

Pies and Poets

Renee or Renoir.

Written by

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INT. COMPUTER ROOM

ANDREW IS SITTING AT HIS
COMPUTER GAZING AT THE
MONITOR.

SHOT OF MONITOR SHOWING A THUMBNAIL OF
A REPRODUCTION RENOIR, THE TWO SISTERS,
WITH THE WRITING IN BOLD.

The Two Sisters, by Pierre-Auguste Renoir, A reproduction of one of the finest works of art from around the World, an oil painting on canvas. This painting would look wonderful in any home and owning it would make you the envy of all your friends and neighbours. We use some of the most talented International artists available. Each painting is copied as closely as possible to the original using modern oil paint. Not all of the artists have signed their work!

ANDREW

Look at this Renee... absolutely incredible...

HE SIGHS, HIS EYES STILL GLUED TO
THE PICTURE ON THE SCREEN.

ANDREW

(shouts)

Renee... come and look at this painting...

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND THE
PARTIALLY OPEN DOOR IS THRUST
OPEN. RENEE ENTERS PUTTING ON
HER COAT.

RENEE

(wearily)

What is it now?

ANDREW

Look at this painting, it's a copy, a REAL copy...in oils... a
RENOIR!

HE CLICKS THE COMPUTER MOUSE
AND THE THUMBNAIL FILLS THE
SCREEN.

RENEE

(disinterested)

So...

(she peers at the screen)

It's horrible! Look at the background it's just smudges of
paint...

ANDREW

(stares at her)

It's supposed to be, he was one of the Impressionist
painters... But... I mean... look at the detail of the two
sisters themselves.

RENEE

(dubiously)

Yes, well... I suppose they're all right...

(stares at him

suspiciously)

Just a minute... you haven't bought this have you? Is that
why you're showing it to me? You have, haven't you?
You've bought it...

(her eyes narrow)

I've told you already, the only new paintings that are going
to come into this house are ones painted by me...

ANDREW

(shrugs defensively)

Well... I WAS thinking about buying it... it's only thirty-
nine quid...

(wistfully)

It's beautiful...

RENEE

(sniffs)

Yes well... that may as be. You can just UNthink it...
(MORE)

RENEE (cont'd)

I've got to get going... I've got my art class... I don't want to be late for my first lesson...

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

ANDREW AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW
GEORGE ARE WALKING.

GEORGE

(amused)

So that's what Renee said? No paintings unless they're hers?

ANDREW

(chuckles)

The funny thing about it all George is... she's a very good painter, she just won't believe it.

(laughs)

She'll probably end up teaching the class herself...

GEORGE

(persists)

But you have bought the painting?

ANDREW

Yes, I was just trying to break it to her gently, It arrived a week ago... it's in for framing...

GEORGE

(laughs)

Well you can always just wrap it up and give it to her for Christmas....

ANDREW

(wryly)

Yeh well, that would make for an interesting Christmas dinner... Stuffed testicles with assorted sauteed giblets washed down with a chilled Penis Colada...

(points)

There's Grandads ward....

THEY TURN THE CORNER.

BOTH
Hello Grandad.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LARGE ROOM IN HOUSE. USA.

MIKEY IS CAREFULLY ROLLING A PAINTED ARTISTS CANVAS AND PUTTING IT INTO TUBULAR PACKAGING FOR POSTING. THERE ARE LOTS OF TUBES READY FOR POSTING AND OTHER PAINTED CANVASES ARE STREWN AROUND THE ROOM. WULF HAS A CANVAS OPEN AND IS ADMIRING IT.

WULF

Jeez... that's one great machine, talk about a licence for printing money. Take a photograph of a great painting, put it into the computer and ... Hey Presto, another great handpainted masterpiece... I gotta hand it to Wilfred...

(shakes his head)

The Mona Lisa by Leonardo... Jeez, I can't tell the difference between this and the original in the Louvre in Paris.

MIKEY

(surprised)

The Louvre... Paris... you been there?

WULF

(nods)

Yeah, coupla years ago with Wilfred...

(shakes his head)

I gotta tell you... I can't tell the difference...

