

Realism.  
(Scriptfest Draft)

Written by  
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Speaking parts:  
David (43)  
Visitor 1 - 11 (middle age exhibition goers)  
Woman (30)

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INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

An unoccupied living room fills the frame. A single, worn recliner chair sits near a window, faded by years of sunlight. A television remote sits on one arm. The rest of the room is neat, but lived in, a few framed photographs line the shelves, trapped between books, mainly fictitious. A television, not modern not outdated, stands on a short cabinet, a pile of DVDs accompanies it.

DAVID, of about 40 enters the living room carrying a 'Breaking Bad' themed mug and coaster, dressed in a polo shirt and jeans, he gratefully sits on the chair. Placing the coaster and then the mug on the arm in a well rehearsed motion. He sits for a long moment, looking out the window, ultimately gets bored and switches on the television.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP OUTSIDE SEATING. DAY

We join a bustling street as a cafe door opens and David walks out, a takeaway cup in one hand and a cheese toastie in the other. He sits in the outside seating area, here he is dressed for work, a white shirt, a distasteful striped tie and smart trouser.

David takes a book out of his bag, 'The Age of Innocence' by Edith Wharton. It is slightly worn, as if it has been carried around in that bag for some time. He opens the book to the bookmarked page, notably very early on in the novel. After only a moment of reading he closes the book and puts it down, more interested in people watching.

He gazes around, absent mindedly taking quick bites from his toastie. There is a hurried atmosphere in the street, people rushing too or from. Looking around, he catches the eye of a woman sat at the other side of the cafe seating area, she quickly looks away, gathers her belongings and walks away down the street.

Meanwhile, not thinking much about the quick encounter, he hurriedly finishes the rest of his food and drink, leaving the rubbish stacked on the table and makes down the street.

EXT. STREET. DAY

On the street, we periodically lose David, the camera almost getting distracted by other people as they go about their lives.

We catch up to David as he turns the street corner, the busy crowds have dispersed now and this street is quieter.

David stops abruptly, we follow his surprised gaze to find two women in high visibility jackets, carrying an uprooted tree across a pedestrian crossing. The tree is tall, with a thick trunk, a tree that should be impossible to carry. Dirt falls from it's roots onto the road, leaves drop, a tyre swing is dragged along behind it, still attached to one of the branches. The women and the tree continue down a side street and out of sight.

David looks around in disbelief, no one, not even the lollipop man appeared to acknowledge the fantastical occurrence. He shakes his head and, for not the first time in his life, acts like nothing happened.

EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY

Further down the path. David reaches the side street that the mysterious tree had disappeared down, he looks, the street has a good amount of people wandering about. As the street widens a little, a stair case leads up to a hall.

A young woman stands at the foot of the steps trying to usher flyers into peoples hands, David takes one, glancing at it as he continues walking.

He stops, looking down at the flyer it simply reads 'DAVID.' He turns it over, the opposite side not offering much more 'Exhibition, Old Moor Street Hall, 4th - 10th of May.'

There's a long pause of contemplation, until, David turns and ascends the stairs.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL 1. DAY

Opening the heavy double doors to the hall, David enters. The room is bustling with people, exhibits line the walls of the first room, the exhibition continuing through into another room at the back. The walls are white, and benches run straight up the middle of the floor. There is a hushed atmosphere one would usually find in an art gallery.

After a moment of hesitance, David steps up to the art piece nearest the door. The plaque below reads; 'LUNCH, March 2017 - Present.' Pressed in a frame, grease smeared across the glass, is a cheese toastie. Another frame hangs adjacent, this one displaying a flattened empty takeaway coffee cup, 'Dave' is scrawled across it in black pen. He looks between the two frames for a long moment and then glances behind him.

Something catches his eye on the other side of the hall. He hesitantly walks towards it, surveying the room. A tie is encased. Red, and floral, with a small greasy smudge.

People move around him as David stares. His hands moves to touch his own tie, which is the exact same, he looks down, and notices his too has a smudge, in disbelief he quickly attempts to rub it away with his thumb.

A middle aged couple walk past, we hear their conversation in passing.

VISITOR 1  
It's a study of life Max

VISITOR 2  
It's a study of nothing, look my  
Dad has that tie

David follows the pair to the next piece.

A calendar, 'the lochs of Scotland' themed, is framed here. It has been turned to March, only a few dates have been written on. 'Haircut' March 19th, 'work night out' March 24th, 'Birthday' March 29th. The artist's plaque underneath the frame reads 'Yet, still doesn't have the time to call mother.'

After waiting for the gaggle to move on he moves closer to the frame. Uncomfortable now, he looks from face to face of the people closest to him, they also study the work, some are smiling along with their friends, some are serious and seem to contemplate the pieces, adding meaning to the meaningless.

We dip in and out of hushed conversations.

VISITOR 3  
anything passes for art these days

VISITOR 4  
but they've captured something so  
real don't you...

two people walk past, a leaf is caught in Visitor 6's hair

VISITOR 5  
great to see something so ordinary  
at one of these things, non of this  
experimental...

David watches as they pass, the look of disbelief once again appears on his face. He notices the hall extends into another room, he makes towards that, in the hope of making sense of this riddle he has found himself in.

Before he exits the first hall, he stops, a larger crowd of people are gathered around a piece, obscuring it from our view, he goes to stand amongst them.