

"WHITE ROOM"

By

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INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

A completely white, empty room in an art gallery. KRIS and GERRY enter: popping their heads in first before walking to the centre of the room.

GERRY

What is this? Is this art?

KRIS

I think it's meant to be that way.

GERRY

What makes you say that?

KRIS

I don't know. Surely they're not that stupid.

GERRY

Else we are. Is there a plaque?

They scan the room for any hint.

KRIS

Maybe they forgot to put something in this room? Maybe there's a statue, or a box of paintings sitting in some office somewhere.

GERRY

It's possible...

Another couple poke their heads in. GERRY gestures to them.

GERRY (CONT'D)

(calling out)

There's no art in this one!

KRIS

(calling out)

We checked!

They smile and shrug, faux-apologetically.

GERRY

Maybe we're the art?

KRIS strikes a pose like a statue from Ancient Greece.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I'm serious! It's like one of those-  
those happenings. Like hippie art.

KRIS

Anything's art these days...

GERRY

So what are we supposed to do?

KRIS

Us?

GERRY

We're the art, aren't we?

KRIS

Should we pose?

GERRY

I think they'd've put in a statue  
if that's what they were going for.

KRIS thinks.

KRIS

We could dance?

GERRY

I like that.

They begin to waltz.

KRIS

Does this feel right?

GERRY

It's nice.

KRIS

We look good.

GERRY

We do. Hey, let's keep dancing  
until we fool someone.

They keep dancing, glancing over their shoulders. Then: a  
third couple poke their heads in. KRIS and GERRY snap their  
heads back, trying their best to look serious.

They glance around again, break off the dance and laugh.

KRIS

Mission accomplished.

GERRY

Let's move on. I want to be gone if  
they decide to come back.