MIKEY

(muses)

Except these don't have any signatures...

WULF

(frowns)

Yeah... you know if you used the right canvas and the right paint mixture you wouldn't be able to tell these from the original...`

MIKEY

(sarcastically)

Yeah, and left the signature on...

(warningly)

Forget it, you know this is a legit operation... Wilfred's making plenty as it is... You know how straight he is... Jeez... A coupla weeks ago there must have been something wrong with the machine. Because he was hand painting over a signature on one of these copies... the machine had accidentally left a signature on and he painted over it...

(admiringly)

That's how honest he is!

WULF LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND
NODS.

WULF

Yeah, Yeah... well, you better get a move on.

(nods at the postal tubes)

We've got to pack all these, get them over for posting and there's only half an hour to do it in!

MIKEY

Jeez oh....

CUT TO:

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

A GROUP OF TOURISTS ARE GATHERED AROUND THE PAINTING 'THE TWO SISTERS (ON THE TERRACE)' BY RENOIR. THERE ARE LOTS OF OH'S AND AH'S BY THE ONLOOKERS AS THE GUIDE TELLS THEM QUIETLY ABOUT THE PAINTING. WILFRED STANDS IN THE BACKGROUND LISTENING TO THE DISSERTATION, A SMALL SMILE PLAYING AROUND HIS LIPS. THE GROUP MOVE ON AND WILFRED MOVES CLOSER. HE SCRUTINISES THE PAINTING CLOSELY, THEN MOVES OFF, UNAWARE THAT HE WAS BEING OBSERVED BY A MAN AND A WOMAN, AGENT CALLIS WARDRUP AND AGENT JEFF BLAKENEY.

BLAKENEY

What did you make of that Callis?

WARDRUP

(quizzically)

The man likes art...?

BLAKENEY

(deep in thought)

Either that, or he's thinking about going back to his old ways...

WARDRUP

After twenty years being clean? Jeff you are such a cynic... Leave him alone, he has his own business now... what is it he does?

BLAKENEY

(thoughtfully)

Printing... he's into printing...

WARDRUP

(serenely)

There you are then, the man likes art...

(shakes head)

We're not following him... We're here to advise the Director on beefing up security for the visit of the President of the United States, and all's well with the world.

BLAKENEY

(bites lip)

Yeah... well... still and all...

(gazes after the retreating
figure suspiciously)

WARDRUP

(raises her eyebrows and
sighs)

Let's get it done Jeff... I got a date tonight...

BLAKENEY GLOWERS AT HER AND
THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE
DIRECTORS OFFICE.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

ANDREW AND GEORGE ARE WALKING TOWARD THE WARD WHERE GRANDAD IS. ANDREW IS CARRYING A LARGE CARRY-ALL AND SOME CARRIER BAGS. GEORGE IS CARRYING TWO CHAIRS .

GEORGE

(nodding his head at the package)

Is that the Renoir in the bag?

ANDREW

(nods)

Yes, it looks really good in its frame! When you think a millionaire has the real one in his house, and it cost him millions of pounds. I can sit back in my chair and look at an exact copy for under a hundred quid... makes you think doesn't it?

GEORGE

(smiles)

I'll reserve judgement until I've seen it, might be a wasted hundred pounds...

ANDREW

(defensively)

Even if it's not an exact copy, it's still a beautiful picture...

THEY TURN INTO THE WARD

BOTH

Hello Grandad.

GRANDAD LOOKS UP WEARILY, HIS SLEEPING PILL FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE HASN'T WORN OFF. GEORGE PUTS THE CHAIRS DOWN AND THEY BOTH SIT.

GRANDADS EYES ARE STARTING TO
GO TOGETHER AGAIN. GEORGE LEANS
FORWARD AND SHAKES HIM GENTLY.

GEORGE

Grandad... Grandad.

GRANDAD

(sleepily)

Hello George... hello Andrew... I've got no energy at all...
just no energy... it's these pills they've been giving me you
know. Just no energy...

(he looks up at Andrew)

Isn't Renee with you?

ANDREW

No Grandad she's coming in tonight...

