

It is several hours after school, everyone including the teachers is gone. All the classrooms are empty apart from one, at the end of the hall. This particular door had music coming from behind it. Inside the room, there was a paint thrown all over the place, uncleaned brushes and newspapers littering the floor. In the centre of the room, a girl stands, frantically painting a canvas, headphones in, covered in paint. She has a look on her face, one of panic. Her eyes have not left the canvas for hours.

Through the small window in the door a head pops up. The girl doesn't notice. Moments later the door busts wide open startling the girl. It is a boy clearly with a look of panic on his face.

SETH:

Amy

(screams)

AMY:

SETH

(screams)

SETH:

Where have you been, we've been looking all over for you

AMY:

I've been right here...doing some work

SETH:

We searched everywhere, your house, school...

AMY:

Well, I didn't want to be bothered. Why did you need me so bad?

SETH:

We were playing smash bros and the teams were uneven. Anyway, how was I supposed to know you didn't want to be bothered, am I telepathic?

AMY:

What does that mean?

SETH;

It's a video game

AMY:

No, empathetic

(said like telepathic)

SETH

It's when you feel sorry for someone.

AMY:

So why did you feel sorry for me?

SETH:

What?

AMY:

I don't get why you had to feel sorry for me, I have work that I have to get done, I needed peace and quiet and I know you wouldn't willingly give me that.

SETH:

Ok, one text and this whole thing would be avoided, you know we only bother you because we care, anyway what work you doing?

The camera cuts back to a wide to show the art room and the canvas

AMY:

I'm Doing art...

SETH:

You take art?

AMY:

No, I'm doing an English essay with a paintbrush and an A3 canvas

(sarcastic)

SETH:

What, really?

AMY:

No, I'm being sarcastic

SETH:

Really?

AMY:

Nooooo

(sarcastic)

SETH:

Alright, you can do the essay, however you want, I won't judge.

AMY:

(My god, your thick. IM PAINTING A PAINTING (frustrated)

Seth ignores Amy's previous comment.

SETH:

So, what you painting?

Seth tries to walk towards the canvas

AMY:

It's none of your business

Amy shuffles the canvas the other way to stop Seth from looking

SETH:

why?

AMY:

Because it's my masterpiece and I said so

SETH:

If it's your masterpiece, why do you want to hide it?

AMY:

It's not done

SETH:

I love to see the process

AMY:

The lighting in this room isn't correct

SETH:

What?

AMY:

The room doesn't have the right feel to it

SETH:

Let's go next doors

AMY:

The canvas is fragile

SETH:

We can just move the frame

AMY:

No, you can't see it

(angry)

SETH:

I won't give up, you know, I was at home chilling with everybody else, but I decided...

AMY:

Seth

(whispers)

SETH:

(Continued)

...to come down here and see if you were okay...

AMY:

Seth

(whispers)

SETH:

The least you could do is let me see what you've spent all this time doing

AMY:

SETH

(shouts)

Seth looks down to the floor with a worried look

AMY:

I've only got a couple hours to complete this and you're only burying into that time now can you Please, just drop it

SETH:

Should I leave?

AMY:

No, despite all that, I enjoy the company...you can stay

Seth sits on a chair opposite Amy

SETH:

Alright if I stay you can answer one question

AMY:

Okay

SETH:

What's the painting of?

AMY:

(Amy looks up)

it's about expressionism

SETH:

What's that?

AMY:

It's about distorting the painting to create the mood I want

SETH:

Isn't that what the art is, not what its off

AMY:

It's a painting about how paintings manipulating feelings

SETH:

I've always wondered, what's that wooden thing you use to hold the paint called?

(he points to a wooden pallet)

AMY:

It's a paint pallet

SETH

I thought that was a pallet

(he points to a plastic pallet)

AMY:

That is a pallet, it's just a plastic one.

SETH:

Well how are you supposed to distinguish the two?

AMY:

If you want the plastic pallet, you ask for the plastic pallet

(deadpan)

SETH:

I'm gonna listen to some music, give you some peace

Amy looks down at the painting and continues with work. Seth plugs in headphones.

it cuts to the next morning.

Seth slumps over the chair, Amy walks up to Seth and gently slaps him across the face waking him up. Seth wakes up with a jolt.

AMY:

The bells about to go for first period

SETH:

What?

AMY:

It's nearly 9 o'clock

Seth checks his phone, there are several messages from his mother.

SETH:

Oh no

AMY:

What?

SETH:

I think my mum thinks I'm dead...

(pauses)

hey, did you finish your work

AMY:

Yeah, just about

SETH:

Can I see?

AMY:

Well, the teacher already collected it...

SETH:

Well, I hope you don't fail, bye

Seth stumbles out the room and walks up the corridor.