

BEHIND THE GLASS

Written by

Kassandra Heit

106 Cherry Ave W
Plum City, WI 54761
(715)-307-8615

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Greek-like columns stand two stories tall in front of a glass wall. Sculptures and framed paintings are scattered around marble floors and walls.

ADMIRERS look at different pieces of art around the room.

TINA, mid 20s, prim and proper, walks passed the front desk. Her heels CLICK on the floor as she walks towards the man on the bench.

EVAN, mid 30s, well groomed, sits alone on the bench in a crisp black suit. He stares up at the painting in front of him.

Tina stops behind him, out of reach.

TINA

How long have you been here?

EVAN

Long enough to wonder if you would actually show up . . . I don't like being ignored.

TINA

I don't like being used either.

Tina walks around the bench, never looking at Evan directly.

TINA

This ended six months ago, Evan.

Evan smirks and stands up, next to Tina.

EVAN

I don't have to abide by your wishes.

TINA

I gathered that when you left me tied up in your office to go have dinner with your wife.

EVAN

I did that for us, Tina.

TINA

That wasn't for my benefit

Evan runs his fingertips through Tina's hair. His fingers reveal a crescent moon tattoo underneath her left ear.

EVAN

That's new.

Tina swats his hand away.

TINA

Five years.

EVAN

I know I promised things would be different at this point, but you have to trust me.

Evan kisses Tina's hand that swatted him.

EVAN

I'm doing this for us.

Tina removes her hand from his grasp.

TINA

There is no us anymore. That Chicago internship turned into a job offer. I move within the month.

Evan grabs Tina's wrist with white knuckles.

EVAN

I have already lost six months with you. I'm not losing any more.

Evan leans in towards her ear.

EVAN

I will call that company myself and tell them they are making a mistake.

Tina faces Evan with a deadly glare. She yanks at her wrist, but Evan holds her tighter.

TINA

You wouldn't.

EVAN

The opinion of a congressman can go a long way, sweetheart.

Evan drops her wrist the same way he would discard a piece of trash.

EVAN

I'm the only one you can count on. Your goal is the same as mine.

TINA
What goal?

EVAN
The Oval Office.

Evan wraps his arm around her waist and pulls her closer.

EVAN
You stuck around for five years
because you care more about your
career than your morals.

Tina tries to move away. Evan pulls her closer to him.

EVAN
I've seen it. I need you as my
First Lady when I win.

TINA
You think you can bribe me?

Evan opens his mouth to speak, but closes his lips to glance at the painting he stared at before.

EVAN
You didn't come here to see me.

Tina slyly grins after a beat.

TINA
You're right. I didn't. But, I want
to be more than just First Lady.

EVAN
What exactly do you want?

TINA
A cabinet seat.

Evan let's go of her and clenches his jaw.

EVAN
You can't be serious.

TINA
I'm dead serious. You're not the
only one here who can be
manipulated.

Evan chuckles while Tina smiles.

EVAN
You've got nothing on me.

TINA
Don't I? A simple swab of your DNA
puts you behind bars for rape.

Evan glances around.

EVAN
This isn't the place for that.
What's your answer?

TINA
. . . Look at the painting.

Evan turns his head to look at the painting after a moment's
hesitation.

TINA
As you can see, the painting is
damaged, falling apart.

The portrait is cracked and chipped in some places, the paint
peeling in the corners.

EVAN
What's your point?

TINA
Although it looks weathered, it
still holds the power to inspire
and gather people.

EVAN
Remind you of someone?

TINA
The museum could put this painting
away, preserve it like the
Egyptians did to their dead.

A tour of high schoolers passes by them. Tina turns away from
them while Evan flashes a fake smile.

EVAN
What good would that do? No one
could enjoy it. The artist who
painted this didn't want his
creations to be stored away for
safe keeping.

TINA
Exactly.

Tina turns back to Evan.

TINA
Our relationship may be damaged,
but the rest of the world doesn't
need to suffer because of it.

EVAN
Is that a 'yes'?

TINA
What exactly are you suggesting?

Evan grins and straightens his suit jacket.

EVAN
Yardly already has his next term in
the bag for the Presidency.

TINA
And, your wife?

EVAN
I will deal with her.

Tina runs a hand through her hair. She avoids eye contact.

TINA
It can't look anything like---

EVAN
(Interrupts)
I know.

Evan glances around the room again. Only a few admirers stand
around the large room.

EVAN
We give it a year to keep the press
off of us. By the time the new
campaign rolls around, you could be
married to the new President.

TINA
You're asking me to marry you, my
rapist.

EVAN
I'm asking you to marry me, your
career catalyst.

Tina sits down on the bench.

TINA
And, I get a cabinet seat.

Evan leans down, his hands resting on the bench on either side of her. She's like a deer caught in the headlights.

EVAN

Whatever you want. I have never been more prepared to stand by my word.

TINA

Your word means shit.

EVAN

I'd normally agree with you.

Evan sits down next to her. He looks back up at the painting.

EVAN

So?

TINA

. . . For this to work, we'll have to do some extra campaigning in Pennsylvania.

Evan chuckles, stands up, and walks away from the painting.

Tina stands up and watches Evan climb into his town car. She smiles, puts on her sunglasses, and walks out of the museum to the busy Washington sidewalk.