GRANDAD

She wasn't in last night...

ANDREW

Yes I know, she was at art class...

GRANDAD

(nods head slowly)

So she was, that's right... she said she was starting a new
class last night...

GEORGE

(looks at Andrew)

Talking of paintings Andrew, what about the Renoir...

GRANDAD

(nods to himself)

Renee said her teacher was a good artist... that's where she
was last night... Is she coming in tonight?

ANDREW STANDS UP AND GOES
ACROSS TO THE CARRY-ALL AND
STARTS TO UNDO IT.

ANDREW

(holding the painting up
with a flourish.)

Voila... May I present the Two Sisters by Renoir.

GRANDAD

(groggily)

What's that you said...?

GEORGE HAS LEANED FORWARD AND
IS STUDYING THE PAINTING
INTENTLY.

ANDREW

I said... Voila... May I present the Two Sisters by Renoir...

GRANDAD

Is that a painting? Oh yes... Renee was at a painting class
last night wasn't she?

GEORGE TOOK THE PAINTING FROM
ANDREW AND WENT TO THE
WINDOW, TURNING IT THIS WAY AND
THAT, TO GET A BETTER LOOK.

ANDREW

That's right Grandad... Renee was at an art class last night...

GRANDAD

(testily)

Are you going to let me see that painting or not?

GEORGE HANDS THE PAINTING BACK
TO ANDREW WHO HOLDS IT UP FOR
GRANDAD TO SEE. WHEN GRANDAD
SEES IT, HE SITS UP IN THE CHAIR AND
LEANS FORWARD TO GET A BETTER
LOOK.

GEORGE

(keenly)

Have you ever seen the Two Sisters Andrew... the real thing...?

GRANDAD HAS TAKEN THE PAINTING
FROM ANDREW AND IS STARING AT
IT... GOBSMACKED.

GEORGE

(nods soberly)

I have.... in the Art Institute in Chicago. This Two Sisters is known as the Two Sisters on the Terrace. I have to tell you Andrew... this is one seriously good copy. If you hadn't told me that it was a copy, and you'd put it up on the wall of the Institute, I wouldn't have been able to tell the difference...

ANDREW

(smiles happily at his
reaction)

Oh well, there is the matter of no signature...

GEORGE

(nods head thoughtfully)

Quite... Quite...

GRANDAD

(amazed)

Renee did this last night? She must have a hell of a good teacher...

GEORGE

No, no Grandad... This is a copy of a Renoir...

GRANDAD

Yes, yes, I heard you say that... is it worth a lot of money?

ANDREW

(patiently)

If this was a real Renoir it would be worth millions of pounds Grandad, but it's only a copy and so, it's only worth two or three hundred.

GRANDAD

That's amazing, she did it in one night...

(shakes head)

I knew she could paint, but that's beautiful...

(shakes head, tears forming

at the corners of his eyes)

My little girl.... In one night...

ANDREW AND GEORGE LOOK AT
EACH OTHER, SPEECHLESS.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LARGE ROOM IN HOUSE. USA

WULF IS STACKING UP POSTAL TUBES
AND PAINTINGS IN READINESS FOR
THE DAYS BUSINESS. MIKEY IS
CHECKING THE COMPUTER TO PRINT
OUT THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES
FOR PAINTINGS ORDERED.

MIKEY

We've a lot of business to get through today Wulf, at this
rate, Wilfred will have to think about hiring someone else to
help out in here...

(frowns)

I hope we've enough stock... lets see...

WULF

What's that you said Mikey?

MIKEY

(shakes head)

Never mind...

THE DOOR OPENS AND WILFRED
WALKS IN.

MIKEY

(looks up)

Hello boss...

WULF

Welcome back boss... enjoy your trip around the art
galleries?

WILFRED

(rubbing hands)

Yes indeed, I can safely say the three weeks weren't
wasted... yes, very relaxing.

(smiles)

How are things this end? Everything running smoothly?

MIKEY

Business is good boss, and it's getting busier... you might have to think about getting another body to help us out in here...

