



ART EXHIBIT
[30s]

TAITE
SPENCER

FADE IN:

A PAINTING displayed in glass - splattered in an array of color.

PRETENTIOUS ARTIST: You see, the reds are a representation of my father.

A CROWD is gathered behind the Pretentious Artist. The sounds of CRUNCHING coming from their mouths as they nod along to his words.

PRETENTIOUS ARTIST: And the green is obviously my mother.

The hands of the crowd members swarm around a CHARCUTERIE BOARD - picking the last of the RITZ CRACKERS off of it.

The Pretentious Artist is smiling while he continues to look at his painting.

PRETENTIOUS ARTIST: But the blues... The blues are something far more personal.

He smirks - slowly turning around as he speaks.

PRETENTIOUS ARTIST: I don't know if that's something I'm ready to share -

The Pretentious Artist stops. The crowd behind him has disappeared. He panics, darting his eyes around.

He looks down to the charcuterie board - salami, cheese, and cracker crumbs all that remain.

PRETENTIOUS ARTIST: What the...

He looks back up. He spots the crowd across the art exhibit - gathered around a different PAINTER.

CROWD MEMBER #1: It's beautiful.

She takes a bite of a Ritz.

CROWD MEMBER #2: Perfect.

Crunch.

CROWD MEMBER #3: Just stunning.

He reaches back to the Painter's snack board - a pile of Ritz - popping one into his mouth.

PAINTER: Thank you.

We see what they're all looking at. A BLANK PAINT CANVAS sitting on an easel.

VO: Ritz. A cracker so perfect, anything else would ruin it.

The Pretentious Artist pops into frame. He slaps a Ritz into his mouth.

Pretentious Artist: Genius...

END.