

INT. UPSCALE OFFICE - DAY

An immaculately dressed MIA sits behind her desk shuffling through some paperwork. HUXLEY lounges in the chair across from her, their expression irritatingly smug.

MIA

So your piece will be displayed for two weeks in the West Hanley wing -

HUXLEY

Don't you mean my *pieces*?

MIA

(looking through papers)
Your contract's for one painting...

HUXLEY

Is that a joke? I'm the freshest thing you guys've got! I'm hot!

MIA

Well...I mean, you're actually one of *several* emerging artists that the head of the gallery felt -

HUXLEY

Who's he - why aren't I speaking to him directly? "Emerging artists" - I *have* emerged -

MIA

(looking Huxley up and down)
Oh, *please*. You've sold *one* piece - the only thing you've emerged into is the money to pay off the back-rent on your overpriced studio.

HUXLEY

Excuse me? How *dare* you -

MIA

I see artists like you come in and out of here every day. Right now you're in your neon crypto-street-art phase, but soon you'll move into trying to merge two temporally disparate forms to create quote unquote "unprecedentedly radical fusion".

(MORE)

MIA (CONT'D)

Then, after attempting a return to more neoclassical techniques, you'll finally end up painting something that's mildly interesting and end up back here, trying to land a break and shooting yourself in the ass instead. Sound about right?

HUXLEY

I...I...

MIA

Thought so.

(straightening out papers)

So - bring your *piece* over by end of day Friday, and we'll take care of the rest. Looking forward to collaborating.

She hands the stunned Huxley a neat sheaf of documents and flashes them a warm, professional smile.