WILFRED

(impressed)

It's as busy as that? Did you run out of stock?

WULF

No boss...

(thinks)

I tell a lie... we did run out of the two sisters and we're very low on other stock... especially the other Renoirs... There's been a regular rush on them...

WILFRED

(rubbing hands)

That's what I like to hear, what about the others... Gauguin Picasso, Van Gogh...

MIKEY

(doubtfully)

No, I think we got plenty of them boss... although Manet and Monet are nearly out...

WILFRED

(muses)

The impressionists are doing well eh...? What about the new artist to the business, Vettriano...? How's he been doing?

MIKEY

We've put a few of those out already, although we've received more hits on his page than anyone else...

(thoughtfully)

There could be a rush on them very shortly...

WILFRED

(gleefully)

That's great... Tell me what stock we need and I'll run them off...

MIKEY LOOKS AT THE COMPUTER
AND CLICKS HIS MOUSE TO BRING UP
STOCK LEVELS...

MIKEY

(rubs chin.)

Well... there's all the Renoirs, particularly the Two Sisters on the Terrace. As Wulf said, we ran out of them just after you left... there was a real rush on them... We've got a backlog of thirty orders there...

WULF

(proudly)

Yeh Boss, and the Mona Lisa... we just run out of that today ... I just put the last one over there to be sent out...

WILFRED

(nods)

Good work boys, there'll be a top bonus for you this month... Mikey print up your stock requirements and I'll run them off... Wulf you carry on, keep up the good work...

WULF STARTS WORK AGAIN, THEN
PAUSES.

WULF

(uncertain)

How many of Monet's Waterlilies did you say we needed today Mikey?

MIKEY

(looks up)

Fourteen I think, just a minute I'll check...

(clicks mouse and nods)

Yeah, that's right. Fourteen...

WULF

Right... You'd better add that to your list boss... I'll go get the last one, then that's us fresh out...

WILFRED WATCHES AS WULF GOES
OVER TO A LOCKED CABINET,
REACHES BEHIND IT TO GET A KEY
AND UNLOCKS IT... WILFRED'S JAW
DROPS AS HE WATCHES... SPEECHLESS!
WULF PULLS OPEN A DRAWER FULL
OF PAINTINGS AND RUFFLES
THROUGH THEM UNTIL HE FINDS
'THE WATERLILIES'

WULF

(with satisfaction)

Ah... here we are boss, the last one...

WULF STARTS TO LOOK ALARMED AS
WILFRED GOES A RICH SHADE OF
PUCE. MIKEY LOOKS UP, FEELING THE
GROWING TENSION IN THE ROOM.

WILFRED

(gasps for air)

Wha... wha... what... ?

(Strangled)

What are ... you doing...?

WULF

(alarmed)

Are you all right boss...? I was just getting the last one... I
found these in the cabinet when we ran out of 'The Two
Sisters'.

UNDERSTANDING STARTS TO FLIT
ACROSS MIKEY'S FACE AND HE
STARTS TO CRINGE.

WILFRED

(furious)

Asshole...

(thunders)

Where did you get the key for the cabinet...?

WULF

(gulps)

Behind the cabinet boss....

WILFRED

(snarls)

Cretin... I could see that... Where did you get the key from the first time... to open the cabinet?

WULF

(concerned)

I saw you tape it to the bottom of your desk boss...

(worried)

I knew you had more pictures...

(voice trails away)

Did I do wrong boss?

WILFRED TAKES A RUNNING KICK AT HIS DESK, AND A HOWL OF ANGUISH COMES FROM HIM AS HE REALISES HE'S BROKEN HIS TOES. HE BENDS OVER SOBBING IN FRUSTRATION AND PAIN.

MIKEY

(carefully)

You all right boss...?

WILFRED

(screams)

Of course I'm not bloody alright... assholes... assholes...

WILFRED GRITS HIS TEETH AND STANDS UP, HOLDING ONTO THE TABLE FOR SUPPORT. HE GLARES AT WULF AND POINTS AT HIM.

WILFRED

(he grimaces)

You...

(grits his teeth)

How many paintings have you taken from that drawer...?