely breathe. He looks from the statue to the check, a check for \$100,000, and smiles. He puts the statue and the check in the rucksack, gets up and walks away.

FADE OUT: