

EXT. - SEATTLE ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON

Beautiful and sunny. The Seattle Art Gallery is hosting "Visions of the Soul - The Bobb Denslee Exhibition". Promotional signs everywhere. A COLLECTOR exits the gallery with a wrapped painting.

A taxi pulls up. The day somehow is suddenly dark and dreary as ANNE DENSLEE, 45, curtly exits the cab commanding the driver:

ANNE DENSLEE

Wait here.

She is a successful NYC lawyer on a mission. Her flawless, super-model face is hard and cold, and now dismayed as she surveys the Gallery: can this be true?

She struts to the door, quickly checking face and hair with a make-up mirror, pauses out of habit as though entering the courtroom, takes a deep breath, stands tall, reaches for the handle...

Whoosh! Door opens as PATRON with a wrapped painting exits and smiles a welcome for ANNE to enter. But she is transfixed, and stares. PATRON's face is bumpy, a scar on the forehead, and a grotesque NOSE (*prosthetic stage nose*). PATRON is momentarily puzzled, then, since ANNE isn't entering, lets go of the door and leaves, pleased with the new artwork.

ANNE DENSLEE

*(muttering to herself)*

Good Lord, Bobby! And you said art school is beautiful. How'd we ever agree to try this?

*(beat - as she steps inside)*

Well, the jury is about to reach its-- oh, Hell.

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..where a feeding frenzy has happened. Only a few odd pieces remain; otherwise, lights shine on bare walls, easels are empty, as are random champagne glasses left behind by previous patrons. But ANNE is shocked. She sees a stale room void of life and color: blank canvas here, tattered artboard there.

Stepping over from the welcome desk with a brochure is RECEPTIONIST, 25, pleasant, wearing artsy black, but the same facial bumps, scar, and NOSE as the PATRON. ANNE scans her and looks away.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to "Visions of the Soul". Would you want, um, a brochure? As you can see, everything's, well, it's like we've sold nearly all the --

ANNE DENSLEE

No. *(beat)* Thank you.