

THE ART OF BREAKING UP

Written by

Carey B. Fulks II

404-324-9832  
carey\_fulks@yahoo.com

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

ISABELLA, 21, hurriedly packs her clothes. She moves between boxes and suitcases.

Several paintings hang in her closet. A thick canvas covers more paintings on the floor.

HARRY, 25, stands in the doorway of Isabella's room. He watches her pack.

HARRY

I didn't know you had so many clothes.

ISABELLA

You've always been slow on the uptake.

HARRY

But then again, I haven't really seen you fully dressed.

ISABELLA

And there's that.

Isabella sniffs the air.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I thought you quit.

Harry drops his lighter in his pocket.

HARRY

I've been stressed.

Harry moves closer to Isabella.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You're leaving.

ISABELLA

At least your slowness is consistent.

HARRY

You're leaving?

ISABELLA

No shit Sherlock. Did all of these boxes and suitcases tip you off?

Harry turns Isabella toward him.

HARRY  
Me! You're leaving me!

Isabella fights back tears. She breaks away from Harry and continues to pack.

ISABELLA  
What do you want from me? After  
what happened last night, you  
thought I wouldn't leave?

HARRY  
I thought you would have had the  
decency to tell me to my face,  
instead of running off like some  
spoiled child.

Isabella faces Harry. Harry notices the paintings in the closet.

ISABELLA  
Decency? You got arrested. You told  
me you didn't want to see me again.

Harry scoffs.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
That sounds like a breakup to me.

Harry's gaze is fixed on the paintings. Isabella follows Harry's eyes to the paintings.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Harry--

HARRY  
What did you do?

Isabella hyperventilates.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I was arrested-- you knew they  
would arrest me... interrogate me.

Harry steps toward the paintings. Isabella collects herself.

ISABELLA  
It's not what it looks like.

HARRY  
You're a thief. The police are  
looking for those.

ISABELLA  
It's none of your business.

HARRY  
None of my-- you used me.

Isabella hugs Harry. He snatches away.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I bought you a ring.

ISABELLA  
I'm handling this, Harry. It's fixable.

HARRY  
A fucking ring!

ISABELLA  
I'm returning two of the Seurat's anyway.

HARRY  
Fuck you.

Isabella stares blankly at Harry. Harry returns the look.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You aren't even sorry.

Harry pulls the canvas off the paintings on the floor.  
Isabella grabs Harry's arm.

ISABELLA  
What are you doing?

Harry pushes her on the bed. Isabella falls over the side of the bed and lands on her arm.

Harry rips the paintings. He throws them on the bed.

HARRY  
This is what you jeopardized my freedom for? Our relationship?

Isabella scrambles to her feet.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You twisted bitch.

She holds her arm and winces in pain.

ISABELLA  
Those paintings are worth millions!  
Harry!

Tears stream down Isabella's face. She lunges at Harry. She hits him repeatedly. She is not remorseful.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
You have no right, Harry! No  
goddamn right!

Harry pushes Isabella off of him. Isabella muddles to her feet. She watches as Harry drops his lighter onto the bed of paintings. Isabella drops to her knees.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
No!

Harry passes Isabella and stands in the doorway.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

HARRY  
Really?

ISABELLA  
I wasn't talking to you.

Harry walks out of the room. The flames grow bigger in Isabella's eyes.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Harry holds a cup of coffee. He stands next to a black jeep. Harry sips his coffee as a BMW pulls into the parking lot. Two Men get out.

The first man, RON, 39, with salt and pepper hair, stands opposite his tall and bulky associate, GUY, 30. Guy grabs a black duffel bag from the back seat.

RON  
(in German accent)  
I never thought I'd be showing up  
to pay off the pretty boy.

HARRY  
This isn't a payoff. I have art to  
fence.

RON  
So testy. Let's see the art.

Harry opens the back of his jeep. Two Seurat paintings stand side by side.

Ron takes a closer look at the paintings.

RON (CONT'D)  
These are magnificent. We don't  
have to kill you after all.

Ron gestures to Guy.

RON (CONT'D)  
Give him the bonus bag.

Guy complies. He retrieves a second duffel bag.

RON (CONT'D)  
That's an extra million to go with  
the two we agreed upon.

HARRY  
I can count.

RON  
You should be thankful. After that  
ugly mess with the police, I'd  
think you'd be happy to get away  
with the money and your girl.

Harry loads the duffel bags, while Guy takes the paintings.

RON (CONT'D)  
Where is Isabella? I thought she  
might be here.

HARRY  
She's dead.

RON  
Too bad. My heart burned for her  
beauty.

Harry stares a dead gaze at Ron.

HARRY  
So did mine.

RON  
(to Guy)  
Start the car. I have a feeling our  
friend here burns a little more  
brightly than we do.

Ron gets in his car and pulls off. Harry closes the trunk of the jeep.

FADE TO BLACK.